

No.16 June 1930



# THE IRON DUKE

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

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

VOL. VI.

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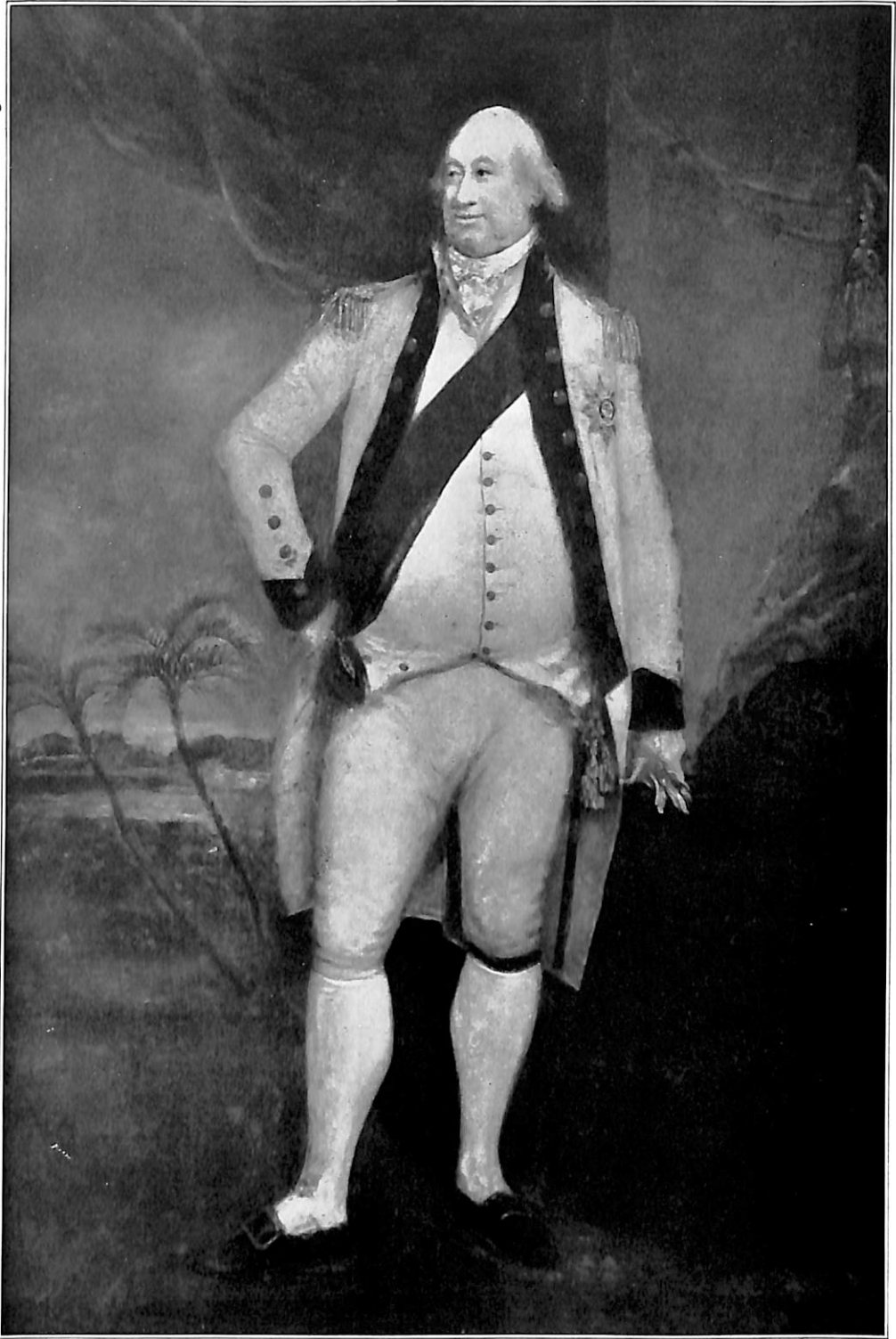
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LT.-GENERAL CHARLES, EARL CORNWALLIS.

# THE IRON DUKE

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## EDITORIAL.

**T**HE event of outstanding importance to the Regiment since our last issue is the decision to make an immediate start on the screen and gates for the Memorial Chapel in York Minster. Details of this appear on page 114.

We congratulate the 1st Battalion on again winning the Southern Command rugby football cup, and only wish we could have been in a position to do so in the case of the Army Cup. In boxing they have again scored successes, and we heartily congratulate Lt. J. Dalrymple on winning the Army middle-weight competition. Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull, though unsuccessful, earned high praise for his gallant fight. Both these officers represented the Army in the Imperial Services Championship, and Major Count Vivien Hollender, writing in the *Field*, says of them:—"Lt. J. Dalrymple was beaten by Flying Officer McLean on points. He was a gallant and unlucky loser, and the verdict would undoubtedly have been his had he not previously had a hard fight." While of Faithfull he wrote:—"So once again we saw the gallant Faithfull in the finals, a willing, plucky chopping-block. . . . If Faithfull's skill were equal to his pluck, Carnera, Scott, and Sharkey would all be off the map in one night." The same writer's remarks on the 1st Battalion's entries in the Army Championship are quoted in 1st Battalion News.

Heartiest congratulations to the 4th Battalion O.C.A. on their very successful gathering on Feb. 22nd last. An attendance of 279 members is a no mean achievement, and one to be proud of.

We also congratulate the 7th Battalion on winning the 49th Divisional cross-country championship on March 15th.

We very much regret that up to date no news has been received from the Yorkton Regiment, and we trust that they will make up for this omission by sending us a full account of their doings for our next issue.

We have to thank Lt.-Colonel W. S. Forsyth, who commanded the 33rd Australian Infantry up to the time of their disbandment, for very kindly sending us a copy of a book of reminiscences he has recently published, called "Garrison Gunners." Colonel Forsyth formerly commanded the 4th Australian Garrison Artillery, and the book contains short stories, humorous and historical, of episodes of their service in Australia, mostly during the Great War.

A new feature in this number takes the form of silhouette headings to some of the Regimental sports notes, and we are greatly indebted to Colonel C. S. Collison, D.S.O., who made the drawings specially for us. We welcome two other new artists who make their debut in No. 16: the illustrations to "Our Military Who's Who" being by Mrs. P. A. Turner, and the "Amazons" by an unknown pencil in the 2nd Battalion.

It is surprising how few old members of the Regiment are subscribers to the IRON DUKE. We hear that there were quite a number of ex-officers and other ranks at the O.C.A. dinner on April 26th who do not take the Magazine. Only some 300 past members of the Regiment subscribe, and we feel that at least double that number should be on our list. If only to keep in touch with the Regiment, one would imagine it was worth their while to expend 3s., the annual subscription for the Magazine. We hope all present subscribers will do their best to bring this home to those who do not take it.

We offer our apologies to R. G. T. for the misprint in his poem "A Doubtful Ode" on page 41 of our last number. "Ultimate thule" should, of course, read "ultima thule."

As we go to press, we hear that a detachment of the 2nd Battalion has been sent to Sholapur in connection with the disturbances there.

## FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lt.-General CHARLES, EARL CORNWALLIS, reproduced from a painting in the Council Room of the India Office by permission of the Secretary of State for India.

Lord Cornwallis was Colonel of the 33rd Foot from 21st March, 1766, until his death in 1806, soon after his arrival in India as Governor-General. He thus held the appointment for 40 years.

Lee, in his History of the 33rd Foot, gives the following sketch of his character :— " Cornwallis was only twenty-eight when he was so promoted [*i.e.*, to the command of the Regiment], yet he had seen some hard service. He had been aide-de-camp to Granby, who played such an active part in the German campaigns. He was present at Minden, and his regiment, when he was captain, was hotly engaged in the battle of Vellinghausen, not to mention many minor actions. His further service involved hard fighting in the battles at Wilhelmstadt and Lutterberg. He was therefore a veteran in spite of his youth, and an accomplished soldier, when the King made him one of his aides-de-camp, the year before he was appointed Colonel of the 33rd. When not actively campaigning he took an active part in parliamentary affairs, but he was a soldier before all else, and destined not only to high rank but to marked distinction. Trevelyan refers to him as an English aristocrat of the finest type, who, both now, and later, served the State in war, in politics, in diplomacy, and in high administration, enlightened, tolerant, and humane. The unbiased judgment concerning him was, that " if not a man of startling genius, he was a clear-sighted statesman, and an able general, as well as an upright English gentleman."

## 1st BATTALION NEWS.

WE are approaching the end of our last season in Devonport, we have received our marching orders, and move to Aldershot next February, so rumour has it. We relieve the East Yorks, and hear glowing accounts of our new barracks. Probably the martial atmosphere of Aldershot will be a great change from the sleepy west ; Laffan's Plain and Long Valley are neither so beautiful nor so romantic as Dartmoor and Tregantle ; nor shall we enjoy the advantage of having a first-class rugby team at our front door. On the other hand we shall be much nearer to the centre of things, and at least be able to spend more than three months out of the twelve in our own barracks.

Our programme for the summer is much the same as usual, with one important exception. Instead of manoeuvres, we go to Tidworth in July to erect camps for the O.T.C., and in August send twelve officers to assist the Territorials in their summer training. It ought to be a pleasant and instructive fortnight, and will do much towards improving that acquaintance with our Territorial battalions, which has suffered hitherto from our stations being so distant from Yorkshire. It is a pity that the whole Battalion cannot go, as is happening in some cases, but presumably that ever-present bogey finance gets in the way.

We have said good-bye to Brigadier Grant and take this opportunity of greeting our new Brigadier, Sir James Burnett, of Leys.

At the moment the pitifully small remnants of the Battalion left, after the claims of India were met, are musketeering at Tregantle. Nothing has occurred to mar the tranquillity of our existence beyond a fire in the hut of the O. i/c Pioneers, commonly attributed to his trying to cook the accounts for the benefit of the Quarterly Audit Board. A dead cow at the bottom of the cliffs has caused a certain amount of alarm and despondency. If it was washed up by the sea it comes under the heading of flotsam and jetsam and has to be removed by the Trinity Brethren. If it fell from the top, its owner is responsible. If, as seems probable, it flew over from Guernsey and had a heart attack while bathing, its disposal falls on the overlaiden shoulders of the R.S.M. Meanwhile there is feverish activity in the orderly room, who are uncertain whether instructions for the disposal of

ong deceased cows come in Animal Management or Regulations for the Management of Soldiers' Messing.

We must congratulate "D" Company on winning the Wallace Wright cup for the second year in succession. This is a cup for the best company soccer team in the garrison. Also the boxing team on again carrying off the garrison cup. Unfortunately they lost the Southern Command cup owing to lack of opportunities for training early in the year.

We have retained the Southern Command rugby cup, but again met our Waterloo in the semi-final of the Army cup, being beaten by the R.E.'s after sitting on their line for a large part of the game.

Lt. Faithfull and Lt. Dalrymple both boxed in the Army and I.S.B.A. championships. The following account is taken from the *Field*:—

#### FAITHFULL'S EPIC FIGHT.

In the heavyweights I have already referred to the glorious fight of Faithfull and Brittain-Jones a fight that will live in men's memories for many a day.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without congratulating The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. They would have supplied three officers, all great rugby football players, and two of them internationals. "Horsey" Browne, unfortunately in hospital, might have won the heavyweights, Dalrymple won the middles, and Faithfull was a finalist. A splendid achievement.

The Band is now in full possession of its new instruments and makes all its noises in a lower key. Everybody is fearfully braced about it except the band president, who is losing all his far from luxuriant locks in an effort to find the money.

We were very glad to welcome the Colonel of the Regiment to lunch on March 30th, and hoped he would be able to hear the new instruments. Unfortunately the weather was on its worst behaviour, and rendered any outdoor entertainment impossible.

Very shortly we shall have to say good-bye to four of the Regiment's oldest friends in Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wellesley and Major and Mrs. Boutflower. But the leave-taking can be postponed until the evil moment actually arrives.

The following is a true story.

Scene.—Dental Inspection.

Dental Officer: "Ah, pyorrhoea, I see."

Private Soldier: "No, Sir, bath-house man."

#### OFFICERS' MESS.

During December, January, and February anyone walking into the Mess might have reasonably thought that we were a depot and not a regular battalion. What with leave and courses claiming the attention of practically every officer in the Battalion, our average dining strength for at least two months could hardly have exceeded three officers. In fact for quite a considerable time our two celibate captains took it in turns to sit as president and vice-president, there being no one else to fill the bill. During Christmas time Lt. Hiddingh was the sole survivor. The strain on him however was so immense that the rebound found him at Hythe a few days later.

In March, however, the clans began to reassemble by easy stages, and we have to welcome three old and two new officers to the Battalion, Captain J. H. C. Lawlor from the Sudan, Captain C. Rowland from Africa, and Captain W. Hodgson from Malaya, also 2nd Lt. Fallon who hails from Trinity College, Dublin, and 2nd Lt. Bunbury from the Royal Military College; 2nd Lt. J. L. Holiday (5th Bn.) was attached to us for about five weeks and helped us to survive a quiet period, and when we closed the Mess at Devonport and re-opened at Tregantle we were reinforced by Lt. Coghlin of the Supplementary Reserve, who arrived to renew his acquaintanceship of last summer, and incidentally to fire a weapon training course.

