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THE IRON DUKE

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(WEST RIDING)*

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

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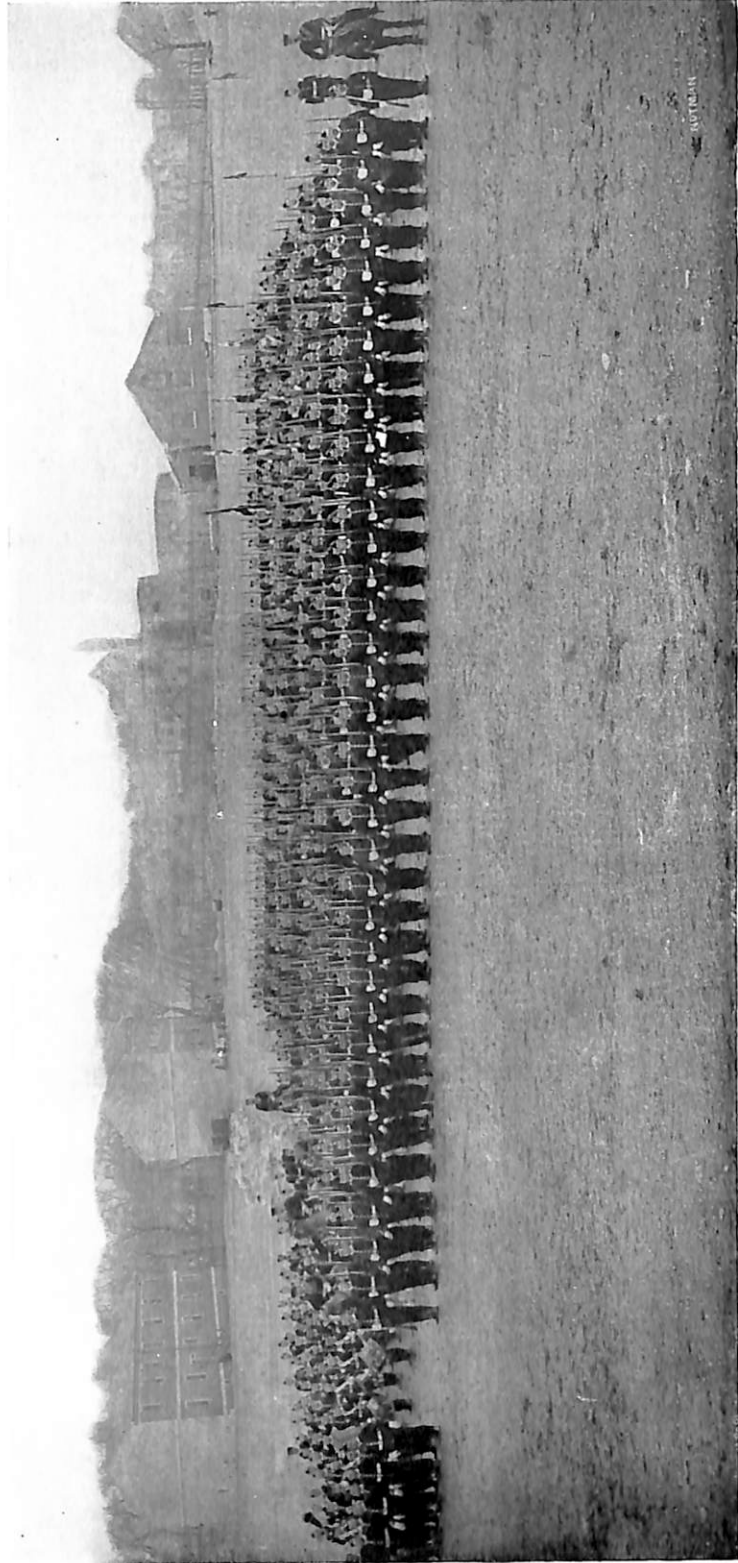
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THE 2nd BATTALION ON PARADE AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, HALIFAX, N.S., 1889.

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

IN our issue of a year ago we expressed the feeling of anxiety for His Majesty the King in his prolonged and dangerous illness, and it is with feelings of thankfulness that we welcome his almost complete return to health.

In reviewing events of the past year that have an importance to the soldier especially, one feels that the ever-increasing observance of Armistice Day, and the support given to the Haig Poppy fund, are signs that the soldier of war days is not forgotten. The peace pact has been a mark of progress in international relations, but the serving soldier need have no fear of losing his job until the day when total disarmament has come. Pacts and conferences will never replace the need for a sane insurance against aggressive action. General Smuts' fine speech at the League of Nations' Union meeting put this point very clearly, as did Bishop Frodsham in his sermon "The Peaceable Temper" printed in our last number. The V.C. dinner, presided over by the Prince of Wales, last November, was a unique event in the history of the Army; never have so many heroes of many wars gathered together. It was a disappointment, we are sure, to some of our own V.C.'s to be unable to attend for one reason or another.

The 1st Battalion have again made a good start towards winning the Army Rugby Cup, and we wish them success in their match against the South Wales Borderers on the 22nd January, the result of which will be known by the time this number is published. As mentioned elsewhere results of the Battalion's first fifteen matches will in future be published in a number of daily newspapers. Cpl. Townend is to be heartily congratulated on twice being selected to play in trial matches for England, and we hope that before long he will gain his cap in an international match.

We very much regret to hear that the 33rd Australian Infantry, who only recently were affiliated to the Regiment, have been temporarily disbanded by the Australian Government for reasons of economy, as will be seen under the news of that Battalion. It will still appear in the Australian Army List, and will form part of the mobilization organisation. A brief history of the Battalion is given under their news on page 31. We sincerely hope that the Battalion will become a living unit again in the near future.

We congratulate Lt.-Col. H. H. Aykroyd, M.C., on his promotion and appointment to the command of the 4th Battalion last May, and we much regret having omitted to refer to it in our last number. We also offer our congratulations to Lt.-Col. R. Chambley on his promotion and appointment to the command of the 7th Battalion.

Major M. N. Cox, commanding the Depot, has, with the approval of Bishop Frodsham, taken in hand the re-hanging in a horizontal position of all the Colours in Halifax Parish Church; this plan not only increases the life of the Colours, but also allows a much better view of their details. We had hoped to have given a photograph of the old 76th Colours in the church in this number, but owing to this re-hanging we have had to postpone it till the next issue.

We are indebted to Mr. C. J. Puplett, late C.S.I.M. of the 2nd Battalion, for the photograph which forms our frontispiece. It shows the 2nd Battalion on parade at Wellington Barracks, Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1889. On the inner flank in line with the front company is Col. E. G. Fenn, and on the other flank from front to rear are Major E. Nesbitt, Capt. S. C. Umfreville (Adjutant), Sgt.-Major (now Captain) C. Hyde and Major Cecil Conor. Mr. Puplett writes that the photograph is much stained having become so in the great explosion in Halifax in December, 1917. We think that in spite

of this many of our readers who served in those days will be able, with the aid of a magnifying glass, to recognise old friends in the ranks.

Our request for readers to assist in making our Personalia column a success has brought us quite a host of letters, and we welcome this improvement most heartily. We hope this is not a "flash in the pan," and that not only present contributors, but many others will help to make this column an interesting one. We might mention here the fact that very few serving soldiers appear to continue their subscriptions to the IRON DUKE when they leave the Regiment for civil life. We think that this is a very great pity, not only from the point of view that to keep the IRON DUKE going and improving subscriptions are necessary, but also because we really feel that they are throwing away such a good chance of keeping in touch with the Regiment, and with the many friends they have made during their service in it.

1st BATTALION NEWS.

AT the time of the last issue going to press we were in camp at Tidworth Park for the Southern Command Horse Show and Weapon Training Meeting. From there we marched by way of Savernake Forest in pursuit of an elusive enemy to Chisledon, where we settled down to a fortnight's brigade training over the downs that lie between Chisledon and Marlborough. Here the Battalion revolted against the forces of the Crown and, under the command of Colonel X, a leader in whom were to be found all those virtues enumerated in the new confidential reports, captured an eminent J.P., who was so obliging as to spend that particular night sleeping outside his park gates in a white night-cap. A leading member of the rugby team, who had obviously done this sort of thing before in Ireland, distinguished himself in the raid.

From Chisledon the Brigade fought its way back through Devizes to the Bustard an exhausting march under an almost tropical sun. Two army exercises followed, the Third Division being pitted against a concentration of troops from Aldershot, and the cease-fire having blown, as so many times before, on the crossings of the Avon, we returned to Devonport in the middle of September.

Thanks to the Experimental Armoured Force having been disembodied, de-mechanised or decarbonised, or whatever you call it, we were spared this year the fatigue of having, to chase Rolls-Royces on foot all over Salisbury Plain, and were proportionately grateful. All the same, these manoeuvres were tinged with a hue of melancholy, for it was the swan-song, at any rate in their present guise, of many old and valued friends. Our Divisional Commander, Sir John Burnett-Stuart, Brigadier Grant, Major Lammie, our Brigade Major, and Lt.-Col. Wellesley will all have said farewell by this time next year. As some one rather irreverently put it, "Positively the last appearance of Jock's travelling menagerie."

A welcome lift in the clouds of war afforded us the opportunity of seeing the race for the Schneider Trophy. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* for their warm hospitality on this occasion. It was greatly appreciated by those who were able to take advantage of their invitation.

The new regulations under which all officers on joining are attached to the home battalion for their first year has necessarily entailed many transfers.

We lose Major H. R. Kavanagh, Lt. J. T. Rivett-Carnac, and 2nd Lt. R. N. Bray, and others will probably follow in the near future. The following officers have joined us from the 2nd Battalion:—Capt. F. R. Armitage, Lt. K. G. Exham, Lt. A. G. Hiddings, and Lt. H. G. P. Miles. From Sandhurst.—2nd Lts. Laurence and B. W. Reynolds. From the Special Reserve of Officers.—2nd Lt. C. R. Mason.

Most regretfully we have to bid good-bye to Lt. Sir N. H. Everard, who has had to retire owing to the death of his father. His name will always be associated with our long run of successes in the Southern Command Horse Show. He is now living in Ireland.

We are sending two strong drafts to India this year, which will sadly deplete our numbers. The first sailed on November 10th in our old friend S.S. *Nevasa*, who took the Battalion up to Leith from Gosport for the General Strike. She left Southampton in the middle of one of the worst gales on record, but for all their stormy start, we wish them a happy and prosperous future.

The rugby team has started the season with a bang in spite of an abnormal number of casualties. They won their first two cup matches easily and in the third round beat our old rivals, the Tanks, with whom we have had such severe tussles the last two years, by the handsome margin of 33—0; surely a good omen (touching wood, of course).

Finally, we must congratulate Cpl. Townend on being selected to play in the first and second English trials.

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY.

It was due to the kindness of the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* that the C.O. and four of us were able to go down and see the race for the Schneider Trophy under probably the best conditions possible.

It was a grilling hot day. We left Portsmouth about 11 a.m. and reached the *Iron Duke* about 1 p.m., after having seen the whole course and the ships in the neighbourhood. H.M.S. *Iron Duke* was the flagship for the day, and, as such, had about the best position for viewing the race. She was at the Calshot end of the course and right at the apex of the triangle.

Having got alongside—very hot and thirsty—we were met by various N.O.'s, who took charge of us. Even before we had finished cocktails (!!) the race started, and those of us who were left below were able to keep touch with the race, as when we heard the noise of the 'plane, we scrambled upstairs—sorry, up on deck—and were in time to see the 'plane.

The whole race was most thrilling as, owing to our position, we could see the very steep bank that the pilots had to make.

After the race we were given tea and more drinks, and finally got off to Portsmouth and the Plain, some of us "gate-crashing" on to the C.-in-C.'s destroyer.

Altogether we spent a most enjoyable day, and our thanks are due to the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* for their kindness in giving us this further opportunity of liaison between the Ship and the Regiment.

OFFICERS' MESS.

This would appear to be the time of year when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—leave. A general exodus has taken place, and the first of our Regimental dances on December 12th represented the final gathering of the clans for a month or so.

Beyond our progress in the Army Rugby Cup, the period since our last issue has been a quiet one. It has rained a bit, of course, and a week of continuous hurricane prior to the departure of the first draft was not exactly conducive to their happiness. We have, however, had two or three Regimental guest nights, and on the occasions when we have been drawn at home in the Army Rugby Cup matches we have had anything up to 200 guests in the Mess afterwards.

The first of our two Regimental dances was held on December 12th and proved to be an unqualified success. Although officially called "small" dances, actually about 120 guests were entertained. It is hoped that our second dance this winter will be held some time in February.

Our thanks are due to the undermentioned for gifts to the Mess since our last issue:—A visiting card of the Duke of Wellington from Mr. F. A. Wellesley, and a Crimean picture entitled "One Englishman to two Russians" from Captain H. W. D. Palmer, 3/16th Punjab Regiment.

A number of officers were fortunate enough to be able to witness the race for the Schneider Cup from H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, and few a notes on this event appear elsewhere in this issue.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

There seems to be little to record excepting movements, an exceptionally large number having taken place since the last issue of the magazine. A list follows.

A Sergeants' Mess outing was arranged for the purpose of proceeding to Southsea to view the Schneider Trophy race. A limited amount of accommodation had been allotted to us at Lumps Fort, near South Parade Pier. Forty members proceeded, and a few of our neighbours, the 2nd Devons, joined us. Most unusually calm weather prevailed, and a memorable day made a very welcome break in the monotony of life on the Plain.

SHOOTING.—The Mess fired the A.R.A. non-central match for the Royal Irish Cup on 27th September at Fort Tregantle, but the result would have disappointed the Boy Scouts. Quite a good score was put up in practice the day before the actual shoot under precisely similar conditions; perhaps the markers were unkind that day, and gave us false hope.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The first whist drive and dance of the season was held on 27th September in the Mess. Entertainments are being arranged, a dance in the gymnasium with a whist drive and dance in the Mess on alternate fortnights, and very successful affairs they are proving. Dancing classes for learners, under that energetic fellow Coates, have been started, and if the rate of progress is maintained, there will soon be no non-dancing members, and we shall have to start a ballet troupe to display the talent.

The third round of the Army Rugby Cup was played on 4/12/29 against our old friends "The Tanks." Twenty-six of their members were entertained to lunch and tea. There was an intensive search after the match for the Black Cat, to the absence of which they attributed their heavy defeat. Clues led to Harry Frost's, where the search ended. Although the cat wasn't found the search was voted successful.

BILLIARDS.—The annual challenge cup competition was completed on 17th November, resulting in a win for C.S.M. Coates with Sgt. Broadbent runner-up. Brains triumphed over brawn this time. I hear Coates has challenged Lindrum to fifty up. The highest break was made by Coates, but, in accordance with the conditions he was ineligible for the highest break prize by virtue of being a finalist, so C.S.M. Slane got that. The Mess team in the local billiards league are going strong; they were fourth when the league was first published, but have improved their position since then. The Corporals had their revenge at snooker on their table, but our members will soon be able to put in some very serious practice at this game, which they lacked.

The following changes have taken place in the Mess:—From the Depot, L/Sgt. Brown; from the T.A., Sgts. Player, Broadbent and Foster; from the R.M.C., Sgt. Kerr; discharged to pension, C.Q.M.S.'s Kenny and Batty, Sgts. Tidy and Player; to the Depot, Sgts. Kerr and Ward; to the T.A., Sgts. Bagshawe and Hearsam; promoted, C.S.M. Slane, C.Q.M.S. Hemsworth, Sgts. Tattersall and Dewsbury, and L/Sgts. Horne and Martin.

STRANGE.

DEAR SIR,

Let me please lift my voice in mild complaint
Against the N.C.O.'s who fail us in restraint,
We make complaints, to help us in our unsuccessful walk,
But when it comes to remedy, we find it's only talk.

The other day I voiced a groan to see what I could gain,
But those, "whose job it was to act," did nothing for my pain,
So, as a final rash resource, to earn my honest due,
I've come to plead my grievance and leave the rest to you.

I'm not what other folk may call a hero of the Ring,
I do not like Jack Johnson or the rough stuff sort of thing,
I never leave my quiet path to find a rowdy scrap,
My parents always tell me I'm a gentle little chap.

But opinion seems to differ, and the more I think each day,
 So even more do I dislike the place where I must stay,
 I've written home to "Mama" and the other girls I've told,
 They only stand and laugh at me and leave me in the cold.

The Corporals and Old Soldiers won't listen to my pleas,
 I can't consult a lawyer, as it costs so much in fees.
 So now in desperation your admired care I seek,
 So will you kindly help me,
 From :—The weakest of the weak.

J. R. E. S.

TREGANTLE.

The detachment at Fort Tregantle is flourishing, although lately we have nearly been blown into the sea. This brings up a knotty point, for if we are blown into the sea, apart from getting unpleasantly wet, we will be charged with "Not complying with Standing Orders, i.e., bathing between Rame Head and Looe." However, the wind has some advantages, the telephone lines are invariably blown down, so Smith and Biddiscombe have been having a very pleasant rest, and when it is really rough the ferry does not run, so this keeps generals and such like away. On the whole, we hold a very sound strategic position.

We held a very successful dance on 11th December, about thirty couples being present. We were very grateful to the Band President for allowing the dance band to come over and play for us; they played splendidly, and we hope they enjoyed it as much as we did. All the arrangements were excellently carried out by C.Q.M.S. Jones and L/Cpl. Ley. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis very kindly did the catering for us, and jolly well they did it too. We are also indebted to Mr. Simmonds, who did some very effective work with the electric lights.

At the moment the Fort is undergoing a much needed spring clean, all the barrack rooms are being repainted, and the whole place is being thoroughly smartened up.

Apart from the dance we have had few excitements. We had an amusing time during rat week, when we collected a very satisfactory bag, we even found four in the piano that we used for the dance.

TRANSPORT.

Little of interest has taken place in the Transport since the October issue of the IRON DUKE. As usual, we were kept fully occupied during the summer. At Willsworthy we had hired horses of every description thrust on us, Dartmoor ponies, funeral horses, and one real heavy draught, who thought nothing of pulling two limbers at once.

In June the Colonel's horse "Tommy" died of some obscure disease, which completely defeated the vets. We have now got "Duchess" instead of "Tommy," she is a great acquisition, and it is a pity that the days of the old infantry jumping are over, as she would go a long way.

Our success in the limber competition at Tidworth was reported in the last issue. This was our first appearance at the Tidworth show without the help of our old friend Sgt. Merriman; thus it was a very creditable effort on the part of his successor, Sgt. James. We were also unlucky in losing the services of L/Cpl. Browne at a critical moment, as he was suddenly whisked off to hospital with appendicitis just before we moved to Tidworth. We are glad to say that he has quite recovered, and is with us once more.

Manceuvres this year were much the same as last, if anything we saw slightly less of the enemy than usual. We had quite a good lot of hired horses, but not many of them will want to see Urchfont Hill again. Water was very scarce on the Plain, and it was generally impossible to water horses at farm houses, etc.; however, the R.E.'s, as usual, were very energetic and mobile with their water troughs.

We have quite a number of officers hunting this year, and have got a couple of "15 bobbars" from the Bays. We hope that we will have better luck in the point-to-point.

THE DRUMS.

The Drums took part in the Southern Command Tattoo held at Tidworth in August. They made an excellent name for themselves. Drum-Major W. J. Stannard being selected to take charge of the massed drums, although he was not the senior drum-major present. As a result of this a silver bugle was presented to the Drums by Henry Potter and Co., London.

The Commanding Officer's Bugle competition was held on Tuesday, the 10th of December, 1929, and the results were as follows:—1st, Dmr. Gale, 26½ points; 2nd, Dmr. Browne, H., 24; 3rd, Dmr. Blakely, 23.

Boy Coles was first in the Boys' competition. This competition was judged by Bandmaster E. Ovington. Great keenness was shown, and there was undoubted improvement on last year.

RIFLE CLUB.

In our last notes we said that the Battalion would have to shoot well if we hoped to do as well in the Southern Command W.T. Meeting as we did last year owing to the arrival of the 60th and the 2nd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment. The meeting took place in the third week in August, and despite a week's practice on the Tidworth ranges with the majority of our teams, which, incidentally, all other units had as well, we came out a close fourth. The 60th were an easy first with 88 points, the Worcesters came second with 44, and the 43rd Regiment beat us out of third place by half a point with 20½. There is no doubt that the Battalion did not shoot nearly as well as it can do during the meeting. In the previous week's practice all the Company Rifle and Lewis Gun teams had obtained quite good results; during the meeting their results were never half as good as they had been when practising, and only one team out of eight was placed in the company competitions. The one redeeming feature was the Machine Gun team, which finished third. In the individual events the Battalion did quite well, as the results show:—Officers' Class, Lt. Bray, 2nd; Corporals' Class, Cpl. Townend, 2nd; L./Corporals' and Privates' Class, L./Cpl. Major, 2nd; Young Soldiers' Class, Pte. Scaife, 2nd; Revolver Privates' Class, Pte. Reid, 2nd. In the team events the following teams were placed:—Officers' Match, 5th; W.O.'s and Sergeants, 5th; Young Soldiers' team, 5th; Machine Gun team, 3rd; Battalion Rapid Fire team, 6th; Company Light Automatic Match ("D" Company), 6th; Team Revolver, 5th.

There is no doubt that if we wish to get the whole Battalion really keen we must go in for more of the A.R.A. non-central matches; these are open to teams from platoons and companies, and would get all ranks interested. This year we only entered six teams all told, next year it is hoped to enter at least two teams per company. Also to get good results there is little doubt that these competitions must be shot for immediately on conclusion of the Battalion's annual course, not as was done this year when the matches for the most part were not fired until after the Southern Command meeting, some four months after the Battalion had classified.

Next year's open range shooting is still a long way off; in the meantime a team has been entered in the Plymouth miniature range league, in which the team shoots once a week during November, December and January. The Battalion is also entering at least one team for the Army small bore rifle match, which is shot for at the end of January, each team shooting on its own range.

CRICKET SEASON, 1929.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Runs.	Innings.	Times not Out.	Most in Innings.	Average.
Lt. J. H. Dalrymple ...	248	8	1	61	35.4
Capt. R. H. D. Bolton ...	242	8	0	87	30.2
Capt. D. Paton ...	99	5	1	58*	24.7
Lt. H. C. M. Stone ...	59	3	0	37	19.6
Lt. K. G. Exham ...	132	7	0	53	18.8
Cpl. Kirkby ...	204	13	1	44	17.0
Lt. L. P. Norman ...	86	8	2	23	14.3
Lt. E. W. Stevens ...	62	6	1	21	12.4
Pte. Smith ...	59	8	3	24*	11.8
Lt. A. H. G. Wathen ...	56	6	1	30	11.2
Lt. J. T. Rivett-Carnac ...	123	11	0	36	11.1
Pte. Pearce ...	91	12	0	31	7.6

ALSO BATTED.

Lt. J. E. Frankis ...	31	2	0	15	15.5
Lt. Sir N. H. Everard ...	47	3	0	34	15.6
Lt. W. F. Browne ...	20	6	0	10	3.3
L/Cpl. Barton ...	19	4	0	15	4.7

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	Runs.	Wickets.	Overs.	Maidens.	Average.
Lt. H. C. M. Stone ...	79	9	31	5	8.8
Pte. Hornsey ...	135	12	44	10	11.25
Pte. Smith ...	206	18	59	6	11.4
Lt. L. P. Norman ...	300	16	84	10	18.75
Capt. R. H. D. Bolton ...	282	15	68	2	18.8
Pte. Pearce ...	484	23	122	12	21.0
Lt. W. F. Browne... ..	180	9	46	6	20.0

ALSO BOWLED.

Cpl. Kirkby... ..	65	7	14	1	9.3
Pte. Williams ...	57	6	17	2	9.5
Boy Wilson ...	53	5	11	1	10.6
Lt. E. W. Stevens ...	5	1	1	0	5.0

CATCHES.

Pte. Pearce 8, Cpl. Kirkby 6, Lt. J. T. Rivett-Carnac 4, Lt. J. H. Dalrymple 3, Capt. D. Paton 3, Lt. E. W. Stevens 3, Pte. Smith 3, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton 2, Lt. L. P. Norman 2, Pte. Hornsey 2.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Regarding rugby football there are just two things which the average reader of the IRON DUKE is interested in, i.e., (1) The progress rugby football is making in the Regiment generally, and (2) The progress the Regiment is making in the Army Cup competition.

We have now reached the half-way house of the rugby season, the majority of the team have started their annual leave, and we can safely assure our readers that the rugby situation, considered from the above two vital points of view, was never stronger.

The start of the 1929-1930 season was a depressing one. It conveyed the sad news that Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull's distinguished rugby career had abruptly come to an end. It needs no words of ours to say what a tremendous blow this was to our Regimental team, and it requires an abler pen than ours to describe his brilliant career as a footballer. On top of this it became known that Lt. H. C. M. Stone's knee had given way while playing cricket, and thereby rendering him incapable of ever playing rugby football again. The hopes that he might were dashed to the ground for ever. Pte. F. Dowas, who got his place in the Army XV. as a hooker in 1927, broke down on manoeuvres with a bad knee. Luckily, Jack Rushmore, the Exeter bone-setter, performed an operation on it, and after a rest Dowas is playing as well as ever.

Our depressed minds were cheered up somewhat by the knowledge that five of our Regimental team were chosen to play for Devon County on their tour in Yorkshire and Lancashire. The five players were Cpl. Townend, Cpl. Goodwin, Pte. Dowas, Lt. Dalrymple and Lt. Browne. Townend, Goodwin (as a centre threequarter), Dowas, Dalrymple and Browne all played against Yorkshire. Yorkshire won a hard game by 8 points to 5. Against Lancashire, when Devon won a most exciting struggle in the last minute, Dowas was rested, and the remainder played. Goodwin figured as a full-back. The lucky five who made this trip are never likely to forget it. Yorkshire and Lancashire hospitality was seen at its best. The motor journey on the Sunday across the Yorkshire moors via Harrogate was a trip never to be forgotten. We did try to see the Regimental Memorial in York Minster, but a service, taking place there, prevented us from doing so. We were bitterly disappointed. A visit was paid to the Depot of the East Yorkshire Regiment, where Major Pickering, Colonel Pickering's brother, is in command. The dinner, after the Lancashire match, at the Adelphi Hotel was a splendid one, but no more enjoyable than the meeting with an old soldier of the Regiment, who mixes extraordinarily fine cocktails in the American bar of this hotel. The monotony of the journey back to Devonport was relieved by Cpl. Goodwin taking the place of the head waiter in the dining saloon.

To return to rugby football, our first few games saw us as a disjointed side, and, in consequence, defeats were common. Sandwiched in between these defeats came a very fine performance against Newton Abbott. On their ground, with a very weak side, we ran them to two points in a most enjoyable game. Then luck went right against us, a chapter of accidents occurred. Browne's left knee got damaged on the hard ground, Dalrymple's ankle was badly sprained, Dmr. Bentley sprained his knee, Cpl. Whitehead dislocated his shoulder, Lt. Reynolds (an old Sandhurst blue) sprained his elbow, and Cpl. Goodwin (our only full-back) twisted his knee, and other minor injuries occurred. In consequence we suffered heavy defeats from the Royal Naval Engineering College and Devon Barbarians. The score was so high in the latter game that "Punch" referred to the Barbarians as running riot. Our stock as rugby footballers fell very low indeed. It was strongly rumoured that the Worcestershire Regiment, whom we were to meet in the first round of the Army Rugby Cup, would spring the surprise of the century. All through this bad period we were supplying as many as eight players to the Devonport Services 1st XV., others to the Services 2nd XV., and running two and sometimes three fifteens on various days. With the fear of staleness creeping into the side, team training was not encouraged. Gradually too Lt. H. G. P. Miles, whom one could select at once as a leader of forwards, was getting fit. The Devonport Services were doing well if not winning many games. They ran the strong Bristol side 19 points to 11 points at Bristol, and defeated United Services Portsmouth at Portsmouth. In the latter match Cpl. Foy was the best forward on the ground. So our non-crooked players were getting plenty of good football with the Services, and their places in the Regimental XV. were filled by other players anxious to learn. Consequently we had plenty of material, especially forwards, available.

Our short tour to Camberley to play Wellington College and R.M.C. Sandhurst saw our Regimental side in a more favourable light. True, we were not yet at full strength, and with Cpl. Whitehead still a crock the trouble arose to find a stand-off half-back.

We played a side mostly composed of officers against Wellington College, and we tried the experiment of playing Lt. W. F. Browne as a fly-half with Pte. Mannion working the scrum. This was Browne's first appearance since his knee injury on 4th October. As luck would have it our unsolved problem was made more complicated than ever. Browne left the field shortly after the game started suffering from a torn ligament of his sound knee and slight concussion. Cpl. Townend was taken out of the pack to fill the vacant place. We lost a really good game by a single point, but the team was by no means at full strength.

The next day we met the R.M.C. Sandhurst, and we approached the game with very mixed and anxious feelings. Sandhurst were supposed to have a really sound side, very strong forward, with fast men on the flanks. We feared the worst, and at best just hoped for a good game and a close result. We were still short of Lt. Dalrymple, Cpl. Whitehead, Lt. Browne and Dmr. Bentley. Dmr. Boon was also absent. However, the team rose to the occasion in magnificent style, and our forwards, under Lt. Miles' leadership, played the game of their lives. Rain fell during the match, and our forwards played the right game. They scrummaged hard, got the ball with regular monotony, and some of their wheels and rushes did the spectators' hearts good. Amongst the forwards no man played harder than Cpl. Jones, but every man did his best. Cpl. Townend was a great success at fly-half, taking all kinds of passes, and giving the three-quarter line that sense of solidity that it has long been wanting. Lt. Orr and Sgt. Barker played well at centre, and Cpl. Goodwin, at full-back, never put a foot wrong the whole game. We were indeed full value for our 9 point victory. This gave the team a new lease of life, and in spite of rumours, and still lacking the assistance of our long string of crocks (Cpl. Jones being the latest addition from an injury in the Sandhurst game) we took the field on Friday full of confidence against the Worcesters. It is only fair to them to say that they were greatly handicapped by the absence of their star men Nott and Home. There was no question which was the superior side, and we won with the utmost comfort.

Then came the victory of the Devonport Services over the hitherto unbeaten Bristol combination. We had a good proportion in the Services side, and on the same day our own Regimental side, weakened by crocks plus those playing for the Services, gained a great and glorious victory over Brixham. Brixham, on the previous Saturday, had beaten Torquay Athletic, one of the strongest sides in the West of England. Our victory by 6 points to 3 was thoroughly deserved; our forwards lasting the pace well, and answering to Lt. Miles' leadership.

In the second round of the Army Cup we were drawn to play old friends of ours in the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment at Portland. We had a more representative side on this occasion. Cpl. Townend played fly-half, Lt. Browne joined Lt. Orr in the centre, Sgt. Barker playing on the wing. Our pack were missing Pte. Annersley, who broke a bone in his hand against Bristol. Pte. Stork took his place. The day was fine, and we gained another easy victory by 29 points to 3. We took some time to settle down, and things never went quite right behind. Our backs were all inclined to do too much before passing. The Dorset's three-quarters, realising that we nearly always got the ball, lay right up on us. As a result we never moved smoothly as a line, and our wings got few chances. Towards the end we came into our own, and scored a splendid try from our opponent's kick-off. Practically every member of the team handled the ball before it was touched down under the posts. Our forwards again played a hard game. Their only fault was slackness in the line-out work, and their heeling was slow. Our defence went rather to pieces when the Dorsets scored their only try. Our backs must realise that the only way to stop a forward rush is to go down to the ball.

On the following Saturday, with eight of our team playing, Devonport Services drew with Richmond. The particular pleasant feature, from our point of view, was the sound display Pte. Mannion gave as a scrum-half. He got the ball away very quickly as a scrum-half should. Cpl. Jones was one of the best forwards on the ground. On the same day our 2nd XV., reinforced by the remainder of our 1st XV., ran Barnstaple to 5 points at Barnstaple. On the next Wednesday all our players gave a good display for Devonport

Services against "The Army Trial XV." On the Saturday the full Regimental XV., still lacking the services of Lt. Dalrymple and Lt. Browne, Pte. Annersley, Cpl. Jones and Cpl. Goodwin took away Teignmouth's ground record by winning a really good game in the last minute. Cpl. Foy was off the field with an injured ankle after the first five minutes. We played fourteen men the whole game.

The coast as it were was now clear for our third battle with the 5th Battalion Royal Tank Corps. Once again it was our great luck to be first out of the hat, and the Tanks came to us once more. The game was played on Wednesday, 4th December, at the Rectory Field, Devonport. There was a large crowd of spectators, as our game with the Tanks in the previous year is still talked about. The day was fine, but the ground was heavy. Lt. Browne decided at the last minute to play, and captain the side. Owing to his knee he figured at left wing threequarter. Cpl. Foy and Pte. Annersley were both fit to play, but Pte. Glover was away in hospital and Lt. Dalrymple's ankle was still unfit. Pte. Stork got the last place in the pack. We won the toss, and played up the hill with the wind and sun in our backs. Cpl. Townend, finding the Tank's full-back weak, used the short punt successfully, and we ran in two tries in the first ten minutes. In consequence, our tails were right up, and our forwards played magnificently to a man. They got the ball in the scrums, and broke up quickly in the loose. They followed up hard, and all together, and turned every mistake the Tanks made into a try or a goal. Their tackling was splendid, and no opponent was allowed to run far with the ball. Our three-quarters took the ball at top speed, showed a sound defence, and ran with determination. Lt. Orr showed a most grateful return to form. Mannion and Townend played well at half, and Barker showed himself one of the most improved players we have. Bentley ran really well on the wing, and showed a determination which we never realised he possessed. Goodwin was safe at full-back, though not as outstanding as usual. It would be invidious to mention any forwards when all played so well. Altogether it was as refreshing a display of rugby as has been seen at Devonport this year. We were full value for our 33-0 victory. One couldn't help feeling sorry for the Tank Corps. They were up against it from the start, and were given no time to recover. They never pulled themselves together from the initial mistake made by their full-back. Their forwards played well against a pack more together and much more clever and fitter than they were. Lt. Rew, McIntyre and Bovill were outstanding, and nothing was better than Arthur Young's defence. Two of his tackles of Browne in full cry for the line were really first-class. It was a real hard Army cup-tie, no quarter given or taken, but clean. The fact that four Tank Corps Officers received attention at the Royal Naval Hospital after the match is only mentioned to readers to give an idea how strenuous the encounter was.

The team are now enjoying their annual leave. This last victory must have sent them to their homes happy, with the knowledge that the time and trouble given to training has not been wasted. If the team can only produce the form and display the will to win, which they did against the Tank Corps, it will take a really good Regimental side to beat them. They must all remember to be as fit as possible for these strenuous cup matches. Comparisons are odious, but we really think that this year we are a much more capable and better balanced side than at any period last year. We hope our thoughts and our faith in the side will not prove to be misplaced. Time alone can tell.

Our heartiest congratulations to Cpl. G. Townend on obtaining his place in the first English trial match at Northampton. This honour is well deserved, as he has been in very good form this season, and we wish him all success. He again figures in the trial side at Gloucester. We hope before the season is finished to be able to congratulate him on gaining a greater honour.

We meet the 2nd Battalion S.W.B. in the fourth round of the Army Cup, and the final of the Southern Command Rugby Cup at Portsmouth, the last day for playing the game being Saturday, 25th January, 1930. The game will probably be played on the previous Wednesday, 22nd January. We have won the Southern Command Cup for the last two years.

Results of Army Cup competition, 1929-1930 :—1st Round, 1st D.W.R. 46 points,

2nd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment nil ; 2nd Round, 1st D.W.R. 29 points, 2nd Battalion the Dorsetshire Regiment 3 points ; 3rd Round, 1st D.W.R. 33 points, 5th Battalion the Royal Tank Corps nil.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

In the first round of the Army Cup the Battalion drew with the 2nd Battalion the Worcester Regiment. After a hard fought game, in which either team might have won without the result being a surprise, the Battalion lost by 2 goals to 1. The result was however disappointing because the Battalion undoubtedly had a good team, and was just unlucky to draw an equally good one in the first round.

The Boys of the Battalion also met the Boys of the 2nd Worcesters in the first round of the Boys' Cup, and beat them by 3 goals to 2 after being a goal down at the interval. They then drew a bye in the second round, and met the Dorset Regiment in the third round, but were beaten by 3 goals to 2, the winning goal being scored in the last three or four minutes.

In the Wallace Wright Cup "H.Q." Wing lost to the "H.Q." Wing of the 1st Wilts. by 6 goals to 2, and "D" Company beat "H.Q." of the 2nd Devons by 3 goals to 1. This is as far as the companies have got in the cup, and "D" Company, who were the winners last year, may easily win again this season.

In the United Services' League the Battalion ran a team in each of the three divisions, and the Battalion 2nd Eleven, who won the 2nd Division Cup last year, are so far unbeaten. A few of the league matches have had to be postponed owing to the bad weather which made play impossible.

HOCKEY.

The hockey this season has been spoilt by the weather, and through our barrack square having been tarred, and gravel put on it, thus rendering it dangerous to play on. Most of our matches have had to be cancelled, and the team has had no opportunity to practise. This spoilt any chance we had of beating the 2nd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment in the first round of the Army Hockey Cup, which they won after a clean, hard game, by 5 goals to nil, nearly all the scoring being in the first half.

One of our great difficulties is to find new blood, and we still have to rely on our old hands to make up our team.

We hope that the New Year will bring forth better weather, and further opportunities to improve our team.

HUNTING.

"Dian, Hear us when we pray :
Send us foxes fleet and strong,
Grass to speed them on their way,
Hounds to hustle them along,
Hunters that can do no wrong,
Fences stout and ditches deep,
That our place among the throng
May be worth our while to keep."

On returning from manœuvres cubbing had begun, but alas, what with Regimental rigger tour, General's inspection, and very early morning meets, only one or two cubbing meets could be attempted.

At a hunting meeting held in the Mess at the end of October, it was decided that, as we should have six regular hunters in Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Capt. F. R. Armitage, Lt. A. G. Hiddingh, Lt. H. C. M. Stone and 2nd Lt. C. R. Mason, and some "occasionals," we should take out for hire purposes our government chargers. The following were chosen:—"Duchess," "Kitty," "Silver" and "Punch," and, in

addition, ask our friends the Bays to choose two good 15s. hunters, which they very kindly supplied.

We were all unable to attend the opening meet of the Dartmoor at Ivybridge owing to most of the officers going away to watch our rugger team on tour, more was the pity, as at this meet a presentation of an oil painting of our Master with his hounds crossing the River Earn, painted by Cecil Aldin, was presented to Commander Davey, the Regiment having subscribed to this fine picture.

By the middle of November we had begun in earnest. When possible we try to go to the nearest meets thus saving the expenses of boxing our horses, and thereby our pockets.

There is no doubt at all the country around Princetown is by far the best. Here one gets good gallops, some good jumping over stone walls and few bogs; rivers and streamlets have to be crossed, but the actual moorland hunting is far more exciting, and as one officer stated, "One has to sit tight and take a sporting chance, but its frightening first time out." As the old poem says:—

"By the blood of which we came,
Make us sportsmen unafraid,
Grant us that we play the game
Straightly as it should be played,
Grant that we may take our place
With the boldest of the bold."

Of late the weather has been too dreadful for words, high winds, torrents of rain, thunder and lightning. The moors are very sodden, and over-reaches are frequent; even our old friend Reynard keeps under ground, and no blame to him; there are even more bogs than usual,—dreaded things.

"Says Bill, There's a stranger stuck in the bog,
With nowt but his head in sight,
And there he may lie like a drain-fast hogg
Till the hounds come back at night."

But bogs, rivers, rock and streamlets are all in the day's work, and a more enjoyable day cannot be spent than a good scenting day with the Dartmoor hounds.

R.H.D.B.

BOXING.

We were to have met the 2nd Battalion the South Wales Borderers on 9th December at Devonport, but they were unable to raise a team so scratched to us.

We have not yet got our team properly together.

The two drafts to the 2nd Battalion have claimed a number of our boxers. We fear our team will not be as strong as last year, and may have great difficulty in again winning the Southern Command Inter-Unit team boxing cup.

In the next round we meet the winners of 1st Battalion Welch Fusiliers versus 1st Battalion Essex Regiment before the end of January.

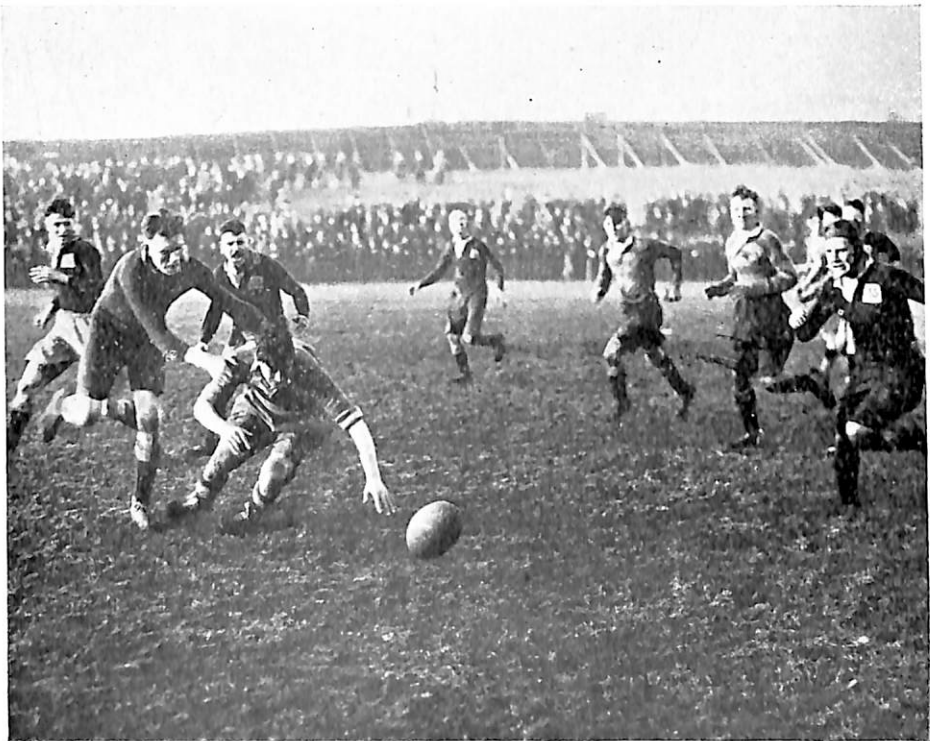
GOLF.

The Battalion again competed in the Southern Command golf meeting on the termination of manœuvres.

In the inter-unit competition the Battalion beat the 5th Battalion Royal Tank Corps in the first round, but in the second round were defeated by a narrow margin by the Generals, who finally won the event. The following represented the Battalion side:—Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, Capt. W. M. Ozanne, C. W. B. Orr and J. T. Rivett-Carnac. Unfortunately, owing to a knee injury, H. C. M. Stone was unable to play.

In the individual championship Capt. Ozanne again tied for runner-up, being one stroke behind the winner.

3rd ROUND OF THE ARMY RUGBY CUP.



1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment v. 5th Battalion The Royal Tank Corps.
Played at Devonport Dec. 4th, 1929.



Lt.-Colonel J. C. BURNETT, D.S.O., Commanding 2nd Battalion.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

THE training season is with us once more, indeed, by the time these notes are in print it will be nearly over. In October "A" Company moved out to Vilad, a very pleasant little camp with plenty of shade from an avenue of mango trees. Unfortunately, the well-known charm of this Company proved irresistible to the local mosquitoes, and the medical authorities condemned the camping ground on the score of malarial infection. The remaining companies are doing their training from barracks, and finishing it off with a short trek round the country. The Battalion is due to move out to Vilad in January, by which time it is hoped that the nullah beds will have dried up, and the camp accordingly cleared of Anopheles. Brigade training this year takes place at the end of January, at Imanpur, which was our first halt on last year's march to Kazipur, so we shall not be far from home. By the time Brigade training comes round we shall be the oldest inhabitants of the Brigade, the other three Battalions having all changed over this season.

A very successful Battalion Sports Week was held during October. The mornings were taken up by the Regimental small arms meeting, while the entertainments for the afternoon included the athletic meeting, the final of the company soccer, a gymkhana, and, as comic relief, a fancy dress soccer match between the corporals and privates. In the evenings there was boxing on three nights, the rest of the week being filled up by most successful sergeants', corporals' and all ranks' dances. Altogether it was a crowded and enjoyable time, and those responsible for its organisation are to be congratulated on their arrangements.

On Armistice Day a parade service, followed by the two-minute silence, was held in the Fort. As our Honorary Colours were still under repair, only two Colours were carried on parade. This service was, incidentally, the farewell service of our padre, the Rev. Hewitt, who has been in Ahmednagar a number of years, and, who shortly after, left for home. Our best wishes go with him, and we welcome as his successor the Rev. A. F. Seaman.

In aid of Earl Haig's fund a fair was held in barracks. The chief event was a "comic dog show," but the entries for this did not come up to expectation numerically; what there were, however, were good. The side-shows were many and varied, and perhaps the *pièce de resistance* was the Tank Corps six-wheeler, which took unwitting passengers for perilous rides over the neighbouring nullahs. The need for restoratives after this trip is said to have increased the bar profits very considerably.

OFFICERS' MESS.

We have now been in this station a year, and rumour is already abroad sending us north next trooping season with Peshawar as a possible destination. We cannot, however, conscientiously advise those of our home readers who visualise imminent posting abroad to place any great confidence in these stories.

The Mess has once more gained normal proportions, and our only absentees at the moment are Capt. Gibson and Lt. Webb-Carter. Capt. Gibson is attached to the R.A. at Jubbulpore, and is, we hear, winning golden opinions from those in high places. Lt. Webb-Carter went to Poona to be attached to the 3rd Cavalry, but retired to hospital with diphtheria and malaria. We are glad to be able to report that he is now recovered, and is completing the latter part of his attachment. We had almost forgotten Capt. Sayers, who is, so far as we know, still adding lustre to A.H.Q., Simla.

We are pleased to record the arrival of Capt. Harvey from the 1st Battalion, and a word of welcome must also be given to Capt. Carey as being the only survivor of those who left us last spring, ostensibly for leave. We welcome also 2nd Lts. Gidney, Fuller and Henderson-Brooke (unattached list Indian Army), who will be with us for a year prior to joining regiments of the Indian Army. Capt. Robertson and Lt. Cumberlege have left us for the Depot, where we wish them a happy sojourn. We have also to say good-bye,

temporarily at any rate, to Lts. Hiddingh and Miles, who were cross-posted to the home establishment while on leave.

We have had two guest nights in this period, both in the nature of farewells. The first was for our last padre, the Rev. Hewitt, and the second for the officers of the 1st Battalion 2nd Punjab Regiment, whom we were very sorry to lose on their departure to Baluchistan. Their successors, who have not yet arrived, are the Bombay Grenadiers, which may be of interest as we understand that this is Capt. Bolton's old regiment. During the Battalion Sports Week the Mess was "At Home" on the two afternoons of the individual and the team sports, both of which passed off very successfully.

We like to finish these notes by congratulating somebody on something, but, for the first time for many numbers, there has been neither matrimony nor promotion in our midst, so we will be content with congratulating ourselves on having finished some very dull notes, and those of our readers who have got as far as this, on their forbearance.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

At the end of August we entertained about a dozen members of the Royal Tank Corps School to dinner. In addition to the dining members of the Mess, the whole of the married members attended (and we didn't lose a spoon), and all told fifty-six sat down. After dinner various games, billiards, bridge, etc., were played; those left over elected to chat, which was very enlightening, as we got to know the difference between a crank in a tank and a crank in a Vickers gun.

In early September we enjoyed the company of a few members of the Cheshire Regiment, who were here representing their unit at cricket. A couple of very happy evenings were spent, on the first of which we matched ourselves against them at billiards, and lost, owing to the efforts of one of our members who insisted on giving advice on every shot taken, at the same time putting up a smoke cloud with a "scrounged" cigar. The donor of the cigar called it a Corona, but the majority of those present called it by another name entirely foreign to Corona.

The next event was the Battalion Sports Week, when on three afternoons we entertained the rest of the Garrison and their wives. We congratulate Sgt. Hemblys on winning the Sergeants' race; very few entered for this race as everyone seemed to be afraid of taking their boots off. We also congratulate the R.S.M., who won the old soldiers' race with a super-excellent effort, so super, in fact, that he ran straight from the winning post to the Mess bar, with just enough breath left to ask for — the time. Jokes aside, he will have to look to his laurels next year as he was nearly elbowed out of first place by our worthy A.E.C. Instructor.

We wound up the week with a dance held on our tennis court with the Regimental Band providing the music. Among those present were the Collector of Ahmednagar, the Acting Brigade Commander, Col. Ross and Mrs. Ross, the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Burnett, and all the officers of the Battalion, as well as most of the officers of the station, with their wives. The dance commenced at 9 p.m., and finished at 2 a.m., and proved a very happy evening; a special feature was an exhibition dance by Joe Wheatly, christened the "Corpulent Crawl," a very noble effort.

During the months of September and October the Sergeants' Mess inter-company billiards cup was fought for; "H.Q." Wing had to produce two teams, making five all told. Some very interesting games were witnessed, and numerous original shots were tried out (termed by the narrow-minded, flukes). The result was in the balance until the second last game. "H.Q." Wing started badly, and lost the first two games. The captain of the team then got busy and pulled them together a bit, and it then looked as though four teams would have to fight all over again. However, this gallant team eventually lost to "B" Company. Congratulations to "B" Company.

We congratulate Sgt. Lyons, L/Sgt. Pye and L/Sgt. Rose on their promotion, and welcome the latter two to the Mess.

To conclude these notes we have to congratulate Sgt. Lees on being selected as

Battalion Intelligence Sergeant ; without discussing his qualifications for this highly-coveted appointment we can only say that, up to going to press, we have never yet met a bald-headed donkey.

"A" COMPANY.

The Regimental small arms meeting was held in the second week of October. All our teams and individuals fired very well, and enabled us to gain the shooting shield for the fourth year in succession.

A very fitting close to the rigger career of five long-standing members of the Company XV., was the great victory over the M.G. Company in this year's final by 21 points to 3. This gave us the rigger shield for the fourth time in five years. We wish success and happiness to Sgt. Holt and Ptes. Wagstaff, Beeson, Heaton and Patterson in their new spheres of activity.

By doing our Company training first we came off very much the best. We trained at Vilad, a camp about 12 miles out, situated in a magnificent mango grove, and in the midst of a very fine training country. On the eve of our return to barracks on completion of a programme of work both strenuous and interesting, the medicos descended on us in force, and the camp was closed owing to the abnormal breeding of the Anopheles. Just in time, too, for that night a small plague broke out, and six men were removed to hospital suffering from fever. There were nine more cases admitted during the first week back in barracks, but all are mild, and at the moment of writing (ten days after return) there are only five in hospital, and they are rapidly recovering. Nevertheless, the camp was a success, and has left us with many pleasant memories. An impromptu concert, two nights before return, proved to be quite a classy show, and for this our thanks are mainly due to Cpl. Patchett.

Back in barracks, with "B" Company firing their blank from nearby corners, and the M.G. Company away on Brigade concentration, duties are very heavy. However, Christmas is in sight, and we shall soon have an infusion of new blood from home to entertain with stories of soldiering in India.

We welcome 2nd Lt. F. H. Fuller (U.L.I.A.) who joined us during camp, and hope he will enjoy his year with us.

"B" COMPANY.

At the time of submitting these notes the Company is in the middle of company training, and everyone is thoroughly enjoying it. As the medical authorities put the company camp area out of bounds we are unable to add another foreign station to our gong, and the training is being carried out from barracks. We are just on the brim of a five-day march with an occasional stunt put in to break the monotony of marching with a little running.

We have not been lucky in the sport line this season. We were beaten in the final of the soccer shield by "C" Company, after a replay, and passed out of the rigger in the first round, being the victims of "D" (M.G.) Company. We are, however, able to add another "B" Company inscription to the boxing cup, of which we ran out easy winners.

We welcome back our company commander, Capt. Carey, who has just returned from home leave. We are sorry to note that we are losing Capt. Robertson, who is going to the Regimental Depot. He has been a great asset in raising the standard of sport in the Company, and we intend to adhere to his tactics. We wish him every success in his change of station. We welcome 2nd Lt. P. A. Gidney (U.L.I.A.), who is doing a year with us prior to joining his regiment.

"C" COMPANY.

We fear that by the time these notes are published we shall have lost quite a few of our Company, who will have been transferred to the Army Reserve ; we wish them every success in their new venture in civilian life.

In the annual sports which have just finished we did very well, and drew the season to a close by winning the following trophies :—company soccer shield, company tug-of-war cup, and inter-company relay cup. In addition to the above there were numerous other prizes which went to individuals, and Lt. Jones is to be especially congratulated on his performance.

In the inter-company boxing we managed to secure six winners and four runners-up out of the twelve fights. Pte. Burke is to be congratulated on winning a special contest against Sgt. Butcher, K.O.Y.L.I.

In the annual weapon training course this year everyone did very well, and the Company, as a whole, is to be congratulated. (We are sorry to have to congratulate ourselves, but if we don't it appears that no one else will.) The Company commences company training on 29th November, and it is safe to say that everyone is looking forward to the change this will bring to the daily routine.

We welcome Capt. Lennon to the Company as company commander *vice* Major Sir Robert Henniker, who, we are sorry to say, has left us to take over second-in-command of the Battalion.

“D” (M.G.) COMPANY.

The Pack Platoon continued to act as demonstration platoon at the Machine Gun School until the end of the course in October. After this the whole Company took part in a Brigade M.G. concentration, which took place at the school during November.

Prior to this our company commander saw fit to have a few days rest in hospital with a septic foot, and we were without his guiding light for the best part of a month. We did hear that it was caused by talking too roughly to Erastus.

We must congratulate Lt. Cumberlege on winning the Wittingham Medal at the Regimental rifle meeting. Unfortunately we are losing him as, by the time these notes are in print, he will be at the Depot teaching recruits how its done. At the Regimental small arms meeting No. 14 Platoon won the superiority of fire competition, and the Company came out third in the shooting shield.

At the Battalion sports we had several individual successes, but in the inter-company events we were unfortunate, and had to hand over the athletic shield to “H.Q.” Wing, as we only came out second.

In the inter-company rugger we managed to get into the final, but were beaten by “A” Company. In this game our two best forwards, Lt. Woods and Pte. Scott, were unable to play, but we must admit that on the run of the play we were beaten by a better side. We have now reached the final of the inter-company cricket shield. As we have already taken enough second and third prizes in inter-company events we are hoping to pull the cricket shield off.

In conclusion, we welcome Capt. H. Harvey, from the 1st Battalion, and, as another company put it, we congratulate him on being posted to the best company.

“H.Q.” WING.

Our efforts since the last notes have been devoted mainly to sport. At the Regimental athletic meeting we succeeded in winning both the inter-company individual challenge cup and the challenge shield for team events. This is the first time we have met with success in the athletic meeting for some years, and all who took part are to be heartily congratulated. We also put up a good show in the small arms meeting, being placed second in the inter-company shooting shield.

In the soccer shield we were unlucky as we met the eventual winners, “C” Company, in the first round, and lost by the odd goal.

In the company cricket shield we defeated “B” Company in the first round, and have hopes of bringing the shield to swell the trophies which are already in our possession.

Our company dances are still going strong, and they are enjoyed by everyone who pays a visit to the “Q’s” shake on a Monday evening.

In the platoon flag competition we are showing good form. At the moment, the Signal Section are first and the Band third on the ladder, whilst our other two platoons are not far behind.

THE BAND.

News is not too plentiful just now as all one hears about is "boats and Blighty." L/Cpl. Howes has exchanged the saxophone for the pen at Deccan District H.Q. We wish him every success.

In the Regimental rifle meeting the Band were runners-up in the platoon falling plate competition, after a tie with No. 8 Platoon. Bdsm. Winterbottom finished twelfth in the individual shoot, an excellent effort for second year training.

The Drums disposed of us in the cricket, but at the moment we still find ourselves holding third place in the platoon flag table.

During the Battalion Sports Week the Band were kept busy, and acquitted themselves well, especially at the various dances.

During the present trooping season we expect the following changes:—Band-Sgt. Robinson from home leave, Bdsm. Bell from a course, L/Sgt. Rose and Bdsm. Douse to Kneller Hall for courses, Cpl. Page and Bdsm. Hallows to home establishment.

REGIMENTAL SMALL ARMS MEETING.

This meeting, organised on lines similar to last year, was carried out in October during the Battalion Sports Week, with complete success. The consistent form of "A" Company was well maintained, and they are once more holders of the inter-company challenge shield. The result of the shield was as follows:—"A" Company 82 points, "H.Q." Wing 56, "D" (M.G.) Company 42, "B" Company 25, "C" Company 23.

The individual championship was won by Lt. Cumberlege, with Sgt. Dennett and C.S.M. Gentry second and third respectively. The Officers and Sergeants' challenge cup was won by Sgt. Dennett; Sgt. Dalton being bottom of the roll won the wooden spoon. Other results were:—Match 2 (superiority of fire), 1st, "D" (M.G.) Company, 2nd "A" Company; Match 3 (M.G. match), 1st No. 2 Section, 2nd No. 4 Section; Match 4 (rifle match), 1st "A" Company, 2nd "B" Company; Match 7 (Lewis gun match), 1st No. 4 Platoon, 2nd, No. 6 Platoon, 3rd, No. 3 Platoon; Match 8 (platoon falling plate), 1st No. 8 Platoon, 2nd No. 20 Platoon, 3rd, No. 16 Platoon, 4th No. 3 Platoon; Match 5 (individual revolver, open), 1st Lt. Ewin (R.T.C.), 2nd R.S.M. Clayton (R.T.C.), 3rd Lt.-Col. Burnett; W.O.'s and Sergeants' Cup, 1st Sgt. Dennett.

CRICKET.

Cricket in Ahmednagar is never likely to be successful or popular until some better ground is forthcoming than the one we have in Sandhurst Barracks. This ground has been compared to a ploughed field, and, though this may be putting it a bit strong, the outfield consists of stones and loose cotton soil; the matting wicket itself, though a trifle bumpy, is not actually so bad as one would expect.

Coming from Singapore where we had so many fixtures, it was a disappointment to find that apart from the Ahmednagar Club, our only possible opponents would have to be found in Poona. The activities of the Ahmednagar Club are rather spasmodic, as they have to rely for their side mainly on students on the local courses; while as regards the Poona teams one rather hesitates to ask any side to make the longish journey in order to play on such an indifferent ground. The result of this has been that we have only had three Battalion matches since we have been in India.

Of these, two have already been noted in the IRON DUKE, the first being against a team from the Small Arms School, who defeated us by 68 runs, owing to a complete

collapse of our batting, and the second against the Cheshire Regiment in Poona, when in a two-innings match we won by just over 100 runs. This match was made very enjoyable by the hospitality of the Cheshire Regiment, who looked after us splendidly, and entertained the whole team on the Saturday evening.

Our last match was a return with the Cheshires on our ground in September. In this we suffered a severe defeat in a two-innings match, which was a fitting revenge for the game in Poona. It is to be regretted that it was impossible to fit in a deciding match as the Cheshires left Poona in October.

In the platoon cricket No. 7 Platoon beat No. 19 in the final by 30 runs. The former really deserved their victory as they were keen enough to practice in the nets, which up to that time had been an un-heard-of performance for a platoon team.

The inter-company cricket is not yet completed. In the preliminary round "C" Company defeated "A" Company by an innings, but succumbed to "D" (M.G.) Company by a fairly large margin. In the other half of the draw "H.Q." Wing beat "B" Company. "H.Q." Wing and "D" (M.G.) Company are, therefore, the finalists.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Since our last notes we have had some very interesting rugger, as we have competed in both the Bombay tournament and the All India tournament, which, this year, was held at Madras.

We reached the final of the Bombay tournament, having beaten the Cheshire Regiment by 19—3, and the Loyal Regiment by 13—nil. We met the Bombay Gymkhana in the final, and they defeated us by 8—nil after a very exciting game. Up to half-time there was no score, and if anything we had the better of the game territorially, and were within an ace of scoring in the first ten minutes; had we succeeded the game might have worn a very different complexion. Bombay had very fine backs, and both their tries were the result of movements started in their own half of the ground.

At Madras we drew the Prince of Wales' Volunteers in the first round, and had a really good game with them, which resulted in a draw (10 all) after extra time. We were rather unlucky not to win. We led the whole game, the equalising points being obtained just on time when, as the result of one of our three-quarters being off-side, the P.W.V. were awarded a penalty kick in an easy position.

The game was replayed the following day, and neither team played to anything like its true form. The P.W.V., who were slightly the fitter side ran out winners by 7—nil. They, however, went down to the Bombay Gymkhana (21—8) in the next round.

We think that the team is greatly improved from previous years, as the backs have shown some really good form throughout the season, and are undoubtedly better than any other regimental backs we have played against in India. The forwards, as in previous years, could always be relied on to hold their own against any of the teams we met. Pte. Wagstaff deserves special mention for his hooking, having been consistently good throughout. He will be a great loss when he goes and will be difficult to replace.

Owing to Battalion fixtures we were obliged to play the company shield rather late in the season, when the ground was somewhat harder than it should have been. Nevertheless, we had some excellent games, and the players went as hard as one has been accustomed to see in company rugger. "A" Company won the shield again for the fourth time in five years, beating the M.G. Company 21—3 in the final. The M.G. Company were unlucky to be without the services of Lt. Woods and Pte. Scott, both of whom were injured in the semi-final.

Although we are losing a good many players who will be greatly missed, we feel quite confident about next season, as there is plenty of talent in the Battalion. We hope to enter two teams for the All India tournament which will be played at Bombay; this ought greatly to assist us in training. The King's Own Scottish Borderers, our old friends and opponents of Cairo days, will be in Poona, and we look forward to meeting them again.

The following were awarded their caps for the season:—Lt. F. P. A. Woods, Lt. Cumberlege, Lt. Exham, L/Cpls. Hardiment and Hirst, Ptes. Beeson, Wagstaff, Connor, Bamford, Holt, Day, O'Brien, Sherwood, Horrocks, Newton, Leeming and Conlon.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

When the last notes were compiled we were in the middle of the Rover's Cup competition, having reached the semi-final in which we played the Cheshire Regiment. It was generally agreed in Bombay that this was one of the best and fastest matches of the season. At half-time the Regiment was losing by one goal to nil, but on the restart L/Cpl. Hawthorne soon equalised with a shot that gave the opposing goalkeeper no chance. About mid-way through the second period Pte. J. Hall netted the winning goal with a shot from the corner flag. This qualified us to meet the Royal Warwicks in the final.

By special arrangement four hundred men journeyed to Bombay to witness this game. We were, unluckily, without Pte. Osborne, who had been injured in the semi-final; this seemed to upset the whole combination of the forward line. Half-time came with one goal to nil against us, and the second half brought no less than three more, the final score being four goals to nil against us. After the game we were presented with the John Haig Shield for the runners-up in the competition. That night the team were invited to dinner by the Society of Yorkshiremen in Bombay.

Some time later the W.I.F.A. arranged a charity match in aid of Poppy Day, and we were selected to play the Royal Warwicks. This time we turned the tables and defeated our opponents by two goals to nil after a hard and gruelling game. Both the teams and the referee were presented with pewter pots.

The inter-company soccer provided us with some good football. "C" Company defeated "B" in the final by two goals to nil, though they had to play twice to obtain a decision.

We are losing two of our 1st XI. players next season in L/Cpl. Hawthorne and Pte. Osborne. They will be sadly missed, but we hope to be able to fill their vacancies satisfactorily.

BOXING.

Following our success in the "XXth. Lancashire Fusiliers Cup" at Wellington, which was recorded in the last issue of the IRON DUKE, a Regimental open and novices' competition was held at Ahmednagar during the Sports Week in October. The competition was run on an inter-company basis, and the cup, which was presented by the M.S.V.R. in Malaya, was competed for. "B" Company ran out winners with 58 points, "C" Company being runners-up with 43 points.