During March we took the opportunity of entertaining to dinner the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Hubert Brand, and Staff, and also Brigadier Carpenter, Royal Marines. We also were fortunate in being able to receive Brigadier Grant on the very evening on which he gave up his command of the 8th Infantry Brigade, and take this chance of congratulating him on his promotion to the rank of Major-General. Finally,



we dined our old friends the Wiltshires on the eve of their departure for Egypt, where they are now stationed at Alexandria. On March 23rd General Belfield came over from Torquay and lunched in the Mess.

A Mess tent was organised for the Dartmoor Hunt point-to-point races at Wrangaton on April 23rd, and a number of friends were entertained to tea.

We had hoped to hold our second dance of the winter season in February, but lack of numbers made this quite impracticable, and May 9th was fixed as the date for this event.

The season of camps and training is now upon us, and Devonport will only see a full Mess for short periods. This is a state of affairs which occurs annually in this station but which, we gather, will not be the case when we are ensconced at Aldershot next season.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Our summer season must have started, as we find ourselves on the move once more ; we shall have rather longer away from the station this summer than is usual, but perhaps this is just to cheer us on our way. Before our next notes appear we shall have bidden a very regretful farewell to our Commanding Officer, and hope he will take away only happy memories, and that he will have many pleasant years in which to follow our progress. We hope that Colonel Wilson will find us to his satisfaction ; if not, he will, no doubt, soon fashion us to his pattern.

We are at present whipping the waves once more, and must have deposited sufficient metal into the old ocean to make Vickers' Sons envious. Again we hope to justify our weapon training officer's faith in us, as evidenced by his again entering us in the A.R.A. non-central matches. Why do we always have to report such a failing in the actual competition, as we really have some quite good shots in the Mess.

The alternate fortnightly dances in the Gymnasium, and whist drives and dances in the Mess, have been continued and have been very popular.

The annual Paardeburg ball was held on February 21st and was a most successful event. The room was entirely draped in the Regimental colours, festooned with fairy lights, with flood lights of different colours in each corner. Some 500 were present and many remarks were passed on the effectiveness of the decorations and the general excellence of the whole arrangements. It is probably a good thing that we are moving before the next one is due, or the next committee would have to attain a very high standard to equal this year's event. I cannot imagine any improvement.

The billiard season, like our home life, will soon be a thing of the past. Our team has done quite well and is expected to be in the third place when the table is finally published. Home and return matches have been played against the Corporals, resulting in wins for our stalwarts. Exceedingly hard luck was experienced in losing in the semi-final for the Plymouth and District knock-out competition, in which the local Police beat us. Some real good games were played, particularly Coates v. Shepherd and Cullen v. Billings. Coates was 80 behind in a very few minutes and could not get going. Once he found touch, he pulled up until the scores were about level at 124 ; he finally lost by 12 points, but it was only a question of who would first get a reasonable scoring chance to finish the match. Cullen's was a somewhat similar game, resulting in the narrow win of Billings by 2 points. A little assistance from Dublin in the earlier stages would have made Cullen the winner. The remaining scores were :—Walker 150 v. Collet 118, Thorpe 103 v. Bowden 150, Spink 150 v. White 140, totals—Police 708, D.W.R. 687—near enough a win or lose for either side. Our next tournament billiards will take place in Aldershot, and if we can keep the majority of our team, which is very unlikely in these days of exchanging messes, we should do quite well.

As usual, a number of changes have taken place in the Mess since the last issue, these being :—To 2nd Battalion, Sgts. Stephenson, Broadbent, Hunt, Foster, L/Sgts. Browne, Yates, White, Jones, Suggitt, Horne, and Martin ; promoted, Jowett to C.Q.M.S. Cubitt and Bullock to Sergeant, Sharpe, Benson, and Collick to L/Sergeant. A number of arrivals



Brigadier C. T. C. Grant, C.B., D.S.O., presenting the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Sgt. T. Leen.



Lamerton Point-to-Point.



The Dartmoor Foxhounds.



1st Battalion Followers.



Garrison Point-to-Point.

from the 2nd Battalion are expected before this appears, and we hope that all the married members come prepared for a bachelor's life until the end of September.

### RIFLE CLUB.

The Battalion is now out at Tregantle doing the annual weapon training course. Companies have fewer men to fire than last year, though the percentage of first year men is greater.

At the moment only "H.Q." Wing have classified, so it is not known which company is likely to make the running for the musketry shield, which is awarded to the company with the highest average on Lewis gun and rifle results combined.

Major Cox's gold medal is being fired for during the Battalion weapon training meeting. The conditions are the same as last year—*i.e.*, there will be three stages, each of three practices. The officer or other rank with the highest aggregate of all these stages combined will win the medal. Of the three who secured first, second, and third places last year, Major Kavanagh is now with the 2nd Battalion, Q.M.S. Norman is still with us, whilst Lt./Cpl. Ord is unfortunately in hospital undergoing an operation.

Results.—1. Individual Rifle Match for Major Cox's gold medal for the best rifle shot in the Battalion, fired for in three stages. At the end of the first stage in Class "A" the first five places were occupied by Lt. Faithfull ("H.Q."), Q.M.S. Norman ("H.Q."), Capt. Paton ("H.Q."), Sgt. Collick ("H.Q."), and C.S.M. Coates ("H.Q."). In Class "B" the first five places were held by Pte. Stocks ("H.Q."), Pte. Hornsey, Pte. Hunter ("C," M.G.), Pte. Scaife ("C," M.G.), and Cpl. Major. In the second stage the order for the first five places remained exactly the same; but though the same five competitors occupied the first five places at the end of the third stage, the order of merit had altered. The final stage was fired in half a gale, and the shooting of Norman and Coates was exceptionally good. The final results were:—1st, Q.M.S. Norman (winning the gold medal and replica); 2nd, C.S.M. Coates (silver medal); 3rd, Capt. Paton (bronze medal); 4th, Sgt. Collick; 5th, Lt. Faithfull. 2. The Inter-Platoon Knock-out Competition was fired in a very strong wind at 200 yards. Each team had five falling plates to knock down. Whichever team had all its plates down first won. In the final the Signallers beat No. 7 Platoon of "B" Company. 3. The Inter-Company Match was fired for under the conditions for the rifle practices of the "Company Shield" A.R.A. match. "H.Q." Wing won easily. 4. Light Automatic Match. 1st, Cpl. A. Major; 2nd, Cpl. G. F. Barker; 3rd, Cpl. M. Jackson.

The Battalion has taken up the Army Rifle Association non-central matches for the first time this year. Battalion, company, and platoon teams are all being entered. It is hoped to shoot off these matches during our last week out here, immediately companies have finished their classification.

For the fourth year in succession a team is being sent to Bisley for the Army meeting, which takes place in July. We hope to secure better results than we have in the past, since there will be two clear months after the Battalion has classified to select and train the teams. For the last two years running we had to try and select and train the team before companies had classified—*i.e.*, we had to choose the team before we had really been able to find out who could shoot, a method which is not conducive to producing good results.

### BOXING.

This year we did not commence the boxing season under as favourable circumstances as last year, for we were faced with the task of building up practically a new team. Frankie Ash, the well-known fly-weight, was given the task of training the team.

We drew the South Wales Borderers in the second round of the Army Team Championship but, being unable to raise a team, they scratched.

In the next round we met the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Tidworth. Here we met with defeat by the margin of four fights, but the team as a whole did very well. They were in the main better boxers than our opponents, but not nearly so strong. Lt. Browne

was absent from the team unfortunately, through illness. We started the evening well, winning the first four fights, but after this fell away. Cpl. Hawley, whom we all expected to win, was below form unfortunately, and lost a close fight. The Welch Fusiliers won the Southern Command Cup by defeating the K.R.R. Corps, our opponents in the final last year.

The results were as follows:—Heavy-weight.—Pte. Annesley beat Lt. Braithwaite (R.W.F.) on points. Light Heavy-weight.—Pte. Humpish k.o. Pte. Every (R.W.F.) in first round. Middle-weights.—First String.—Lt. Dalrymple beat Dr. Smith (R.W.F.) on points. Second String.—Cpl. Huntington beat Pte. Vilday (R.W.F.). Third String.—Fus. Magee (R.W.F.) k.o. 2nd Lt. Mason first round. Welter-weights.—First String.—Fus. Davies (R.W.F.) beat Cpl. Hawley on points. Second String.—L/Cpl. Tyler (R.W.F.) and L/Cpl. Evans, disqualified for holding. Third String.—L/Cpl. Holden (R.W.F.) beat Pte. Wright on points. Fourth String.—Cpl. Harden (R.W.F.) beat Pte. Tucker on points. Light-weights.—First String.—Cpl. Morris (R.W.F.) k.o. Pte. Coulesy first round. Second String.—L/Cpl. Lloyd (R.W.F.) k.o. Pte. McGough first round. Third String.—Fus. Corbett (R.W.F.) k.o. Pte. Best first round. Feather-weights.—First String.—Cpl. Jones (R.W.F.) k.o. Pte. Topps second round. Second String.—Cpl. Brown (R.W.F.) beat Dr. Boyle on points. Bantam-weight.—Pte. Bagshaw beat Fus. Evans (R.W.F.) on points.

WESSEX AREA (WEST) BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.—On February 26th and 27th the team and individual championships of the Garrison took place. The regiments competing were The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Devonshire Regiment, The Worcestershire Regiment, The Wiltshire Regiment, and The Royal Artillery. There was some excellent boxing and we deserved to win. Cpl. Huntington, who fought middle-weight, although he is only a welter-weight, had two very hard fights and won the middle-weights through really good boxing. The last man that he fought was much heavier and a harder hitter, so he put up a very good show by beating him. Pte. Humpish easily won the light-heavy-weights, and Pte. Topps won the feather-weights. Our bantam-weight, Pte. Bagshaw, turned out to be a very clever boxer, and if he could learn to hit harder, he should go far. The results were as follows:—1st, 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regt., 32 points; 2nd, 2nd Bn. The Devonshire Regt., 27; 3rd, 1st Bn. The Wiltshire Regt., 21; 4th, 2nd Bn. The Worcestershire Regt., 10; 5th, The Royal Artillery, 4 points.

ARMY INDIVIDUAL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.—The Battalion entered Cpl. Hawley for the other ranks light-weight competition, Lt. Dalrymple in the officers middle-weights, and Lt. Faithfull in the officers heavy-weights. Lt. Browne had been entered as well, but, as mentioned elsewhere, he was absent owing to ill-health. Dalrymple drew a bye in the semi-final, as did Faithfull, so both appeared in the finals at the Albert Hall. Cpl. Hawley got through the preliminary series at Tidworth, but was beaten in the first series which took place in London. In the finals Lt. Dalrymple outclassed his opponent, Lt. Reith of the Wiltshire Regt., the referee stopping the fight in the first round. Lt. Faithfull was beaten by Lt. Briton-Jones in the third round; the first two rounds seemed to be enjoyed by the crowd, but in the third Briton-Jones' knowledge of boxing, aided by his long reach, were too much for Lt. Faithfull.

Both Dalrymple and Faithfull were selected to box for the Army Officers in the Imperial Services Tournament, Dalrymple as winner of the Army officers middle-weights and Faithfull because Briton-Jones had smashed his hands up in the final at the Albert Hall a fortnight before. Dalrymple fought and won in the semi-finals in the afternoon but was beaten on points after a terrific fight by the R.A.F. representative; both men being hardly able to stand up towards the close of the third round. Lt. Faithfull drew a bye into the final, and was outclassed by Lt. Gregson of the Navy, who could not only box, but stood an odd six feet four inches and weighed over 14½ stone. The referee stopped the fight before the end of the first round.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.



Since the last notes were written we have once more reached, and been beaten in, the semi-final of the Army Cup. After Christmas we were faced with two tasks: the first was the comparatively easy one of getting the team fit again after furlough, the second was the problem of finding a scrum-half in place of Pte. Mannion, who has left us and returned to civil life, and is now playing for Keighley. The loss of Mannion was a severe blow, as he had developed a good understanding with Cpl. Townend, the fly-half. L/Cpl. Reid eventually took Mannion's place, though Lt. Browne played in this position in our first match with the S.W.B.'s. This was the fourth round of the Army Cup and was played at Portsmouth on the No. 2 U.S. ground, which was unfortunately not nearly full size; this, coupled with the fact that the ground was like a quagmire, and that rain fell continuously, made good rugger impossible. The game resulted in a series of hard rushes and desperate forward struggles, in which neither side was able to score. The replay took place the following week, and this time we were allotted No. 1 U.S. ground, which is, of course, full size. The ground was on the soft side, but the weather was perfect and we had a fast open game in which we produced the same form as we had displayed against the Tank Corps before Christmas; we won by 30 points to nil. This match was also the final of the Southern Command Cup, which we have now won three years in succession.

The following is an extract from an account of the match which appeared in the *Morning Post*:—

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment passed into the semi-final of the Army Rugby Cup competition by defeating the South Wales Borderers this afternoon by 4 goals (1 penalty) and 4 tries (30 points) to nil. The Duke's had the game well in hand before the Borderers lost their full-back (Cpl. Ranch) with a badly bruised shoulder prior to the interval. The Borderers' defence went to pieces after the team had been re-arranged, but they never had looked like winning. Their forwards were good in the loose, but their halves were weak and the outsides were generally too slow to cope with their resourceful opponents, who frequently varied their attack. W. F. Browne, the famous Irish forward, is still a big force in the game and he enjoyed a roving commission, which gave him abundant opportunities to be in the thick of nearly every skirmish, as well as enabling his side to have a man over in the three-quarter attacking movements.