The results of the competitions were, on the whole, highly encouraging. A large entry was received, 58 fights in all being decided, and several competitors were noted as being likely to do well in the future.

Outstanding among these was Pte. Leach, "C" Company, who won the novices' middles in convincing style, and from whom we expect big things. Other newcomers who showed up well, and whom we expect to see again, were Pte. Joyce, "A" Company, who won the open lightweight after an excellent fight in the final with L/Cpl. Bland, "C" Company, and Pte. Morgan, "H.Q." Wing, who was just beaten on points by Pte. Beanland, "C" Company, in the open light-heavyweights. Morgan would be well advised to train down to middleweight in which class he should be hard to beat.

Other novices who showed outstanding promise were Cpl. Chambers, "C" Company, who won the novices' featherweight, and Pte. Wilgos, "B" Company, winner of the novices' lightweight; the latter appeared to be giving away a considerable amount of weight.

The results of the final night's boxing are as follows:—

Open Welters.—Pte. Tompkins, "B," beat Pte. Burke, "C." Novice Flyweight.—Pte. Suggett, "C," beat Pte. Lumley, "B." Novice Bantams.—Pte. Dooley, "C," beat Pte. Holmes, "C." Novice Feathers.—Cpl. Chambers, "C," beat Pte. Earnshaw, "B." Novice Lights.—Pte. Wilgos, "B,"

beat Pte. Parker, "A." Novice Welters.—Pte. Smith, "A," beat Pte. Cocker, "C." Novice Middles.—Pte. Leach, "C," k.o. Pte. Cockburn, "D," M.G. Open Feathers.—Pte. Jones, "A," beat Pte. Sheehan, "B." Open Lights.—Pte. Joyce, "A," beat L/Cpl. Bland, "C." (This fight was one of the best of the evening.) Open Middles.—Pte. Birch, "C," k.o. Pte. Coyle, "A." Open Light Heavy.—Pte. Beanband, "C," beat Pte. Morgan, "H.Q." Open Heavies.—Pte. Scott, "D," M.G., beat Pte. Dockray, "B." Special Contest.—Pte. Burke, 2nd D.W.R., k.o. Sgt. Butcher, K.O.Y.L.I., in the second round after much hard hitting.

At the conclusion of the competition the Commanding Officer thanked Capt. A. O. L. Burke, 7th Gurkha Rifles, for very ably acting as referee, and Lt. E. M. Wray, the Middlesex Regiment, for his assistance in judging. Lt.-Col. D. B. Ross, acting Brigade Commander, kindly presented the prizes.

The following competitors from the Battalion have entered for the Bombay Presidency annual amateur boxing championship, which is being held early in December :—heavyweight Pte. Scott, light heavyweight Pte. Beanland, middleweight Pte. Birch, welterweight Pte. Tompkins, lightweight Ptes. Burke and Joyce.

REGIMENTAL ATHLETIC MEETING.

This year it was decided, in addition to the usual individual sports, to run an inter-company team championship on the lines laid down by the Army Athletic Association. The company athletic shield was decided on the team championships, and in addition a cup was presented by Judge Dhadiba C. Mehta for the company which gained most points in the individual events.

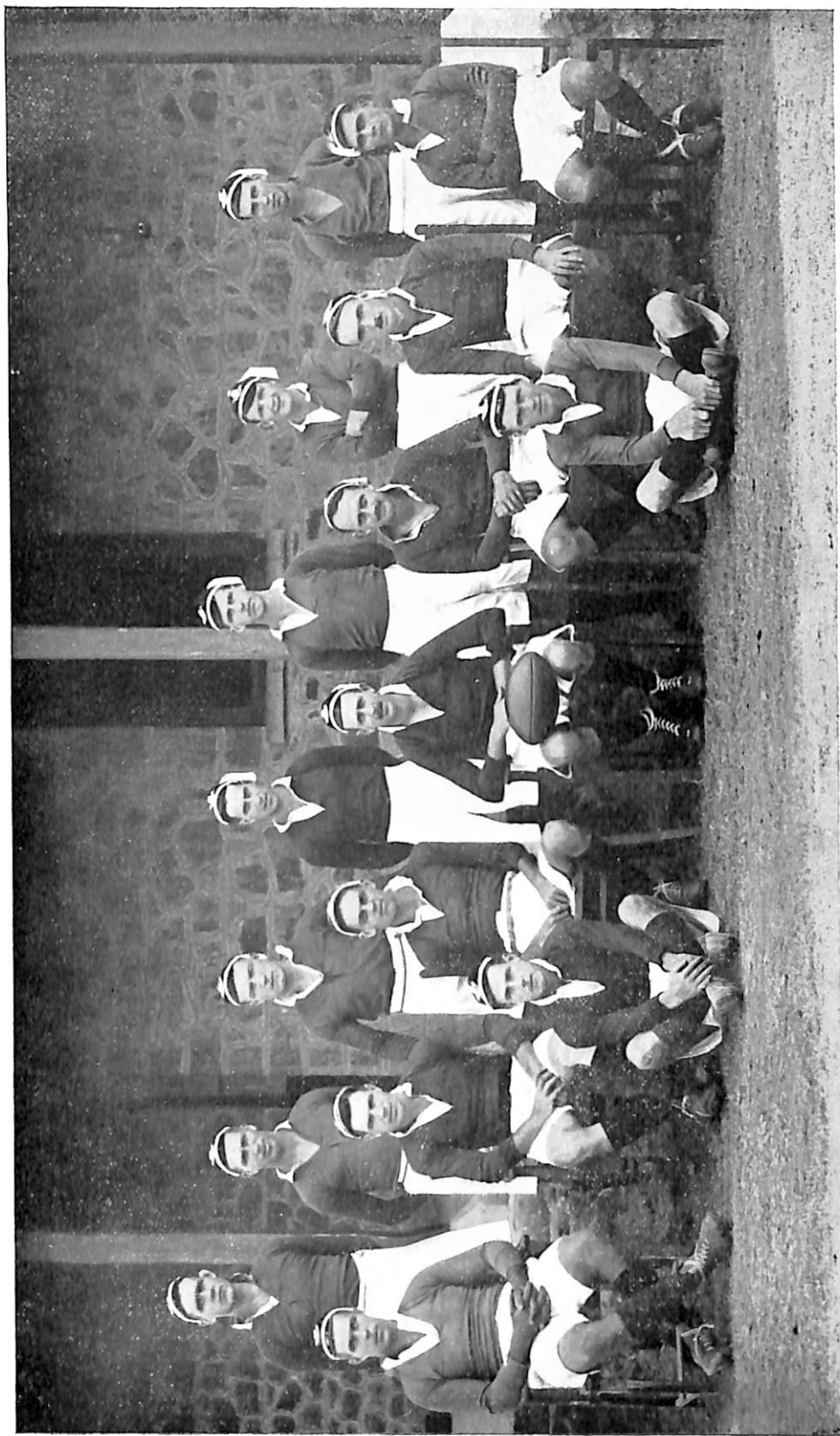
Thus three afternoons were needed to complete the meeting, two being devoted to the individual sports and one to the team events. All three afternoons were carried through without a hitch, and the team championship which was closely contested proved a great success, and was particularly interesting from the spectators' point of view. Another slight change from the procedure of previous years was to make all the individual events open to the rest of the garrison. The paucity of possible outside competitors made this variation practicable.

For the individual sports the first prizes were very kindly presented by the following :—The Hon. Mr. A. Macmillan, Khan Sahib K. Irani, Mr. Bomonji J. Irani, Phipson and Co., Ltd., Spencer and Co., Ltd., M. A. Ahmed Din Bros., D. F. Chowdry and Son, Khan Bahadur Cursetjee and Davis Bros.

It is difficult to compare the standard of running with that of recent years owing to the different conditions. There were no startling times to record, but L/Cpl. Newbould did well to win the 100 and 220 yards, both in quite good times. The outstanding performance of the meeting was probably that of Lt. Jones, who won the individual mile and 880 yards, was first in the team mile, and was chiefly instrumental in winning the inter-company relay (1 mile) for "C" Company. "H.Q." Wing won both the shield and the cup. This was an excellent effort as they had few stars, and all their teams and individuals had to work hard for success. The results were as follows :—

INDIVIDUAL EVENTS.—880 Yards.—Lt. Jones ("C"), Pte. Horrocks ("H.Q."), Pte. Hughes ("A"). 100 Yards.—L/Cpl. Newbould ("C"), Pte. McGuire ("D"), Pte. Newton ("A"). 220 Yards.—L/Cpl. Newbould, L/Cpl. Knight ("H.Q."), Pte. Spikings ("D"). 440 Yards.—Pte. McGuire, Pte. Horrocks, Pte. Asquith ("D"). 120 Yards Hurdles.—Cpl. R. Smith ("H.Q."), Sgt. Butcher (S.A.S.), Pte. Goodman ("H.Q."). High Jump.—Pte. Dockray ("B"), Cpl. Caulfield ("D"), Cpl. R. Smith. Long Jump.—Pte. Spikings, Pte. Dockray, Pte. Thornton ("B"). Cricket Ball.—Pte. Taylor ("A"), Lt. F. Woods, Dmr. Swift. One Mile.—Lt. Jones, Bdm. Bailey ("H.Q."), Pte. Hughes. Putting the Weight.—Sgt. Chester (R.T.C.), Sgt. Froude (R.T.C.), Cpl. Codd ("H.Q."). Enlisted Boys' Race.—Boy Lewis, Boy Wallace, Boy Staniforth. Sergeants' Race.—Sgt. Hemblys ("D"), Sgt. Allcock. Officers' Race.—Lt.-Col. Burnett, Lt. F. Woods. Old Soldiers' Race.—R.S.M. Pearce, Sgt. Dennett, Sgt. Perkins. Inter-Company Relay, One Mile.—"C" Company, "A" Company, "H.Q." Wing. Indian Platoon 440 Yards.—L/N. Mam Chand, Sepy. Chittar Singh. Indian Platoon High Jump.—Naik Lalji Ram, S. Chhatoo Ram, S. Ram Singh. Indian Platoon Long Jump.—Naik Lalji Ram, S. Chhatoo Ram, L/N Mam Chand.

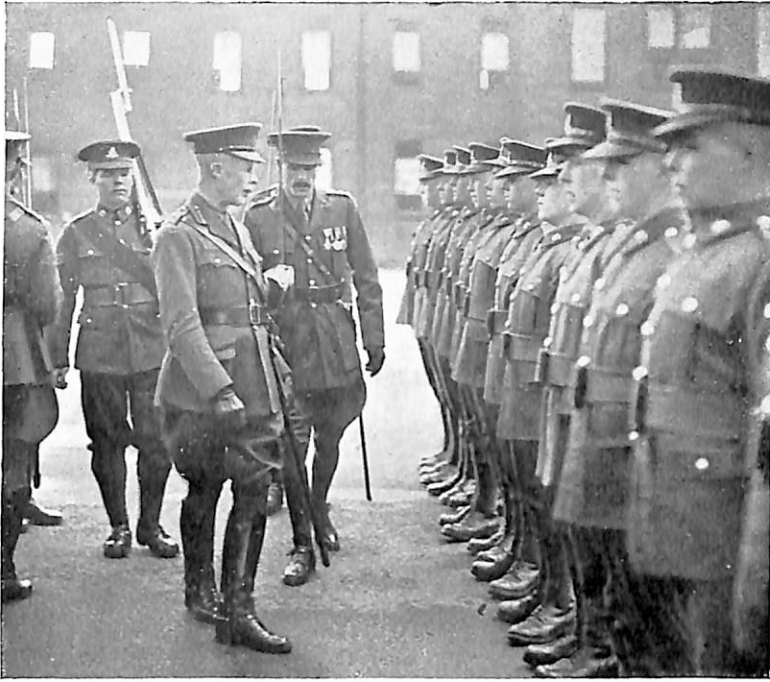
2nd BATTALION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM, AHMEDNAGAR, 1929.



Standing, left to right.—Ptes. O'Brien, Newton, Bamford, Holt, Leeming, Coulon, Horrocks.
Cumberlege, Pte. Wagstaffe, L. Cpl. Hardiment. On ground.—

Sitting, left to right.—L/Cpl. Hirst, Pte. Beeson, Lts. Exham, Woods,
Pte. Day, Pte. Sherwood.

General Inspection of the Depot by Major-General N. J. G. Cameron, C.B., C.M.G.,
October 18th, 1929.



Left to right.—Lt. C. I. E. Haslock (Adjt), Capt. G. F. Gough, M.C. (Staff Capt.), Major-Gen. N. J. G. Cameron, C.B., C.M.G., Capt. V. C. Green, Major M. N. Cox, M.C. (C.O.), 2nd Lt. G. Laing (S.R. of O.D.W.R.), Capt. G. T. Fleming, Lt. J. E. Frankis, Lt. and Qr.-Mr. W. Callaghan, M.C., D.C.M.

DEPOT NEWS.

MAJOR-GENERAL, N. J. G. Cameron, Commanding 49th Division, accompanied by his Staff Captain, Capt. G. Gough, carried out his annual inspection of the Depot on Friday, 18th October; the fates were kind, the sun shone and all went well.

This is the General's last annual inspection of the Depot, as we understand he vacates the command of the 49th Division in June; we much regret that he is leaving us, and we take this opportunity of wishing him all success in his next command.

On Wednesday, 13th November, we were visited by Lt.-General Sir Cameron D. Shute, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Northern Command, and Col. K. G. Buchanan (G.S.O.1., Northern Command). The Depot was not looking at its best, as the barracks were in the hands of the painting contractor; he and his satellites were busy everywhere, and were even installed in our pet cook-house; in spite of this drawback, the G.O.C.-in-Chief expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress made at the Depot since his last visit. Major Cox and Capt. Green visited the Depot the 5th Fusiliers at Newcastle on 2nd September, and stayed the night; they much appreciated the hospitality shown to them by Major J. F. Chenevix-Trench and his officers; we hope that they will pay us a return visit in the New Year.

Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield visited the Depot on the 7th August, when he saw the recruits march past and went round dinners. On the occasion of the O.C.A. dinner held on the 26th October, Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, Col. J. A. C. Gibbs and Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, stayed with us. We were also very glad to put up four members of Lt. W. F. Browne's XV. when they came to play the Halifax Rugby F.C.

On the 29th October by kind permission of Bishop Frodsham, Vicar of Halifax, members of the O.C.A. and about 150 officers and other ranks from the Depot attended morning service at the Parish Church. Members of the O.C.A. and the Depot personnel assembled at the 4th Battalion Drill Hall, and headed by the 4th Battalion Band and Drums marched to the church. Seats had been reserved for the Association and for the officers and other ranks from the Depot. After the service the members marched back to the 4th Battalion Drill Hall, Sir Herbert Belfield taking the salute on the way. On Armistice Day the Depot paraded at the Cenotaph, Halifax. Last Post and Reveille were sounded and Major M. N. Cox laid a wreath at the foot of the Memorial.

The Civic procession on Mayor's Sunday was attended by the Commanding Officer and the Officers of the Depot, who took their place in the procession together with the Officers of the 4th Battalion.

During November a week's refresher drill course was held for the Permanent Staff Instructors of the T.A. Battalions. Four of those present are in the list on page 162 of the last issue of this magazine. Truly "Old Soldiers never die." To see them "saluting to the front by numbers" was a touching sight. "Whether to weep or whether to laugh?" that was the question. It was decided that the latter alternative held the honours every time!

2nd Lt. G. Laing, Supplementary Reserve of Officers, completed a two month's preliminary training here at the end of October. We have to say good-bye to Capt. V. C. Green and Lt. J. E. Frankis who sailed on the 10th December to rejoin the 2nd Battalion in India. We wish them the best of luck.

Our best wishes also to Mrs. Crosbie, who has left us after several years yeoman service as Officers' Mess cook.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The annual competition for the shooting cup between the Officers and Sergeants took place on the 11th October, 1929, the Sergeants winning by 22 points; silver spoons were won by Major M. N. Cox, Capt. V. C. Green, R.Q.M.S. E. Moseley, Sgt. A. Berry and Sgt. C. Wood. The wooden spoon was carried off by Sgt. T. Sharman.

Our fortnightly whist drives and dances are now in full swing, and are being well attended.

The Mess has been redecorated throughout, and the members have now settled down to a quiet life after spending three weeks dodging painters and whitewashers.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. G. Machen on his appointment, and to L/Sgt. S. Beadnell on obtaining his first class certificate of education. We welcome Sgt. D. Ward, Sgt. R. Kerr and Sgt. Instructor E. Slade, A.P.T.S., to the Mess, and wish the best of luck to Sgt. J. McGowan, who has retired to pension.

SPORT.

BOXING.—Inter-squad competition, 3rd October, 1st May squad 17 points, 2nd July squad 15, 3rd August squad 13. The best fight of the evening was between Pte. Cowen and Pte. Pearce, the former winning on points. The best loser's prize went to Pte. Morris. Though no really outstanding boxers were noticed the usual spirit and pluck were not lacking. Two other fights are worthy of special mention: Pte. Dowas v. Pte. Meaney, and Pte. Bonsall v. Pte. Broadley; the first named winning a good fight on points in each case. Lt.-Col. H. H. Wayman kindly presented the prizes.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—We have entered the Halifax and District League, and opened the season with a convincing win over Barkisland, the score being 5—1. It was the first match on our new ground, which is a credit to all concerned, the playing pitch being ideal. Our defeats up-to-date have all been by the narrow margin of one goal, and we should not lack confidence, therefore, for future games. We are handicapped by being unable to keep the same team for any length of time. We have reached the semi-final of the Halifax and District Cup by beating Gorple F.C. 5—2, after an excellent game. Our opponents in the semi-final are St. Bernard's. Sgt. Ward has joined us from the 1st Battalion, and, needless to say, he has already strengthened the back division considerably. Results of matches played are:—won 3, lost 5, drawn 1, goals for 27, against 27, points 7.

RUGBY.—An attempt is being made to give the recruits some idea of rugby before they join the 1st Battalion, and to discover any talent. There has only been the opportunity for a few practices, and one or two scratch games up-to-date, but we hope to get the game really going with the new squads after Christmas.

HOCKEY.—The usual games have been played on the square; we have also played the Bradford Police on our new ground, and lost 7—8, after an exciting game. Sgts. Wood and Seaton shot most of the goals for us, and played well. We hope to arrange some matches with the Territorial Battalions in the New Year.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

Since camp very little training has been carried out, with the exception of recruits who have been completing their obligations. Evening classes for N.C.O.'s and selected privates, and Regimental signals, commenced on the 18th November, and will be continued throughout the winter. These have been well attended.

Three officers have been gazetted since camp, 2nd Lts. L. E. A. Foster, N. T. Bentley, and J. M. S. Sykes. These officers were present at annual training.

The annual prize distribution was held in the Headquarters Drill Hall on 29th November. Lt.-Col. A. L. Mowat presented the prizes. The distribution was followed by a dance which continued until 1 a.m. About 1,300 guests were present.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Whist drives have been held in the Mess every fortnight during November and December. These have been well attended, and much appreciated by members and friends.

The annual ball was held in the Drill Hall, Halifax, on the 13th December, and was a great success, about 700 guests attending. The lighting was very effective, being carried out in colours, and was considerably enhanced by the introduction of a replica of the cap badge 6 feet in height and 5 ft. 8 ins. across, painted in gilt and silver. The whole of

the wording and crown was picked out in coloured electric lamps, over 300 being used for this purpose. The badge was much admired by all present.

A very pleasant evening was spent on the 23rd December, when the Officers and Sergeants played a series of games of "Life Pool," the winner of each pool receiving a Christmas pudding as his prize. It is interesting to note that, with two exceptions, the prizes went to members of the Sergeants' Mess, the two puddings excepted being won by the Quartermaster!!!

5th BATTALION NEWS.

We are glad to report that recruiting has improved during the Autumn; "D" Company at Mirfield has reached 111, and "A" (M.G.) Company at Huddersfield is up to the new establishment, that is 92.

Our best wishes go to Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Lawrence, who were married at Steeton on 11th September, the Rev. R. E. M. Haines, C.F., assisting at the ceremony.

Congratulations to Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rippon on the birth of a daughter, Angela; to Capt. J. M. Haigh on being awarded the Territorial Decoration; and to C.S.M. H. Hobson on his "clasp" to the Territorial Efficiency Medal.

The Battalion rifle meeting was held on Deerhill ranges on Sunday, 1st September, the principal results are given under the prize distribution list.

On Armistice Sunday the Battalion and "Old Comrades" Association paraded, and attended divine service at the Parish Church, together with the Mayor, Corporation and other public bodies; in the afternoon "remembrance services" were held at Holmfirth, Kirkburton and Mirfield.

The prize distribution this year has been a greater success than ever; it was held in the Headquarter's drill hall at Huddersfield on 6th December, Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, commanding the 1st Battalion, distributing the prizes. The hall was packed, and many guests were unfortunately left without seats; we apologise to them.

Lt.-Col. R. Rippon, in welcoming Col. Wellesley, said how much we appreciated his presence, both as a mark of the interest taken in us by the Regular battalions, and also as being a descendant of the great duke whose name we bear; he also welcomed very heartily in the name of the Battalion the Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Walker Priest), the Brigade Commander, Col. S. Rhodes (for the first time on this platform), and also our friends from the Depot, Halifax, and the other battalions in the Brigade; he added that we had not left many trophies for other people to pick up this year.

The trophies and prizes won by the Battalion in outside competition are:—Y.T.T. and R.A. meeting (Strensall), "Davies" shield, L.A. competition; the "Yorkshire Trophy"; and the "Wilson Cup." In camp, the "Sugden" Brigade L.A. trophy; the "Rhodes" Brigade transport competition cup. Y.T.T. and R.A. meeting (Strensall), September, second in the "Kennedy" M.G. competition cup; second in the M.G. novices' competition; also the highest score (tied), Sgt. W. Merryman, and the H.P.S. at 300 yards, C.S.M. N. Hobson, in the "Bingham" challenge shield competition cup.

The results of the Battalion trophy competitions are:—The "Mellor" shield (for the most efficient all-round company), "D" Company (Mirfield); the "Hirst" challenge bowl (for the best company at drill), "B" Company (Holmfirth); the "Sykes" cup (inter-company team physical training competition), "D" Company (Mirfield); the "Hopkinson" shield (for tug-of-war), "B" Company (Holmfirth); the "Chamber of Trades" challenge cup (marching and firing (rifle) combined), "D" Company (Mirfield); Officers' revolver competition, Capt. E. H. P. Norton; the "Bentley Shaw" challenge cup (for long range fire with the rifle), "D" Company (Mirfield); the Officers' Cup (rifle competition), Lt. C. Liversidge; the "Raynor" cup (for most efficient Lewis gun team), "D" Company (Mirfield).

The Mayor, in proposing a very hearty vote of thanks to Col. Wellesley for distributing the prizes said, that he was amazed and delighted at the size of his audience; he also said that after talking to Col. Wellesley he had come to the conclusion that the only possible

career open to a young man of spirit was "the Army." The Brigade Commander, Col. S. Rhodes, seconded the vote of thanks; he added to his appreciation of Col. Wellesley's presence, his appreciation of the help offered by the Regular battalions and the Depot to the Brigade. Col. Wellesley responded to the "vote of thanks." He said that the honour of being invited to present the prizes of the 5th Battalion was not a personal honour, but a compliment paid by the 5th Battalion to the 1st Battalion, and was appreciated by the 1st Battalion as such. He hoped to see more of the Territorial battalions in the future; this next year a large proportion of the training grant was being apportioned to the Territorial Army, in fact, it was going to be a Territorial year. The 1st Battalion hoped to find at least twelve officers and a large proportion of other ranks to be present at annual training in camp.

This ended a very brilliant prize distribution. The sentiments expressed show a growing sympathy and understanding between the Regular and Territorial battalions, the difficulties facing the Territorials being better understood. Refreshments followed, then dancing to the Battalion band under the able conductorship of Mr. J. Shields.

6th BATTALION NEWS.

The following changes in the distribution of the Battalion consequent on the formation of the Machine Gun Company will take effect from the 1st November, 1929:—"A" Company, at Barnoldswick and Earby; "B" Company, headquarters and two platoons at Bingley, two platoons at Guiseley; "C" Company, becomes "C" (M.G.) Company, with headquarters and three platoons at Skipton, and one platoon at Barnoldswick; "D" Company, headquarters and three platoons at Keighley, and one platoon at Haworth; Headquarter Wing at Skipton.

2nd Lt. C. R. Mason having successfully passed the necessary examinations has been gazetted to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and posted to the 1st Battalion, from the 31st August, 1929. A/R.S.M. T. Spencer, has been permitted to continue in the service up to the 28th June, 1931, and has also been granted an extension of his tour of duty with this unit on the permanent staff to the same date. A/R.S.M. T. Spencer and Sgt. G. G. Ostler, P.S., were attached to the Depot from 18th to 23rd November, 1929. The Battalion Cup competition has been won by "H.Q." Wing, the runners-up being "C" Company. The machine gun competition was won by Cpl. W. Hawkins. Congratulations to the Machine Gun Company on being awarded first place in the Division.

The number of efficient at the end of the year was 471. The strength of the Battalion at the end of November, 1929, was 16 Officers and 491 other ranks.

The annual ball of the Headquarters was held at Skipton on the 3rd December, 1929, and proved a great success. A large number of officers and other ranks, together with their guests attended, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

As we anticipated in the last issue we have this time to congratulate Lt.-Col. Chambley on his promotion, which was gazetted on 30th November. Lt.-Col. Chambley, who is our only remaining pre-war officer, has been reputed for some time to be the senior captain in the Army, and we feel sure that the whole Battalion will be pleased that his appointment to command has now been followed by promotion to the appropriate rank.

His example is encouraging others to go and do likewise; a series of lectures is being run at Mossley for officers who may shortly take their promotion exams., and has, so far, been exceedingly well attended. It would be well worth while to attend if only to hear junior subalterns try to baffle the Adjutant with subtle questions. Not all officers' meetings have been so serious and hardworking as these lectures; Armistice night was celebrated by a supper at Mossley, following which some members of the party solemnly listened to "Journey's End" on the wireless, while the remainder were entertained by the aforementioned inquisitive junior subalterns with a wonderful equilibrium turn.

involving barrels and billiard cues, one of the best music hall turns it has been our good fortune to see for some time.

We have several changes in personnel to record. In our last issue we omitted to refer to the retirement of our Bandmaster, Mr. Jones, who, after some eight years with us, has gone to the South, where the climate is pleasanter, and where bands will no longer trouble him. In his place we are glad to welcome Mr. Townend.

We also lose an old friend in C.S.M. Player, who is time-expired. It is unfortunate from the point of view of the Battalion that a man with C.S.M. Player's special qualities and his record of success in charge of a drill hall should be lost to us through lack of elasticity in the rules which govern these matters.

In his place we welcome Sgt. Hearsom, while Sgt. Bagshaw has taken charge of Slaithwaite. On 17th November the Battalion paraded with Band and Colours at Mossley, and joined in the Mayor's procession, the Mayor being our old friend Alderman Bottomley, whom we have escorted so many times before.

Classes for N.C.O.'s and prospective N.C.O.'s are being held at present, and are being well attended. In connection with them Lt. Carrol and the N.C.O.'s of the Cadre Platoon at the Depot have attended one evening at each drill hall; we should like to say how much we appreciate the help they have given us.

The Battalion rifle competitions were held at Deerhill in September; the Crossley Cup was won by C.S.M. Halliwell, who for many years has been very near the top in this competition, while officers' cups went to Lt. Tyhill and 2nd Lt. C. R. Taylor.

The miniature rifle league competition is now in full swing with all the usual keenness. It is early yet to begin to pick the winner, especially as there have been some curious cases of dropping below form. We occasionally listen with awe to one of the competitors bewailing his bad luck in only getting seven bulls with eight shots!

We heard a rumour early in the winter that the Depot were going to challenge us to home and away matches with the miniature rifle, but no arrangements have yet been made. Perhaps this will catch the eye of someone at the Depot, or have they heard of our disappointed rifleman who finds a possible so elusive?

9th BATTALION NEWS.

At the 17th Division annual (Officers') dinner at the Trocadero on 19th October, the 9th Battalion was represented (only) by Brigadier P. R. Simmer, Major M. Robertson and Capt. G. P. Bennett. The "Muffinman of Armentieres" and "Alouette" were sung with the usual verve, Col. Carpenter, R.E., presiding at the piano as in old days. A feature of the evening was the appearance of three "advance copies" of the Divisional History, one of which was signed by every officer present and presented to the Chairman, Major-General Sir P. R. Robertson.

Little news was forthcoming about old officers of the Battalion, except that Capt. and Adjutant A. E. Miller hopes to return permanently from Kenya next Easter to business in England. That is good news for his many friends here. Brigadier Simmer is about half-way through his period of command, which I hear maintains all the smartness and efficiency of his old "A" Company. I did not hear whether it met any rabbits during its annual training this year?*

According to our usual custom a reunion and dinner is to be held at the Osbourne Hotel, Kirkgate, Bradford, on Saturday, 22nd February, 1930. Dinner to commence at 6 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. Applications together with remittances to be sent to Mr. R. G. Lowe, The Elms, Balmoral Place, Halifax, or to Mr. A. Lucas, Grange Avenue, Beechwood Road, Ovenden, Halifax, or to Mr. W. Fletcher, 5 Water Lane, Halifax.

* "A" Company, after being held up as the model company of the 9th Battalion, broke and chased a rabbit at Wimborne one field day.—M.R.

THE YORKTON REGIMENT NEWS.

USUALLY the winter months are quiet as far as Regimental activities go, but this winter has proved to be exceptional in this respect. The usual training nights have been well attended, and recruiting has shown a large increase in our Battalion strength.

At the six weeks' provisional signalling school held at Yorkton under the supervision of Capt. E. A. Crosthwaite, the Yorkton Regiment were highly complimented by the District Signalling Officer, who remarked that "the results showed that the signallers of the Yorkton Regiment compared favourably with the Royal Corps of Signals."

Another feature of great interest to the Regiment, and to the community in general, is the organisation of the Regimental Band. We have previously had to rely on a composite band for our Regiment, and as this band was actually the City Band, the result was far from satisfactory.

A band committee meeting was called, and it was decided to have done with this arrangement, and to form our own band. The money prizes won by the regiment for the last three years were voted for band purposes, and it was decided to purchase new instruments, and "get going." Within three weeks of this meeting, the instruments were purchased, and the band held its first practice, with twenty-eight bandsmen attested. The newly-formed band is made up mostly of trained musicians, including some ex-Imperial bandsmen, and already concerts have been given which have been much appreciated. It was hoped to have included a photograph of the Band, but this will follow with the next notes.

33rd BATTALION AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY NEWS.

IN a letter to the Editor, Lt.-Col. W. S. Forsyth, the officer commanding the 33rd Battalion (The New England Regiment) writes as follows:—

"Please accept my best thanks for your letter of 22nd June last, anent the alliance of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and this Battalion.

"Most unfortunately the Commonwealth Government was recently forced, through financial reasons, to temporarily disband all the country battalions in Australia, and among others the 33rd Battalion at Armidale, New South Wales, has ceased to be maintained, although it will still appear in the Australian Army List, and will form part of the mobilisation organisation. All of our officers have been placed on the Unattached List for the time being.

"I am afraid, therefore, that we shall not have much Battalion news for the IRON DUKE until such time as the 33rd Battalion is re-established."

Col. Forsyth also enclosed a newspaper report of a recent Mess dinner given in farewell to Capt. H. A. Arnold, A.I.C., the Adjutant, from which we print some extracts of his speeches as President.

Col. Forsyth in leading up to the presentation to Capt. Arnold, said that on 1st July this year he received a wire from headquarters stating that the 33rd Battalion would cease to be maintained as from 1st July. It was a bolt from the blue; something they never expected to hear. There had been runours, but a divisional staff officer informed him only a few days before that he did not think there was anything in it. Later, they read of the retrenchment, not only of the 33rd (Armidale-Tamworth), but also of other country battalions throughout Australia, in addition to some units of field artillery. The reason given was that the Government had not sufficient money to carry on the defence services. The decision caused some amazement, as the army was only a skeleton detail. For instance, the 33rd Battalion strength was under 250, instead of 900. However, it was not for him to offer criticism of the Government in this matter, but he could express regret that the necessity had arisen for the holding of that function. They were sorry

that the Government had not the funds to maintain the defence force. They were sorry that the Government could not afford the insurance premium for defence, and they were sorry that the country districts were being dissociated with the military movement; not the militarism in the Prussian sense, but as an avenue of showing one's patriotism for one's country. From the country districts came the best type of youth, and he would say without hesitation that Armidale and Tamworth were as fine a type of trainee as he had ever met. It was regrettable that the country was to be robbed of the services of these lads. He was sorry because he was going to lose the comradeships formed with the Battalion. It was in the school and the army that the team spirit flourished, and precious comradeships were made. Boiled down, this comradeship was really the intangible something which the French called *esprit de corps*. In civilian life they were more or less lone wolves. They regretted that they were going to lose the comradeship of Capt. Arnold, who had proved himself an adjutant de luxe.

In responding to the toast of the 33rd, Col. Forsyth said that he deeply appreciated the loyalty and good fellowship of the officers. He also paid a tribute to the Non-Commissioned Officers, of whom any battalion might well be proud. He felt that the good name of the Battalion was safe in their keeping. He also referred to the alliance that had been effected between the 33rd and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), and stated that letters he had received from General Belfield and other officers contained a warm welcome to any officers of the 33rd on a visit to England to attend the Mess. (Applause.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE 33rd INFANTRY BATTALION.

Known officially as the 33rd Battalion, and comprising portion of the 1st Infantry Brigade of the 1st Division of the Commonwealth Military Forces, the New England Regiment has its headquarters at Armidale. It is named after and inherits the traditions and battle honours of the 33rd Battalion Australian Imperial Force, which was recruited in 1915 from the Northern portion of New South Wales. The original 33rd Battalion, forming portion of the 9th Brigade, 3rd Division Australian Imperial Force, landed at Havre, in France, on 22nd November, 1916, under the command of Lt.-Col. Moorshead, C.M.G., D.S.O., and first went into action in the Armentieres section in December, 1916. Major H. F. White, of Guyra (afterwards Lt.-Col. commanding the 35th Battalion), was second-in-command. The Battalion remained in France until after the Armistice, in November, 1918, and participated in much heavy fighting, constantly displaying great gallantry. Two of its members, Ptes. John Carroll and G. Cartwright, won the Victoria Cross, and many other decorations were awarded to members of the Regiment for acts of personal bravery and devotion to duty. Casualties were heavy, and many Northern homes still mourn the loss of gallant sons and brothers who fell during the numerous engagements in which the Battalion participated. The principal battles in which the Regiment took part were:—Messines (1917), Ypres (1917), Polygon Wood, Broodseinde, Poelcappelle, Passchendale, and Somme (1918), Avre, Amiens, Albert (1918), Mont St. Quentin, Hindenburg Line, St. Quentin Canal. Three officers who served with the 33rd Battalion in France are still serving with the present regiment, viz., Capt. W. D. Mackenzie, M.C., Lt. G. F. Faint and Lt. E. G. Sheldon, D.C.M.; whilst several of the other officers of the present regiment also served in France or Egypt with different units of the Expeditionary Forces.

The New England Regiment now comprises Headquarters Wing and Machine Gun Company at Armidale, "A" Company at Tamworth, and attached Cadet Platoons at both towns. After the war the first Commanding Officer was Lt.-Col. H. F. White, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Guyra, who was succeeded by Lt.-Col. G. F. Bourne, D.S.O., of Tamworth, who retired about two years ago. The present Commanding Officer is Lt.-Col. W. S. Forsyth, V.D., of Armidale, who commanded the 4th Australian Garrison Artillery during the war. The other Regimental Officers are:—Major C. R. V. Edgar, Capt. H. A. Arnold, A.I.C. (Adjutant and Quartermaster), Capt. R. K. Thompson (Commanding

"A" Company), Major V. T. England, Capt. G. F. Faint (Commanding Machine Gun Company), Lts. S. G. Bower, E. C. Doyle, O. J. C. Pengilly, A. W. P. Smith, E. G. Sheldon, D.C.M., A. C. Swales, W. R. Mallam, R. J. O'Halloran, J. A. L. Shaw, Lowe, and Hawkins. Capt. R. B. Austin, A.A.M.C., is the Battalion Medical Officer.

The Cadet Platoons attached to the Battalion are commanded by Lts. A. J. Gardner (Armidale), L. F. R. Palmer (School Detachments, Armidale), and Lt. Sweeney (Tamworth). W.O. A. E. Ridley is R.S.M., W.O. W. J. McPherson is the Battalion Area Officer, W.O. A. D. Simpson is R.Q.M.S., and W.O. R. Herron is Bandmaster.

Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., is Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, a coincidence being that Sir Charles and the present Commanding Officer served together as Garrison Artillery Officers 20 years ago.

The Regiment receives much encouragement from public-spirited citizens of Armidale and Tamworth, and, thanks to their generosity, has its Regimental Colours emblazoned with battle honours, and which now accompany the King's Colours, which were presented by His Majesty a few years ago.

The Battalion holds a splendid reputation for its organisation and discipline, and the Commanding Officer gives much of the credit for this happy state of affairs to the keenness of the Regimental Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, and especially to the untiring zeal of the Adjutant and his Staff.

The Regimental motto, handed down by the 33rd Battalion, A.I.F., is "Strenue Percute" (Strike Hard).

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

Portland, December, 1929.

Dear Mr. Editor,

With slight excuse we trespass but slightly on your space.

Capt. Boyle relieved Rear-Admiral Dewar in command during the second week in August.

Navy week, foreshadowed in our last letter, came and went without affording most of us sufficient material for writing home.

Much enterprise had been shown by individuals in arranging exhibits for the entertainment of our masters, the taxpayers; and much wind expended by the padre in the inflation of toy balloons. But the truest art is seldom conscious of itself, and the most popular exhibit was provided by the officers drinking tea. Natural talent and long experience enables them to do this with considerable grace, and the wrapt faces that peered down the wardroom skylight were those of men and women unexpectedly confronted in the midst of make-believe, with one of life's realities. Everything about the show, indeed, was real, except the tea itself, which is brewed from a recipe in the safe keeping of the Captain of Marines (custodian of official secrets), and issued by him on loan to the wardroom messman.

Schneider Cup week found us moored close to the destroyer carrying the pylon which marked the western extremity of the course. For a few brief hours on the day of the race the Ship re-assumed her ancient grandeur by wearing an admiral's flag. Many notabilities were present on board, but none were more welcome than a small contingent of officers from the Regiment. We can only hope that the thrills of the race were a sufficient reward for their enterprise in coming.

Little stands out in the latter months of the year that is worthy to be recorded. A few of us witnessed the match between the Dukes and the Dorsets at Portland in November, incurring some disfavour among the camp followers of the local team by an exhibition of clan sentiment. The Dorsets are our good friends, and we apologise for wounding the feelings of their supporters who were doubtless in ignorance of the relationship between the Ship and their opponents.

In conclusion, may we wish the Regiment and its affiliated units the best of luck for 1930. The year may well bring our own grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, but so long as it be not a watery one, we can face the prospect with equanimity worthy of our illustrious name.

Your faithful servant,

H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

1st, 2nd and 3rd (P.S.) BATTALIONS.

THERE is nothing outstanding to record with reference to the accounts of the Association for the period 1st July to 16th December, 1929, other than the usual statement regarding the applications for assistance which are six less than in the corresponding period of last year. There have been 94 applications, 49 having been assisted by grants and 3 by loans to a total of £85 7s. 11d. and £50 respectively. Thirty-one have been refused for various reasons, mainly not entitled to assistance from the fund; two have been referred to Territorial Battalions, being investigated three, and, in the case of six, no replies were received to queries. In addition seventeen have been assisted by gifts of clothing.

The Committee desire to thank the following for gifts of clothing:—Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Capt. V. C. Green and R.Q.M.S. Moseley.

The Annual General Meeting took place on Saturday the 26th October, 1929, in the Corporals' Mess of the Depot, about sixty members being present under the Chairmanship of Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield. The minutes of the last General Meeting, held on the 13th October, 1928, were read and confirmed. Printed statements of the accounts for the year ended 30th June, 1929, having been issued to members attending, the Chairman asked if any of those present had any remarks to make on them; on no response being given he went on to remark that in his opinion the accounts showed that they had been administered in a careful and judicious manner, and that it gave him pleasure to notice that the amount shown at the item "loans refunded" again exceeded that at the item "loans granted," this time by about £45. He drew attention to the balance shown as "in hand" (£468 17s. 3d.), stating that this should really read £368 17s. 3d., as the item £100 received from the 2nd Battalion as a donation to the Earl Haig Homes (see para. 5 of the O.C.A. Notes in the No. 14 issue of the IRON DUKE), had since been forwarded to the British Legion. The accounts were then declared to be passed.

There was some discussion on the status of the Old Comrades' Associations Duke of Wellington's Regiment, of the Leeds and Bradford districts in relation to the Regimental Association. Arising out of the discussion a proposition was put forward by Mr. J. L. Serle (Leeds), and seconded by Mr. A. J. Kershaw (Bradford), to the effect "That all who had served in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Regular, Territorial or Service Battalions, should be entitled to become members on payment of £1." An amendment was proposed by Mr. J. J. Kelly (Halifax), and seconded by Mr. J. G. Brennan (Halifax), that the foregoing proposition should not be entertained, and on this being put to the meeting it was declared to be carried by a large majority. This concluded the meeting.

After the meeting the annual dinner took place in the Depot restaurant, the Colonel of the Regiment, Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, being in the Chair, supported by Major M. N. Cox Commanding Depot and Hon. Treasurer of the Association, Col. J. A. C. Gibbs, Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, Commanding 1st Battalion, Lt.-Col. H. H. Wayman, Capt. M. E. Crane, Capt. G. T. Fleming, Capt. V. C. Green, Capt. J. Bishop, Lt. J. E. Frankis, Lt. C. I. E. Haslock, Lt. W. Callaghan and Lt. A. A. Laing.

Others present were Capt. J. Churchman, D. Foster, W. J. Clarke, Lts. O. Buckley, H. Evans, W. Shorthouse, and R. Wood. 1st Battalion.—Q.M.S. T. Norman, L/Sgt. Walker, L/Cpls. H. Millor and M. Reid, Bandsman A. Hemblys, Ptes. G. Blasche, P. Hickox, and W. Crossland. Depot.—R.S.M. H. Matthews, Sgts. F. Balls, A. Berry, R. Jones, R. Kerr, H. Simcox, and J. Slade, L/Sgts. S. Beadnall, W. E. Seaton, M. Wardle. 4th Battalion.—R.S.M. G. Foster, C.S.M. W. H. Brook, Mr. T. Sugden, 5th Battalion.—C.S.M. O. Ramsbottom. 6th Battalion.—Mr. J. Lambert. 7th Battalion.—R.S.M. A. W. Harrison, Bandmaster W. Townend, R.Q.M.S. T. Hatfield, and Sgt. H. Hearsom. Messrs. G. T. Batty, A. Beese, H. Boyle, J. G. Brennan, W. E. Brennan, E. Carney, G. Carney, T. Chambers, H. G. Cott, J. W. Crossley, T. Davidson, C. L. Dickson, J. A. Downey, M. Dunn, J. Feather, D. Gleave, R. W. Grady, J. M. Graham, T. Greaves, A. E. Heath, A. Hemblys, C. E. Hemblys, W. Hemblys, J. Hughes, T. Hulbert, W. Jackson, J. Jagger, J. J. Kelley, J. Kerwin, P. Kerwin, W. J. Leaper, F. Llewellyn, J. Long, A. F. Lumb, J. Macdonald, S. Maude, W. Mears, D. Neill, J. Overton, J. W. Paling, A. C. Payne, T. Power, H. Rawson, J. Rollinson, J. W. Sandall, F. Shaw, T. Shorrocks, C. P. Shea, D. Smith, W. Speak, A. W. Steele, W. Sturman, W. Sutcliffe, S. Sweet, L. Taylor, W. Taylor, F. W. Thomas, S. A. Thomson, W. Thorpe, J. Tobin, J. Waller (on leave from Persia), C. L. Waterhouse, J. Williams, H. Winn, C. Woodcock, W. Wootton, and the reporters of the *Halifax Courier and Gaurdian* and the *Yorkshire Observer*.

After the toasts of "The King" and "The Regiment" had been duly honoured, General Belfield, addressing the members, first read messages from the 1st Battalion, now at Devonport, and the 2nd Battalion, now at Ahmednagar, India, expressing "best wishes to the old comrades of all ranks," and another from Major Ince, which first expressed regret that he could not be with them, and proceeding, "I hope to arrange an Old Comrades' Association dinner in London on the day of the association football final, 12th April, at the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue." The last message was from a clergyman, who wrote that ex-Sgt. Webster, now in Leeds Infirmary, sent his greetings, and would be with them in spirit—(applause).

The General, reviewing the year, said there had been no event of outstanding importance to the Regiment. The 2nd Battalion, after a prolonged stay at Singapore, had moved to Ahmednagar, which, he heard, they found somewhat dull after Singapore, which was the place where are all three branches of the service, and where there were constant comings and goings of the world's merchant ships. Col. Burnett had succeeded Col. Pickering in command, and they must all feel appreciative of the fact that Col. Pickering had immediately received another important position. Regarding the Regiment as a whole, the most important event had been the affiliation to it of the 33rd Battalion of Australian Infantry. Unfortunately, it was merely a sentimental attachment, as owing to lack of funds, the Australian Government had stopped all recruiting for the country battalions. In the circumstances, he feared that they could not hope for much advantage to either party from the affiliation.

Looking ahead, they must all feel regret that Col. Wellesley's command of the 1st Battalion expired next June. The reports he had received about the Battalion during Col. Wellesley's tenure of command, and the appreciation communicated to the speaker by higher authorities, both of the Battalion in quarters or in the field, had been highly satisfactory. Col. Wellesley's name was one to conjure with in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He had received no recent report about the 2nd Battalion, but had no fear that it would not be equally favourable. Regarding the Regiment's screen in York Minster, he thought they would not be satisfied until the money was raised for it, and he thought Col. Gibbs was the man to get the money, if anyone could. An ex-member of the Regiment, Mr. Clark, had rendered very great service by his constant attention to the welfare of the Regimental Chapel in the Minster.

So far as sport was concerned the 1st Battalion had been eminently successful, and that they were just unable to win the Army Rugby Cup was a disappointment. He was afraid that injuries were a handicap, but the Battalion had all their best wishes in the struggle for the Cup this year. The 2nd Battalion had not the same opportunities now, but their wonderful record at Singapore was something that no one should be in ignorance of, and the display of trophies in the February issue of the Regimental magazine was an eye-opener. The General further mentioned a boy they should all feel proud of, Tucker, for the series of eminent fights he had put up in Army boxing. He hoped that as Tucker's

strength increased he would be a tower of strength for the Regiment in boxing. The 1st Battalion had again excelled with their transport, nobody could beat them, they were supreme, and it had come to be looked upon as a bi-annual event.

Coming to the affairs of the Association, General Belfield said the accounts (showing a balance to begin the year of £484 0s. 11d., and to end it with £468 17s. 3d.), had been conducted on judicious lines. A striking feature was the very considerable repayment of loans. More money had been repaid during the year than had been issued in the way of loans, and he thought that something to be proud of. The War Office, he added, were going to form a committee to go fully into the question of finding means by which employment could be obtained for ex-regular soldiers on leaving the service. There were many difficulties in the way. He was on the committee.

General Belfield, concluding, thanked Capt. Oliver on behalf of the Association, for all he had done in Leeds, in providing opportunity for meeting and bringing their men together for comradeship and the maintenance of pride in the Regiment which they all felt deeply—(applause).

The annual report was presented by Mr. J. W. Paling (Secretary), and the evening was spent in conviviality and reminiscence.

A re-union and dinner will be held at the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1., on Saturday, 26th April (Association Cup Final). Tickets 4s. 6d. each, from the Secretary, O.C.A., The Barracks, Halifax.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER.

A large number of the "Old Comrades," together with a contingent from the Depot, about two hundred in all, paraded at Halifax Parish Church on 27th October. Among the officers present was General Belfield. Major Cox read the lessons, and Bishop Frodsham addressed the men upon the subject "A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

It was not easy to be a good soldier, even from a military point of view, said the Bishop. A good soldier must bring his body and his will into subjection. He must make himself physically fit and alert. He must learn to act quickly and accurately at the word of command. A sloppy and inefficient soldier was useless, a man to be got rid of on the first opportunity. Army discipline, although it was hard and distasteful at first, had its immediate compensations. In an astonishingly short time youths developed their physique, added inches to their chest measurement, increased their muscles. Sloppy, slouching boys were made into alert men, able to bear hardness through military training.

The capacity to bear hardship became infinitely more valuable and important in times of national or international danger. Old comrades knew from experience the stupendous demands made upon soldiers by war. Young soldiers did not know and civilians forgot, if they ever knew. Quite recently a remarkable play called "Journey's End" had revived memories and startled attention. The motif of the play was simple. It represented what went on in a certain sector of the trenches before a great German push destroyed the section, and all that were in it. The incidents of the play were imaginary, and possibly exaggerated, particularly in whiskey drinking, but the characters, the setting, the noise of the guns, revived memories, and awakened imagination. One girl who was at school during the war declared that she thought every person should be made to see the play in order to realise what war meant, and what soldiers suffered. Perhaps she was right.

A tragic element in English thought to-day was the recollection of the horrors of war, and forgetfulness of the spirit in which the war was fought and won. "During the last few months," continued the Bishop, "there has been published a translation of a German book purporting to be an account of what went on in the German army at the conclusion of the war. A soldier has described it as a coarse book written by a coarse man for coarse people. Perhaps the picture may be true of a certain section of the German army, just as a gutter newspaper is true to the degraded denizens of the underworld of

crime. I do not believe that it is a true picture of all German soldiers. It is most untrue of the British army. The hardships of war were enormous, and the reactions that followed the cessation of hostilities were inevitable, but in the war and in peace the British soldiers as a whole were decent men. It was monstrous to rob them of their reputation, even by implication. Permanent disabilities can be borne with fortitude, but what can be given a man in exchange for his reputation and self-respect.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Page, writing to his fellow-countrymen in the middle of the war, took a far truer and more noble view of the English. "Utterly unwarlike," he said, "they outlast anybody else when war comes. You don't get a sense of fighting here, only of endurance and high resolve. The heroism, the generosity, the endurance, the self-restraint and courtesy of these people would melt a pyramid to tears." I do not recall these things to glorify war. War is terrible and should be avoided wherever practicable. But war is not the supreme malady, as some people fondly imagine. Neither would war cease if every soldier were disbanded and every warship sunk at the bottom of the sea. War is the fever resulting from the disease. The disease is selfish materialism, lust for power and pleasure, greed for gain and gold. The soldiers suffer first and most. They are often the doctors who give up their lives to heal the wounds that others make.

Speaking upon the soldier's religion, Bishop Frodsham said that few things surprised a young recruit more than the close connection between army life and the Church. Some recruits went to church more during the first three months of their training at the Depot than they had done during the three previous years. If the recruit read his New Testament, which he did sometimes, he discovered how much respect and honour was given by St. Paul to the military profession. It was a young bishop whom St. Paul urged to "endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Then there was no doubt as to what our Lord thought of the Roman soldier who argued that as he commanded men, so Jesus commanded the powers of nature. Our Lord turned to the disciples and said, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

I do not claim that all soldiers are religious, concluded the Bishop, I do claim that military training can make a man a better Christian, and that at no time has the army of this country been wanting in men of all ranks who have afforded bright examples of Christian virtues. Resolute and unyielding in what was right, they have been courteous and gentle, and essentially peace-loving. We have had a recent example of this in General Harington. And men of the West Riding Regiment cannot forget that the "Iron Duke" was a devout churchman, as well as a great soldier. The chief virtues of a good soldier are those of a good Christian, loyalty, courage, discipline, comradeship, constitute a common ground between the earthly and heavenly armies.

4th BATTALION.

The fortnightly meetings have been held, and new cases constantly dealt with. The Treasurer, Major Learoyd, has also been kept very busy with the "Old Dukes" knowing the way to his office. It is very gratifying to have officials who live a busy life finding time to deal with cases of distress among members of the old Battalion.

In order to be of service to an "Old Duke" the Association became a property owner, and recently has had the property entirely on its hands. The treasurer, however, arranged, a sale with a result that quite satisfies the original tenant and the Association.

The team work of the members of the Association has been again noticeable this term. All the members are keen to help, and this splendid co-operation has been the means of placing many old comrades in employment.

A miniature "old clothes" bureau has been in operation this winter. There is great scope in this direction, and it is a splendid means of helping many old comrades who are having a lean time.

The Regimental church parade on 29th October was a means of allowing upwards of

one hundred old comrades meeting at the Drill Hall, and following the Colonel of the Regiment to the old Parish Church and joining in divine service. These links with the Regular Battalion serve to foster the love and regard old comrades have for their Regiment.

Thanks to the kindness of Col. Ackroyd, the Association held a dance in the Drill Hall on Saturday, 14th December, and as a result, the funds of the Association will benefit to the extent of £25. Those responsible for the arrangements are to be congratulated upon their efforts.

A Sunday evening concert has been arranged to take place in the Theatre Royal, Halifax, on Sunday, 26th January, 1930. Last year a sum of £25 was raised by this means, and it is desired to make as much, if not more, this year.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Association will take place on Saturday, 22nd February, at the Queen's Hall, Halifax. The guest for the evening will be Major-General Cameron, and the "Tykes," of famous memory, have been engaged to entertain. As the capacity of the hall is limited an early application for tickets is desirable.

All ranks, new and old, of the 49th Division, will heartily congratulate Col. F. W. Denning on his promotion. Good luck to him.

An enthusiastic member of this Association, Francis Cook, has recently finished his term of office at the Halifax Post Office, and retired on pension. Cook had a fine record with the Battalion. He went out to South Africa and served in the Great War, attaining the rank of Battalion Quartermaster. All wish him the best of health and happiness in his retirement.

5th BATTALION.

Since the last "notes" in August the Association has continued its good work in relieving distress amongst its members and ex-members of the Battalion. On Wednesday, 9th October, a social and inter-games evening was arranged with the serving Sergeants. The O.C.A. were successful at billiards, whist and dominoes, but were beaten on the miniature range. On Friday, the 18th October, the annual general meeting was held in the Drill Hall; there was a good attendance of members. The Treasurer was able to give a very good report of the financial state of the Association, and the Secretary a good report of the work done and a steady increase in membership. It was decided to hold the annual dinner on Saturday, 7th December, and the children's party on Saturday, 4th January, 1930.

On Sunday, 11th November, over one hundred members of the Association paraded with the Battalion on the invitation of Col. Rippon, and attended divine service on the Huddersfield Parish Church; afterwards the parade went to Greenhead Park, where poppy wreaths were placed on the War Memorial on behalf of the Battalion and the Association. The Holmfirth and Mirfield branches parade at their local churches on the afternoon of the same day.

On Monday, 2nd December, a meeting of ex-members of the Kirkburton company of the Battalion was held in the Kirkburton Drill Hall, and after discussion a branch of the Association was formed for that area with its headquarters at the Kirkburton Drill Hall. Eighteen members were enrolled, and a strong committee was formed.

A number of members attended the Battalion prize distribution on Friday, 6th December, when Col. Wellesley presented the prizes. The Association gave three silver medals for competition with the rifle and Lewis gun. The annual dinner was held at the Boot and Shoe Hotel on Saturday, 7th December; 102 members and guests sat down to an excellent dinner, and were afterwards entertained by Mr. G. Battye and party. During the evening the opportunity was taken to make a presentation to the Honorary Secretary as an appreciation of his services to the Association. Col. G. P. Norton made the presentation.

The Holmfirth and Mirfield branches have already held several social evenings, and inter-meetings are being arranged for the near future. The Mirfield branch held

its children's party on Saturday, 14th December, and the Holmfirth branch will hold one early in the New Year.

6th BATTALION.

The annual meeting of this Association was held at the Drill Hall, Skipton, on the 31st November, 1929. Col. C. M. Bateman (Chairman of the Association) presided, supported by the President, Col. J. Birkbeck, and Major H. Dixon, Vice-Chairman. A good attendance of other ranks was also present.

The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Capt. J. Churchman, gave his report of the Association up-to-date, and stated that the Association was progressing very favourably, and hoped that more old members would join, and especially invited all serving Territorials to become members. The number on the books at the present time was 231, against 221 at the beginning of the year. One officer and one other rank had become life members. The finances of the Association were very healthy, the sum of £120 5s. 9d. being in the bank, and on hand, against £108 6s. 5d. at the beginning of this year. Several cases of distress had been investigated, and the sum of £7 had been distributed in relief.

The election of the officers and committee resulted in the re-election of the whole number of the present officers, committee and agents.

The annual dinner was afterwards held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, at which sixty-five officers and other ranks were present. Col. J. Birkbeck presided. The usual toasts were honoured, and a very enjoyable evening was spent, musical items being given by various members of the Association and the Criterion orchestra.

The Regimental Dinner Club.

The dinner and ladies' tea this year will be held on Friday, 23rd May, the former at the Army and Navy Club (the Rag), Pall Mall, and the latter probably at the Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly; this, however, has not yet been actually settled. The committee having decided that, as an experiment, the dinner should be held at the Army and Navy Club, and also that it should be on a Friday, as it has been for the last few years, a change of date was unavoidable, and 23rd May seemed to them to be the most convenient date available.

THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL.

The chief event of the past twelve months is that the Chapel committee have at last found themselves in the position to place the order for part of the scheme for enclosing our Chapel, namely the screen and gates for the West end. This has been made possible chiefly owing to the generosity of the pre-war officers of the 3rd Battalion, who have given £560 towards the scheme, whilst the 1st and 2nd Battalions have made themselves responsible for the two central panels which include the gates.

Copies of an appeal, with an illustration showing the design, have been sent out to all battalions, and are being circulated to all private subscribers of the IRON DUKE with the present issue; but should anyone not receive a copy, I will gladly forward one if application is made to me.

CHILDREN'S FLOWER FUND.

One hundred and twenty-nine names of "children" with donations amounting to £13 13s. 6d. were received during the past year. This fund to the 31st December, 1929, has now reached £79 7s. 9d.

Our thanks are due to the representatives of the fund in the battalions and at the

Sportsmen: Ancient and Modern.

WE are sometimes told that the present generation is too fond of luxury. Are sportsmen to-day as "hard" as in by-gone times? Is a hunt ball more attractive than a hunt, especially if the latter is not in the best country nor to be had close at hand? Is an old-fashioned rough day's shooting a thing of the past? Must we kill so many hundred pheasants or grouse and advertise the fact to make it worth while? Let us look back over the ages and endeavour to make a few comparisons.

Hunting, from an Englishman's point of view, usually means fox-hunting. As used by the rest of the world, particularly by Americans, the word applies to the chase of any wild animal. As a nation we have always been conservative in our methods, thanks to a thousand years or so of connected if not always coherent national life. In our sports it has been much the same. To-day it is sometimes suggested a change has come over our field sports. If they cannot be pursued in extreme comfort we are told they will not be pursued at all.

Our first records of any kind of field sport for sport's sake go back thousands of years to Assyria and Babylon and Egypt. To the days of the original "mighty hunter." From these courageous and indefatigable warrior-sportsmen we learned our first lessons. Have we improved on them? For thousands and thousands of years prehistoric man must have hunted. And there was no luxury connected with his sport. If he did not hunt successfully he ceased to hunt at all, for he died of starvation, both he himself, his women and his children. No food, no family was the current household formula in those awe-inspiring ages, in addition to which pre-historic man was forced to hunt in self-defence. He had either to kill or be killed by the wild and weird animals which then roamed the earth. Obviously, the pursuit of wild animals, either as a means of subsistence or in self-defence, under such conditions must have bred an extremely hardy and courageous type of hunter. With the odds so greatly in favour of the quarry only the fittest of hunters could survive. We in our pursuit of the humble fox or hare have no such impressive urge to competence. Are we therefore less hardy, less courageous?

Fox-hunting, like all other sports in the present century, has become very much easier for those who take part in it. Some, especially persons who dislike all field sports, may even say it is now carried on luxuriously. But is this quite fair? Changing conditions due to scientific discovery have altered the whole life of mankind, not only the conditions under which sport is pursued. Of this change of conditions the following is a well authenticated example:—

That great sportsman, Squire Osbaldeston, was at one and the same time Master of the Quorn and of a wide tract of country near Newmarket, round Thurlow. Wishing to attend a ball at Cambridge and hunt with the Quorn pack on the same day, Osbaldeston rode into Northampton after enjoying three good gallops. From there he hacked to Cambridge, attended the ball and danced all night. On the following morning early he rode sixty miles back to Sully Hall, his home. He hunted again all day, killed a brace of foxes, then rode home fourteen miles to dinner.

Now, that this was a somewhat unique feat no one would deny. Some will go so far as to say few hunting men now could be found to undertake such a feat. Whether this be so or not we are faced with the actual fact that no man in his senses would to-day want to attempt such a feat; therefore, to call anyone luxurious for not attempting it is beside the point.

In the same way men seldom hack weary miles to covert or home after hunting if they can avoid it. Both men and horses go by car and motor horse-box. At the end of the day the same mechanical transport brings them home at an enormous saving of time and energy. Is there, one may fairly ask, anything luxurious or enervating about thus moving with the times?

On the other hand, it is of interest to note that the further we look back in the earliest records of sport the more nerve and courage field sports seemed to call for. In the days already mentioned, in Egypt and in Assyria, the chase was to a great extent the prerogative

of kings and nobles. But these did not leave to others the danger and excitement of such sports. Huntsmen they had, a regular caste of their own, who like hunt servants or game-keepers to-day looked after the dogs needed for the chase, managed the harbouring of the quarry, and collected the game after the day's sport. But it was the individual noble or even king, who, with his own strong right arm, did the killing. What would a modern fox-hunter think if asked overnight to go lion-hunting instead of to the expected next day's meet, informed at the same time that his defensive and offensive weapons were to be merely a spear and a sword? One imagines he would think a good deal. That such sport was not uncommon in ancient times we know. Also, that there was game far less dangerous which could be hunted.

The following is an interesting description of the far from "luxurious" methods of those hardy lion-hunters:—

"The oldest and simplest designs of their offensive tactics may be seen in the admirable bas-reliefs at the British Museum," writes the author of a recently published French book on ancient Eastern sports. Later on he continues: "As to a single man on foot if he was sufficiently sure of himself to risk such an unequal contest, he must carry in the left hand a stout spear of wood pointed or with a sharp iron-shod point; in the right hand a long double-edged sword, and have in his girdle two daggers. When attacking the lion the man should endeavour to bury his spear deep in the mouth of the beast, and directly afterwards to wound it in the forelegs or in one of them. Then he should spring quickly behind the animal."

Here it might be wiser to leave our young friend, and ourselves to withdraw to a safer position. Under the lee of a thick upstanding fence at the corner of a huge grassfield we shall find a beaming red-coated huntsman. He has no cares about his own safety. He has no need to indulge in acrobatic feats. He is merely removing the mask from a harmless dead fox.

To ride down lions armed only with a spear or with bow and arrows was another amusement of ancient sportsmen. Pig-sticking *par excellence*. Would the entries for the Kadir Cup suffer were the quarry changed?

Coming down to much later days, it was the custom we know for the first sportsman up to give the *coup de grace* to wild boar or stag. A short straight sword or long dagger were the usual weapons used. Did not Quentin Durward, that roving young Scot, thus save the reputation if not the life of Louis XI. of France? Nowadays in field sports such amenities can rarely occur. Because there is, in one sense, less risk, is it fair to call modern field sports enervating? Some lives are usually sacrificed every hunting season. Neither is there, necessarily, anything luxurious in the use of labour-saving mechanical devices such as motor-cars as covert-hacks, or of motor horse-boxes. Nor in the fact that we are driven to hunt foxes with hounds, not lions on foot. "'Orses and dogs is some men's fancy. They're wittles and drink to me."