Playing at fly-half, Townend, the England trials forward, also gave a good account of himself, and there were clever centres behind him in Orr and Barker, while Goodwin at full-back gave a polished display, and also started a movement which led to the finest try of the game. Dowds dribbled over for a try after eight minutes, and then Bentley scored a try following Goodwin's effort, which Townend converted. Before the interval Townend went over himself and converted his try, so that the Duke's crossed over with a 13 points lead.

In the second half Townend landed a penalty goal, and converted a try by Bentley, unconverted tries being scored by Foy, Bentley, and Barker. The referee was Capt. Bullen-Smith, K.O.S.B.

We had now scored 138 points to 3 in Army Cup matches and our hopes were high. The next round was the semi-final; we drew the Training Battalion R.E., while our old rivals the King's Own were opposed to the 4th Bn. The Royal Tank Corps.

Our semi-final was played at Bristol on the Memorial ground, which was in perfect condition; the weather was fine but there was a fairly strong wind blowing diagonally down the field. We won the toss, played with the wind, and maintained a series of attacks which, however, did not quite get home, though Pte. Annesley got over after a good run following a cross-kick. However, he had just been off-side and the try was disallowed. This was unfortunate, as a score at this period would have had a great moral effect, and

might have made all the difference to the team. We did not make enough use of the wind this half ; it grew stronger during the game, and our opponents took full advantage during the second half. Half-time came with no score, and although the team had not produced their best form, everyone was confident of winning in the second half. They were to be sadly disappointed, for although we continued to get our fair share of the ball, the backs could not penetrate the excellent defence of the R.E.'s. This led to a lot of short punting, which did not come off.

The forwards executed several good rushes, but on each occasion were sent back by a long kick down wind. About 20 minutes from the end the Sappers scored a very good try from a cross-kick ; they followed this up by long kicks down wind, and by speed and quick following up added 3 more tries in quick succession ; two of these were converted, and we had lost by 16 points to nil, to a fast team who made the most of their opportunities and adopted superior tactics.

As regards other fixtures, we have only been able to send away comparatively weak sides owing to embarkation leave, courses, injuries, and the demands of the Devonport Services. However, that has given the 2nd XV. players some experience and they have acquitted themselves well.

During the season the following played regularly for the Devonport Services :—Cpl. Townend, L/Cpl. Foy, L/Cpl. Dowas, and Pte. Eyre. The following have also played :—Lt. Dalrymple, Lt. Miles, 2nd Lt. Reynolds, Cpl. Barker, Cpl. Goodwin, L/Cpl. Jones, Pte. Annesley, and Dmr. Bentley. Cpl. Townend played for the Army v. the Navy, the French Army, and the R.A.F., and was " mentioned in despatches " on each occasion. It will be noticed that Lt. W. F. Browne's name has not figured in these notes. This is due to the fact that he has been " crocked " all the season and only played in the Army Cup matches. He is now on sick leave and we hope that he will make a full recovery and be fit and well again next year. We have to say good-bye to three members of the team :—Lt. C. W. B. Orr, who leaves us to do a tour of duty with the K.A.R. ; Cpl. Barker and L/Cpl. Jones, who return to civil life ; we wish them all the very best of luck.

The following composed the team and were awarded the Battalion caps :—Back.—Cpl. Goodwin, who has played consistently and well and in whom the whole team has justifiable confidence. Left Wing Three-quarter.—Lt. J. H. Dalrymple, who sprained his ankle early in the season, but recovered in time to play a great game for us v. S.W.B.'s. Left Centre Three-quarter.—Cpl. Barker ; this was Barker's first season as a centre, and he improved rapidly ; he is fast, runs straight, and has good hands. Right Centre.—Lt. C. W. B. Orr, who on his day is an excellent attacking player, very quick off the mark, and runs very straight. He has his off days and his defence at times is apt to be rather weak. Right Wing Three-quarter.—Dmr. Bentley, a fast wing three-quarter who has plenty of weight ; is rather lacking in experience and does not always show sufficient determination, but nevertheless has improved a great deal since last season. Fly-half.—Cpl. Townend has filled this position extremely well. He is strong and fast, has good hands, and is an excellent kick. He is a tower of strength in defence. His one failing is his tendency to overdo the short punt. Scrum-half.—L/Cpl. Reid has played in this position since the departure of Pte. Mannion. He must practise to acquire greater speed and accuracy in his passing, which this season was inclined to be slow and often very erratic. Forwards.—Lt. H. G. P. Miles.—A really hard-working forward who was always in the middle of all forward mauls. Led the pack and always got them moving with as much life as they have had for the past two seasons, if not more. 2nd Lt. B. W. Reynolds has played consistently well as a front row forward. He is hard-working and good in the loose. Should improve with further experience of first-class rugby. L/Cpl. Foy, a very useful all-round forward ; good in the " line-out " and always well up in the attack. One of the mainstays of our team. L/Cpl. Jones.—An excellent loose forward both in attack and defence, always working very hard. His departure to civil life is a great loss to the XV. L/Cpl. Dowas.—A good front row forward who is always well up in the attack. Works hard always. Pte. Eyre.—Has " hooked " consistently well throughout the

season and is a sound hard-working forward. Pte. Annesley.—A heavy second-row forward who works very hard, is well up in the loose, and is always in the thick of all forward mêlées. Pte. Stork.—A good loose forward, good in the "line-out." Has played well in cup matches, but does not display as much vigour as he might in ordinary regimental games. It would be invidious to mention W. F. Browne. He did not play in our first Army Cup match, but played wing three-quarter in the second and third rounds, scrum-half in the fourth and "rover" in the replay and in the scrum in the semi-final.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.



During the second half of the season the clerk of the weather has been unkind to us, and consequently the Brickfields soccer grounds have been continually out of bounds, and we have been unable to complete our fixtures in the United Services League. In the second division we lost the cup which we won last year. The inter-company league had to be decided on one round instead of two, and was won for the second year by "D" Company, who were undefeated.

"D" Company have distinguished themselves this year by winning the Wallace Wright cup for the second year in succession, both the semi-final against "A" Company, 2nd Worcesters, and the final against "C" Company, 1st Wilts, were hard-fought games, and the standard of football in the final was very good. The Wilts had the Army centre forward in their team, but he was never allowed to look dangerous by "D" Company's defence.

To wind up the season, the officers raised a team to meet the sergeants at Tregantle Fort, but were defeated by 4 goals to nil, in spite of the valiant efforts of such rugger stalwarts as Lt. Faithfull and 2nd Lt. Reynolds, who must have been sorely tempted to pick up the ball and place it carefully in the goal mouth.

The following players have been awarded caps for season 1929-30:—First Team Players.—Bdms. Bray, Ptes. Aynesly, Newby, Rumboll, Cpls. Kirby and Owen. Second Team Players.—L/Cpl. Jackson and Bdms. Hemblys. Result of U.S., Div. I.—Played 6, won 3, lost 2, drawn 1, points 7; Div. II., played 9, won 6, lost 2, drawn 1, points 13; Div. III., played 6, won 3, lost 3, points 6.

### SQUASH RACQUETS.

The majority of officers find that squash racquets is an excellent method of reducing surplus weight, and during the winter the three courts at Mount Wise have been in regular use and the general standard is possibly somewhat above the average.

On March 14th a team of Army officers, which included Capt. Bolton, Capt. Armitage, and Lt. Stone, travelled to Dartmouth and succeeded in beating the Royal Naval College Staff by the odd match in five after some excellent games.

No open tournament was held in the station, but a handicap tournament attracted 64 entries. So severe, however, were the handicappers on regimental entries that no one survived the competition for many rounds.



## HUNTING.



Looking back on the past season, we must count ourselves fortunate in the fact that on very few occasions have climatic conditions put a stop to sport. Even on the Moor there has been comparatively little frost, and although December and January saw a number of days of mist, the latter part of the season has yielded some first-class gallops over this somewhat treacherous though ever-interesting country. The following officers have hunted pretty regularly throughout the season with the Dartmoor, with occasional days with the St. Budeaux:—Capt. Armitage, Capt. Lawlor (in January and February), 2nd Lt. Mason. The following have hunted on a number of occasions:—Lt.-Col. Wellesley, Capt. Bolton, Lt. Stone, and 2nd Lt. Holliday (5th Bn.). Lt. Hiddingh has done most of his hunting with the Crawley and Horsham in Sussex, as he has been attending courses in that part of the world, in addition to a number of days with the Dartmoor.

Whether we shall have another season in the West Country depends on the date of our move to Aldershot, but it is hoped that some of the days on Dartmoor and some of the lessons learnt will not be easily forgotten.

## POINT-TO-POINT RACING.

The Plymouth Garrison Hunt Club held its point-to-point race on March 17th. The Regiment was represented by 2nd Lt. Mason's "Acrobat" (ridden by Capt. F. R. Armitage) and Lt. Hiddingh's "Kitty" (owner up). The following account of the race appeared in the *Western Morning News*:—

One of the few survivals in the West Country of the real, old-fashioned point-to-point race is that organised annually by the Plymouth Garrison Hunt Club. The meeting consists solely of one race of about four miles over fair hunting country from one point to another, and not of a succession of races around a set course, into which most point-to-point meetings have developed in recent years.

This year's race was held yesterday across four miles of testing Dartmoor moorland, and an exciting finish was witnessed by a large number of people at Durra Bridge, about three miles from Princetown.

The weather was bitterly cold, and during the race there were frequent gusts of snow and sleet. Whatever discomfort the weather may have caused, it was more than compensated for by a gruelling race, which terminated in a thrilling challenge by the ultimate winner when about two hundred yards from the post.

The course mapped out was as follows:—Start at Huckaby Tor and across to Huckaby Newtake and on to Laughter Tor. A straight race to Bellavoir Tor, leaving the last named on the left-hand side, down to Black Newtake, and finally into Spaders Newtake, a distance of some four miles, which was completed in just over 18 minutes.

As far as the riders were concerned there was no set course, and they had to make the finishing post as best they could, surmounting the many difficulties of bogs, banks, walls and rivers.

The spectators had a splendid view of the horses as they raced along the top of the hill from Huckaby Tor, and lost them for some minutes behind Bellavoir. Then the riders deviated from the mapped course by coming down on the lower off slope of Bellavoir, and incidentally into the boggy territory. The horses were well together all the time, Camel, ridden by Lt. Ryan, leading the field.

When the horses came near the Cherrybrook river the bogland presented difficulty, and most of the riders split into two groups, Camel going about half a mile out of his way in an endeavour to find a favourable crossing. Meanwhile the other horses raced along the river edge and crossed at a "neck," racing up into the straight for home.

Camel, the former leader, made a noble effort to breast a stiff ditch (the last before the straight), and fell, but Lt. Ryan, who was thrown, mounted again and finished the race. Half a mile from home it was seen that there were four horses fighting a desperate battle on none too firm a turf. Two hundred and fifty yards from home Acrobat (Capt. F. R. Armitage, Duke of Wellington's Regt.) led the field,

but before another fifty yards had been covered, Ginger, ridden by Capt. H. Gibbons (Devonshire Regt.), made a great spurt, and won a thrilling race by half a length, with Chance (Lt. R. G. Minchin) two lengths behind for third place.

The result was thus:—1, Capt. H. Gibbons's Ginger (Owner); 2, Lt. C. R. Mason's Acrobat (Capt. F. R. Armitage); 3, Major H. Gordon's Chance (Lt. R. G. Minchin).

On March 19th, at the Lamerton Hunt point-to-point races near Tavistock over banking country, Capt. Armitage had the mount on Mrs. Godfrey's "Pretty Polly" in the member's race. Unfortunately a slipping saddle put an end to proceedings about halfway round when running third.

The Dartmoor Hunt point-to-point steeplechases were held over a three-and-a-half miles course of strong "fly" fences on April 23rd near Wrangaton. There was a very large crowd, and some excellent racing on "sticky" going was seen. As far as we were concerned, most interest centred in the Plymouth Garrison Hunt Club team race. Thirteen horses faced the starter, and the regimental team consisted of 2nd Lt. Mason's "Acrobat" (owner), Lt.-Col. Wellesley's "Duchess" (Capt. Armitage), and Lt. Stone's "Punch" (Capt. Lawlor), whilst Lt. Hiddingh rode his "Kitty" as a spare file. "Acrobat" fenced very well, but was beaten for speed at the finish and filled fourth place. "Duchess" fell at the third fence, but Capt. Armitage remounted and continued until falling heavily at the fifteenth fence. "Punch" also went well until refusing several times at the fourteenth fence, eventually falling at the seventeenth. "Kitty" completely "blew up" after two miles and was withdrawn, having fenced well up to this point.

Our Government chargers may be all right for military purposes, but they cannot be termed racehorses and never will be, but although they were up against much better class they lacked nothing in courage till finally passing out of the picture. The meeting was remarkable for the number of casualties. Something approaching 50 per cent. of the horses saddled coming to grief at some time or another.

### REMINISCENCES OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

"Colonel, I have got the orders."

"Bring them over here to me.

Call the company commanders;

Waiter, bring a cup of tea.

Are the company commanders present?"

"Yes, Sir, all but M.G.C."

"What the —— can he be doing?"

Send the runners off to he."

"Awfully sorry I'm so late, Sir,

Been liaising with the Devons."

"Tell me, are there any orders?"

Only these. Good Lord, good Heavens.

G-r-r-r, there's nothing in them,

Same d—n thing we've done before.

We shall bivvy near the circles,

As we did in '24.

Hurry up and pack the messcart,

Breakfast sharp at half-past 3,

Stop that beastly awful rattle,

Waiter, bring a cup of tea."