C. D. B.

(By courtesy of the Editor of the "Polo Monthly.")

A DOUBTFUL ODE.

Oh Staff College, mystical mansion, whose benefits truly
I recognise merit hyperbole's wildest extremes,
The goal of each hardworking captain, the ultimate thule
Of subalterns' dreams;

My hopes and ambitions, since I attained years of discretion,
Have centred on tasting your strict academic delights,
But doubt and despair come upon me in hours of depression,
And after thick nights.

I feel you're a mirage, as visioned by men in extremis,
Who, roused from their lethargy, onward in agony grope,
Till it fades from their sight, and they come in the end to blaspheme this
Chimerical hope.

You tempt me with specious decoys from a pleasant inertion,
 As the rider who dangles a carrot to speed up his moke,
 But will you reward me or callously mock my exertion
 And vanish in smoke ?

Ah ! Happy the man who can scoff at his elders and betters
 And lounge in the cushiest jobs, with promotion and fame,
 Assured by the virtue of having those three little letters
 Attached to his name ;

Yes, happy indeed ! But my sense of misgiving still lingers.
 Ah ! Say will the vision I've chased through the heat of the day
 Materialize, or, eluding my tremulous fingers,
 Fade slowly away ?

In the evening of life, with a brain that outshines Mussolini's,
 Shall I sink to a well-earned repose, or to nightmares most foul,
 Disturbed by the dolorous hooting of Pallas Athene's
 Malevolent Owl ?

R. G. T.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR.

(Continued from page 179, No. 14, October, 1929.)

JUNE 14TH, 1917.—We entrain for Watten. Yesterday we relieved the Borderers, who were under canvas in a field, so I saw my old chum again. I also saw five of our observation balloons brought down one after the other in quick succession by a Jerry aeroplane. We are now at Watten, seven kilos from St. Omer. The weather is glorious again now, and life seems worth living again. We are billeted just outside of Watten, a little place called La Capel, and a very pretty place. Here we are comfortably billeted in farm houses (for the officers) and barns for the men. I have quite a comfortable little billet and am more than satisfied. We have been promised passes to go into St. Omer. Expect to stay here a week or two.

JUNE 20TH.—We are becoming quite regimental again now and feel like "barrack-room" soldiers.

JULY 14TH.—Still here, but expect to move shortly towards the line again. We have arrived (July 19th) at a village called Huelkerque just behind Poperinghe and a few kilos from Watteau (not Watten). It is pouring with rain and we are bivouaced out in a field. We go under canvas to-morrow. The weather is improving, and our spirits are reviving.

JULY 22ND.—We move up to Poperinghe to-morrow.

JULY 25TH.—We are now settled once more, some in billets, others in huts, and the majority in a factory near the station, which "Jerry" is continually shelling. This is a very unhealthy spot. I am in an outhouse and fairly comfortable. "Jerry" is continually putting the "wind up" us with his shells, which are dropping uncomfortably near. They just whizz over the top of our billets and burst harmlessly in a field close by. I am sharing this shed with the sick sergeant and they have just brought in a New Zealand Engineer fellow with half his face blown away. He was only standing 50 yards from my billet when he was hit. I shall be glad when we move.

JULY 30TH.—To-morrow the 51st Division make a dash on the left of Ypres just over the Canal. I have had "Daisy Bell" to see me the last few days. Of course we had a few happy evenings together.

AUGUST 5TH.—We have arrived at the Canal bank. After passing through Elverdinghe

and Flamatinghe, small villages behind the line. We also pass several camps. Here there are huge dugouts, very damp and muddy though. There is a tremendous amount of mud here, altogether, and we look like being in for a dirty time. To make matters worse, it has not left off raining for the last 24 hours. Jerry is very troublesome with his shelling, too. We go into the line to-night. We are now at Francois Farm, a blockhouse built by the Germans and made of concrete 3ft. thick. They are absolutely shell-proof. I can prove this, as when I was taking orders from my company officer, a shell hit the blockhouse broadside. Of course we were all thrown to the ground, and it put all the candles out, but it scarcely made any impression on the wall, just a shallow concave the shape of a basin.

AUGUST 11TH.—We have a stunt on to-night. Our company is to take Wellington Farm (another blockhouse). We only go up with 50 men.

AUGUST 12TH.—Back on the Canal bank, after one of the prettiest little stunts you can imagine. We advanced on the farm in extended order, but went too far ahead, and had to retire to keep in touch with the companies on our left and right. It was then that a very brave act was committed by a Lewis gunner of ours named Loosemore; he certainly saved a very awkward situation. He stayed in a shell-hole and covered our retirement with a Lewis gun. Well, this gun got put out of action, but Loosemore hung on and kept the advancing Germans at bay with his revolver. When that gave out, he threw his disabled gun at the remaining German and fled back to where we had consolidated, a truly brave act. I reported the incident to the company officer, as did a number of the men, and he will get the D.C.M., if not a V.C.

AUGUST 17TH.—Back in the line again, a little further forward this time, at a place called Pheasant Trench. Our headquarters are at Pheasant Farm (another blockhouse). We reached here by way of Kempton Park, Gonnier Farm, Francois Farm, and Wellington Farm (all blockhouses). We were walking on duck-boards all the way, except when we slipped off into a shell-hole or one came up and hit us on the knee. The mud hereabouts is terribly churned up by shell fire. The smell of dead bodies is quite evident, too. There are dozens lying around. "Jerry's" shell fire will not allow you to bury them, but they gradually sink out of sight in the mud or in a shell-hole.

It has been raining every day for the last week or two. It is very difficult to get rations and water up to us owing to the state of the ground. The rations come up on pack ponies or mules. What a state they are in when they arrive! The bread, what there is of it, is all crumbs, and probably covered in jam, from a leaky tin, likewise the cheese. Never mind, this rotten old war won't last for ever.

A rather strange thing happened yesterday. An officer, Lt. Jackson, of my company, got killed outright, and the strange part about it was that he had a presentiment that he was going under. When we were out for a rest last time he gave me his fountain pen, as a memento, he said.

When I asked him if he was going away, he said, "No, but I shan't come out the next time we go into the line." He seemed quite convinced about the matter. Well, we had not been in the line more than two hours before he was killed. Thank goodness, I've never had that presentiment yet. I am writing this in a dugout, there are one or two about here. This is a real Hindenburg line.

SEPT. 1ST.—We are back on the Canal, trying to get some of the mud off our faces and clothes. I've never seen so much rain and mud. Every night this week our artillery has "straffed" Jerry from 9 till 10 p.m. I'm convinced this has an influence on the clouds. We are going into the line to-morrow for a few days and then right back for a rest. Won't it be a treat to get a bath and some clean underclothing! We are swarming with the "unwelcome multitude."

SEPT. 7TH.—Pte. Loosemore gets the V.C. Hurray! It has just come through. He is only a young fellow and I hope it won't turn his head. I feel quite proud, as this is the second V.C. in my company and the third in the Battalion.

We are now out in billets in the town of Poperinghe, and it is lovely to feel clean and

have a dry bed to lie on. There are great rumours about leave for those who have been out twelve months since last leave. I come under that category, so am full of expectations.

A corporal in my company has just written a piece of poetry on the way Pte. Loosemore won his V.C. Here it is, for what it is worth :—

HOW PTE. LOOSEMORE WON THE V.C., AUGUST 11TH, 1917.

Just listen to my story,
It will fill your hearts with glee,
Telling how Private Loosemore
Fought for his V.C.

He was one of " Kitchener's men,"
Who had faced those deadly shells,
A lad who had " done his bit "
Out at the Dardanelles.

But here he is in Flanders,
Helping to strafe the Huns,
Amid the toil and strife
And the rattle of Britain's guns.

Somewhere near to Ypres,
Against the Stenbeck siding,
Up to their knees in mud,
We find the 8th West Riding.

Waiting there for morning,
In shell-holes they had to stay
Until that awful moment,
Just at the break of day.

Loosemore was with his section,
Which roughly numbered six,
He knew the good old Dukes
Would never be in a fix.

Our guns opened out at last,
Smashing the German defences,
Shells came over in hundreds
On the to German trenches.

A shout " It's over the top ! "
At grips with the murderous Hun ;
Bombs, lead, and steel are flashing,
Also the maxim gun.

Loosemore got into a shell-hole,
But crash ! down came a shell,
This was an awful moment,
For two of his pals had fell.

On came the German forces,
Every man bent on battle,
But before they got to that post,
Our Lewis guns started to rattle.

The Germans were coming fast
Against our hero's fire,
But Loosemore mowed them down,
And dropped them on the wire.

Bang went a German bomb,
Scattering the blood-stained land,
Blowing the Lewis gun
Straight from our hero's hand.

But still he carried on,
As some German bombs he threw,
He held that British post,
And stuck to it like glue.

His bombs were now all finished,
So the Germans came galore,
But Loosemore drew his pistol
As the Allemand gave a roar.

They had now got face to face,
The Boche with his bayonet bright,
Crack ! went that little pistol,
It was a terrible sight.

The Boche fell to the ground
With his hand upon his head,
But the others shouted " Mercy,"
And to their stronghold fled.

We all are proud of Loosemore,
We give to him our hand,
Never shall we forget
How he made that gallant stand.

We leave the rest to Sheffield,
Where I think you'll all agree
That Private Arnold Loosemore
Fought hard for his V.C.

Composed by Cpl. H. PRIOR, Sept. 16th, 1917.

Not bad, I don't think, do you ?

We have got some New Zealand Engineers on our strength for rations, and yesterday we gave them a good beating at Rugby. We indulge in plenty of football, and boxing matches are arranged with another Division that are billeted in Poperinghe.

" Jerry " won't leave us alone when we are out for a rest. During the night he dropped a shell right in the centre of our football pitch. Good job he did not drop it in the afternoon.

E. M.

(To be continued.)

THE 33rd IN AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

[We are indebted to Mrs. Marker for the following letter written in 1809 by Col. Arthur Gore, who commanded the 33rd at that date. Mrs. Marker is a grand-daughter of Col. Gore. The extraordinary occurrences described in the letter refer to a mutiny amongst the officers of the East India Company's Army in the Madras Presidency.

As early as 1807 a spirit of discontent had existed among the officers of the Madras Army. This was due to matters concerning their pay ; it was aggravated by the harshness of the Governor, Sir George Barlow, and the unjust preference shown to the officers of the Royal Army ; and it culminated in a mutiny which broke out in May, 1809. Full details of the mutiny are to be found in the " History of the Madras Army," by Lt.-Col. W. J. Wilson. This volume was kindly lent to the Editor by Lt.-Col. Leslie, Hon. Editor of the Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research.

Another account of the episode has recently been published. Sir Alexander Cardew, in his book " The White Mutiny," writes in defence of Sir George Barlow ; but this view is quite contrary to that generally accepted, and to that held by Sir John Fortescue in the account which he gives of this mutiny in " The History of the British Army."

The 33rd, being part of the Royal Army, were not involved, but were, no doubt, in a most embarrassing situation.—Ed.]

Hyderabad, 3rd October, 1809.

My Dear Skardon,

My last letter would have prepared you for the very melancholy scenes that have taken place in consequence of the discontents then arising in the Company's Army on the Coast.

I enclosed you in May last some G.O. on the subject up to the 1st of that month, and I must own that till that time I did think that the discontent had been stirred up and fermented by those Orders, that they were ill-judged and unnecessary, and I did wish that they had not been issued or that they could have been recalled. The Order of the 1st May, however, created such general discontent and agitation that the Officers got into a general correspondence on the subject. The people here from having been thanked and held up to the derision of the other parts of the Army fancied it necessary to assure Government that they not only participated, but that they would use their utmost endeavour to assist their Brother Officers in having their grievances redressed. A system was immediately entered into, Committees were formed at the principal Stations of the Army, who carried on the correspondence, and into whose hands all the others threw their Concerns binding themselves by Oath to abide by their decision in every point. It was determined to resist the Orders of the Government in every respect until the repeal of the Order of the 1st of May, and if that was not done by a certain day, they determined to enforce their Claims against Government by Arms. At Masulipatam the European Regiment and Sepoy Battalion were induced by their Officers to fall in when Major Storey placed Col. Innes under Sentries for attempting to enforce the Orders of Government. There they promised to support Masulipatam in this act of Rebellion, and altho' it would have been easy to have made known to the Sepoys that their European Officers were misleading them to acts of Rebellion against Government, yet Col. Montresor at least thought that the telling Sepoys not to obey the Orders of their immediate Regimental Officers would have a bad effect, allowed the Sepoys thus to be misled by falsehoods without attempting to contradict them, but, on the contrary, urging to me his absolute order that no such thing should be attempted, so that he permitted the Mutinous Officers to make use of the Sepoys against the Government, and when Col. Close was sent to take the Command of this force from Col. Montresor, the commanding officers of the Battalions instead of coming to speak to him (Col. Close) fell in their Corps and with bayonets, and having primed and loaded in his face forced him off the Parade, and sent a Company of Sepoys to force him to quit Hyderabad, saying that Col. Montresor had behaved so well to them in not resisting them, that they would allow no one but him to command them. Col. M. had promised not to talk to the Sepoys, and Col. Close came here with the express

orders of Government to explain to the Sepoys that their Officers were in a State of Rebellion. He attempted to talk to them on the Parade, but the officers called out to them to fall in and march with their Companies and not listen to that *Booda Banchoote*. Col. Montresor after this resumed the command, and allowed them to go on their own way; they posted Guards, Picquets and Sentries between our Officers' houses and the Men's Barracks to prevent our bringing out the Regiment on them. I was watched, and they made frequent attempts to get me to promise not to act hostilely against them. I always told them that as I was not Senior Officer here I would do nothing on my own accord, but if I received any order the whole Regiment would perish in the attempt to execute it. They had two Company of Artillery, 200 Guns, a Regiment of Cavalry, and 4 Battalions of Sepoys. They at last determined to march to join the Masulipatam people. They told this to Col. Montresor, and that they now withdrew themselves from his Orders. He told them not to do so as he would sign all their Indents, and let them march quietly without having the additional crime of plundering the Stores. I told them that as I could not withdraw myself from his orders if they attempted to put any restraint on Col. Montresor I would release him at all hazards. I had taken some steps to inform the Sepoys of the Truth, and the Artillery Soldiers began to wonder what all this meant. I had got hints from both Artillery and some of the Battalions that they would fall in with our Regiment rather than march; so that when it came to the point of their leaving the Cantonment to march in open Army against the Government, the Native Officers told their Company Officers they had better not to say anything about it, as the Sepoys would not go. They found it necessary, therefore, to submit at once, and did so, leaving all the rest of the Army in the lurch. The Force at Jalnah, after having repeatedly declined leaving their post to join the Rebels against Madras, altho' they entered into the same feelings with the rest of the Army, did at last make two forced marches to join these people when they heard of their submission. After the Submission here all the rest gave in. Government had drawn up a Paper in few words: "We, the undersigned British Subjects, do swear to be obedient to the Orders of the Government of Fort St. George agreeably to the tenor of the Commissions we hold under that Government."

This was to be presented to them to sign, or if they would not sign "they were required to leave their Corps and retire to any place Government might point out receiving their ordinary pay and allowances until the temper of their Minds would hear reasons." In all places where the Government still held Authority, viz., where any King's Corps were, the Sepoys were paraded, and the Truth of the Mutiny stated to them, while the Officers were required to sign the Paper. In all cases the Officers declined to sign, while the Sepoys swore allegiance to Government and received Officers from the King's Corps to Command them. In other places where Corps were by themselves the Officers would not sign, and kept the Sepoys to themselves. Here, owing to Col. Montresor's pusillanimity, or his fear of losing the Command the Mutineers got the better of him. He would not allow our Regiment to show itself, the Resident also advised against going into acts of Hostility in face of the Nizam's Court, and in short, except ourselves and Col. Close, who was not allowed to remain 24 hours in the vicinity everybody had a fellow feeling with the Mutineers, and yet you will see by the final Order that Col. Montresor and the Resident have been listened to in favour of these people, and they are all pardoned. Every act of Rebellion was committed here except the shedding of blood, and that act only accidentally failed, for one of our Officers was fired on and another was made prisoner by the Rebel Picquet, and yet no satisfaction has been given to us, we have been thrown out of Society by the Resident in the same manner as the Rebels were, and Col. Montresor, whose disobedience of Orders and pusillanimity encouraged the Rebels to advance to such a pitch has been listened to in their favor, and has saved them and himself, the latter could not have been without the former.

Thus I have given you the general outline of what took place here, I know not exactly what occurred at other places, for Tapals* have been stopped, and letters intercepted,

* Southern Indian name for "mails."

and no correspondence scarcely has been carried on. At Seringapatam they held out, and two Battalions marched from Chittledroog to join them who were attacked by a Field Force from Bangalore. The Governor had early called for assistance from Bombay and Ceylon. The 56th were sent from the former place by Sea in a few days to Madras, the 66 and 89 and 150 Royal Artillery from the latter. A Detachment was formed at the Race Stand where the Company's Officers were removed and the Corps, two of Cavalry, and four Battalions of Sepoys, were officered by King's, and a Corps of 5 King's Regiments and four Battalions of Sepoys marched to Gooty to come here under Col. Conran, they are now between Gooty and this, but will be stopped except a relief for this place. You will see the general tenor of the whole by the G.O. enclosed. Lord Minto's Orders only reached us yesterday, and we know not what effect they will have ; but I fear not good, as the whole Army must be disgusted with the pardon granted to these people whom they have already grossly abused for deserting the Cause. All confidence has been lost ; the whole Company's Army is disgusted, and I fancy every Man who can afford it, and many who do not care for future consequences, will resign the Service.

I can tell you no Madras news, but every one has had a personal dislike to Sir George Barlow, the Civilians full as much as the Military. You may hear later accounts than what I can give you of the result. There are 200 Officers at Pondicherry who have left their Corps rather than sign the Test ; whether all there will do so now or not is a doubt. They seem to think that their numbers will carry their point ; that Government cannot do without them, but already there are many Corps very well managed by King's Officers, and many Sergeants of Artillery have been promoted. They talk also of bringing Officers from Bengal.

Adieu, Make this known to any Brothers and to Gen. Roberts and other Indians ; for it is too long to go over again, and believe me, ever most faithfully and Affectionately yours,

ARTHUR GORE.

You must take care to read the G.O. by their respective dates.

Puggie Always Pays.

Lord Algie : I dreamt last night that I saw a horse win a race.

Sir William : What was its name ?

Lord A. : Oh, something like Merry Maggie, or it might have been Winsome Winnie.

Sir W. : Of course you have backed it ?

Lord A. : How could I ? I don't even know where the meeting was.

Sir W. : No matter.

Lord A. : Or the time of the race.

Sir W. : Immaterial.

Lord A. : Or the date, or the owner.

Sir W. : Mere trifles. All you have to do is to wire Puggie a monkey each way—er—Lucky Lucy, and you're on.

Lord A. : Thanks, I will. (Does so.)

Sir W. (reading from the tape) : Ah, Saucy Suzy has won the 2.30 at Bognor at 100 to 1.

Lord A. : Tut, tut, that must have been the horse I dreamt about.

Sir W. : Then you're in clover.

Lord A. : How ?

Sir W. : My dear Algie, you've won £62,500.

Lord A. : But—

Sir William : " Puggie always Pays."

Lord A. : But—

Puggie : I could not help overhearing your conversation, gentlemen. As Sir William

says, I will of course pay your winnings on Saucy Suzy ; I'll send you a cheque to-morrow.
 Lord A. : That is most generous.
 Puggie : Not at all.
 Lord A. : Have a drink ?
 Puggie : Thanks.

NEWOR.

REGIMENTAL MEDALS.

MEDALS GRANTED TO THE REGIMENT.

(continued from page 175, No. 14, October, 1929).

(3) TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

IN 1893 whilst quartered at Wynberg, Cape Colony, the 2nd Battalion found half an Imperial Forces mounted company, for service with the British Bechuanaland police in Matabeleland. Again, when stationed in Natal in 1896 the Battalion mobilised two companies, and its mounted infantry as part of the Imperial Forces column sent to operate during the Rhodesian rebellion under Sir Charles Carrington. Subsequently Queen Victoria authorised the British South Africa Company to issue medals to the troops engaged in the war, viz., (a) In Matabeleland, between 16th October and 24th December, 1893 ; (b) In Rhodesia between 24th March and 31st December, 1896 ; (c) In Mashonaland between 1st January and 31st October, 1897.

B.S.A.C. Medal, Silver, 1 7/8th inches in diameter. Obverse, the head of Queen Victoria surrounded by the legend *Victoria Regina*. Reverse, the British Lion wounded by an assegai, charging with tail erect, and trampling upon a native shield and arms, bushes in the background. Above (a) Matabeleland, 1893, (b) Rhodesia, 1896, or (c) Mashonaland, 1897, as the case might be ; and in the exergue, *British South Africa Company*. Ribbon, 1 1/4 inches wide, four stripes of yellow and three of blue, passed through an ornamental suspension bar. The designs of the medals were alike except for the names of the campaigns on the reverse. Clasps ; those who had already earned the 1893 medal (a) and also served in (b) received a bar *Rhodesia, 1896*, and anyone who had either of the former medals and took part in (c) received a bar *Mashonaland, 1897*.

The official regimental medal roll for 1893 contains 54 names, and that for 1896, 268 names, of which 10 received the clasps " Rhodesia, 1897," being already in possession of the medal. Two officers of the Regiment earned the " Mashonaland, 1897 " clasp. No member of the Regiment received medal " (c)."

(N.B.—This was the first medal issued by a private Company since those issued by the Hon. East India Company.)

SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1902 All battalions of the Regiment were represented in the S.A. War. The 1st Battalion formed part of the Expeditionary Force. The 2nd Battalion furnished 5* officers and 103 other ranks to form one of the companies of the Burma Mounted Infantry, an independent regiment mobilized and equipped at the expense of Burma as their contribution to the war. It also sent a draft of 150 under 2 Officers to the 1st Battalion. The 3rd (Militia) Battalion served in S. Africa throughout the campaign ; and the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Volunteer Battalions supplied three successive composite companies as reinforcements to the 1st Battalion.

Two medals were issued for the campaign, known as " The Queen's " and " The King's " S.A. medals respectively.

Queen's.—A silver medal 1 3/8 inches in diameter, fitted with a plain bar and swivel for suspension. Obverse, the bust of Queen Victoria crowned and veiled, wearing the ribbon of the Garter, surrounded by the legend *Victoria Regina et Imperatrix*. Reverse,

* Including two attached subalterns from Madras.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.



"a" (Rev.)

(Obs.)

"b" (Rev.)

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.



Queen's (Rev.)



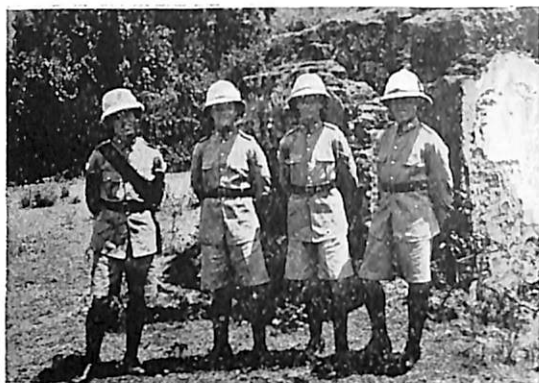
King's (Obs.)



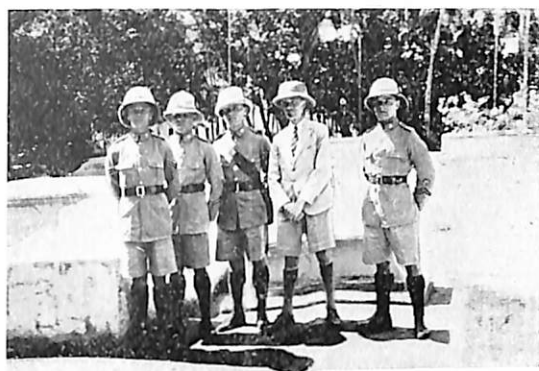
Queen's (Obs.)

SOUTH AFRICA (1899-1902).

VISIT TO SERINGAPATAM, 1929.



On the site of Tippoo's Palace within the fort.
A/Sgt. Browne, Pte. Wright, A/Cpl. Smith,
Dmr. Morley.



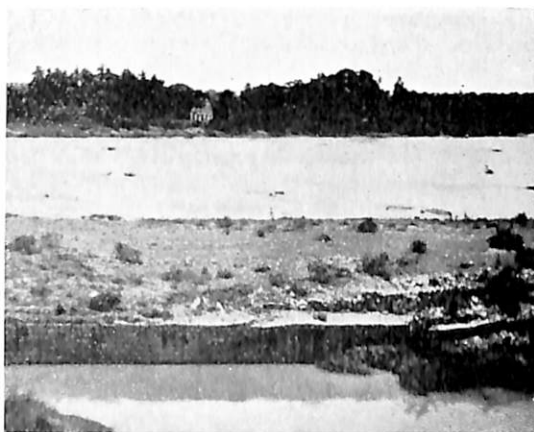
Inside the 33rd Cemetery.
A/Cpl. Smith, Dmr. Morley, A/Sgt. Browne,
Lt. A. J. Frith, Pte. Wright.



Tippoo's Tomb.



The 'Bus returning to Wellington.



The Cauvery from the breach. The river was forded
at this point by the British forces in 1799.

Britannia with shield and trident, a palm branch at her feet, holding a flag in her left hand, and extending a laurel wreath with her right hand towards advancing soldiers. On the left is depicted the sea and a man-of-war. Above on the right is the legend *South Africa*.*

Ribbon, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide consisting of a central half inch yellow stripe on either side of which is a blue one one-eighth of an inch in width, and outer edges red, one-quarter of an inch in breadth.

Clasps, twenty-six were authorised for the Queen's medal including two "date" ones, "SOUTH AFRICA, 1901" and "SOUTH AFRICA, 1902" given to those not eligible for the King's medal, but who had served in S. Africa during one or both of those years. Of these the 1st Battalion earned four, RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY, PAARDEBURG, DRIEFONTEIN and TRANSVAAL; the Burma M.I. five, CAPE COLONY, DRIEFONTEIN, JOHANNESBURG, DIAMOND HILL and WITTENBURG; the 3rd (Militia) Battalion one, CAPE COLONY.

The number of names on the regimental official medal rolls were, Regulars (including supplementary rolls) 2,099; Volunteers, 239; Militia, 730.

Ninety-five different combinations of clasps appear on the rolls of Regulars, eight on those of the Militia; but as regards the volunteer service companies, owing to many transfers to other corps in Africa, the rolls are not complete with full details of clasps in all cases. The numbers given include clasps earned in some cases whilst serving away from headquarters of the units.

King's medal.—Silver, in all respects similar to the Queen's except that the Obverse has the bust of King Edward in full dress uniform with the legend *Edwardus VII. Rex et Imperator*. Ribbon, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide of equal stripes of orange, white and green.

Clasps, two, "SOUTH AFRICA, 1901," and "SOUTH AFRICA, 1902." It was granted to all troops provided they were *actually* serving in S. Africa on, and after, 1st January, 1902, and had completed eighteen months war service, or subsequently did so prior to 1st June, 1902.

The numbers issued on the regimental rolls were, Regulars 871, Militia 426. None of the Volunteers in the Service companies were qualified.

The Victoria Cross was won by 2522 Sgt. W. Firth.

(N.B.—Reference illustrations last issue, page 173, Army of India medal, transpose "(Obs.)" and "(Rev.)"

J. A. C. G.

(To be continued).

THE PLEASURE WAS MUTUAL.

Mrs. Curry, the Colonel's lady, was giving a dinner-party, and sent out several invitations, including one to an officer in the regiment, which ran:—"Mrs. Curry requests the pleasure of Captain Chutney's company at dinner."

The following reply rather startled the lady: "Except for one man sick, four on leave, and one in the guardroom, Captain Chutney's company has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Curry's kind invitation."

* The original die cut had the dates 1899-1900 in two lines beneath the words "South Africa," medals from which were issued prior to February, 1901, mostly to Colonial and irregular corps; but owing to the prolongation of the war, a second die was made without any date, from which all subsequent medals issued were struck. A third die on which the word *Mediterranean* was substituted for *South Africa* was cut for issue to Militia battalions embodied for garrison duty in the Mediterranean during the war. No clasps were issued with this medal.

Seringapatam, 1929.

THIS is the account of a pleasant and most interesting trip. I was fortunate to be given the duty of accompanying the second of the two parties to Wellington Hill Sanitarium during the hot weather of last year. The Commandant for the season was Major Sir Robert Henniker, and one of his pet projects was to arrange a visit of men from Seringapatam regiments under his command to the scene of that great struggle. In the very last week of our stay in the Nilgiris this expedition took place.

On the morning of the 23rd September a bus left Wellington for Mysore, *via* the Gudalur Ghat containing a Sergeant, a Corporal and two Privates from each of the following regiments :—2nd Battalion The Suffolk Regiment, 2nd Battalion The Middlesex Regiment, and 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In addition there were Mr. Thomas (the Secretary of the Wellington Y.M.C.A.), Lt. Watts, of the Suffolks, and myself ; which, with a driver and mechanic, made a party of seventeen.

Before proceeding further I must mention that without the assistance and able staff work of Mr. Thomas at the Wellington end, and of the Rev. E. Bull (of whom more later) at the Mysore end, the trip would have been almost impracticable.

We commenced the journey by ascending to Ootacamund and crossing the summit of the Nilgiris. The open nature of the " roof " is a great surprise to those whose knowledge of the Nilgiris ends with the confined spaces of Coonoor and Wellington. This country is aptly named the Downs, and it is here that the Ooty pack hunts. We passed quite close to the hunt and the red coats and foxhounds were a thrilling sight. Soon we caught glimpses of the plain which presents a very different appearance on the west side to that seen on the east. On the Mysore side all is green and thickly wooded, whereas from Coonoor the plain shows up bare and brown. The Ghat road gave our driver an opportunity to display his abilities, and he came through the test very well.

From Gudalur at the bottom of the Ghat to the Mysore boundary is fourteen miles, and thence sixty-one miles to Mysore city. The journey of approximately one hundred and fifteen miles was accomplished by 6 p.m. Accommodation had been booked at the Savoy Hotel, which, through the medium of Mr. Bull, had quoted very fair rates for our short stay.

Mysore, which is clean and well laid-out with an excellent supply of electric light, is a pre-eminently Indian city. There is scarcely an European to be seen. Indeed, during our stay I only saw three, including Mr. Bull and our hotel manager. Shortly after our arrival Mr. Thomas, Watts and I took a short stroll in the hope of seeing Mr. Bull, and also to revel in the electric lighting in and around the palace.

Meanwhile, my mixed charge of men did justice to the first of two really good dinners. They were cracking nuts and smoking cheroots when we came in at about eight accompanied by Mr. Bull, whom we met in the square. Mr. Bull is probably the greatest living authority on Tippoo Sahib, his battles and his capital, and we were indeed favoured to secure his services as guide.

It was arranged that we should go on to the old capital at 8.30 a.m. next morning, return for lunch, and do some of the many interesting sights in Mysore during the afternoon. The next day dawned bright and cheerful ; indeed the weather was very favourable throughout the three days of our trip, heavy rain storms occurring each night.

Seringapatam is eight miles out from Mysore, so our bus came into service again. Watts and I went on with Mr. Bull in his Chevrolet, and he gave us an inkling of his tremendous interest in Tippoo Sahib and the history of his downfall.

Our itinerary had been mapped out carefully. We commenced at the eastern apex of the island and viewed Col. Baillie's monument, the graves of Haider Ali and Tippoo, the site (for little remains) of the Lal Bagh, and, of especial interest to us " Dukes," the 33rd's graveyard. Here we posed to Watts who kindly accepted the post of official photographer. From there we proceeded to the Summer Palace, a most magnificent example of Eastern architecture. There is a tablet on the front façade which bears the following inscription :—

This Building
was the Garden -Palace
of
Tippu Sultan
and subsequently
The Residence
of
Colonel Arthur Wellesley
afterwards Duke of Wellington
1799.