E. C. B.

## 2nd BATTALION NEWS.

MANY changes in *personnel*, much hard work, and a brief but cheery interval for play, is a fair description of the past few months. Company training was in full swing when last we went to press. This was duly completed, both "B" and "C" carrying out a five days' march to wind up with. Then came Christmas and the New Year and, almost simultaneously with the latter, work began again, the Battalion moving out to training on January 2nd. Thereafter there was an interval of ten days—largely occupied by many officers attending an artillery concentration camp near Kirkee—and then came brigade training. Both battalion and brigade training took place near home this year, the former about 12 miles away at Pimpalgaon and the latter about 16 miles off at Imampur on the Aurungabad road—our first halt on the march out last year. The shortness of the march out was, however, no criterion of the training which we did when we got to camp. Life was very strenuous, we trekked miles, the going was heavy and, on brigade training, we had at the end of each day always to climb several hundred feet back to our camp. Still, in spite of this, there were found hardy warriors who valiantly hunted the fleet and elusive buck on every opportunity, and the Mess in general appreciated the result of their energy.

Now we are getting down to weapon training, the Battalion Training Cadre has been resurrected, last year's third-class shots have been re-classified, and T.E.W.T's are looming in the not distant future. Several people have seized the occasion to make a voyage of discovery to see how England compares with this state of activity.

With Major Kavanagh's arrival, an impetus has been given to musketry. There is nothing like enthusiasm—even in India—for working marvels, and if there is still a third-class shot in the Battalion at the end of the year, it won't be Major Kavanagh's fault. Indeed, even the ladies have fallen victims to the allurements of the range, and there has already been one Amazon's contest in which the officers' wives competed, and now they have been challenged by the sergeants' wives. In the immortal words of Mr. Pepys: "What will be the end of it, God knows."

Much activity also prevails in the study of foreign languages. Last year the Battalion got a very good chit on account of Lt. Jones having passed the preliminary, and five other officers—Lts. W. A. Woods, Owen, Turner, R. K. Exham, and 2nd Lt. Wellesley—having passed the British Service officer's test in Urdu. Various other officers and some N.C.O.'s are now working for the exam. this year.

Whilst on the subject of examinations, mention must be made of our successes in the last first class certificate examination, when 12 out of our 15 candidates were entirely successful and the remainder three all passed in some subjects, thus earning for the Battalion a special letter of commendation from the G.O.C. Deccan District.

With the opening of 1930 the first of our drafts from home arrived. It reached barracks on January 1st in time to see the Battalion march out to take part in the annual New Year's Day Proclamation parade. All drafts are segregated on arrival in India, and on this occasion very rightly so, since they brought with them several cases of that commonly-considered childish, yet sometimes painful, disease known as mumps. Consequently the draft missed both battalion and brigade training. Our second draft arrived in the middle of March and is still segregated at the time of writing.

The ships which brought out our new drafts took home those transferred to the home establishment and our time-expired men who were going to the Reserve. We bid these last farewell with even greater regret than usual on account of the widespread unemployment at home, and we hope that, in spite of these adverse conditions, they will all quickly find employment in civil life. The number of men still serving with us who came abroad with the Battalion in 1922 is getting small indeed.

On March 7th Brigadier Moberly carried out his annual inspection of the Battalion. This was his final inspection as he has been appointed to command the Landi Kotal

Brigade, and leaves Ahmednagar in April. We are very sorry to say good-bye to him and to Mrs. Moberly, and we tender them our best wishes for the future. To Brigadier Moberly's successor, Brigadier C. I. Stockwell, who comes to us from commanding the Senior Officers' School at Belgaum, we extend a warm welcome.

Lt. R. G. Turner has been appointed officiating Staff Captain, 11th (Ahmednagar) Infantry Brigade.

We have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of "The Red Hackle" (Jan., 1930) and "The Wellingtonian" (Dec., 1929.).

### OFFICERS' MESS.

We have had several additions to our numbers since we last wrote, and as a new arrival is always something of an event, we will give our welcome to them pride of place. After Captain Harvey, who was mentioned in our February notes, Lt. Rivett-Carnac was the first to arrive, appearing early in December. He was followed by Major and Mrs. Kavanagh, Capt. and Mrs. Green, and Lt. Frankis, all of whom arrived on New Year's Day with the first draft. The second draft, contrary to expectation, arrived without the guiding light of one of our officers, but 2nd Lt. Bray arrived shortly after, and at the moment of writing, Lt. Stevens is imminently expected. That completes our additions; we had hoped for one or two more subalterns, but they have all apparently with one accord made excuses or departed hurriedly in other directions.

A slight change was made this year in the procedure of the bachelors' dinner to the married officers and their wives, which was held on New Year's Eve. A fancy dress dance was being held at the Club that night, so the party assembled for dinner in fancy dress, and after dinner moved on to the dance. This proved a most successful innovation and both dinner and dance went with a great swing. No one who was present will readily forget the appearance of our two senior majors as Romulus and Remus. A pedant might have questioned the historical accuracy of their costumes, but their humorous effect was incontestible. At any rate the sight of them inspired 2nd Lt. Wellesley, who this year replied to the toast of the ladies, to several classical tags, which may or may not have meant anything, but which certainly added dignity to the proceedings.

Early in the new year we left Ahmednagar for battalion camp at Pimpalgaon. On both Sundays that we were in camp the Mess was "at home" at what, for want of an Indian equivalent, we must still call "pahits." On both days a large number of guests made the twelve-mile journey from Ahmednagar, and the rural surroundings of the camp were much appreciated by the inhabitants of our busy headquarter town. After battalion training came brigade training, which this year took place at Imampur, on the home ground, the Aurangabad portion of the Brigade having to do the seventy-mile march there and back. During this training we had the pleasure of meeting Capt. P. G. Westmacott, of the 3rd Bn. 16th Punjab Regiment, the brother of Lt. Oscar Westmacott, late of the 1st Battalion. Capt. Westmacott was attached to the Brigade for umpiring duties and lived with us for the period of the camp. On the last night of camp we dined Major-Gen. G. A. Weir, the officiating Deccan District Commander, and the members of his staff.

Since our return from camp life has been very quiet. At a regimental guest night early in March we entertained Brigadier Moberly and also the officers of the 2nd Bn. 4th Bombay Grenadiers. This dinner was in the nature of a farewell to Brigadier Moberly, who has been appointed to command the Landi Kotal Brigade. We take this opportunity of saying good-bye to him and of assuring him of our best wishes for his future. Only one other regimental guest night has taken place; at this our guests were Major Kavanagh, Capt. Harvey, and 2nd Lt. Bray.

We again have to thank a large number of people for presentations which they have made to the Mess. Mrs. Kirkland has given us a very beautiful Sheffield plate four-branch

candelabra in memory of her husband, the late Capt. J. V. Kirkland ; silver goblets have been given by Capt. Robertson and Mr. H. M. Ince ; whilst the following officers have presented silver finger-bowls :—Col. Pickering, Lt.-Col. Burnett, Major Sir Robert Henniker, Bt., Majors Owen and Kavanagh, Capts. Lennon, Chatterton, and Armitage, Lts. Hiddingh and Miles, all of the Regiment, and Capt. Macartney, who was A.D.C. to the Governor of the Straits Settlements when we went to Singapore, and Lt. R. A. M. Humphrey, R.A.M.C. To them all we tender our very best thanks.

Here we must make mention of the death of one who was a very generous friend of the Regiment when we were in Egypt, Mrs. Waterhouse, wife of Lt.-Col. G. G. Waterhouse, R.E., who was our Brigade-Major in Cairo. Readers of this journal will remember that both Colonel and Mrs. Waterhouse gave various presents to the Mess, one being a court sword which had belonged to the Duke of Wellington. We understand that Mrs. Waterhouse died after a long and painful illness, and we desire to extend our deepest sympathy to Colonel Waterhouse in his bereavement.

Before closing these notes, a few departures from the Mess must be mentioned, though we are glad to say that, so far as we know, they are only temporary. For various reasons home leave has not claimed as many as at first appeared probable. Lt. Jones left in February, Major Sir Robert Henniker, Capt. and Mrs. Lennon, and Lt. Webb-Carter a month later, and Lt. Owen on April 1st. Col. and Mrs. Burnett have gone on two months' leave in India. Lt. Webb-Carter had already been away some time, as in December he became A.D.C. to Brigadier Charles, the officiating G.O.C. Bombay District. Lt. Frankis' stay with us was but brief, as at the end of March he left to become officiating Station Staff Officer, Poona and Kirkee, a job which will keep him away until some time in the autumn. Capt. Sayers is also not returning to us before the autumn as he has got the job of officiating G.2, A.H.Q., Simla, for the summer months.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

During the last quarter the social life in the Mess was cut down to the Christmas and New Year festivities ; this was due to the fact that battalion and brigade training both took large slices out of the period under review.

The Christmas festivities were very quiet as usual in the Mess ; the Mess Committee ran a very successful Christmas draw and several members who were lucky enough received prizes of all descriptions, the usual Christmas fare being in evidence. The occasion of the draw was celebrated by a small dance, which was very successful and well attended, many of our friends from out of barracks being present. We had quite a record year as regards Christmas cards and we also despatched a large number. The usual officers v. sergeants match was played on Boxing Day, the game this year being hockey. It was a hard game and keenly contested and resulted in a win for the officers 3—2.

On December 31st we had the usual dance and went through the ceremony of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in. The evening was a great success, a splendid punch was provided, everyone joined hands, and sang Auld Lang Syne, and at the end of this quite a lot of the ladies kissed the Sergeant-Major. It was a great evening ! We were, however, sorry to say an official good-bye on this occasion to C.Q.M.S. Wheatley and Sgts. Land and Basford, who left the Battalion whilst we were doing battalion training. Since then we have had to say farewell to Sgts. Bishop, Code, and Thomas, and to L/Sgts. Holt and Pye.

There is little more to relate, except that we have seen quite a lot of all our members this quarter ; this was due to battalion and brigade training, because at camp all are dining members—and the Messing Sergeant has not quite forgotten it. I believe he still has nightmares in which curries get mixed up with custard and prunes !

We welcome to the Mess the following :—Sgts. Broadbent, Foster, Hunt, and Stevenson, and L/Sgts. Harvey, Martin, Smith, Suggitt, White, and Yates. Finally, we must congratulate Sgt. and Mrs. Holmes on the birth of a daughter.

**CORPORALS' MESS.**

Station still Ahmednagar. (Terrible heat wave, 98 in the shade.)

We commenced the New Year (1930) with battalion and brigade training. A few of our members did not attend battalion training as they were designated to embark for U.K. for discharge or transfer to the Army Reserve. We wish them every success in their new sphere of life.

Sport outside the Mess is rare, as our only opponents are members of the Royal Tank Corps School. We played them at football and won 3—1. Various games of billiards have been organised, the team winners being presented with silver medals. Tennis is becoming very popular within the Mess, and a large assembly may be seen on the court every evening. Sorry to say, all are not in possession of rackets (drafts to India please note). A tennis tournament was organised by the committee and proved a great success. The winner of the singles was L/Cpl. Brooks, 2nd Bn. The Middlesex Regt., who also carried off the doubles, partnered with Cpl. S. Gill. They each received a silver medal. Up to this time we have been unable to beat the sergeants at tennis, and we are under the impression that they are receiving private instruction from the "Veteran" of their court—R.S.M. Pearce. The corporals' monthly dances are still going strong, and are enjoyed by all.

We welcome back to the fold Cpls. Peacock and Love after a course of small arms at Pachmari. (Is this a good point or a bad point?)

We are very pleased to welcome Cpl. Fisher, L/Cpls. Millor, Hough, and Farrell, who have joined us from the 1st Battalion, and we wish them every success while they are here.

Congratulations to our newly-appointed members, L/Cpls. Byrne, Jumps, Sheehan, Warburton, Whittaker, and Forsythe. We also congratulate Sgt. Prince, L/Sgt. Harvey, and L/Sgt. Smith, who have just left us for the Sergeants' Mess. We wish them the best of luck.

An impromptu "Smoker" was held on the evening of March 23rd, as several members of the Mess were leaving us to join the 1st Battalion or to be transferred to the Army Reserve. Cpls. Browne, Eames, Johnson, and Johnstone, and L/Cpls. Swindell, Parsons, and Steele are for the Army Reserve, whilst Cpls. Page and Gill and L/Cpl. Bye are for home establishment. Before the close of the evening an address was delivered by "Studs," who, speaking for the Mess, wished all departing members the best of luck. We would like to publish the address in full, but as the "Bar" was open till 10.30 p.m. most of the speech was delivered in Hindi, and we are afraid that the printer could not "brace" Hindi.

We send our best wishes to Cpls. Stead and Kellett, who left us at Singapore.

**"A" COMPANY.**

The period under review has for its outstanding features the celebration of Christmas, battalion and brigade training. Christmas was a very happy time and a most excellent dinner was enjoyed by everyone. The speeches at dinner were brilliant and when the Colonel and Colonel Huffam (who came up from Bombay to see a Yorkshire Christmas) arrived, they witnessed a very seasonable and animated gathering.

Battalion and brigade training passed strenuously, happily, and quickly. The individual application of the last two terms depends very much on the condition of one's feet at the time.

I expect that the long segregation to which the draft was subject will receive mention elsewhere. Sufficient to remark that we did not welcome them into our midst until after all training had ceased.