The "spicy" pieces, as our guide described them, being done, we moved on to the fort, and commenced the real sight-seeing. Here Mr. Bull described, in the places concerned, the torture of prisoners, the taking of the breach, the fight within the walls, and the death of Tippoo. Concerning the last Mr. Bull proved to us and will eventually prove to the world that the site of Tippoo's death could not possibly be at the spot where for 130 years common belief has placed it. I have not the space to dwell on this, but if my readers will study Mr. Bull's account when published, I have no doubt that they will be convinced that the new site which the author has located is the correct one.

The Dukes did another pose within the fort. This was on the ruins of Tippoo's palace, where a company of the 33rd responded to an urgent appeal by Sir David Baird to prevent looting and pillage which broke out on the fall of the fort. The Suffolks and Middlesex posed on the places of particular interest to their regiments, and our official photographer was kept very busy. As a climax of photographic activity the whole party posed to our keenly interested and intelligent bus driver. By this time it was 1 p.m., and we had been out in the heat for four hours. The men had shown remarkable keenness, and our guide told me that it was the most intelligently interested party he had ever conducted.

Two more places remained to be seen on the island; Scott's bungalow, made famous in the "Lays of Ind," and the old Garrison Cemetery. The cemetery was last used I think in 1849, and, as we read the inscriptions, we thought of the terrible toll that disease took on the young soldiers, children and wives in those not so far off days. We arrived back at the Savoy about 2 p.m. Our guide would not stay but departed receiving our grateful thanks.

As we leave Mr. Bull, I must mention that he has a very deserving scheme, which has the approval of the Commander-in-Chief, for a Seringapatam window in his Mysore church. He hopes to get in touch with all regiments who share the honour of having taken the fort (in all three of the 1791, 92 and 99 expeditions).

Lunch had its usual effect, soporific in some cases, revivifying in others. I thought that the most popular expedition for the afternoon would be that of my own choice. Mr. Thomas kindly gave us the description and whereabouts of the places of outstanding interest, and he, Watts and I went off to the Palace of Arts, where we saw the splendid and profitable results of state-controlled handicraft. Inlaid ivory-work and furniture of rare wood and teak were the most attractive exhibits. From there we went to the Old Palace, the great chamber of which is used as a concert hall, and the remainder as a museum. We saw there a most interesting collection of personal possessions of the late Maharajah. The place closes at 6 p.m., at which time by mutual consent we brought our sight-seeing to a close.

The following morning saw us on the road in good time, for the experienced Mr. Thomas insisted on allowing a good margin for the ascent of the Ghat. All went well, except that we were not able to bid farewell to Mysore in the same manner as we had greeted it. Rain clouds were thick on the hills, and we were soon enclosed in them. By 5.30 p.m. we were in Wellington.

Thus closed the Hill Sanatorium's invasion of Mysore, 1929, and also a trip which was accomplished more "according to plan" than any I have taken part in. A. J. F.

Hints to Young Officers.

ETIQUETTE.

My dear chicks,

Everybody seems to have read my article on lecturing, and everybody is enchanté. They are all writing to me about it, so much so that I have had to enlist, at some expense to myself, which you will all, I have no doubt, help me to defray, the assistance of the Company clerk to deal with my correspondence. I am sure you would love to see some of the grateful testimonials I have received. (The originals may be inspected at any time on application to the Editor*, and the payment of a small fee. No cheques accepted.)

Dear Uncle Romulus,—I read your article to my pet spider, who promptly turned into a pink elephant and sang "Alouette" pizzicato. Next time I see that furry-faced keeper, I'll throw him out of the window.

Broadmoor.

Insanely, frantically, yours,

THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

Friend,—As one literary man to another, salutation. I am no successful author like yourself; Sitwell has cramped my style. But I admire your flair and would like you to know that a financial dispute with my landlady has involved the pawning of my fountain pen—my passport to Parnassus. A very temporary loan of five pounds or even half-a-crown would ease the situation and bring comfort to the despairing heart of

The Junior Turf Club, W.C.

Your affectionate devotee,

ROSSETTI K. HOGGINGS.

Sir,—I'll say your brain's a won. Bo, you got pep. I guess you ought to become a D.Litt. of the World University, Milwaukee. Fifty dollars will bring you by return of mail a dandy silk-hood and a hand-engraved diploma.

Your respectful colleague,

SILAS K. BUCKWHEAT, Prof.,
Dean and Vice-Chancellor.

From the Super-Steam Laundry, Tearham, Pants.

Sir,—We are surprised to note that in spite of repeated applications our account with you of £0 2s. 11½d. for services rendered during the past six months remains unsettled. Your literary eminence leads us to assume that your financial status cannot be as uncertain as you would have us believe, and we much regret that unless we receive a remittance by return we shall reluctantly be compelled to place the matter in other hands.

Yours faithfully,

MONTMORENCY SMITH,
Per Pro Manager.

From the Adjutant.

Confidential.

Will you please explain for the information of the Commanding Officer why—

As you were. The last letter seems to have got into the wrong file. "Infandum, regina, jubes, renovare dolorem," as Tony Weller remarked to the widow. We will proceed with the subject, Etiquette. In the time at my disposal it is impossible to deal with more than a few of the salient points. The historical antiquity of etiquette is as respectable as its geographical ramifications. For instance, the ancient Britons always changed into evening woad before sitting down to grilled pterodactyl on Thursday night; in the Congo, salmi of missionary is invariably served with caper sauce; and no self-respecting jobber would dream of attending a contango in other than white spats. Famous clubs have their own peculiar customs. At the Athenæum, it is bad form to eat winkles in the reading-room with the club paper-knives; at the Bath Club members are requested not to leave the soap in the water; the Royal and Ancient discourage rounders on the eighteenth green; the Portland forbids beggar-my-neighbour on Saints' Days; Devonport Services do not approve of their first team turning out in bicycling knickers; the M.C.C. rules that the pad should always be worn on the left leg; you may not ride a scooter in the R.A.C.; or leave a baby of under eighteen months in the Senior, or dilly-dally in the

* We doubt it.—Ed.

In-and-Out. In fact, if you belong to a really exclusive club, there seems to be jolly little that you can do.

But these rules are nothing to the complicated code we observe in the Services, where any breach of decorum is visited with the severest penalties. In the Navy, for instance, no officer below the rank of commander may throw his cigarette ash down the funnels, and woe betide the midshipman who starts keel hauling on the quarter-deck when the captain is boxing the compass.

When we come to our own Service, things get really difficult, for no regiment in this respect is quite like another.

In the 33rd we have several quaint idiosyncracies. We do not eat peas with the knife; we do not wear a red silk handkerchief in the evening vest; we do not gnash our false teeth on parade; we do not drink the King in port and lemon; we are proud of our band, and, therefore, careful about our method of drinking soup; we do not wear boaters with morning coats; and only on ceremonial do we aspire to made up ties. Trivial as these customs may seem, they are the foundation of much that is best and noblest in our life, and are jealously guarded. You would like me, I know, to enumerate them in detail, but for this I must refer you to my book, "Military Etiquette, or, A Short Cut to the Staff College." However, before concluding, let me draw your attention to my "Aids to Rapid Promotion," which are set out in the same admirable sequence as used in S.A.T., Part I.

1. At Christmas.—Your actions should be those of one who is slightly oiled, but not half cocked.

2. When Married.—A correct grip round the waist, and a vice-like grip on the cheque book.

3. At Garden Parties.—Count the number of ices.

4. After a Guest Night.—See that the car is upright, close the disengaged eye and focussing the road keep the tip of the radiator in line with, and in the centre of, the two headlamps.

Finally, let me recite to you the tragic history of one, who failed to comply with the rules of etiquette:—

Young Harry Polkinghorn
Was dowered by kindly fates
With every virtue—nobly born
The heir to vast estates,
With brains of course above suspicion—
He held a Varsity Commission.

A great career before
Fine talents such as his lay,
At Hythe a D away he bore,
A silver cup at Bisley,
At chess he beat Bogoljubov,
And represented Wales at golf.

One act sufficed to dash
His hopes in his profession,
Not cards nor horses caused the crash,
No martial indiscretion,
It was not scandal, drink, or debt,
But just a breach of etiquette.

One Autumn afternoon
Our friend, perchance excited
By thoughts of leave, poor reckless loon,
Misguidedly invited
Into the porch that is the Rag's
A comrade wearing Oxford bags.

O, could I write like Allan Poe,
Or some such literary bloke,
I might depict that scene of woe,
When member after member woke,
Roused from his after-luncheon nap,
To hear those awful trousers flap.

He could not live it down,
Poor Harry Polkinghorn,
He could not face the Colonel's frown,
The Sergeant-Major's scorn;
He shot himself, invoking, as he died,
A curse on trousers thirty inches wide.

O. P.

Solution of riddle on p. 39: BAY-O-NET.

Letters of Capt. H. W. Bunbury, 33rd Regiment.

(Letter from Main Guard, Gibraltar, 9th June, 1840, continued from page 191, No. 14, October, 1929.)

RONDA is famous for its bull fights, which last the three days of the fair, and are well worth seeing once, but I have no wish to see them again, as, except with an unusually good bull, it is a disgusting cruel sight, and the bull does not at all get the fair play I had hoped to see.

The arena is circular with two tiers or stories of wooden seats in steps, rising as they recede from the front, and large enough to hold between eight and nine thousand persons; the two days I was there it was crammed to suffocation. The seats are roofed over, the centre is open and surrounded by a strong fence or barricade of stone and thick planks, low enough for an active man to vault over and save himself from the bull in the passage between that and the seats of the spectators. This passage, the refuge of all the bull baiters when hard pressed, goes all round, and if the bull succeeds in leaping the barrier he can be turned back into the arena by closing one of the four doors in the barrier across the passage.

The sports commenced about half past four in the afternoon with a grand parade of a Ronda volunteer corps, who marched past in six divisions and performed a number of most extraordinary evolutions in the arena; forming squares, circles, stars, crescents, and all sorts of wonderful figures to the music of a most detestable band, and finished by charging from the centre to the outer circle of the arena to drive out all idlers, and there, unfixing bayonets, these citizen soldiers, who have no other military duty to perform, scramble into the best places they can find vacant.

The matador, three picadors and eight or nine turlos then advance, and, after saluting the Governor, take their places, that is, all except the matador, who has nothing to do until the end, unless he acts as a turlo. The door of the bull's cell, which is immediately under the Governor's box on the south side, is then opened, and the toro, if so inclined, may rush out, but not infrequently he declines so doing until goaded from behind. The picadors, who have the principal part to play, are mounted and placed near the barrier on the bull's left as he rushes out, at some distance from one another, and are armed with strong lances with iron points, only about two inches of which can penetrate the poor beast. They are mounted on the most miserable worn-out horses that can be procured, whose eyes are blinded to prevent their shying from the bull, as upon their steadiness depends their power of turning the bull in his charge by spearing him in the shoulder or neck. If the bull charges at the leg of the man or the horse's shoulder he is generally turned, but if further back he gores, and sometimes overthrows the horse. Twice or three times I saw the horse killed on the spot by the blow of the bull, and that is better than to see them wounded and bleeding forced to remain in the arena in horrid suffering until they fall or are quite unable to carry their riders any longer.

The turlos carry long blue silk scarves which they flaunt in the face of the bull, worrying him and distracting his attention; when charged they jump the barrier, sometimes followed by the bull, who, however, rarely succeeds in clearing it. One gallant old black bull alone I saw do it after two unsuccessful attempts. The goodness of a bull consist, in the estimation of the enlightened public of Spain, in the number of horses he kills or disables, and the more disgusting and horrible the sight the louder the applause.

After this has lasted some time, and the bull becomes tired, a bugle sounds, and some of the turlos advance with two little darts covered with cut paper ornaments dangling about. These are thrust into his shoulders as he lowers his head for a charge, and render him perfectly frantic; he bounds up into the air tossing about and bellowing with rage and pain, but seldom charges far. The turlos continue to excite him, the picadors' duty being over, and they avoid him if possible. I saw one, however, charged by a bull in his madness, who was pitched by the bull over into the outer passage, and his horse killed dead on the spot.

At length the bugle again sounds, and the matador, with his long straight sword in his right hand, and a red flag in the left, enters the arena, and bowing to the Governor advances towards the bull. He is, however, always obliged to wait until the bull charges him in a certain position with his head well down, when the impetus of the charge and the strength of his own thrust sends the sword deep into the poor animal's body between the two shoulder blades. If the thrust is well given death follows almost immediately, but with an unskilful matador the sufferings of the poor brute are prolonged for a long time, and three or four thrusts may be necessary. Three mules then drag out the carcase of the victim, and another comes on the stage.

Each day six were killed, but most of them very dull and peaceable ones; no doubt capital bulls in a farmyard, but not addicted to fighting.

The dresses of the matador, picadors, etc., were perfectly magnificent; jackets of rich velvet, only to be seen here and there peeping from beneath the masses of gold or silver embroidery; a kind of wings, like those of flank company officers, on their shoulders of rich embroidery; indeed, the great object seems to be to load the jackets with as much gold or silver as the tailor's art can put on them. The matador and turlos wear white breeches and silk stockings, while the legs of the picadors are encased in thick layers of cork to resist the horns of the bull, and are so bulky that the men cannot rise without assistance when unhorsed.

It is high time, however, to leave Ronda and the bull fights of which you must be as tired by now as I was on the second day.

On the third I went out and got a sketch of the old town instead of waiting to see what is a kind of burlesque on the fights of the previous days. Young bulls with blunted horns are baited by chimney sweeps and other dirty rabble mounted on donkeys, and anyone in the arena may join in the sport. At the end the bull is not killed, and there is none of the brutal and disgusting cruelty which would sicken anyone but a Spaniard of their great national sport.

* * * * *

I told you before of the Sardinian prince whom we had here for some time, and since then we have had no visits from Lions until a week ago when Lord Keane arrived, and the 33rd being a favourite regiment of his formerly in the West Indies, and Col. Knight a great friend of his, he dined at our mess with all his party. It caused not a little crowd and trouble as there were some eight or ten people at dinner more than our mess room can comfortably hold. However, it all went off uncommonly well. I sat President, and marvelled much at the prodigious quantity of claret some people could hold, but, as I wished not to make a late sitting of it, I passed the bottles at a pace that was too good to last long, and we broke up about eleven.

The next day I showed some of the party all the sights up and about the Rock, at which duty I am quite *au fait*, as for some time past I have almost lived up the Rock, going all over it three or four times a week when off duty. I go up to the Rock gun at the summit or northern point with a book, and pass most of the day there; the view is magnificent, and the air fresh and pure, and I am out of hearing of the drums and bugles which are never silent in the town.

The day after showing the strangers over the Rock the Colonel and I made up a picnic for them in the Cork Woods, and, considering that we had two young ladies in the party, we gave them a good day's work, especially as they were to embark in the evening.

The Cork Woods, the pretty part of which commences about ten miles from Gibraltar, and extends I do not know how far, would delight you extremely. I thought as I galloped through it the other day how you would enjoy the ride, and the beautiful scenery, the lovely flowers and shrubs and the singing of the nightingales which abound there. You would like everything in the Cork Woods except the heat, and you might possibly object to the robbers, who, though not as common as nightingales, are to be met with occasionally. Three were taken there by the Miguellettes a short time ago with a good deal of plunder

in their possession. It is just as well to ride there armed, or in British uniform, which is, I think, a better protection in Spain against robbers than are pistols.

* * * * *

To-morrow, or the next day, please the Garrison orders, I am going with Vernon in his yacht across to Ceuta and Tetuan, and, if time and wind permit, some way further along the Barbary coast, but we cannot be away more than three or four days at the most. I much fear that I shall not be able to see Granada, or even Cadiz and Seville, as our stay here is very uncertain, and at this season when officers have always been allowed to travel, having done with field days and inspections until the end of the summer, we are this year refused leave by the Governor, in consequence of the Home Government having notified to him that Prince Ernest is coming to visit the Garrison, and that the troops must be held in readiness to be reviewed, and drilled for his amusement. He is now in Lisbon, and we do not know when he means to come; whenever he does he will meet with no love or any pleasant looks in this garrison. We should all have been most pleased to turn out for Lord Keane, but he, like a sensible man, would have no field day, and only saw his favourites the 33rd on their own parade. It is really too bad for all officers to be detained for weeks in the Garrison in the hot weather, the regular season for leave, for a man who very likely will not come at all, and, if he does, is quite unable to tell if we are good soldiers or bad ones.

I have just won five pounds by my very slight knowledge of plants. While going to Ronda, when riding over the mountains, a brother officer, who thinks he knows everything and backs his opinion with a bit, spoke much of the beauty of the Rhododendrons he had seen the previous day in the valley of the Guadiana. I replied that he had certainly not seen one, and that I believed (am I right?) that only one kind is found in Europe, and that a dwarf one in the Alps. He laughed at my ignorance, and bet me five pounds he was right, which I won, as his Rhododendrons turned out to be Oleanders.

I live very quietly here, and, although our mess is rather expensive, I find I do not spend much above £25 a month, which enables me to save about £100 a year to pay off debts. I keep but one pony, who is very strong, quiet and useful. He cost me £12; I won five with him at a race, and then saved two more by riding him to Ronda instead of hiring a hack, so that he now only owes me five pounds, which I have no doubt I shall soon get out of him.

(To be continued).

THE BATTLE OF DEVONPORT.

Come all ye hardy footballers and listen to my song;
I'm feeling rather thirsty, so it won't take very long,
It's as how the Duke's, the bold and brave, did open up the Tanks,
And put the lid on them again. I'll have another? Thanks;
And I don't mind if I do.
Then let us all sing folderol and likewise tooralooral,
The Duke's are singular in skill, and more so in the plural.

They met in bloody conflict on the Rector's muddy ground;
The Rector's parish teas of old were jolly, I'll be bound,
But nothing to the party when the cunning Thirty Three
Invited unsuspecting Tanks to have a cup of tea,
But scoffed the cream themselves.
Then let us all sing folderol and likewise tooralooral,
The Dukes are singular in craft, and more so in the plural.

Now the Tanks could surely hold their own at shoving in the scrum,
But once the Dukes were on the loose, their heavy guns were dumb;
And Townend got a chance which let in Horsey for a try,
I think he ran to save his life, and that's the reason why
He was like a Derby winner.
Then let us all sing folderol and likewise tooralooral,
The Dukes are singular in guts, and more so in the plural.

But I needn't go on telling who contributed the score
 Till, the regimental number passed, they pinched a couple more ;
 But they were not contented, and they ought to have been hung,
 When they pulled the breeches off a famous Tank named Arthur Young,

They did, the dirty dogs.
 Then let us all sing folderol and likewise tooralooral,
 The Dukes are singular in cheek, and more so in the plural.

And I hope, if fortune summons them to meet a dreaded foe,
 They won't attempt ping-pong again, as just a year ago,
 But play the only game they can, nor leave a thing to chance,
 Or fate may lead them one and all the devil of a dance—

Then where's the lucky Dukes ?
 Then let us all sing folderol and likewise tooralooral,
 The Dukes are singular in luck, and more so in the plural.

M. T.

Our Green Tomato Jam.

The summer of A.D. 1927 had been very wet and gloomy. The sun had forgotten to shine with his usual brilliancy ; consequently the sky had hidden the blue of his face. Nothing in garden or glasshouses had come to maturity—the flowers had forgotten to bloom, the corn to ripen, the gardener to smile.

No wonder, then, that our tomato crop was a failure, not in point of quantity of fruit, but with regard to the maturity of the same ; our plants were all to be desired ; every seed had grown, blossomed, and set, so we hopefully looked forward to a record crop of brilliant fruit in the autumn.

We certainly had a magnificent show of green fruit, but green it continued and green to the end it remained. We could neither eat the fruit ourselves, sell it, nor give it to our friends. We consulted gardening papers and gardening friends. Some of the latter advised, " Throw the blooming lot away." I wish we had. Others suggested presenting it to the hospital for incurables. At last an enthusiast mentioned " Green tomato jam."

We invited the author of this suggestion to dinner, and both during that feast and afterwards long into the short hours of the morning " Jams," their history, composition, and beneficial influence on children was our sole conversation. " Jam," " Jam," " Jam satis," but mainly " Green tomato jam " *ad nauseam*.

Our good friend and adviser did not know of a recipe to make this jam. We consulted cookery books without success and sent advertisements to the local papers. To these latter every post brought replies, and many called with recipes. Of course it was not to be expected that our inquiries were to be replied to gratis ; Is. to 2s. 6d. per recipe was demanded, and rail and cab fares for callers.

But the greatest number of replies came from the wives of clergy, chiefly in East-ends, enclosing heart-rending appeals for contributions to various charities, such as the parish blanket or the unwanted children funds. All of these were religiously answered, enclosing postage stamps, until the village post office ran short, and then we bought up the whole stock of sixpenny and shilling postal orders.

All these preliminary expenses (added to the purchase of various cookery books) ran into a considerable sum, but with our luxuriant crop of green tomatoes we confidently expected to pay off all these expenses and to have a substantial balance credit.

In course of time the recipe was selected (a 2s. 6d. one), and to expedite matters, we invited the parson's daughters and a few other jolly girls to join us in the boiling of the jam.

Our home lay in the country, and an occasion like this was looked upon as a social event, so our guests all arrived punctually on the day fixed, some for breakfast and all for luncheon and tea.

Our tomatoes were not grown in a special house, but shared a long " lean-to " with

chrysanthemums now in full bloom, of which we were very proud. To this the "working" party proceeded.

I need not describe what the scene is like when a lot of girls get together with not a *single* man present to keep them in some sort of order. The chatter, the yells, though perhaps this word is rather strong, nay, the constant ripple of laughter, the eager impetuosity with which work was commenced, the frequent stops for talking, the want of method which leads to confusion and chaos. All rushed about excitedly, pulling the fruit, tearing down the plants; pots and tubs lay in piles here and there on the floor, mingled with those of our prized chrysanthemums; while the voices and laughter rang musically through the house.

When the picking was well nigh complete, every girl having one or two baskets brimful of fruit, an unlucky incident occurred. One of the girls aimed a tomato at her neighbour and claimed a "bull's eye." The shot was returned, and this was the signal for a general "melee." In an instant the air was thick with missiles; ammunition was plentiful; before ten minutes had elapsed every basket was empty, and alas! our crop of green tomatoes lay scattered and bruised all over the "battle-field."

At this moment the gardener arrived. He smiled nervously as he noticed the scene of destruction. He was polite enough not to utter a word, but I wont repeat his language when he described the scene of desolation to the first neighbour that he met, a whole year's work ruined!

The moment the gardener entered, a dead silence fell on the combatants. Just then the gong for luncheon rang out. Delighted to get away from the gardener's reproofing glance, a stampede took place. There was a door fitted with a large plate glass window opening from the hall outwards into the conservatory. Owing to the impetuosity of the retreat it was impossible to open it. The leading girls were hurled against it, and a crash announced that it was shivered to atoms, and splashes of blood dotted here and there betrayed the situation.

Of course it was not anyone's fault, and the girls prettily excused themselves by saying "they could not help it."

After luncheon the merry party proceeded (to the cook's consternation) to the kitchen. All pots, saucepans, and empty jam jars were requisitioned; coals were heaped on the fire, and the boiling of the "Green tomato jam" commenced.

We had such an abundance of fruit, though somewhat damaged, that boiling followed boiling; we begged, borrowed, and bought more jars and jam pots and finally fell back on bedroom and other jugs. By teatime the cook took up the boiling where we left off, and the same programme was repeated next day.

We struggled with that jam at every meal for a month, but no perceptible reduction was made in the supply. We approached our own and other grocers and confectioners with a view to selling or exchanging our surplus stock, but without success. We next advertised, in local and other newspapers, the condiment at considerable expense; but with the exception of appeals for charity, received no replies.

At last we thought of uniting expediency with charity, and we decided to give a school treat, and sent several large jars of the jam for the tea and entertainment. School children can stow away a considerable amount, and to our delight all our bedroom jugs which had been requisitioned for the boiling were released.

Next day an unpleasant rumour reached us; the school had been closed owing to the outbreak of a serious epidemic.

The dispensary doctor was puzzled at the mysterious symptoms. Every child was ill. He called for additional assistance; finally a specialist from London was despatched and a consultation officially arranged, when it was decided that the children were suffering "from a complaint resembling ptomaine poisoning," connecting the epidemic with the school treat.

To avoid unpleasantness in the parish, we agreed to pay all expenses, including fee for specialist, medicine, and attendance.

Any one can have a pot of our "Green tomato jam" on application and enclosure of one penny stamp to defray expenses, but we decline to hold ourselves responsible in any way. We have still dozens of pots of this celebrated jam on hand, but to prevent accidents we have labelled them "poison."

The Latin poet Horace begins his first ode "Jam satis," which may be freely translated "We have had enough of jam."

A. J. P.

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

(Continued from page 195, No. 14, October, 1929.)

DEC. 8TH, 1915 (at Hooge).—Took Doggy round our front line, then went again with Potts, watching him make a rough map of the trenches. At 5 p.m. "D" Company relieved us, and by 6 I was settled into my new quarters (the "Culvert"), about 100 yards behind the support line. Later Ferguson came down to share my dugout. We felt jolly cold and scarcely slept at all. About 5.30 a.m. our new C.O. (Lt.-Col. Carey-Barnard, D.S.O.) came back from the fire trenches, and I introduced myself to him. At 6 Ferguson went back to the line and I got my great coat and blankets to myself and slept till 10! Then had to go down 200 yards of sludgy trench to answer the Adjutant on the 'phone; found Giles in dugout near the Signallers, just back off leave, and much more cheerful than many people are when they "first come back." Squelched back to my dugout and found it leaking all round. 6 p.m.—Hawkes (with ration party) looked in, sopped through; I gave him a plate of porridge. With thorough delight we heard two naval officers pass on the way up to the firing line, which they have been sent out to inspect, as being about the worst trenches on the whole front.* We go over the open at night, as the communication trench is fully waist deep in mud in places. Wannell gave their guide strict instructions to take them (they had nice blue suits and white collars and nice long sheepskin overcoats) straight up the trench. Hearsay that on leaving the front line these officers said they did not know how men could live in such conditions.

[From Dec. 13th-20th J. W. R. at last had his leave.]

DEC. 21ST.—Don't go and get in the dumps; you can bet I'm going to continue to enjoy myself as much as possible out here. Christmas in the trenches—no turkey, no crackers—but I can't say no jollity. I have the sprigs of holly hung up in my dugout!

DEC. 22ND.—Met Huxtable and Cunningham at our transport lines. They told me on Sunday morning (Dec. 19th) the Battalion had been rushed up in support against the gas attack and lost over 100 men and five officers—the new C.O., Capt. Miller, Hawkes, and M-Stewart wounded, while poor old Inchley was killed; awful bad luck, he leaves a wife and two kiddies. It makes one feel an awful slacker to have missed it.

DEC. 23RD.—Went up to join the Battalion. Wannell is now C.O. and Danby Adjutant. Joined "C" Company in some huts. Supper, and just going to bed at 8.30 p.m. when orders came we were to relieve the Northumberlanders in support trenches. I am at present O.C. "C" Company; some knut. Managed to complete the relief an hour later!

DEC. 24TH.—In front line, four officers, Potts, Culling, Wood, and myself, so we don't have a very hard time, two hours on and six off. The C.O. came to see us about 9 p.m. and asked all about my leave. On duty 10 to midnight and again—

DEC. 25TH.—Christmas morning! 6-8 a.m. Went along to "B" Company and wished Bengy a Merry Christmas. Later exchanged "humorous" notes with "B" Company and sent them a tiny twig of holly with four berries on it. At 1 p.m. drank—

* These were Commander Currey, of H.M.S. *Mariborough*, and Midshipman L. R. D. Helm, of H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, who subsequently lectured on his experiences to the whole Ship's Company, including Admiral Jellicoe, M.R.

in tea—the health of life in general. Afterwards got message from Brigade H.Q. wishing us all a Merry Christmas. After tea, stood to and put out some new wire in front—a muddy job. Finished up supper with healths in Grand Marnier and thought about people in England getting dressed for dinner! On duty till 11.30 p.m. About 9.30 Wannell came up and passed on a windy message about a threatened German attack. I told him about my visit to Oundle and wished I was jolly well back there! Hope I never spend another Christmas Day like this one.

DEC. 26TH.—On duty 5 a.m. Wood had a shave, keen and energetic in his inexperienced ignorance! The Bosch artillery did not operate on us at all to-day. Waited a long time for relieving battalion in evening; late, as usual. Just before it came, dear guileless Wood said, "Well, I've thoroughly enjoyed my first trip, and wish we were staying another day!" Golly! wished he was staying another day. We straggled into camp at 2 a.m., saw the men into their huts, found our Christmas letters, but decided to keep them for a treat in the later morning! [This camp was at the White Chateau near Krustadt.]

DEC. 30TH.—Inspection by the C.O. and then by General Surtees. German aeroplane dropped a bomb about ten yards off the assembled battalion, but only killed two horses. Talking of sanguinary subjects, I may mention that on the dreadful 19th one of our men had his whole arm blown off clean from the shoulder; he picked it up, tucked it under the other arm, and retired to the dressing station!

JAN. 4TH, 1916.—The G.O.C. (Sir Douglas Haig) came round and shook hands with the few officers he happened to see. Bobber and Ferguson both shook paws and were told we were "grand fellows," probably because of the "19th" show. After lunch I took things easy, and met Capt. Simner, who had just returned from two months at the base. I sent off Wood and Culling at 3 p.m. on a nice little fatigue lasting till 1 a.m. Good work being O.C. Company!

JAN. 5TH.—Marched off 3.30 p.m. and entrained at Pop. Played bridge most of the way, with an interval for supper. Detrained 11 p.m. near St. Omer and marched nine miles to billets (at Eperleques). Proper beds with sheets and blankets, possibly clean. It's jolly fine being back in civilisation again for at least four weeks. Decent food, no fatigues, sleep all night. Hurrah! Did you see that Col. Hayden, Miller, Duggy McColl, and Pinto were all mentioned in despatches? Cheer O!

(To be continued.)

Personalia.

CONGRATULATIONS to Cpl. Townend on twice getting a "trial" for the "probables." We are very sorry to hear that Lt. Faithfull has had to give up rugger owing to his having got water on the knee whenever he played. Lts. Browne and Dalrymple have both been crocked lately, and were unable to play in the last Army Cup tie, but we hope they will be fit by the time the next round is played on 22nd January. By the way, our readers will be glad to hear that arrangements are being made to have the results of all 1st XV. matches published in various daily papers, the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *News of the World* amongst others.

Capt. G. Monkman, M.C., late of the 2/5th Battalion, 62nd Division, who has been a resident in Canada since 1920, still takes an active interest in military affairs, being O.C. "B" Company of the 57th Regiment Peterboro Rangers, which belongs to No. 3 District of the Canadian Militia. Capt. Monkman lives in Peterboro, Ontario, and will be pleased to meet Old Comrades or readers of the IRON DUKE who live in that vicinity. He writes that Pte. Berwick, late of the 2nd Battalion, has just joined the Peterboro Rangers, and has been promoted Sergeant, being given command of the Bugle Band.

We welcome the news that Capt. and Mrs. A. E. Miller are coming home from Kenya in April, and will be settling down in England for good.

Major Arthur Mangles has kindly sent us some old copies of the "Havercake Lad." We hope some day to reprint some extracts from them. Some of our readers may like to know that he has recently left Consett, co. Durham, to go and live at Clacton-on-Sea.

Mr. Owen Owen, who left the 2nd Battalion some 25 years ago, and is in the Asiatic Petroleum Company in Singapore, writes that there is quite a little colony of "the Dukes" there now. Capts. Faulkner and Chatterton having volunteer adjutancies, and Capts. Keet and Williams civilian jobs, while Sgt. Broadbent is steward of the Singapore Club.

We have to thank Mr. T. H. Matthews for the interesting photograph of himself and Trumpeter J. Gillespie, of the 21st Hussars, who was attached to the Drums of the 2nd Battalion for instruction, taken at Tipperary in 1884. Mr. Matthews was formerly a drummer in the 2nd Battalion, and was transferred to the Reserve whilst serving with them at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the O.C.A., and a most regular attendant at the Regimental gatherings, both in London and Yorkshire.

Congratulations to Sgt. Master-Tailor A. Cryle on being awarded the M.S.M. with annuity, also to L/Cpl. H. S. Wellwood, 1st Battalion, on being selected to attend a course of instruction at the R.M.C., Sandhurst.

Many of our readers will be interested to hear that Major C. W. G. Ince has been elected to the Committee of the Army and Navy Club, thereby following in the footsteps of a great-uncle of his, Major R. P. Ince, who served in the 56th Regiment, and was one of the founders of the "Rag."

Mr. W. T. Wilkinson, writing from Queensland, says, "We (the defence force), are in a state of transition owing to the Compulsory clauses of the Defence Act being suspended on the Labour Party taking over the reins of Government, and they have just published the terms under which the new voluntary forces are to be enlisted. The period of enlistment is to be for three years with twelve month's extensions, pay to be 4s. per day, training to consist of eight days camp and eight days home training, age of enlistment to be 18 to 40 years. A tailor-made uniform to be provided. We may be able to form a battalion on the Darling Downs, but I do not think it possible that the Brisbane battalions will get to their establishment." We were rather amused to hear from him that a match rifle we had in India over 20 years ago, when captaining the 1st Battalion rifle team, and which we passed on to him, is still in existence, and is being used by a member of the Neutral Bay Rifle Club in Sydney.

Many of our older readers will be glad to hear of the doings of old friends referred to in the following letter we have received from Capt. Charles Oliver:—

"I was really very pleased to read the letter from Mr. Wilkinson. We used to correspond for some years but I have not heard from him since about 1918. I am glad to hear he is doing well. I occasionally receive a line from an old Duke who was stationed in Quetta, but who has just gone to Eastern Bengal, who informed me that several old Dukes were stationed in Quetta, and doing well. Each issue of the IRON DUKE being eagerly looked for, and when received each one as they met would say "Have you received the IRON DUKE?" And this meeting meant an hour or so chin-wag on the old Regiment.

Mr. Hilliar, who left either late in Sitapur or early Ambala, is Superintendent of Police. Mr. Field, the old signaller, is on the railway staff. Mr. Ogden, Provost Sergeant, and weight lifter, had just left Quetta and gone to Karachi on some appointment. Sgt. Popely and Williams were in some departmental corps in Quetta. All the above are doing very well.

I have met many old Dukes since I have taken up this appointment. I have the following old members of the Regiment on the strength of this Division of the Corps of

Commissionaires :—R. Duffy, who was Sgt.-Drummer when I joined, he enlisted in the 33rd 9/8/74, and was discharged 4/8/1895 ; G. Moorcock, a Private with three badges when I joined, he was servant to Col. Conor, joined the 33rd 19/5/73, and discharged 19/5/94 ; both fine looking men wearing well, both holding appointments, and both well over 70 years of age. R. Norris, joined the Regiment 27th November, 1889, and discharged 3rd August, 1902 ; C. Waterhouse ('98 to '06), P. Dudley ('03 to '06), B. Holmes ('94 to '06), R. Wooton ('03 to '26), T. H. Bowers ('99 to '21), T. Hayton ('07 to '21), G. Finding ('97 to '20), J. Lawton ('03 to '24), A. Tomlinson ('17 to '21), J. Willcocks ('07 to '29), H. Barron ('22 to '29), G. Daffern ('91 to '12). All these are occupying good situations as members of this Corps, and all doing well.

In addition, one meets many old members of the Regiment in Leeds at the Branch meetings. Mr. Thompson came in one day ; he was ex-Q.M. of one of the Territorial Battalions. He is an instructor on the *Franconia*, and goes on yearly trips round the world. He looks very fine and fit. I also met a Mr. Robinson, ex-Corporal "C" Company, who left the 1st Battalion in Ambala. He joined the Calcutta police, and after service during the war went to Canada where he is doing very well. He was in Leeds on a holiday from Canada. If news of any of the above is of interest to anyone I shall feel pleased to have sent this letter along."

Our old friend "Dreadnought" is responsible for the following yarn :—

"Some twelve months ago I was in the tube lift at the Elephant and Castle. It was during the evening rush hour, and for some reason or other the crowded lift stopped about half-way up. Everybody looked rather bored except three stout Yorkshirewomen, who seemed highly amused at the delay. Suddenly catching my eye one of them remarked in a loud voice, 'EE what a poor daft lot they Loondoners are, they're that glum, they don't laff nor nothing.' I endeavoured to get out of it by remarking that everybody was probably rather tired after the day's work, and by way of turning the conversation, asked what part of Yorkshire they came from. 'Briggus,' was the reply. When I told them I knew Brighouse slightly one of them said, 'Eh, then you'll know General Sugden. A champion man and all. He commands Territorials.'"

Capt. T. H. Moore hopes to be in or around London now for a bit. He has been travelling so much during the past seventeen months in Scotland and Ireland that he has not been able to attend any of the O.C.A. gatherings lately. He writes, "I met Sgt. (Johnny) McGovern at Tralce, Co. Kerry, and Sgt. (Joe) Finnigan at Manchester, and both were doing well. I felt a very proud man one day at Manchester. Whilst in conversation with my chief, outside the office in Deansgate, a very smart young soldier approached. He was a credit to any regiment. Imagine my delight when I found he was a 'Duke' on leave from the Depot. We had a short talk. Yes, I was very proud of him, more especially as my chief held a commission during the war, and had remarked on the lad's smart appearance."

We wish more of our readers would copy the good example of Mr. C. J. Puplett, who is a most faithful contributor to the IRON DUKE. We have not only to congratulate him on winning the prize essay, and to thank him for sending the photograph of the 2nd Battalion in 1889, which appears as frontispiece in this number, but also for various bits of news he sends from time to time. Writing last November he says, "On the 31st October a plebiscite on the temperance act in this province (Nova Scotia) was taken, and by a sweeping majority it was swept out of existence, and so ended shootings, perjury and graft, etc., which have been going on for the last thirteen years. Other provinces have also broken away from prohibition, and find that the sale of liquor under Government control not only adds to revenue, but also meets the approval of the majority of their constituents."

Major C. W. G. Ince sends us the following cutting from the *Evening News*, and

remarks that no doubt the story originated during the time the 2nd Battalion was at Carnoy in 1916:—

The form of night challenge in the line was simply: "Who are you?" always in a low tone. The other answered with the name of his regiment and also "Who are you?"

The scene is the long Carnoy-Mametz communication trench on a dark, wet night. Two shadowy figures are slugging and feeling their way along it in opposite directions. Suddenly they stop, hearing or seeing each other.

1st Figure (in a low voice): Halt. Who are you?

2nd Figure (in a hoarse whisper): Dook o' Wellington. . . . 'Oo are you?

1st Figure (in a deeper and hoarser whisper): Ssh! Keep it quiet. I'm Napoleon!

Thoughts on Sport.

HAS Rugby football changed in the last 45 years? I think the answer is "yes" and "no"; mind, I am talking of the time when they no longer played twenty-a-side, when Vassall's famous Oxford team had changed the game by showing people what passing meant, and when Welsh teams, led by Cardiff, had just begun to play four three-quarters. The pace at which the game is played has increased, the amount of passing has increased, and has become more tricky, in fact, many small changes have taken place in the mode and method of the play, and so the answer must be *yes*, but, fundamentally, the game is the same as it was round about 1885, and so the answer must also be *no*. A player who had not seen a game for five and forty years might look on at a match for five minutes and see hardly any difference in the game, and the laws under which it was being played, and then, gradually, it would dawn on him that there were many little things that he had never seen or known in his own rugger days. One of the halves seems strangely out of place, only one man is controlling the game, there seems to be a great deal more trouble in getting the ball into the scrum, in the line-out there's a five yard interval between the player who throws out the ball (not a half as it always used to be) and the lined up players, the three-quarters aren't more or less straight across the ground as they used to be, but in a deep echelon from the centre. Lots of small differences, but still the same old game.

I think perhaps one of the most marked changes that has taken place in the game of late years is the increased part that the forwards take in the play after the ball has come out of the scrum; time after time one sees a movement of the outsides that is on the point of success fail, not because they have been unable to break through the opposing outsides, but because some speedy forward appears in the nick of time to stiffen the defence. This, of course, makes it a lot harder for the wing three-quarters to score, and also accounts for the many low scoring matches of to-day.

The difference between hard, determined, low tackling, and the other sort was very strongly demonstrated to those who saw the match between Cambridge and Greenwood's team and the 'varsity match a few days later. Greenwood's team was of the international class, but they were unable to stop Carris; he sent them flying in all directions, and here it may be said that he has a very fine hand-off, quite reminiscent of the old days. There had been a lot of chat about Carris before, but after his performance in this match there would have been quite an outcry if he hadn't been included in the 'varsity side; an injured knee made a vacancy for him, and many of the Cambridge supporters heaved an optimistic sigh of relief. In the 'varsity match Carris never had a chance to show his bursting through powers, he was downed well and truly time after time, and that fine hand-off of his was ineffectual against the hard, low tackling of Oxford, and if one man wasn't enough to stop him there was always a second handy to finish off the good work. Carris looked an altogether different player in the 'varsity match to what he had appeared in that other game, in fact, he never showed up at all.

Unless these thoughts are switched off football there'll be no chance for cricket this issue, and though I haven't much to say I shouldn't like to leave it out altogether. Before I do switch off this subject though, I must congratulate Townend and the 1st Battalion

on his two international trials ; it's a pretty good record, as I believe I am right in stating that Townend had never played rugby football before he joined the Army just some four years ago. I include the 1st Battalion in my congratulations, because without efficient teaching and playing good football it would hardly have been possible for a man to reach the degree of efficiency that Townend must have reached to be included in two trials ; I am sure that I echo the wish of all " Dukes," young and old, when I wish him further rugger honours.

The 1st Battalion are getting on well in the Army Rugby Cup, may they continue to do so. The 2nd Battalion made a very creditable début in Indian rugger ; may they also continue to do " so " and more.

The M.C.C. are running two tours, and possibly more for all I know, but the two I know of and refer to are the Australian-New Zealand tour and that in the West Indies ; both are what one may term cricket holidays. I don't mean to say that the cricket played isn't of a serious character, but one doesn't have the feeling that if either team lose a representative match that England has failed to do her duty. Is England by the way a " she " or an " it," I am certain " she " or " it " isn't a " he," which after all might very well be the case ?

Before I put up my pen for another four months I must just put down a rather good anecdote I read in an article in the *Morning Post*, recording some of the doings of that great hitter, C. I. Thornton, a memory of the writer's boyhood, but to most of my readers only a hero of the dark ages. He was playing on one occasion at Scarborough, and off the bowling of A. G. Steel drove a ball over a four-storeyed house into Trafalgar Square. It is said that his wife, when told where the ball pitched, asked, quite innocently, if the match was at Lord's or at the Oval.

OLD STAGER.

SIMPLE DOGS III.

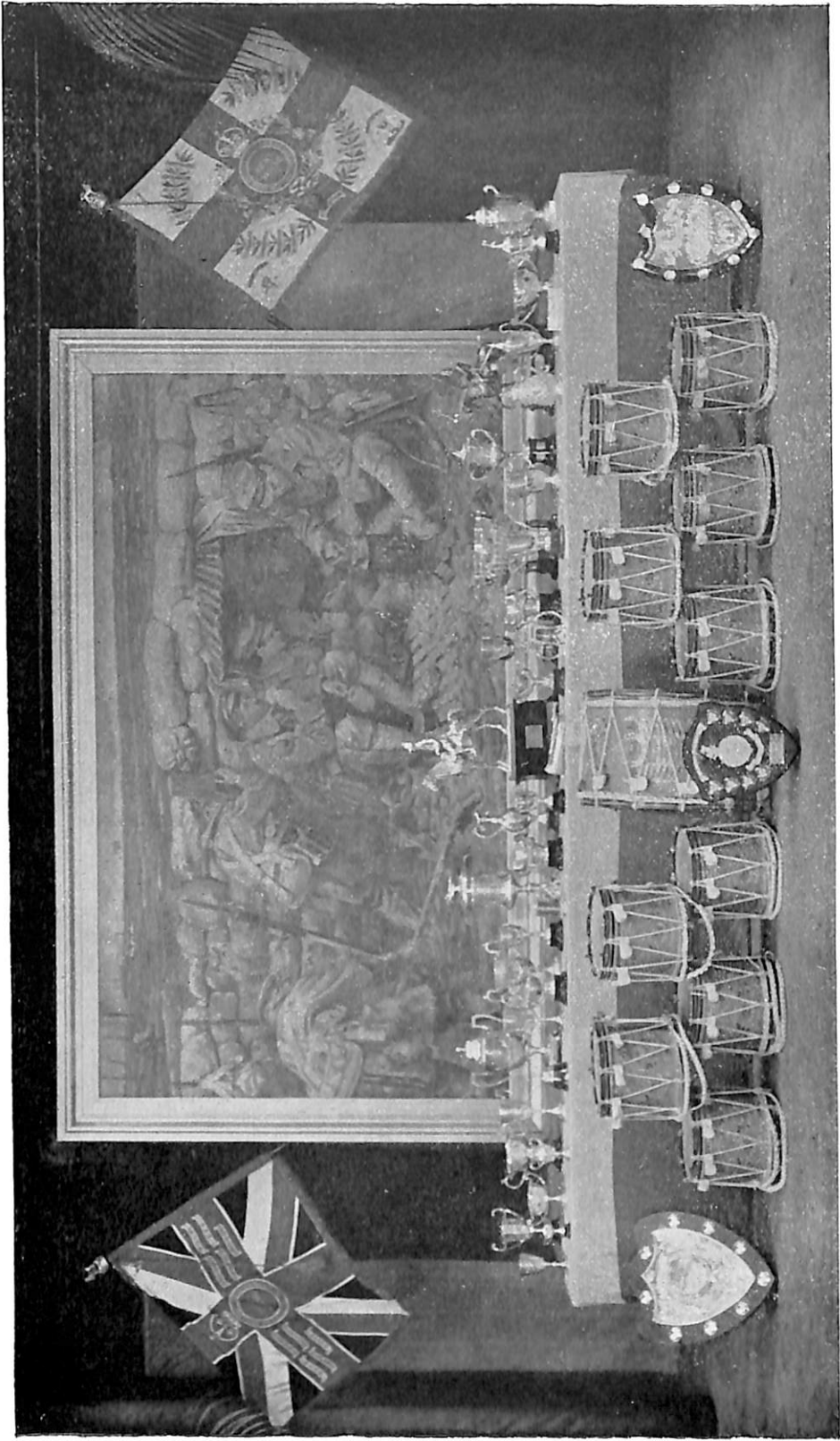
Ambrose.

Whenever Ambrose
Went for a walk
With Master,
Everyone would point at him
And laugh
And say, " Oo, Look,
What is it ? "
To be sure,
Ambrose,
At this Stage,
Was not exactly
A Beauty ;
His Legs were very thin
And wobbly
And knobbly ;
His Tail
Was rather like a very large Rat's,
And his Tummy was usually
Distended.
However,
Ambrose in nowise resented
The foolish Jests
Of the Vulgar-and-Ignorant.
He could afford to
Wait.

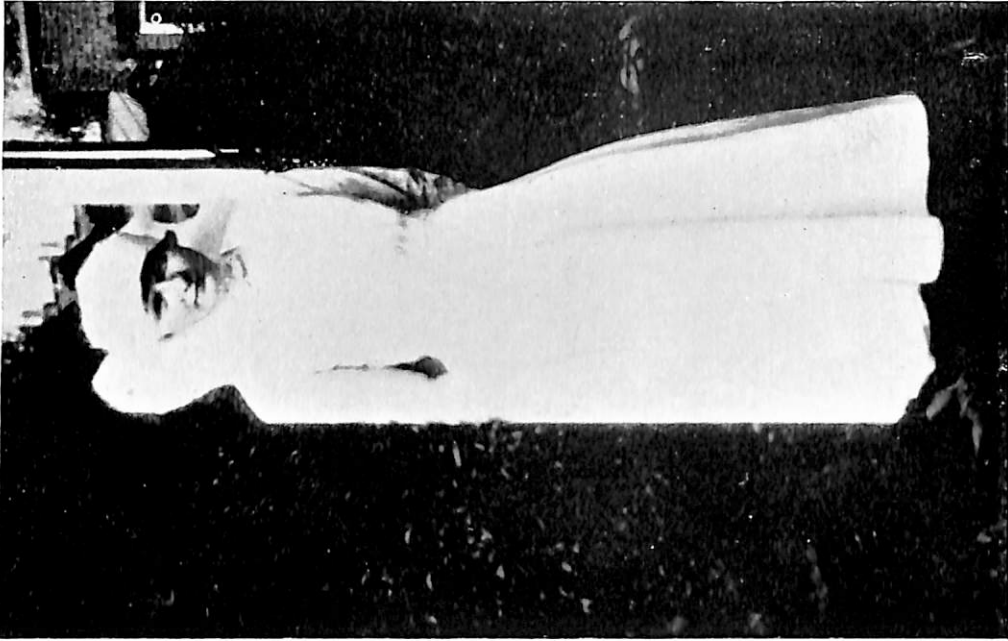
Well, Ambrose grew up
And one Day
Master
Took him to Wembley.
They put a little jacket on him
Marked No. 1,
And shut him up in a
Sort of Hen-coop,
And there was a Thing called a
Lectric Hare.
And They opened the Hen-coop
And Ambrose
And some other Dogs
Ran after the Lectric Hare,
And though none of them caught it,
Ambrose ran the Fastest,
And was given
A Gold Cup .
And Everyone said
" Oo, Look,
What a Beautiful
Handsome
Greyhound."

Ambrose
Never even said,
" There, What Did I Tell You ? "
Wherein he displayed,
As you must admit,
Considerable Restraint.

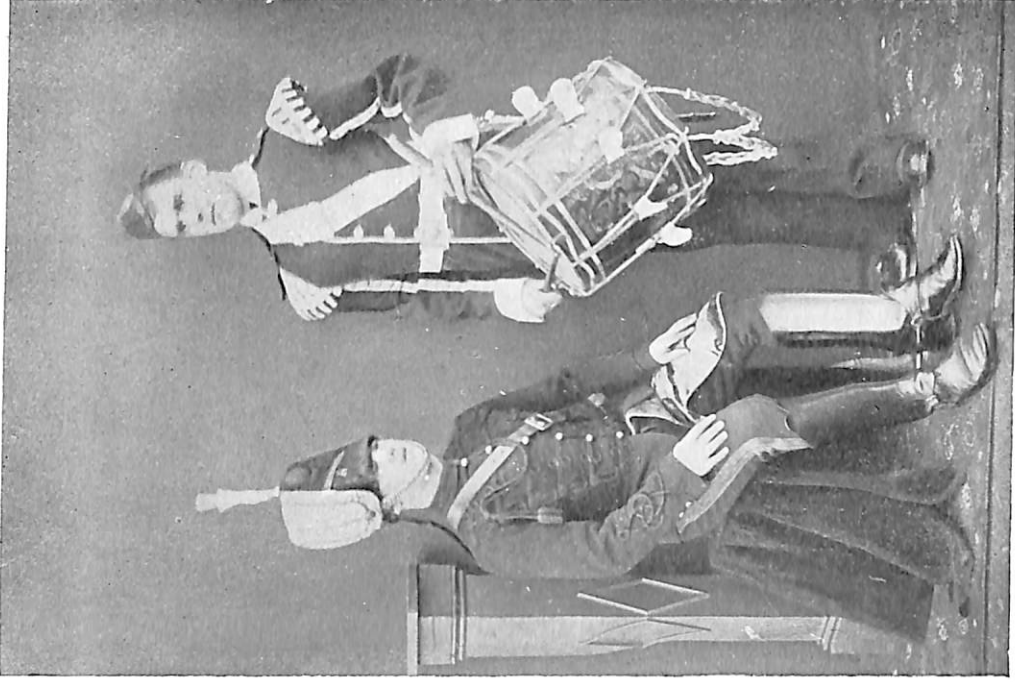
NEWOR.



5th BATTALION DRUMS AND OFFICERS' MESS PLATE.



The late Miss Doreen Medley
(see page 72).



Drummer T. H. Matthews, 2nd Battalion, and Trumpeter J. Gillespie,
21st Hussars, Tipperary, 1884.

Another Aden Recollection.

It was the census time in 1892. As my share I was allotted the enumeration of Tawahi, the town near the embarkation place, the township of Maala and all the native shipping in the harbour. Tawahi and Maala were easy enough, because I could get in a preliminary enumeration or two, and could explain the enumeration papers, but the native shipping, seeing the fleeting nature of the craft, always coming, always going, presented some difficulties. I gave orders that all the dhows were to be drawn up in lines by 9.30 p.m., and that each was to show a light over the stern, and that that light was not to be extinguished till I had finished my work, and had given permission, and that no one whatever was to leave dhow or shore after the hour of 9.30 p.m., and until the extinguishing of the lights; and with these orders, I trusted to luck.

The French Consul at Aden at this time was a certain M. X., a good English scholar, but a bitter enemy of England, owing to an extreme jealousy of us. I saw him one evening in the Aden Club shake his clenched fist in the face of the First-Assistant Resident, and he said, "You English have all the best places in the world."

Somewhere in the early 90's there had been a conference at Brussels to try and arrive at some international means of putting a final end to slave-running. It arrived at nothing, and broke up, mainly because, if my memory serves me right, the then French Government would give us no real aid. Of course, in those days there was no entente.

Well, to return to the census. On reaching Maala Bandar, things looked all right. There were the dhows in their lines, each with its light hanging over the stern, and the police guard on the Bandar told me that no one had landed or gone off. At sharp midnight I began my work, and I finished the enumeration by, I think, 5 a.m., and after seeing the last light extinguished, went off to bed.

Little sleep was mine; I forget how much I got, but I was early awakened by a note from the Registrar of Trade, "Did you give leave to the French Consul to follow you round the dhows last night? He did so, and all the dhows that last night were flying the Arabian flag are to-day flying the Tricolour. I think you had better come up and investigate."

I did so; all the plain red flags had disappeared, and the French ensign was trailing astern of every dhow, perhaps not of every one, but, with this lapse of time, my memory is not clear; at anyrate, of very many, and of all the large ones.

I sent at once and ordered all the nakhodas (native captains) ashore with their ships' papers. They came, and their papers showed that each had on the previous day become a French vessel. Asked what it all meant, the story was the same in each instance. The French Consul had followed me to each dhow, accompanied, I suppose, by an interpreter. Would they become French? He would make them so, and it would only cost them a few rupees. Why, they asked, should they? and the Consul had replied, "You used to be able to run slaves?" Yes, they did. "And you can't do it now?" No, they couldn't. "No," said the Consul, "the British cruisers won't let you?" No, that was a fact. "But you'd like to do it again?" Just wouldn't they. "Very well," said the Consul, "take out French colours, I can do all that is necessary, and there isn't a British cruiser in the world that will dare to overhaul you." So they swallowed the bait and did.

I annexed the whole of their papers, and left them with the First-Assistant Resident, telling him the story as above, and went home.

I soon had a furious letter from the Consul asking me how I had dared to act as I had done, and ordering me to return the papers to him at once. I sent salaam, and referred him to the First-Assistant.

The matter went as far as the Foreign Office, and the final outcome was that M. X. was removed from Aden, and was told that he would never again be employed in any British possession.

R. P. C.

The Testament of Beauty and the Soldier.

FEW readers of the IRON DUKE will have the leisure, or perhaps the inclination, to study the long philosophical poem in which Dr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, has gathered up the fruits of a long and full life. But it would be a pity if soldiers as a whole were to miss what he has to say about the profession of arms; for it has a very timely importance.

No one would deny that the year 1929 has been marked by the vigorous growth of the ideal of peace. Books and plays portraying the horror of war have been poured out in an unceasing stream; speeches by statesmen and soldiers alike have expressed the universal aspiration that those horrors shall not again find a place in the life of civilized peoples. In short, it seems to be generally realised that as General Smuts says, war is an activity of youth and nations which are attaining adult life will abjure it.

What effect has all this upon the popular estimation of the soldier; and what effect does it have upon the soldier himself? No doubt many understand and welcome the determination to achieve a lasting peace; many more dismiss it from their minds with cheerful indifference or contempt, but some may misunderstand, seeing in it a discrediting of their calling, and may ask themselves, "Where do I come in?"

This is where it is heartening to find that the Poet Laureate, who, in spite of his eighty-five years is modern enough to welcome aviation, broadcasting, and the new desire for peace, has yet a good word to say for the soldier, and a wise word to say about war. It is a noble tribute paid by the man of letters to the man of arms; and the passage is worth quoting in full.

- 531 "The Spartan General Brasidas, the strenuous man,
 who earned historic favour from this conquered foe,
 once caught a mouse foraging in his mess basket
 among the figs, but when it bit him let it go,
 praising its show of fight in words that Plutarch judged
 worth treasuring; and since I read the story at school
 unto this hour I have never thought of Brasidas
 and cannot hear his name, but that I straightway see
 a table and an arm'd man smiling with hand outstretched
 above a little mouse that is scampering away.
- 547 The soldier seeth the instinct of selfhood in the mouse
 to be the same impulse that maketh virtue in him.
 For Brasidas held that courage ennobleth man
 and from unworth redeemeth, and that folk who shrink
 from venture of battle in self-defence are thereby doom'd
 to slavery and extinction; and so this mouse, albeit
 its little teeth had done him a petty hurt, deserved
 liberty for its courage, and found grace in man.
 I had disliked Brasidas if he had killed the mouse;
 needless taking of life putteth reason to shame,
 and men so startle at bloodshed that all homicide
 may to a purist seem mortal pollution of soul.
 But Fatherhood dispenseth with this vain taboo;
 the duty of mightiness is to protect the weak;
 and since slackness in duty is unto noble minds
 a greater shame and blame than any chance offence
 ensuing on right conduct, this hath my assent,
 that where there is any savagery, there will be war;
 the warrior, therefore, needeth no apology."

In another place (line 898) the soldier is described as
 "one compact at heart
 of sterner virtues and modesty of maintenance,
 mute witness and martyr of spiritual faith, a man
 ready at call to render his life to keep his soul."

A last quotation shows the poet's attitude towards war :

874 "The pride of animals and virtue of savagery,
 so long as men be savage such it remaineth ;
 and mid the smoke and gas of its new armoury
 retaineth its old glory untarnished—heroism,
 self-sacrifice, discipline, and those hardy virtues
 of courage honoured in Brasidas, without which
 man's personality were meaner than the brutes."

Even thus torn from their setting, the lines have a dignity and loftiness, and above all a certain finality, that puts to shame some of the "war literature" of to-day. These thoughts we feel are not the fruits of a temporary mood of reaction, but of a mind in contact with enduring realities—a mind generous, humane and wise.

"MIDDLEBROW."

PRIZE COMPETITION RESULT.

To say that we were disappointed in the number of entries received for this competition is to put it mildly. We had hoped that with the high standard of education now obtaining in the Army there would be at least a dozen "other ranks" from the two Line and four T.A. battalions that would have had a shot at it, apart from the many past members who should be able to write up something interesting or amusing on the subject set. We should like any of our readers who thought about the competition at all, but who for any reasons did not enter, to write to us and tell us why they were put off, and for any reader whatever to give us suggestions for making an essay competition more popular before we again offer a prize.

Only two entries were received. One, a very good effort by Cpl. J. Stead, of the 2nd Battalion, was unfortunately disqualified owing to its length. The rules clearly stated that the essay must not exceed 750 words, and his article was well over 800. It was a pity, as had Stead taken the trouble to count up the words he could have found no difficulty in cutting his essay down to within the limit, without in any way spoiling it, in fact, in several places it would have been improved by the curtailment. Space permitting we shall print his essay, shortened slightly by us, in the next issue.

The prize is awarded to Mr. C. J. Puplett (late C.S.I.M., 2nd Battalion), of Black Point, Halifax Co., Nova Scotia, whose essay is printed below. While congratulating him on his success we would also like to thank him for his generous request, which he made when sending in his essay, that if it was successful the amount of the award should be sent to the Old Comrades' Association as a contribution from himself. We are accordingly sending a cheque for 10s. to the Secretary of the Regimental Association.

As a consolation prize we have decided to award Cpl. Stead a year's subscription to the IRON DUKE, and numbers 15, 16 and 17 will be sent to him free of charge.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A GENERAL'S INSPECTION.

The first time that I became aware that I was subject to a General's inspection was over fifty years ago. It was in the 33rd Regimental School at Kamptee, C.I. I was one of the scholars and I remember that it was with something akin to awe we stood at attention

when the G.O.C., with plumed helmet and one arm, entered, passed a few remarks to the schoolmaster, Mr. McIlroy, and went out, leaving us wondering until enlightened.

General's inspection in the latter '80's and '90's, in so far as the stations were concerned, except Aldershot, in which the 2nd Battalion served, were what we may call repetitions. An inspection one year was almost similar to that of the previous year. As soon as the notification appeared in Battalion Orders that General's inspection would take place, and the date given, generally a week ahead, there seemed to be an upheaval at once. Conferences would take place, C.O. with company and other officers; Sergeant-Major with N.C. Officers, etc., under Company Officers inspections of kit, boots, arms, etc., would be the order of the day, whilst inspection of barrack-rooms seemed to become a mania; whitewash, paraffin oil, soap, etc., were supplied without stint. The battalion would parade one afternoon and handed over to the Quartermaster to set his mind at ease that when the parade was dismissed there would not be a blade of grass growing where it should not be.

Parades in marching order and drill order would follow one another in quick succession, and on all these parades marching past, bayonet, manual and firing exercises would be carried out, the Adjutant and the Sergeant-Major being held responsible for the exercises. An inspection would be held by the C.O. to satisfy himself the last day of preparation. The General's day would arrive, and posting himself at the saluting point, would remain there witnessing marching past, the exercises already mentioned, advance in line, etc., when we would be dismissed with the order, "Kits down at once." Whilst kits were being laid down, the G.O.C. and staff would visit institutes, etc., the orderly room kept busy by a staff officer checking guard reports with conduct sheets or inspection of books and other documents. Kit and barrack room inspections would take place. When these were concluded the G.O.C. and staff would adjourn to the Officers' Mess for lunch. That finished, horses would be brought up and the general salute being heard, would be let known that he had left, and all was over for the day, and the tension would relax. The next day would be allotted for drill and skirmishing, and a third day may be taken up in a field day; one half battalion against the other. A few days after an order would be published in which it would be stated that the G.O.C. was pleased with the turn-out of the battalion (or otherwise, very seldom), precision in marching past and the several exercises with arms, etc. So would end an inspection of the old type.

Musketry and field training did not hold the place in inspections as they do at the present day, as regards the proficiency of the infantry soldier. Companies undergoing the same would consider a visit by the G.O.C. or one of his staff unusual. After his annual inspection the G.O.C. would only be seen at reviews, church parades, or some occasional field day.

In my latter days of soldiering this was gradually altered. The G.O.C. was allowed more scope in his inspections, ceremony was more or less curtailed. Other ranks were allowed to be more on the initiative; no standing around waiting for an officer to make a move if such was required. G.O.C.'s, by unexpected and frequent visits to units or parts composing the same on the range, in barracks, field training, etc., gain a greater knowledge of the same as to their proficiency, and make his report accordingly. The comparison between the old and new type of inspection is in favour of the latter, for in the light of later days the old seemed to have served no useful purpose, being more of a bugbear to all those concerned.