Major Kavanagh, however, came out to battalion camp almost immediately on arrival, and we had great pleasure in serving under our new O.C. Company in the fierce battles around Pimpalgaon. We welcome Major Kavanagh and hope that our shooting record, winners of the battalion shooting shield the last four years in succession, will endear us to him. It would seem that his way with third-class shots is most effective. Tiny Coyle is no longer a third! Yea, verily, there can be no such thing as impossibility. We also welcome Mr. Frankis and are very sorry that his services in company games will not be available during the summer, as he is about to take up a staff appointment for six months in Poona.

### "B" COMPANY.

Collective training has come and gone since last we wrote, and the realities of individual training have already been vividly demonstrated to some of us, who are well on the road to becoming "Dick Dead Eyes." We spent many strenuous days and nights in our brigade manœuvres which for the major part seemed to have been intimately connected with the passage of a certain ghart, ghaut, or ghat. We feel we can, with due modesty, claim that in the passage of this obstacle, we faithfully carried out Nos. 4 and 6 of the principles of war. We would here like to congratulate the M.G. pack platoon on their mobility and thank them for their co-operation. (N.B.—Umpires please note.)

The *personnel* of the Company has been, and still is, undergoing many changes, due firstly to the arrival of two drafts from home, including Lt. J. T. Rivett-Carnac, to all of whom we offer a warm welcome, and secondly to the departure home of our time-expired and those preferring "Blighty" to India's coral strand; to all of these we wish the best of luck.

In the sports field we are now busy re-building our soccer and hockey teams, both of which show distinct promise of becoming useful sides. To our great regret we were unable to produce a team for the company boxing shield, but we mean to rectify that this year by steering clear of casualties, and through the medium of our newly learnt weight-reducing method, patented by our "Q" staff and proved infallible. Full instructions will be forwarded post free to any inquirer enclosing the price of a home indulgence ticket.

Our congratulations to Ptes. Tompkins and Gill, who won their places in the battalion boxing team in the Deccan District championships.

### "C" COMPANY.

Our last notes concluded with the statement that we were looking forward to company training, and as a point of interest we had a very instructive and interesting time. Owing to malaria the camp at Vilad, to which we were going, was ruled out by the medical authorities, and we had to carry out most of our training in the vicinity of barracks. We finished our training, however, with a five days' march which proved a success, the circular route having been carefully mapped out by the company staff officer. This officer's work did not finish at this, however, and what with searching for camp sites and testing the water in the sometimes very doubtful wells, he had quite a full-time job for a few days. In the latter task he was assisted by the M.O., who on the first occasion put O.K. on the wells to be used, but, sad to relate, forgot to bring in a sample of the water. Result, "exercise repeated." However, at the conclusion of our training the Commanding Officer was pleased with our efforts so we had no cause to worry. Battalion and brigade training have since been carried out, I think successfully, but I will not say more about these periods as I suppose the information will be forthcoming from other quarters.

Our progress in sport since our last issue is as follows :—(a) won the inter-company

boxing shield, (b) second in the Scissors Cup (a marching and shooting competition), (c) two platoons finished in the first four for the Platoon Flag (Nos. 9 and 10 Platoons).

Quite a lot of readers will remember Joe Wheatley, and will be interested to learn that he has shouldered the responsibility of civil life. He had about 26 years service on leaving the Colours, and had been our C.Q.M.S. since 1927. We wish him every success in the time to come. We have also to say good-bye to the following N.C.O.'s and men who have left the Company:—Sgt. Code, L/Sgt. Pye and Cpl. Gill on transfer to the Home establishment, Cpls. Browne, Johnstone, Johnson and Langford and 53 men transferred to the Army Reserve.

We welcome Capt. V. C. Green to the Company as Company Commander *vice* Capt. J. A. Lennon, who has gone home on leave, and also 2nd Lt. R. N. Bray, who has just come out to us. Lt. R. L. Jepson-Jones has also gone on leave to "Blighty," and we shall miss him this year in the sports field.

### "D" (M.G.) COMPANY.

Since the last issue of the IRON DUKE the Company has been busy with collective training. During November we took part in the brigade concentration which consisted chiefly of field firing. This was the first occasion on which we used A.T. carts for the carriage of M.G.'s in the field. They are not an unqualified success, but we shall have to stick to them until the Indian Government finds the money to produce better means of transport. In January and February we were out in camp for battalion and brigade training. We are now just about to carry out our annual turnover, and most of our new hands will come from the draft recently out from home. In the Scissors Cup competition the Company was third. In the platoon drill competition for the Platoon Flag, 13 Platoon tied for first place.

In the company boxing shield "A" Company defeated us in the first round. Lately we have been playing friendly matches with other companies, and the Royal Tank Corps School, and trying to find new talent. We have just completed the gun detachment cup competition in which No. 12 Gun Detachment proved to be the winners.

### THE BAND.

Since the last issue of the IRON DUKE we have had a few changes. L/Sgt. Rose has left us for Kneller Hall to study for bandmaster, and we feel sure that he will attain his object. We all wish him every success.

As regards the Platoon Flag, we have, for the first time since it started, dropped below third place, but have every hope of winning it this year.

From a musical point of view we have had quite a busy time, and would especially mention our trip to Bombay, where we played at the "Yorkshiremen's" dinner. The whole show went without a hitch, and the Band was congratulated on their effort, especially Sanderson, who gave a splendid rendering of "Ilkla Moor baht 'at" and "My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl," which, needless to say, added greatly to the occasion.

We are sorry to announce the departure of two good old standbacks, Cpl. Page and Bdsm. Hallows, who have been with the Battalion since it left home. We wish them every success in the home Battalion.

We are pleased to have Sgt. Robinson back from leave, as we are now able to reform our dance band. While he was away we had no pianist, and were forced to use a small military band for dances, but as our so-called critics said "without the piano the life of the band was missing."

Before concluding we must congratulate Bandmaster and Mrs. Gough on the birth of a daughter.



## MUSKETRY NOTES.



The Battalion entered four representatives in the King's Medal, Army Rifle Championships and the A.R.A. (India) Cup competitions which were fired at Meerut on the 12th, 13th and 14th of February, 1930. Unfortunately they were unable to get very much practice on the open range before leaving owing to battalion and brigade training. They all managed, however, to finish in the top half of the 262 competitors competing under very trying conditions—a sand storm on the first day, and a bitterly cold, strong cross-wind on each of the other two. Meerut lies at the foot of the Himalayas, and is at present very much in the public eye as the Communist conspiracy trial is taking place there.

On Sunday evening, March 23rd, an Amazons' competition, organised by Major Kavanagh, was held on the 30 yards range. The ladies of the Battalion drew for their partners, who were three field officers (including the Commanding Officer), three Captains, and three Subalterns. The first practice was fired by the ladies, five rounds with a .22 rifle. Mrs. Harker Taylor came out top with a score of 19, Mrs. Green being second with one point less. The

remaining events were fired only by the men. The second practice was a revolver practice, in which Major Kavanagh was top scorer, closely followed by Lt.-Col. Burnett. Then followed two rifle practices, one deliberate and one snapshooting, in which Major Owen came out on top, and, finally, a Lewis gun practice in which Capt. Gibson made the best score. Miss Sellars was the fortunate Amazon to win the spoon, in spite of her bandaged eye! Her partner was Major Kavanagh. Mrs. Harker Taylor and Capt. Gibson were second.

At the close of the competition the Amazons tried their strength with a Vickers machine gun, and the determined way in which they pushed in the thumb piece would have done credit to any member of the M.G. Company!

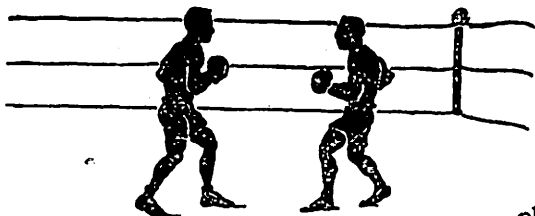
Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening, most excellently organised by Major Kavanagh, who also arranged for a tent in which specimens of all the weapons in use

were stripped down so that the ladies could see the intricacies of them all, whilst, in addition, and not less appreciated, he had another tent where refreshments were served. We hope that this meeting will prove to be the fore-runner of many more.



MARCH 23"

## BOXING.



During the period under review there has been considerable boxing activity in the Battalion, in spite of difficulties occasioned by collective training.

The following entrants from the Battalion went to Bombay early in December to take part in the Bombay Presidency amateur boxing champion-

ships:—Ptes. Scott, Beanland, Birch, Tompkins, Burke and Joyce. This competition attracted a very good entry from all over the Bombay Presidency, including Royal Air Force competitors from Karachi and other stations, and many civilians. Pte. Beanland is to be congratulated on winning the light-heavy-weight championship, and Pte. Birch on gaining the middle-weight championship. Pte. Scott was runner-up in the catch-weight class, and Pte. Tompkins survived until he was beaten in his third fight in the semi-final round of the welter-weight class. The result, two winners and one finalist from the Battalion, was very satisfactory.

The next boxing competition which was held for the inter-company boxing shield was run on a team basis, and took place during the period between battalion and brigade training during the latter part of January. The competition produced some excellent fights, and, as is apparent from the results, there was little to choose between the teams. "C" Company are to be congratulated on winning the company shield. The results of the fighting are as follows:—"A" Company beat "D" (M.G.) Company 4 fights to 3, "C" Company beat "H.Q." Wing 5-2, "C" Company beat "A" Company 4-3.

In February, immediately on return from brigade camp, a team was sent from the Battalion to Jubbulpore to compete in the Deccan District team and individual championships. The following represented the Battalion in their respective weights:—Pte. Beanland, Pte. Morgan, Pte. Birch, Pte. Tompkins, Pte. Kirby, Pte. Burke, Pte. Jones and Pte. Gill. In addition to the above, the following also went to Jubbulpore to take part in the individual competition which was run in conjunction with the team championships:—Pte. Farnell, Dmr. Jacoby, Pte. M. McGuire, Pte. Joyce, Pte. Leach, Pte. Hamilton and Pte. Coyle. In the first round we met and defeated in convincing style the 1st Royal Dragoons by 14 points to 10. Our winners were Pte. Gill, Pte. Jones, who knocked out his man in the second round, Ptes. Kirby, Birch, Morgan and Beanland. In the second round we were matched against the 2nd Battalion The Prince of Wales' Volunteers. This turned out to be a most exciting contest, and it was necessary to call upon the reserve light-weight to decide the issue. Pte. Joyce, our reserve, won his fight on points, and so put us into the final. Pte. Gill, owing to an injury which he received to his hand in the first round of the competition, was unable to fight. Our winners were Ptes. Burke and Tompkins on points, Ptes. Kirby and Beanland knocked out their opponents. This left the teams with 12 points each, and Pte. Joyce decided the issue for us by winning his fight on points.

In the final round we were matched against the 2nd Bn. The Manchester Regiment, who had defeated the Royal Fusiliers and the Signal Training Centre. We lost the match by 14 points to 10. Ptes. Gill, Jones and Kirby were unable to fight owing to injuries, and their places were filled by Dmr. Jacoby, Ptes. McGuire and Farnell. Our only winners were Ptes. Birch and Morgan, but there were several other very close fights, and the team is to be congratulated on putting up a very good show.

Dmr. Jacoby won his weight (Bantam) in the individual tournament, which was run concurrently with the team championships, whilst Ptes. McGuire, Burke and Birch all reached the semi-finals of their weights, feathers, lights and middles respectively.

Reference must also be made here to the success of the draft which came out on the *Nevasa* in December. A large boxing programme was drawn up, and the draft entered eight representatives. On the final night we had four still in and these all won their events, namely :—boys' bantam-weight, won by Boy Hurst ; boys' gnat-weight, won by Boy Flynn ; open bantam-weight, won by Pte. Dyson, and novices' welter-weight, won by Pte. Spink, whilst Pte. Bell, who had been defeated on the previous evening, was awarded the best loser's prize.

## HOCKEY.



Since the last notes published in 1929 there have been no competitions to record. Platoons and companies have continued friendly games among themselves and against the Royal Tank Corps School.

Since brigade training the Battalion team has had several fixtures. In January we played our first match against the other battalion in the station, 2/4th Bombay Grenadiers (K.E.O.), and won 4—3. This was most encouraging, as the team has, of necessity, changed slightly since last year. Once more we can include Lt. J. E. Frankis in the half line, and we were glad to see that two years at the Depot has not made any difference to his efficiency with the stick. In February we played the Ahmednagar Police, who last year defeated us twice fairly easily. This time we reversed the decision, and won very comfortably by 7 goals to 2. At the beginning of March the team went to Poona and played three matches with the following results :—v. 1st Bn. East Lancashire Regiment, won, 4—1 ; v. 5th Bn. 11th Sikh Regiment, won, 3—1 ; v. Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners, drew, 1—1.

This was most satisfactory, and boded quite well for future tournaments in Poona. On our return we played the 2nd Bn. 4th Bombay Grenadiers, and after a very hard game won by two goals to one. We then entered for the Aga Khan hockey tournament in Poona, open to all British units, European clubs, and teams of British officers from the Indian Army. We played the 15th Field Brigade Royal Artillery in the first round, and won 4—0. It was a good game in which we had most of the play, though the Gunners attacked strongly at times, and put in several very hot shots. L/Sgt. Smith scored all our goals.