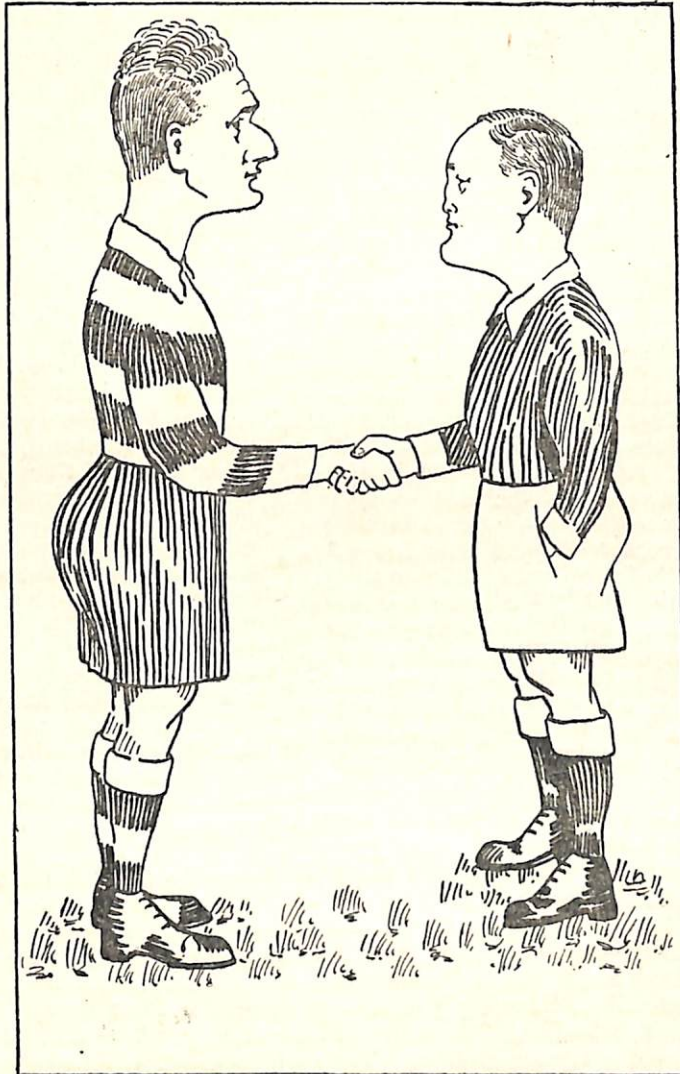
In conclusion, having mentioned my first General's inspection, I may add that my last was with the Canadian Army Pay Corps.

C. J. PUPLETT (late C.S.I.M.).

Rugby Football at Halifax.

Lt. W. F. Browne's XV. versus Halifax. Played at Ovenden Park, Halifax, 19th November, 1929. Result, Browne's XV., 18 points; Halifax, 3.

I am convinced that a considerable number of readers of the IRON DUKE will be interested to know that the series of matches between the Halifax Club and scratch teams, mainly composed of international players, have now become an accepted annual feature in the Halifax programme of fixtures.



W. WILKINSON,
Halifax and England.

LT. W. F. BROWNE,
Devonport Services and Ireland.

The connection or liaison between the Depot, the 1st Battalion, and the Halifax Club, has been largely responsible for this happy state of affairs, and supporters of the R.U.

code, particularly in the West Riding, are exceedingly grateful and appreciative of the successful efforts that have been made.

The first scratch side of this description was brought to Halifax in February, 1926, by C. A. Kershaw. It was in that particular game that we saw the famous Davies and Kershaw combination together in action for the last time in their respective careers, and everyone who saw the game will agree that they looked "good enough for England" even then.

Lt. W. F. Browne has, since that first match, brought up four different sides to Halifax, each side being of the highest calibre. This officer has had a by no means light task in raising these teams, and has greatly endeared himself by his efforts, both on the field and off, to the people of Halifax.

The Halifax Club, which is one of the strongest combinations in the North of England, has not so far managed to beat their famous opponents in any of the five games played, although two years ago a draw was the result of one of the hardest and best games ever seen at Ovenden Park.

This year the scratch fifteen lowered the Halifax Club's colours for the first time since the commencement of the season. It was an excellent game, but played under unusually bad climatic conditions. Rain fell heavily throughout the game.

The undermentioned players turned out for Lt. Browne's XV. :—full-back, W. J. A. Davies (United Services and England); three-quarters, Sir T. G. Devitt (Blackheath and England), A. L. Novis (Blackheath and England), J. E. Hutton (Hong Kong Bank and Kent), W. H. Wood (Devonport Services and E.T.); half-backs, F. Williams (Cardiff and Wales), and H. B. Style (Harlequins and Middlesex); forwards, W. G. E. Luddington (Devonport Services and England), P. W. Adams, (Harlequins and Surrey) G. R. Beamish (Leicester and Ireland), C. M. Usher (London Scottish and Scotland), F. D. Prentice (Leicester and England), W. W. Wakefield (Harlequins and England), W. F. Browne (Devonport Services and Ireland), and L. E. Saxby (Gloucester and Gloucestershire).

It will be seen from the above that Halifax were up against a particularly "hot side," and although one or two of the names may suggest that their owners have reached the veteran stage, there did not appear to be a single "old man" in the side. Major C. M. Usher, who played for Scotland some few years ago, showed wonderful stamina for an "old gentleman" of thirty-nine, which really is a great age for rugby; he was going very strongly indeed right up to the bitter end of eighty minutes fast football in pitiless rain, and a driving wind. Incidentally, this gallant officer has expressed his intention of playing at least one game a year until he is fifty, more power to his elbow!

I will not attempt to describe the run of the play in detail, sufficient is it to say that the Halifax pack, who were magnificent throughout, held their powerful opponents, and gave their backs more than a fair share of the ball. When one considers that six of the scratch pack were internationals, the performance of the local pack was one of which they can be justly proud. In passing perhaps I should mention in justification to the visitors, that six, if not seven, of the Halifax pack have played or are playing this season for the Yorkshire County side.

The pace and cleverness of the visitors' backs really decided the issue. Frank Williams, the Welsh fly-half, A. L. Novis and W. H. Wood stood out rather as particularly bright stars amidst a galaxy of talent. A. L. Novis was most impressive, and on his form must be one of the best centre three-quarters in England to-day. It is sincerely to be hoped that the English selectors will not see fit to waste his undoubted talent on the wing again. He was played on the wing position against Scotland last March.

Beamish, Novis, Wood and Prentice scored tries for the visitors, Prentice converting three. Berry scored a try for Halifax. The cartoon of H. Wilkinson and Lt. W. F. Browne was drawn for the occasion by Mr. J. J. Glendinning, of Halifax.

A Marseillaise Night.

THEY had come into Marseilles with a cargo of coal from the Tyne, and the Old Man and his passenger, wanting a change from ship's fare, had left the miles of docks and Sailor Town behind them in search of a good dinner. They found it in a small restaurant off the Cannebiere, where they enjoyed the delights of French cooking, and an excellent bottle of wine, over which they discussed the sea, ships, and, most interesting of all, human nature.

Having at length finished their coffee and liqueurs, they bade adieu to the bowing waiters and went off in search of some place of amusement, but with little success. Cinema shows with a few indifferent turns not being to their taste, they betook themselves to a café on the Cannebiere, where they sat and listened to a very good orchestra, and watched men and women from all parts of the globe moving up and down the street.

Here they remained for some time, until they eventually began to wend their way down the Rue de la Republique, through the heart of Sailor Town.

"I wonder where Jimmy the One and Old Tubby are to-night?" remarked the Passenger. "Can't say, but we might find them in here," replied the Old Man as they drew alongside the Newcastle Arms, better known to sailors as Fanny's Bar.

They hove to and turned in, to be greeted by Fanny, a lady of character, whose knowledge of the movement of ships and the whereabouts of sailors is second to none. She had not seen their friends, but was only too glad to exchange all the latest news. She soon had our two friends seated at a table, while on the other side of a low partition an electric piano thumped out the suggestion that all should go to Mary's house, to which some young sailors with their fair partners were pointing the light fantastic toe.

The place was full, men and girls were talking, laughing and drinking, when the general hubbub was suddenly brought to a stop by the report of a revolver in the dance hall. There was no casualty.

"Sit still, don't move!" was the order from the bar, with which everybody complied, whispering to each other and trying to look unconcerned.

In rushed two gendarmes, revolvers well to the fore, round the corners. The police always hunt in couples in this part of Marseilles, where most people go armed despite the law against it.

A young Norwegian was the culprit. Everybody felt sorry for him as he did not look a truculent sort of person. He was quickly searched, handcuffed and marched off, not even allowed to speak to his friend. A fat gendarme's foot saw to that. This event considerably marred the proceedings, and our friends soon took their leave.

"Queer show that," remarked the Old Man when they were well outside, "can't make head or tail of it, there did not seem to be a row on, and he looked a decent enough sort of chap."

"One of those confounded automatics, I expect," replied his companion, "I know their safety catches are no good. Thank goodness mine is alright," he added as he stroked his hip pocket.

DREADNOUGHT.

Correspondence.

36 Christchurch Road, Winchester,

Dear Sir,

5/12/29.

I have in my possession two unmounted photographs of the 1912 1st Battalion Rugby XV., of which Lt. V. N. Kidd was captain.

One of them is a combined group of the Madras Gymkhana XV. and 1st Battalion Rugby XV., taken at Calcutta (?).

The other is of the Rugby XV. only.

I shall be very glad to forward either or both of the above photographs to any applicant who might care to write to me at the above address.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

R. A. SCOTT, Capt.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

EMERY.—Shortly before Easter, 1929, Mr. G. Emery, late Colour-Sergeant, 2nd Battalion. Mr. Emery enlisted in the 1st Battalion on Feb. 16th, 1892, and in June, 1893, joined the 2nd Battalion at Wynberg, Cape Colony. He served with the 2nd Battalion's detachment of the Burmah Mounted Infantry in the South African War. In 1908 he was posted to the permanent staff of the 4th Battalion, and was discharged to pension on Feb. 15th, 1913. [We regret that the news of Mr. Emery's death only reached us just as we were going to press.]

JOHNSTONE.—On Jan. 12th, 1930, at Stace House, Tenterden, Kent, of heart failure, Lt.-Col. Beresford Assheton Johnstone, O.B.E., J.P., late Indian Army and 9th Service Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Col. F. A. Hayden writes:—“Those who served in the 9th Battalion in the early days of the war will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of Lt.-Col. Beresford A. Johnstone, O.B.E., on Jan. 12th. He was second in command of the 9th Battalion from October, 1914, until November, 1915, including two months in temporary command, when he was invalided from the Ypres Salient. He formerly belonged to the Indian Army, from which he retired as a major before the war on account of ill-health. He left the 9th Battalion early in 1916, and was then sent to India to take over command of a Territorial battalion of Indian troops at Poona. He was promoted Lt.-Colonel and commanded this battalion until it was demobilized after the Armistice. Col. Johnstone, who was a J.P. for Kent County, kept up his interest in the 9th Battalion until the end of his life. Only this last Christmas he wrote and told me he would be coming to the West Country in June, and we arranged to meet again here then. I shall always remember him as a real white man.”

KELLY.—On Jan. 1st, 1930, at the New Talbot Inn, Woolshops, Halifax, Mr. J. J. Kelly, late Sergeant 2nd Battalion. Mr. Kelly enlisted in the 1st Battalion in 1895, serving with that Battalion at Malta and during the South African War. Later he was transferred to the 2nd Battalion, in India, and proceeded with that Battalion to France in August, 1914. He was taken prisoner at Wasnes early in the War, and was not released till the cessation of hostilities, when he was posted to the Depot. He was discharged after 25 years' service with the Colours.

WHITEFOOT.—On Jan. 3rd, 1930, Mary Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. H. Whitefoot, at their residence, Mayfield House, Leymoor Road, Golcar. Mrs. Whitefoot was married at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, in 1897, her husband being a sergeant in the 2nd Battalion. She accompanied Lady Belfield, as maid, to England in 1897, her husband afterwards being posted to the permanent staff of the 3rd Battalion.

Many of our readers will regret to hear of two recent deaths, a son and daughter of past members of the Regiment.

The first, Capt. C. L. Wood, M.C., only son of Major and Mrs. H. W. W. Wood, died in hospital in Toronto on 30th October, 1929, at the age of 37. Capt. Wood had been confined to bed for the past three years from a broken spine, the result of a motor accident. He was buried with full military honours. Capt. Wood had a distinguished career in France, commanding his battalion at the age of 26, when all the senior officers had been killed or wounded, and for his coolness and courage on this occasion he was awarded a bar to his Military Cross. His father, Major H. W. W. Wood, who served in both the 1st and 2nd Battalions, is, of course, well-known to many of our readers.

Miss Doreen Medley, who died on 5th November, 1929, at the Marillac Sanatorium, Warley, near Brentwood, was a daughter of the late Sgt.-Dmr. F. Medley, of the 1st and

3rd Battalions, who died in 1926, and of Mrs. Medley. The Regiment will be proud of a daughter who heroically gave her life in the service of others. She was a trained hospital nurse, and had been nursing tuberculosis cases, mostly ex-servicemen in the last stages of the disease, in the London Fever Hospital. In 1926 she returned home to nurse her father, and when he died she returned to her work in the hospital in a low state of health, and it was then that she contracted the disease from which she died. A photograph of Miss Medley appears opposite page 65.

We regret that in the obituary notice of the late Mr. Harry Rollinson on page 68, of No. 12 of the IRON DUKE, we wrongly reported him as having been R.S.M. of the 11th Service Battalion. This was not so, as it was his brother, Mr. J. Rollinson, who held this appointment, and who is now living in Halifax.

Reviews.

COMMANDO: A BOER JOURNAL OF THE BOER WAR. By Deneys Reitz.—The author of this book has a wonderful record. Colonel Reitz is the son of a former President of the Orange Free State, and after a "pleasant Tom-Sawyerlike" boyhood, he joined up as a lad of seventeen at the outbreak of the Boer War, and served right through to the end. After peace was concluded he went into exile in Madagascar, where he wrote these memoirs. He returned to his own country, however, and later he fought on the side of the Allies in the Great War, both in West and South Africa, and then in France, where he came to command the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The first part of the book relates of the fighting in Natal under Generals Joubert and Botha; the battle of Spion Kop is described in detail, and, of course, from an unfamiliar standpoint. Then came the guerilla warfare under General Delarey in the Western Transvaal. But the most thrilling part is the last, which describes the fighting and marching, the privations and hairbreadth escapes, with General Smuts in Cape Colony.

There is no strategy and very little tactics in the book, which is of intense human interest. We are given a vivid picture of life among the Boer forces, and make the acquaintance of many "characters"—human and equine. There are glimpses, too, of well-known personages—Kruger and Mrs. Kruger, Kitchener, Maritz, De Wet, and Winston Churchill as a (temporary) prisoner of war. Other things which should not be missed are the dramatic story of Colaine the spy; the invasion, by successive hungry waves of Briton and Boer, of the farmhouse of a certain Mr. Guest; and the sudden promotion of the author, in one morning, from batman to chief of the staff to General Smuts.

The latter has written a preface to "Commando," and has thus summed it up: A book was wanted which would give us some insight into the human side of this epic struggle between the smallest and greatest of peoples. Here we have it at last."

MIDDLEBROW.

THE WEARY ROAD. By Charles Douie (John Murray, 7s. 6d.).—Among the plethora of war books that have appeared during the last eighteen months there have been a few that have perhaps given the war a sort of halo of grandeur and sentiment, while the majority have dealt almost wholly with its sordid and dehumanising side; some in fact being little more than anti-war propaganda. In these "Recollections of a Subaltern of Infantry" the author has kept a steady middle course, and the result is a most powerful and balanced book; to the present writer by far the best war book he has read. To quote Major-Gen. Sir Ernest Swinton in his preface to the book, "Mr. Douie, a young and impressionable man, served through the War on the Western Front—where warfare was waged in its most intense form—and in Italy. He was in the fighting line, and rose to the command of a company in that arm, the infantry, which has in the past usually borne the brunt of the battle, and in the Great War most certainly did. He is, therefore, by personal experience and first-hand knowledge well equipped to speak. . . . His descriptions without being overloaded with 'purple,' are realistic and graphic, and will bring back poignantly to many of his readers the events and scenes of past years."

Mr. Douie went to the War from school, and though not a regular officer, was posted to the 1st Bn. The Dorset Regiment, his county regiment, with which he also had an additional tie in an uncle killed at the Battle of the Marne. With them he fought over ground familiar to many of our readers, described with a vividness that brings it before the mind's eye almost too realistically; and yet it is all so simply told that it seems as though anyone might have been able to have written it. It is impossible in the limited space available to quote much from it, and it must be read as a whole to be appreciated. I read it myself in two evenings, in the midst of work on this issue of the IRON DUKE, at a time when books are taboo, and found it difficult to put it down. But I must just quote from a portion of what the author writes in praise of the Regular Army: "The Regular Army is not in the habit of singing its own praises. It has no publicity department. It is singularly impervious to praise or blame. It

was not seriously disturbed by the criticisms levelled against it by excited politicians many years ago ; indeed, a soldier still refers affectionately to other soldiers as 'the brutal and licentious' in commemoration of an historic speech during the Boer War." And further on he says : "I have no wish to depict the professional soldier in terms of romance. He regards himself in no such light. I have been at pains only to show that he has something which is commonly denied him—a creed. The dead of 1914 'went without a word' in accordance with their traditions ; they rest content under the splendid epitaph of A. E. Housman :

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead."

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTE. No. 496 (November, 1929).—In view of the widespread activities of men of all nations, classes, and religions in the cause of universal peace, the League of Nations, and the recently signed Peace Pact, the reader will find of very great interest an article by "Ponocrates" entitled "Is War Possible?" Not everyone will agree with his conclusion that "when the bread-and-butter issues of the world are considered even at the present time, it would seem safe to prophesy that within a century war is not only possible but certain." But the article is reasoned and moderate, and the reader will find in it many interesting considerations of the causes of wars ; while the majority will surely agree with the closing sentence : "If this be a reasoned statement, nations would do well neither to drop out the study of war, nor to allow their defence to grow so weak as to be irreparable."

Of the other articles contained in this number, the following are of particular interest : "The Commander and his Officers," by Captain L. H. B. Bevan, R.N., and "Panic in War," by Brig.-Gen. H. Rowan Robinson, C.M.G., D.S.O. In the latter the writer quotes many examples of panic in various campaigns, and the reader will perhaps be surprised to learn of the great number of cases of panic among the German troops during the Great War ; many caused by most trivial circumstances, and on occasion to some of the finest and most seasoned men. The writer quotes a reminiscence from his earlier days on the N.W. Frontier when "the pet donkey of the British regiment of the Brigade strayed outside the perimeter camp at nightfall, and appears to have given the wrong counter-sign when challenged on attempting to re-enter. Being fired on, he galloped round and round the camp seeking a fresh place of ingress, drawing the fire of the whole garrison. In the morning he returned, unhurt but hungry." We seem to remember hearing of a similar incident, in which our 3rd Battalion took part, in the South African War (1899-1902).

THE CATALOGUE OF THE PARKER GALLERY.—We are very grateful to the Parker Gallery for sending us their beautifully illustrated catalogue of old historical prints. The majority of the 584 portraits are of sailors and soldiers ; and of the battle pictures 66 are military ones. The catalogue is handsomely got up, and has been prepared with much care and provided with a good index ; hence it will be invaluable to collectors or to anyone interested in old prints.

THE MACHINE GUN COMMANDER'S MEMORY CARD, published by Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd., Aldershot. A small folding card cover, containing four pages of concentrated information on the duties of a platoon commander, a senior section commander, a junior ditto, a senior and junior sub-section commander, which should be very useful to all machine gunners.

EDITOR.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals :—*The Covenanter* (Sept., Nov.), *The Tiger and Sphinx* (Sept., Nov.), *The Dragon* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Snapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Bugle* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Sapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *The Gunner* (Nov., Dec.), *The Light Bob* (Oct.), *The St. George's Gazette* (Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov.), *The Lillywhite's Gazette* (Aug., Nov.), *The Lion and the Rose* (Aug.), *The Argyllshire Highlanders News* (Oct., Dec.), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Sept.), *The Link* (Oct.), *The Journal of the Army Educational Corps* (Sept., Dec.) ; also *Our Empire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.), *Owl Pie* (1929), *The Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research* (July, Oct.), *The Imperial Club Magazine* (Christmas, 1929).

Notices.

REGIMENTAL TIE.

A Regimental Tie for Other Ranks of the 1st Battalion has been chosen and approved, price 2s. 6d. It consists of Broad Maroon and Broad French Grey Stripes, the Regimental Colours.

WARRANT OFFICERS AND COLOUR SERGEANTS, JANUARY, 1930.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGT (WEST RIDING). [33]

West Riding Area.

The late Duke of Wellington's Crest, with the motto in an scroll above, "*Virtutis fortuna comas.*" An Elephant, with howdah and mahout, circumscribed "Hindoostan," ensigned with the Imperial crown.

"**Dettingen**," "Mysoor," "Serlingapatnam," "Aily Gur," "Delhi, 1803," "Leswarree," "Deji," "Corunna," "Nive," "Peninsular," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Abyssinia," "Relief of Kimberley," "Paardeberg," "South Africa, 1900-02," "Alghamian, 1919."

The Great War—21 Battalions.—"Mons," "Le Cateau," "Retreat from Mons," "Marne 1914," "18," "Aisne, 1914," "La Bassée, 1914," "Ypres, 1914," "15," "17," "Nonne Bosschen," "Hill 60," "Gravenstafel," "St. Julien," "Aubers," "Somme, 1916," "18," "Albert, 1916," "18," "Bazentin," "Deville Wood," "Pozières," "Fiers-Courcellette," "Morval," "Thiepval," "Le Transloy," "Ancre Heights," "Arras, 1917," "18," "Scarpe, 1917," "18," "Arlon," "Bullecourt," "Messines," 1917, "18," "Passechendele," "1917," "18," "Menin Road," "Polygon Wood," "Broodseinde," "Poelcappelle," "1917," "18," "Gambrai, 1917," "18," "St. Quentin," "Ancre, 1918," "St. Eloi," "Lys," "Estaires," "Hazebrouck," "Bailloult," "Kemmel," "Bethune," "Scherpenberg," "Hardenois," "Amiens," "Bapaume, 1918," "Drocourt-Queant," "Hindenburg Line," "Havrincourt," "Epéhy," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Valenciennes," "Cambrai," "France and Flanders, 1914-18," "Piave," "Vittorio Veneto," "Italy, 1917-18," "Savio," "Landing at Suva," "Scimitar Hill," "Gallipoli, 1915," "Egypt, 1916."

Agents—Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Cox's & King's Branch.
Regimental Journal.—"The Iron Duke," "Lhwyn-celyn, Pennal, Machynlleth, N. Wales"
Regimental Association—Old Comrades' Association, The Depot, Halifax.

Regular and Militia Battalions.

Uniform: Scarlet. Facings: Scarlet.
 1st Bn. (33rd Foot) Devonport | 3rd Bn. (6th West York Mil.) Halifax
 2nd Bn. (76th Foot) Almedingen | Record and Pay Office York
 Depot Halifax

Territorial Army Battalions.

4th Bn. ... Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax | 6th Bn. ... Drill Hall, Skipton-in-Craven
 5th Bn. ... Drill Hall, Huddersfield | 7th Bn. ... Drill Hall, Minsterbridge

Allied Regiment of Canadian Militia, The Yorkton Regiment, Yorkton, Saskatchewan.
Allied Battalion of Australian Infantry, 33rd Battalion, Armidale.

Colonel ... Belfield, Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., ret. pay, 2/8/09
 p.s.c. [R.]

1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.

Warrant Officers, Class 1. Regt. Sgt.-Majors. Pearce, L. J., M.C. (2) 19/7/18 Matthews, H., D.C.M., d. 3/9/25 Smith, E., D.C.M. (1) 4/7/28	Warrant Officers, Class 2—cont. Coy. Sgt.-Majors. Spencer, T., d. D.C.M., M.M., t. 19/3/18 Harrison, A., D.C.M., M.M., t. 25/10/18 Foster, G., t. 29/11/20 Ramsbottom, O., t. 24/1/24 Bourne, J., D.C.M. (Malay Vol. Regt., W.A.F.F.) 8/8/24 Brook, W. H., t. 18/8/24 Greenwood, A., t. 16/2/25 Coates, H. (1) 9/9/25 James, A. E. (2) 3/3/26 Bennett, H. (Army P.T. Staff) 8/3/26	Colour Sergeants. Coy. Sgt.-Majors. Cullen, E. (1) 29/12/23 Brown, M., d. 24/1/24 Walker, G. (2) 29/1/24 Nelville, T. (2) 14/1/25 Simpson, A. (4th Nigeria Regt., W.A.F.F.) 27/9/26 Wheatley, J. (2) 2/2/27 Flynn, V. H. (1) 1/11/27 Ferrah, P. (1) 14/3/28 Hemby, P. W. (2) 3/7/28 Churchill, F. (2) 1/12/28 Hemsworth, F. (1) 1/10/29
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Warrant Officers, Class 2.

1/10/16 17/12/21 15/10/24 15/10/25	Moseley, E. C. A., d. Coulter, J. (2) Hawley, E. (1) Norman, S. (1)	Warrant Officers, Class 2. Or.-Mr. Sgts. Beumont, J. H. Rowan, J. Simister, W. H. Oakes, J. S.
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The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)—contd.

4th Battalion (Territorials).

Drill Hall,
 Prescott Street, Halifax.
 Hon. Colonel.
 Savitz, The Lord, K.C.V.O., TD, 29/8/00

Warrant Officers, Class 2.
 Acting Regt. Sgt.-Major
 Foster, G., D.W.R. 1/2/26
 Or.-Mr. Sgts.
 Sherwood, T. S., D.C.M. 8/4/27
 Miller, G. J. (O.R.S.) 6/7/27

Coy. Sgt.-Majors.
 Brook, W. H., D.W.R. 18/8/24
 Greenwood, L., M.C. 17/6/26
 Wardingley, H. 2/6/26
 Hubbert, 2/6/26
 Noonan, W. 8/4/27
 Barr, C. H. 10/7/29

Colour Sergeants.
 Coy. Or.-Mr. Sgts.
 Farrell, C. 25/7/05
 Bass, E. 2/6/26
 Woodhead, F. 8/4/27
 Robinson, O. 3/4/28
 Rout, J. E. 10/7/29

5th Battalion (Territorial).

Drill Hall, Huddersfield.
 Hon. Colonel.
 Carville, Sir E. Hildred, Bt., C.B.E., TD, 23/6/06

Warrant Officers, Class 2.
 Acting Regt. Sgt.-Major
 Burnett, A. 1/4/25

Acting Bandmaster.
 Shields, J., D.C.M. 11/1/27

Or.-Mr. Sgt.
 Dent, G. 4/4/24

5th Battalion (Territorial)—contd.

Warrant Officers Class 2—contd.
 Coy. Sgt.-Majors.
 Ramsbottom, O., D.W.R. 24/1/24
 Hobson, N. 12/3/20
 Howard, E. 15/3/20
 Dunne, J. 10/3/27
 Eywater, H., M.M. 14/10/27
 Morelli, J. 19/12/27

Colour Sergeants.
 Coy. Or.-Mr. Sgts.
 Flood, B. H. 16/7/22
 Wroe, L. 4/3/25
 Blake, H. 23/6/27
 Hart, A. 30/6/28

7th Battalion (Territorial).
 Drill Hall, Milnsbridge.
 Hon. Colonel.
 Mellor, R. R., C.B.E., TD, 22/11/22

Warrant Officers, Class 2.
 Acting Regt. Sgt.-Major.
 Harrison, A. W., D.C.M., M.M., D.W.R. 25/10/19

6th Battalion (Territorial).

Drill Hall,
 Skipton-in-Craven.
 Hon. Colonel.
 Birbeck, J. 3/2/26

Warrant Officers, Class 2.
 Acting Regt. Sgt.-Major.
 Spencer, T., D.W.R. 19/3/18

Or.-Mr. Sgt.
 Norton, J., M.S.M. 30/4/20

Coy. Sgt.-Majors.
 Hardisty, H., M.M., D.W.R. 10/8/19
 Cutler, A. 16/2/25
 Barnes, J. W. 26/5/26
 Minnikin, J. W. 1/12/26
 Calvert, G. E. 19/5/28
 Smith, H. 9/5/29

6th Battalion (Territorial)—contd.

Colour Sergeants.
 Coy. Or.-Mr. Sgts.
 Frankland, G. 7/9/21
 Farrar, A. 27/5/25
 Lawson, H. J. 29/6/26
 Smith, S. 1/12/26
 Johnson, H. 19/5/28

Acting Bandmaster.
 Townend, J. 17/1/26

Or.-Mr. Sgt.
 Hatfield, A. 14/6/20
 Firth, F. (O.R.S.) 20/5/27

Coy. Sgt.-Majors.
 Greenwood, A. L., D.W.R. 16/2/25
 Smith, W. R. 14/6/20
 Lees, R. 30/6/20
 Hellauch, A. 30/7/22
 Neasey, J. 30/7/24
 Wilcox, R. P. 16/7/26

Colour Sergeants.

Coy. Or.-Mr. Sgts.
 Beumont, J. H. 24/7/21
 Ball, H. 30/7/22
 Rowan, J. 18/3/26
 Simister, W. H. 12/7/26
 Oakes, J. S. 1/6/29

Any other rank of the 1st Battalion requiring the above Tie should send 2s. 6d. and postage to.—
The Adjutant, 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regt., North Raglan Barracks, Devonport, Devon.

LEEDS AND DISTRICT OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION, D.W.R.

An Old Comrades' Association has been formed in Leeds, and Officers, W.O's, N.C.O's and Men on leaving the Service and resident in or near Leeds will receive a very hearty welcome. The main object of the branch at present is to enable past members of the Regiment to meet at regular intervals for social intercourse.

War Office Notes.

THE LONDON THOROUGHBRED STALLION SHOW FOR 1930.

8th November, 1929.

The War Office announces that a Show of Thoroughbred Stallions will be held, in conjunction with the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1930.

A Challenge Cup, presented by His Majesty The King, will be awarded for the champion stallion in the show; and a gold medal will be awarded by the War Office to the owner. Sixty King's premiums (including six super-premiums) will also be offered for award by the War Office.

In addition to the King's premiums, a very limited number of War Office premiums will be available for award on the recommendation of the County Horse Breeding Committees. These awards will not be made, however, until the routes of the King's premium stallions have been arranged.

Copies of the Regulations governing the award of the premiums can be had on application to the War Office.

SCHOLARSHIPS AT BRIGHTON COLLEGE FOR SONS OF ARMY OFFICERS.

29th November, 1929.

It is officially announced that an examination for one Gill Memorial Scholarship and one or two Gill Memorial Exhibitions will be held at Brighton College on 3rd and 4th June, 1930. Admission to compete in the examination is by nomination, and candidates must be

- (i) under 14½ years of age on 1st June, 1930, and
- (ii) the sons of officers who hold or have held His Majesty's commission in the Regular Army or, failing such candidates, sons of officers who hold or have held His Majesty's Commission in the Reserve or Auxiliary Military Forces.

The scholarship and exhibitions are each tenable at Brighton College for three years, but this period may, on the recommendation of the Headmaster, be extended to four years. The annual value of a scholarship is £81, and of an exhibition £60, reducing the amount payable by a parent or guardian to approximately £77 and £98 respectively, inclusive of all necessary extras.

Applications for nomination by the War Office (accompanied by birth certificates and certificates of conduct from the headmasters of the schools at which the boys attended during the previous two years) should reach the Under-Secretary of State (C.1), The War Office, London, S.W.1, not later than 30th April, 1930.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, 1930.

11th December, 1929.

The Royal Tournament for 1930 will be held at the Olympia from 29th May to 14th June, 1930, inclusive.

ARMY RESERVE.—TRAINING, 1930.

12th December, 1929.

It is notified in an Army Order that there will be no training during 1930 for Sections "B" and "D" of the Army Reserve.

STOP PRESS.

Fourth round of the Army Rugby Cup, 1st D.W.R. v. 2nd S.W.B. resulted in a draw, no score.

INFORMATION PAGE.

THE EDITOR still requests articles and stories of a light nature and personal notes, which, with all other contributions, for No. 16, should reach him not later than the 15th April. Punctuality in this helps him immensely and renders possible publication of I.D. to time.

Back Numbers can be obtained from the Business Manager, 1/3 per copy, including postage.

Readers are reminded that the continued success of the IRON DUKE greatly depends on circulation—every new subscriber helps. Therefore show this number to any non-subscribing "old Duke."

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