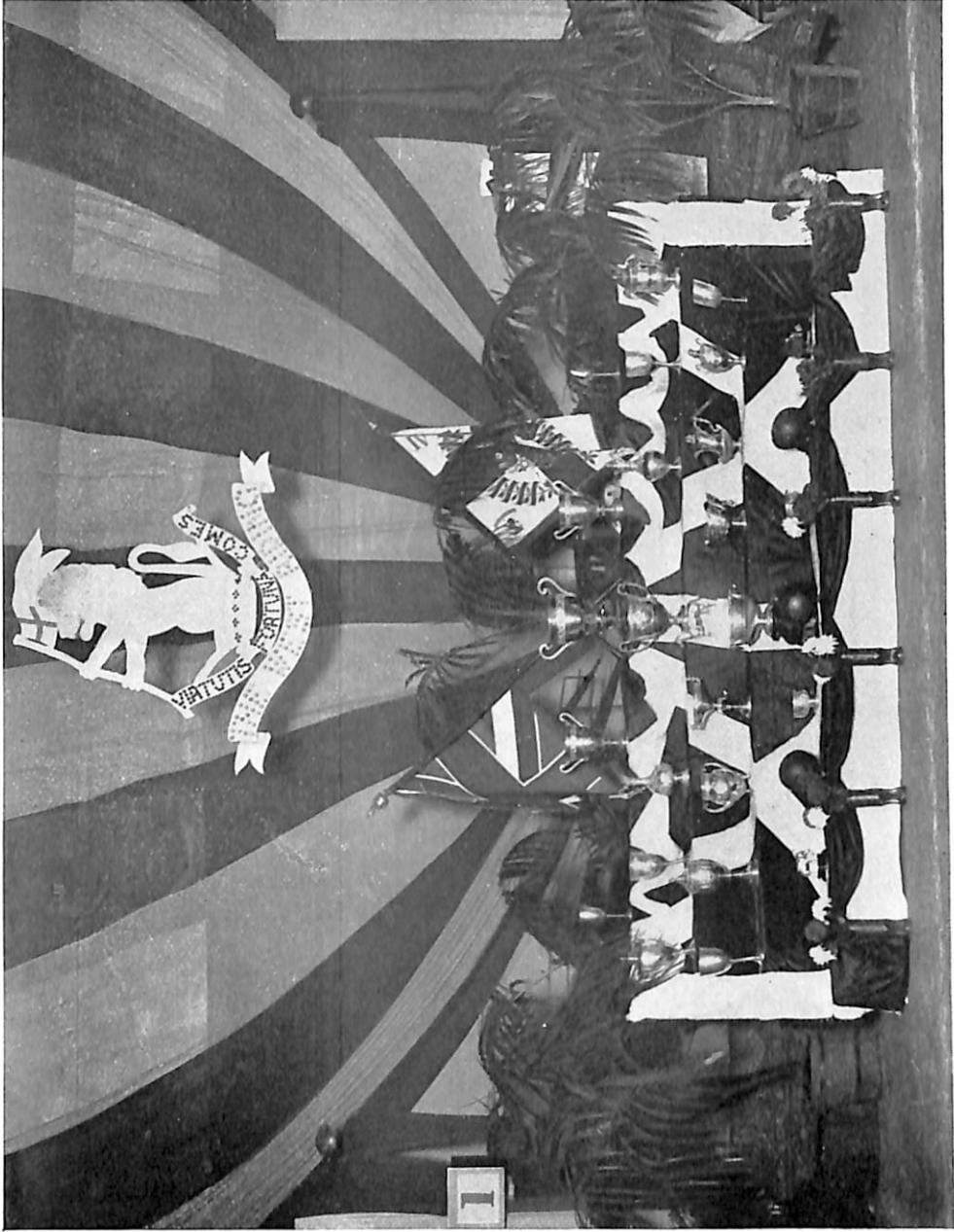
In the next round we met the Poona Gymkhana, to whom we lost 2—1. Lt. Henderson Brooks scored for us on this occasion. Early on in the game Cpl. Roberts was unlucky in getting a ball in his eye, which rather blinded him for the rest of the time ; whilst Sgt. Smith was suffering from an injured hand, the result of a practice game played two days before. Otherwise perhaps we might have done better.

The following were awarded " caps " for 1929 :—Lt. R. L. J. Jones, Sgt. Bennett, L/Sgt. Smith, Cpls. Roberts and Caulfield, L/Cpls. Tennyson, Knight, Byrne and Whitfield Ptes. Stoney and Keighley.

2nd BATTALION ON MANEUUVRES.



(No description of these photographs was sent with them.)



Decorations at the Annual Ball of the 4th Battalion, Dec. 13th, 1929.  
See page 26 of No. 15, February issue, IRON DUKE.

**BRIGADE POINT-TO-POINT.**

On the last day of brigade training the annual point-to-point meeting was held, Headquarters, 11th (Ahmednagar) Infantry Brigade, very kindly being "At Home" to members of the Brigade and their friends.

The meeting consisted of four races, and the course, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 miles long, was a pretty gruelling affair consisting of heavy going in soft cotton soil, and being well supplied with fences as well as nullahs.

The first race was the Brigade team race which the Battalion won last year. The entries this year consisted of one team from Brigade "H.Q.," one from the 2/4th Bombay Grenadiers, one from the 1/14th Punjab Regiment and our own team. We were represented by Major Owen's "Pat," ridden by Lt. Owen, Capt. Fraser's "Lido Lad," and Lt. W. A. Woods' "Duchess," both owner ridden. The first fence was some 150 yards from the start, and out of 12 starters 8 refused. However, everyone cleared it the second time. Already the field was well strung out, the leaders this time being Capt. Harding (Brigade "H.Q.") and Capt. Hayes-Newington (2/4th B.G.). The race was run at a very fast pace, and at the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile turn the field was extended over 500 or 600 yards. Lt. Owen took the lead at the turn and held it with Capt. Harding following. In the second half of the course there were two very nice natural jumps into nullahs, in the first of which there were two crashes, one, however, remounting and finishing. About half a mile from the finish was a deep nullah, the ground then rising over soft ground to a fence 400 yards from home. After this nullah "Pat" was observed by the spectators to be fairly done, and Capt. Harding had a four length lead at the last fence, followed by Lt. Owen and Capt. Hiff (2/4th B.G.) who rose to the last jump together. "Pat," however, hit the fence and fell, throwing Lt. Owen, who sustained slight concussion, sundry bruises and a nasty kick on the jaw. This put our team out of the race which was won by the Bombay Grenadiers. Capt. Fraser and Lt. Woods finished 6th and 7th, so had "Pat" not fallen we should either have retained the cup, or else tied for it, according to whether Lt. Owen had come in second or third. However, fate was against us, and everyone sympathised with Lt. Owen on his ill-luck. Fortunately his accident did not prove as serious as might have been the case, and after treatment at the camp hospital he was later able to return to the course as a spectator.

The next race for which we were eligible to enter was the fourth, an individual race for a cup presented by X Flight, 28th (A.C.) Squadron, R.A.F., who had been co-operating with us during brigade training. Our only entry for this was Lt. W. A. Woods' "Tiny," and this was to have been ridden by Lt. Owen. As it was impossible for him to take any further part after his accident, Lt. F. P. A. Woods rode in his stead, but stood no chance of winning as he carried too much weight. Lt. Woods was further handicapped by the breaking of one of his leathers at the first fence. In spite of this he finished the course, which is more than some of the other riders succeeded in doing, various fences (and neighbouring thorn bushes) taking their toll!

Altogether a very enjoyable meeting, though marred by Lt. Owen's accident.

**SHOOTING.**

Possibly an account of a morning's shoot will give the best idea of what may be obtained round Ahmednagar. For this particular effort we went out the night before to a small bungalow 26 miles away, as otherwise we should have had to get up at 4 a.m., and that is not the best sort of beginning to any day. We left the bungalow at 6 a.m., and motored to a nullah two miles away. This nullah was about forty yards wide, with fairly large scattered pools of water in it, and thick undergrowth on the banks. We did the shoot in beats on the same principle as a beat in a copse at home, and very much what one would expect happened. First two hares came out and were shot. Then three peacock, but they elected to fly the wrong way. On the way to the next stand a pigeon was picked up. This bird closely resembles a wood pigeon but is not nearly so wily.

So on for an hour or so, and at about 8.30 we heard the first sandgrouse coming over with their very distinctive call. More about them later. A description of one beat will, perhaps be forgiven. The beaters started a quarter of a mile away and made all the approved noises that seem to disturb birds wherever one shoots. We were standing along a small path at right angles to the beat with a very thick clump of cactus a few yards in front and the nullah on our right. Innumerable doves and small birds came over, then a hare came along very quietly. The beaters got quite close, and at last one peafowl, a cock, in full plumage, sailed up from the cactus with the sun shining on him. This is a sight that is truly magnificent. We got him, and nine pounds odd coming down from about thirty feet is not a thing to be underneath. Our total bag for three hours' shooting was three peafowl and a peachick, six hares, two brace of pigeon, two brace of sandgrouse and a quail, with one pigeon and one quail lost.

A very interesting hour can be spent attempting, I use the word advisedly, to shoot sandgrouse, which can be found in several places near here. They come down to drink every morning between 9 o'clock and 10 o'clock, but the difficulty is to find the place. They nearly always settle some distance from the water, get up and fly round before coming to drink. Their drink lasts for a second or two and then they go straight off. They have an uncanny way of jinking just before they come up to the guns, and if they have once been fired at they fly very fast indeed, and they are without doubt one of the hardest of birds to see on the ground.

Black buck abound round here, but unfortunately good heads are very scarce indeed, 19½ inches being about the best that has been shot. People have seen immense heads both of buck and chinkara, but the animals concerned are as alive as they ever were.

At the beginning of the season about six varieties of duck can be shot on the four big tanks that are near here, but they become very wild after a few weeks as they are shot at a lot by officers on courses at the Machine Gun and Tank Schools. Finally, shooting is really very inexpensive, and if one is content with a small and mixed bag, is quite good.

### THE SOCIETY OF YORKSHIREMEN IN BOMBAY.

The annual dinner of this most flourishing society took place at the Willingdon Sports Club, Bombay, on Friday, 21st February, and some 98 members and guests attended. The dinner itself was good (it seems too much to expect native cooks to make a "good" Yorkshire pudding) and the Band of the 2nd Battalion (specially sent from Ahmednagar) was the success of the evening, the singing of "My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl" and "Ilkla Moor" by Bds. Sanderson being vociferously encored.

The toast of "Yorkshire" was proposed by Sir Stanley Reed in an extremely able and witty speech. This "man of Somerset" rather put it across Yorkshire, as his county has often done at cricket in the past, and the task of later speakers was not an enviable one. Col. Huffam, the President, however, made a very good speech in reply and nobly saved the day for Yorkshire.

The following story (invented, we believe, by a jealous Scot) was told in the course of the evening, explaining the origin of the Yorkshire man. An Aberdonian, walking to London many centuries ago, met a Jewess, walking from London to Scotland, in the vicinity of where Leeds now is. They married, and the result was—the Yorkshireman.

During the evening a telegram from the Viceroy (Lord Irwin) and letters from Lord Hawke and the late Speaker (Mr. J. H. Whitley) regretting their inability to attend, were read.

The following made the journey from 'Nagar, and were present at the dinner:—Mrs. Burnett, Miss Sellars, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Milner, Major Sir Robert Henniker and Capts. Fraser and Harvey. Our sympathy is extended to Lt.-Col. Burnett, R.S.M. Pearce and Sgt. Holmes who were unable, at the last minute, to make the journey to Bombay, for they not only missed a most excellent evening, but were also unable to partake of the very generous hospitality extended by Col. Huffam, whose arrangements for our comfort were as always so remarkably good. The arrangements for the dinner itself were carried

out by Mr. Guy Robinson, and the menu card deserves special mention, not only for the excellent fare it advertised, but particularly for the very attractive design on the cover. This was "The two Gateways," and depicted one of the gateways of York viewed through "The Gateway of India" (in Bombay). The artist deserves very high praise for the thought and its execution.

## DEPOT NEWS.

NOT being hardy old campaigners who fire muskets on the rugged coasts of Cornwall, or quell strikes in the outposts of Empire, it is hard indeed to find something to write about that can stir the hearts of many adventurous readers. However, we have our little hardships. Who will not sympathise with the officer who had to lead the A.D. of H., the A.E. Officer and the I.F.S.\* round barracks on the same day and at the same time (he was discovered next morning washing his feet in a fire bucket, and reciting by heart the latest amendments in Educational Training); or the Sergeant, who told the C.O. on his weekly inspection that a certain light had not possessed a shade for at least three years; or the Quartermaster's parrot, who escaped on a similar occasion, and only avoided the guard room because sad to say he is the only member of this community who possesses wings. However, it is at such times as these that we find encouragement from our educational establishment (for the benefit of those who may not comprehend I hasten to explain that this is the Depot School), our shaken morale recovers, and our *esprit-de-corps* is enhanced a thousandfold when we hear from one of its learned inmates that the 1st Battalion is now commanded by an ancestor of the Great Duke himself. I have always felt a humble respect for great age, and surely there is no one in the Regiment who cannot share my feelings towards such a very ancient commanding officer. In the last number of this journal the Editor lamented the failure of an essay competition, but again the local seat of learning has come to the rescue and bids us not despair. This time it is the effort of a very humble person, which, though undoubtedly a masterpiece, was also alas a swan song. Here it is:—"A fat bal mach his a job sopotgam his lac hol sot bat fat bal sasle. Kraat his a gob gan I lac hisc lak sam hre Baken is a god soptgam tow a Baken mas it his a satin gobm tow." *Please translate.*

Entries for this competition are unlimited, but no prizes are offered, as a trustworthy interpreter of this language has not yet been discovered.

We have been pleased to see quite a number of the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions, both officers and other ranks, at the Depot during the first quarter of the year. A section-leading and drill course was held during the first fortnight in February, and a machine gun course during the first two weeks in March. 2nd Lts. T. E. A. Foster and P. B. Tanner stayed with us for the latter, whilst Capt. P. M. Learoyd and 2nd Lt. J. M. S. Sykes lunched with us daily, thus helping to make life more cheerful and messing a little cheaper.

One Sunday morning a T.E.W.T., conducted by Major Cox for the benefit of those taking promotion examinations, brought hosts of officers from the surrounding country to a jolly little spot called Cold Edge. Helped by pint mugs of a brew termed tea, which was served out to us at the "Withens Hotel," we managed to slay the enemy by about 15.30 hours, and then returned to the Mess to refresh ourselves, reorganise and thaw.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Capt. T. W. Robertson and Lt. C. R. T. Cumberlege, who have joined us from the 2nd Battalion. Congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. G. T. Fleming on the birth of a son, and also to Lt. and Q.M. and Mrs. Callaghan on the birth of a daughter.

## SERGEANTS' MESS.

The New Year's Eve dance was held in the Mess, and about 150 guests were entertained. The fortnightly whist drives and dances finished on 21st February, and our amusement

\* For the benefit of the uninitiated, this means the Inspector of Fire Services, not the Irish Free State.



committee are to be congratulated on the splendid way in which they have arranged and carried out the programme for entertaining the members and their friends during the winter season.

On the 14th January the annual dinner, followed by a smoking concert, was held. Mr. Harold Barnes, together with three more of England's best, entertained the company, and a very enjoyable evening was spent, which terminated at 11.30 p.m.

Additions to four of the panels on the north wall of the Mess room have been made, so that the names of the Adjutants of the 33rd and 76th can be added, and the panels brought up-to-date. A plaque has also been fixed in the billiard room stating, "This Billiard Room was presented to the Sergeants' Mess, Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment by the 3rd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on their return from the South African War, 1902."

Congratulations to L/Sgt. L. Wardle on obtaining his First-Class Certificate of Education, and to L/Sgts. Mountain and Smith on their appointment. We wish the best of luck to Sgt. E. R. Burn who has been discharged to pension.

### SPORT.

**RUGBY.** In the last number we mentioned that we were "to be about to make a start at rigger." It can now be truthfully stated that we have started. Rigger, in fact, has taken the place of soccer here, and a wave of enthusiasm for the game has spread throughout the Depot. At a sports meeting it was decided by an overwhelming majority to abandon the soccer league and play rigger instead as there are not sufficient numbers to take on both games seriously.

Having conjured by one means and another a little money in to that sadly depleted account which is known as the "Sports Club," it was found possible actually to buy thirty pairs of boots, a couple of balls, and other general and necessary gear, including some excellent garments from a well-known firm in the Frimley Road, Camberley, though the purchaser, when visiting this high-class establishment, was not quite as lucky in attempting to part with some excellent, if perhaps time-expired garments of his own, and narrowly escaped a cauliflower ear in the effort.

To return to the game itself, it must be admitted that no star turn has as yet appeared amongst the recruits. Barely half a dozen of them played the game before they joined the Army, but as the result of numerous practices and inter-squad games they have gradually got to know something about rigger, and this should make them keen to try a hand at it when they leave Halifax.

The Administrative Company does not possess any star turns either, but, nevertheless, with the help of one or two hardy soccer players they proved much too strong for the recruit company who were rash enough to ask them for a game! We are hoping to get a number of fixtures next season, and to be able to field a very fair team for a Depot, including four officers, of whom one at least feels that the squash court alone is not sufficient to keep his chest measurement larger than his —! We were very disappointed to miss a game against the 5th Battalion at Huddersfield, which had been arranged for the 15th March. As luck would have it we woke that morning to find the ground several inches deep in snow, which did not leave us for over a week.

**ASSOCIATION.**—Although we have dropped out of the Halifax and District League this does not mean that soccer has been entirely forsaken, and games are played from time to time against various neighbouring teams. The semi-final for the association cup does not take place till Easter Monday, so the result will have to appear in the autumn number.

**HOCKEY.**—The hockey season has just come to an end, with a victory at last, against Todmorden. As will be seen from the list below all the other matches were lost, though matters have not been as bad as it appears, and all the games were very even. The most enjoyable game of all was that against the New School, Halifax; as is always the case in

out by Mr. Guy Robinson, and the menu card deserves special mention, not only for the excellent fare it advertised, but particularly for the very attractive design on the cover. This was "The two Gateways," and depicted one of the gateways of York viewed through "The Gateway of India" (in Bombay). The artist deserves very high praise for the thought and its execution.

## DEPOT NEWS.

NOT being hardy old campaigners who fire muskets on the rugged coasts of Cornwall, or quell strikes in the outposts of Empire, it is hard indeed to find something to write about that can stir the hearts of many adventurous readers. However, we have our little hardships. Who will not sympathise with the officer who had to lead the A.D. of H., the A.E. Officer and the I.F.S.\* round barracks on the same day and at the same time (he was discovered next morning washing his feet in a fire bucket, and reciting by heart the latest amendments in Educational Training); or the Sergeant, who told the C.O. on his weekly inspection that a certain light had not possessed a shade for at least three years; or the Quartermaster's parrot, who escaped on a similar occasion, and only avoided the guard room because sad to say he is the only member of this community who possesses wings. However, it is at such times as these that we find encouragement from our educational establishment (for the benefit of those who may not comprehend I hasten to explain that this is the Depot School), our shaken morale recovers, and our *esprit-de-corps* is enhanced a thousandfold when we hear from one of its learned inmates that the 1st Battalion is now commanded by an ancestor of the Great Duke himself. I have always felt a humble respect for great age, and surely there is no one in the Regiment who cannot share my feelings towards such a very ancient commanding officer. In the last number of this journal the Editor lamented the failure of an essay competition, but again the local seat of learning has come to the rescue and bids us not despair. This time it is the effort of a very humble person, which, though undoubtedly a masterpiece, was also alas a swan song. Here it is:—"A fat bal mach his a job sopotgam his lac hol sot bat fat bal sasle. Kraat his a gob gan I lac hisc lak sam hre Baken is a god soptgam tow a Baken mas it his a satin gobm tow." *Please translate.*

Entries for this competition are unlimited, but no prizes are offered, as a trustworthy interpreter of this language has not yet been discovered.

We have been pleased to see quite a number of the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions, both officers and other ranks, at the Depot during the first quarter of the year. A section-leading and drill course was held during the first fortnight in February, and a machine gun course during the first two weeks in March. 2nd Lts. T. E. A. Foster and P. B. Tanner stayed with us for the latter, whilst Capt. P. M. Learoyd and 2nd Lt. J. M. S. Sykes lunched with us daily, thus helping to make life more cheerful and messing a little cheaper.

One Sunday morning a T.E.W.T., conducted by Major Cox for the benefit of those taking promotion examinations, brought hosts of officers from the surrounding country to a jolly little spot called Cold Edge. Helped by pint mugs of a brew termed tea, which was served out to us at the "Withens Hotel," we managed to slay the enemy by about 15.30 hours, and then returned to the Mess to refresh ourselves, reorganise and thaw.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Capt. T. W. Robertson and Lt. C. R. T. Cumberlege, who have joined us from the 2nd Battalion. Congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. G. T. Fleming on the birth of a son, and also to Lt. and Q.M. and Mrs. Callaghan on the birth of a daughter.

## SERGEANTS' MESS.

The New Year's Eve dance was held in the Mess, and about 150 guests were entertained. The fortnightly whist drives and dances finished on 21st February, and our amusement

\* For the benefit of the uninitiated, this means the Inspector of Fire Services, not the Irish Free State.

committee are to be congratulated on the splendid way in which they have arranged and carried out the programme for entertaining the members and their friends during the winter season.

On the 14th January the annual dinner, followed by a smoking concert, was held. Mr. Harold Barnes, together with three more of England's best, entertained the company, and a very enjoyable evening was spent, which terminated at 11.30 p.m.

Additions to four of the panels on the north wall of the Mess room have been made, so that the names of the Adjutants of the 33rd and 76th can be added, and the panels brought up-to-date. A plaque has also been fixed in the billiard room stating, "This Billiard Room was presented to the Sergeants' Mess, Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment by the 3rd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on their return from the South African War, 1902."

Congratulations to L/Sgt. L. Wardle on obtaining his First-Class Certificate of Education, and to L/Sgts. Mountain and Smith on their appointment. We wish the best of luck to Sgt. E. R. Burn who has been discharged to pension.

### SPORT.

**RUGBY.** In the last number we mentioned that we were "to be about to make a start at rugger." It can now be truthfully stated that we have started. Rugger, in fact, has taken the place of soccer here, and a wave of enthusiasm for the game has spread throughout the Depot. At a sports meeting it was decided by an overwhelming majority to abandon the soccer league and play rugger instead as there are not sufficient numbers to take on both games seriously.

Having conjured by one means and another a little money in to that sadly depleted account which is known as the "Sports Club," it was found possible actually to buy thirty pairs of boots, a couple of balls, and other general and necessary gear, including some excellent garments from a well-known firm in the Frimley Road, Camberley, though the purchaser, when visiting this high-class establishment, was not quite as lucky in attempting to part with some excellent, if perhaps time-expired garments of his own, and narrowly escaped a cauliflower ear in the effort.

To return to the game itself, it must be admitted that no star turn has as yet appeared amongst the recruits. Barely half a dozen of them played the game before they joined the Army, but as the result of numerous practices and inter-squad games they have gradually got to know something about rugger, and this should make them keen to try a hand at it when they leave Halifax.

The Administrative Company does not possess any star turns either, but, nevertheless, with the help of one or two hardy soccer players they proved much too strong for the recruit company who were rash enough to ask them for a game! We are hoping to get a number of fixtures next season, and to be able to field a very fair team for a Depot, including four officers, of whom one at least feels that the squash court alone is not sufficient to keep his chest measurement larger than his —! We were very disappointed to miss a game against the 5th Battalion at Huddersfield, which had been arranged for the 15th March. As luck would have it we woke that morning to find the ground several inches deep in snow, which did not leave us for over a week.

**ASSOCIATION.**—Although we have dropped out of the Halifax and District League this does not mean that soccer has been entirely forsaken, and games are played from time to time against various neighbouring teams. The semi-final for the association cup does not take place till Easter Monday, so the result will have to appear in the autumn number.

**HOCKEY.**—The hockey season has just come to an end, with a victory at last, against Todmorden. As will be seen from the list below all the other matches were lost, though matters have not been as bad as it appears, and all the games were very even. The most enjoyable game of all was that against the New School, Halifax; as is always the case in

school games, the play was fast and delightfully open. It was not till the last fifteen minutes that the school got the better of us, and took the lead. Our return match was unfortunately scratched owing to the weather. The latter seemed determined also to prevent any match between the Recruit and Administrative Companies. Though several games were arranged, only twice did the teams actually meet. The first time the game was played to a finish despite snow and sleet, and the recruits won; the second time the Administrative Company thought they were going to win, but twenty minutes from the end the weather claimed a sudden and decisive victory, and both teams beat a hasty retreat.

Results of matches played since 1st January:—Huddersfield "A," lost, 1—2; Peel Park, lost, 0—4; Ben Rhydding, lost, 2—3; Leeds Training College, lost, 1—5; Ben Rhydding, lost, 0—3; New School, lost, 2—4; Todmorden, won, 4—0.

BOXING.—An inter-squad competition was held on 30th January. The Junior squad, who had not very much more than a month's service, are to be heartily congratulated on winning.

The results were as follows:—December Squad (Sgt. Kerr) 18 points, October Squad (Sgt. Berry) 15 points, August Squad (Sgt. Jones) 12 points. As will be seen it was a close thing, as was the case in most of the individual fights; and it was usually the case that one good blow deserved, and got, another in return. This made judging a difficult business, but any lack of skill was abundantly made up for by pluck and determination, which are after all the first essential qualities the novice must possess.

The best loser's prize went to Pte. Morris (August), who put up an excellent fight. Morris boxes with his right hand leading, and possesses a very good natural left, which he used with good effect to the body. With more training and experience he should be able to develop this into a very fine punch. He must learn to lead straight with his right hand though, and not tap downwards. Another right-handed boxer, Pte. Frost (October), showed promise, and had a good lead with his right, but lost his opportunities through hitting too lightly. Pte. Johnson (December) should have the makings of a good boxer with more experience, and Pte. Cope (August) also showed promise.

The good standard of determination and fitness reached by all reflects great credit on Sgt.-Instr. Slade (A.P.T.S.) and Sgt. Seaton, who were responsible for most of the training.

Major M. N. Cox very kindly presented the shield and medals at the conclusion of the boxing.

## 4th BATTALION NEWS.

**E**VENING classes for officers, N.C.O.'s, and selected privates of rifle companies and the whole *personnel* of the M.G. Company were continued throughout January, February, and March, and were well attended. These classes have been of especial value to the *personnel* of the M.G. Company, a thorough grounding in machine gun work being assured.

Two courses have been held at the Regimental Depot, a general course of thirteen days' duration in February and a Vickers M.G. course of thirteen days in March. Twelve N.C.O.'s and men attended the general course and three officers and ten N.C.O.'s and men attended the Vickers M.G. course, and very good reports were obtained. The *personnel* attending were unanimous in expressing the opinion that the period of the courses was too short, which speaks well for the good feeling existing between the T.A. units and the Depot. The value of these courses cannot be overestimated.

Recruiting during the past three months has been very disappointing. We have a very heavy time-expired list this year, and we are not, so far, holding our own in replacements. It is hoped that all ranks will do their utmost to remedy this state of affairs.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—The whist drives which have been held during the winter season have been very successful, and if the expected alterations to the Drill Hall are carried out, we hope to be able to accommodate many more friends next season.

On March 27th we met the 4th Battalion O.C.A. in a shooting and billiards match. Next winter we shall endeavour to arrange more of these social evenings, when past and present members can meet in friendly rivalry.

On April 12th we held our third annual dinner at the Crown Hotel, Halifax, which was very successful. There were members from the Depot and the Territorial battalions and old members of the Mess present. The dinner was followed by a smoking concert until 11 p.m., a very enjoyable evening being spent.

## 5th BATTALION NEWS.

IT is with much pleasure that I can again report a considerable increase in our strength ; the number and success of the social functions has greatly helped to this end.

In the Territorial Army the unit for recruiting purposes is far more the company than the battalion, and companies have to recruit for themselves, through the personal influence of their members, helped by their social and sporting events. All four of our companies have held combined prize distributions and dances. The prize lists have been exceedingly good, and the competitions keenly contested :—" B " Company at Holmfirth, Dec. 14th, prizes distributed by G. T. Oldham, Esq., J.P. C.C. ; " C " Company at Kirkburton on Jan. 11th, prizes distributed by Dr. J. A. Stephens ; " D " Company at Mirfield on March 8th, prizes distributed by Major W. J. M. Sproule ; " A " (M.G.) Company, at Huddersfield, prizes distributed by Col. G. P. Norton. In addition, many pie-suppers, dances, and whist drives have been organised by companies, and also the P.R.I. has held very successful battalion pie-suppers and gramophone recitals at Huddersfield.

Sir Hildred E. Carlisle, Colonel of the Battalion, has presented us with a challenge trophy for sports, to be called " The Inter-Company Athletic Sports Trophy," to be held by the commander of the company gaining the greatest number of points in the battalion sports.

Steady progress has been maintained in the tactical training of leaders ; on Sunday, Jan. 12th, " A " (M.G.) Company co-operated with the rifle companies in a scheme, M.G.'s in defence, in the neighbourhood of Scholes. Unfortunately, owing to the numbers present, about 80, the " Q " branch failed to provide a hot roast, but a very good cold lunch was served. On Sunday, March 9th, " B " Company held a scheme on defence near Dumford Bridge, their " Q " branch arrangements were, I understand, excellent ; in addition, " A " (M.G.) Company and the Signal section have held special classes for their leaders on Wednesday evenings throughout the winter.

2nd Lt. T. L. Holliday has just completed his month with the 1st Battalion from Jan. 27th to March 1st.

The Sergeants' annual ball on Jan. 17th was most successful, and so was the " A " (M.G.) Company dance on Jan. 24th ; there were upwards of 250 present.

It is with very deep regret we have to report the death, the result of a motor accident, of C.Q.M.S. B. H. Flood on Jan. 13th ; C.Q.M.S. Flood had very many years' service with the Battalion, and we all held him in great esteem ; he was interred with full military honours.

Congratulations to the following officers on qualifying in their promotion examinations at York and Castleford March 15th-16th :—Subject (C), Capt. R. C. Laurence ; subject (A), Lts. R. G. L. Mason, C. Liversidge, 2nd Lts. G. E. Gooch and R. W. P. Sanderson.

We regret that Capt. E. Butterworth has left us ; his transfer from the active list to the T.A. Reserve of Officers bears the date March 12th.

The *Gazette* of April 1st shows the following promotions :—Capt. J. M. Haigh to be Major, Lt. J. L. Pott to be Captain (March 12th).

## 6th BATTALION NEWS.

THE winter months have been spent in evening classes for officers, N.C.O.'s, and men and all companies have carried out a tactical exercise scheme. The officers have also carried out a tactical scheme in the vicinity of Buckden. A large number of N.C.O.'s and men have been attached to the Depot at Halifax for machine gun courses, range-takers, etc., and much useful instruction has been received.

The annual camp is to be held at Ripon from July 27th to August 11th next.

Our congratulations are due to Sgt. G. G. Ostler, "P.S.," on his marriage to Miss G. Smith, and we wish them a long and happy married life.

C.S.M. H. Hardisty attended the 33rd qualifying course at the Small Arms School, Netheravon Wing, from Oct. 4th to Nov. 29th, 1929, and qualified Q1. Lt. R. Wood (Qr.-Mr.) has been promoted Captain (Qr.-Mr.), with effect from Jan. 13th, 1930. Capt. T. P. Brighthouse and Capt. E. H. Llewellyn qualified in subject (c) for promotion at the examination held at York on March 15th, 1930. Capt. G. Fell has assumed command of "B" Company at Bingley, and Capt. R. H. Hield takes over command of the "H.Q." Wing at Skipton.

The annual officers dinner was held at the Midland Hotel, Bradford, on April 11th, 1930, 31 officers, past and present, attending. Col. J. Birkbeck, Hon. Colonel of the Battalion, presided, and some excellent reminiscences were related. Col. the Rev. S. Howard Hall was present, and it was pleasing to note that, despite his 80 years of age, he still enjoys these functions. Among other officers present were Col. C. M. Bateman, Col. N. B. Chaffers, Col. G. Tanner, and Lt.-Col. F. Longden Smith, our present Commanding Officer. Several past officers were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The toast of the 6th Battalion was in the capable hands of Capt. B. Godfrey Buxton.

The annual sergeants' dinner was held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, in January, 1930, when 105 sergeants, officers, and friends attended and sat down to an excellent repast, after which the evening was spent in musical items. Col. S. Rhodes, Commander of the 147th Infantry Brigade, was present. The usual toasts were honoured.

The strength of the Battalion is 16 officers, 464 other ranks.

## 7th BATTALION NEWS.

SOLDIERING in a Territorial battalion is usually at a discount in the early part of the year and a good part of our news this time may be described as social rather than military.

The annual dinner was held in Huddersfield on Jan. 31st. We were favoured with a rather smaller room than the awe-inspiring hall in which we have dined for some years past, and the more intimate atmosphere thus produced, together with the cheery presence of Cols. Rhodes, Sugden, Mellor, and Tanner, made the evening a great success. Rather over 40 officers were present.

On Feb. 22nd a prize distribution for the whole Battalion except "B" Company was held at Mossley. This is a departure, and a very welcome one, from the previous system, under which each company, with much effort and financial anxiety, ran its own distribution. Col. Rhodes very kindly came over and gave the prizes, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all ranks of the Battalion and their guests.

A second innovation, and an even more popular one, was a dinner and dance held on March 7th. Owing to the unfortunate lack of any suitable hall in the Battalion area, we had to transfer our activities to Oldham, where we found everything that was needed to make a most enjoyable evening. We look forward to this dance becoming an annual event, which will be one of the outstanding days of the year.

We feel we ought in this connection to say how much we appreciate the organising activities of Lt. Stratton, who is always pushed to the fore when work of this kind is to be done, and who does it so well.

Perhaps we ought now to revert to a little soldiering.

The Tanner Cup for miniature rifle shooting was won this year by "C" Company, who won seven out of their eight matches. The highest average score stands to the credit of Lt. Bridge, and the medal for the highest score among the lower ranks goes to Cpl. Fullard, now of "A" Company.

A course was held at the Depot during March for machine gunners, which was attended by one officer and nine N.C.O.'s from the 7th Battalion. The training of the M.G. Company, which is continuing through the winter, will benefit greatly from the knowledge thus gained at the Depot.

As part of the winter training of officers and in preparation for the promotion exams, a tactical scheme was held by the Battalion on Jan. 19th on the moors above Holmfirth, finishing, in the way of all well-arranged schemes, with its objective close to the Isle of Skye Inn. (In passing, we may say that some of the Divisional schemes were not so well arranged in this particular.)

On Feb. 16th Col. Rhodes and the officers of the Depot conducted a scheme on the appropriately named "Cold Edge" near Halifax; it was a withdrawal scheme, but the withdrawal did not take place nearly so soon as some of us would have liked. However, Col. Rhodes and Major Cox stood there and froze like heroes, and we all did our best to look equally heroic and to keep our brains working in a temperature which felt to be many degrees below zero. We were saved from trench feet by a kind invitation to tea at the Depot, for which—and for the glorious fire in the ante-room—we are much indebted to Major Cox and his officers.

On March 2nd and March 9th the Division very kindly conducted tactical schemes in the form of practices for A exam. and C exam. respectively, and on March 15th and 16th the exams. themselves were held. The weather again was most unpleasant, but the examiners were kind and all our eleven candidates were successful. Capt. Howcroft, Lt. Whipp, and Lt. Rothwell obtained distinctions—or as the Army picturesquely phrases it "obtained 8"—and incidentally gained the highest marks of all the 80 odd officers taking the two exams. The C.O. and Adjutant were still lost in astonishment at the success of their refractory pupils when the result was celebrated at a little supper a few days later, while the Second-in-Command's feelings so overcame him that he lost both his hat and his train. We calculate that it will now be about 18 years before the higher command can say much more about promotion exams. Meanwhile we much appreciate the complimentary reference to the Battalion in Divisional orders.

In connection with exams. it is interesting to read in a local history, of which a copy recently came into the hands of the Battalion, that in 1871 the 34th W.R. Volunteers (Saddleworth) had 21 officers of whom *one* had satisfied the board.

Students of military history may be grateful for a little explanation recently given by one subaltern to another newly-joined one that "an ensign is a second lieutenant who has not passed his Cert. A."

On March 15th—the same snowy day as the "C" exam.—the final of the Divisional cross country championship was run near York, and our team reaped the reward of many attempts in recent years by winning the championship, after defeating the Yorkshire Dragoons by a narrow margin. Pte. A. Norcliffe failed by a few seconds to be first man home, but the two Norcliffes comfortably gained second and third places. We congratulate the team very heartily, the more so when we remember the miserable climatic conditions under which the race was run.

We are pleased to congratulate Capt. Hickson on his recent promotion.

We have to record the loss during the last few months of Lts. Crossley, Chadderton, Walker, and Swan, who have been transferred to the Reserve, and Lt. Shaw, who has resigned.

Col. Rhodes at the prize distribution spoke of the financial difficulties involved in running a Territorial battalion. Perhaps he and his audience will be interested in the

circular printed below which shows the difficulties of a battalion commander in 1807. Sir George Armytage is, of course, the ancestor of one of our recent Brigade commanders, and the Upper Agbrigg Volunteers covered the area now allotted to the 5th and 7th Battalions.

At a meeting of the Officers of the Upper Agbrigg Volunteers, held at the George Inn in Huddersfield on the 6th day of July, 1807, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Situation of the Corps, Sir George Armytage, Bart., in the chair,

It was resolved,

That upon inspecting the Accounts of the said Corps, it appears that it is indebted, to the amount of near Two Hundred Pounds, for necessaries.

That the Subscription entered into in the year 1803, for the purpose of providing Cloaths and Accoutrements for the said Corps, is exhausted, and that it is indispensable a fund should by some means be provided to discharge the above small Debt.

That the Corps cannot appear in the field at present, or be continued in future, without being reclothed, and having a small Sum of Money provided for contingent Expenses.

That the Corps is willing to continue its Services, if the Neighbourhood think them necessary, and will provide a proper fund, for the cloaths and other necessaries requisite to be had.

That the above Resolution be printed, and sent to every member of the Committee, in the expectation of their taking the Business into their early Consideration.

GEO. ARMYTAGE, Lieut.-Colonel, Commandant.

## 9th BATTALION NEWS.

**A** RE-UNION and dinner in connection with the Old Comrades of the 9th Duke of Wellington's Regiment were held on Feb. 22nd at the Osborne Hotel, Bradford.

Lt.-Colonel Huntriss presided. He asked for two minutes' silence in remembrance of all officers and other ranks who were with them and never returned.

Lt.-Colonel Huntriss in his after-dinner speech remarked that it gave him great pleasure to see such a large gathering of old members of the 9th, and stated that he wished that they could have had some more of their old officers there—Captain Bennett, Major Robertson, who had sent his apology for being absent, Lt.-Colonel Trench, Colonel Hayden, etc. He went on to remark that he had nothing of any moment to mention regarding the 9th Battalion during the past twelve months. He called the attention of the members present to the Regimental journal, the IRON DUKE, and recommended those who were not already subscribers to become so, as they would get value for money. He also mentioned the 17th Divisional History. He mentioned that they had a small fund belonging to the Battalion which he administered, and that the Regimental Association made all necessary enquiries before forwarding cases to him. He had to thank the Association for all the trouble taken in carrying out those enquiries. He regretted that the fund was now getting very low, and ex-members of the Battalion were getting much older, and might be in need in the future, and it was to their interest he had to look. They had to thank Lt. Lowe, Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Lucas for the success of the gathering, and hoped that they would have many more such gatherings in the future. Telegrams were received from the Editor the IRON DUKE, Major Robertson, and others. He mentioned that he put on the Battalion memorial tablet in the porch of Halifax Parish Church some flowers every week, and every Armistice Day a wreath on the Cenotaph in remembrance of departed comrades.

Ninety-seven sat down to dinner, and the *esprit de corps*, which was such a wonderful thing amongst officers and men during the trying war days, was again a great feature of the evening. All present had a jolly good time. Officers present were: Capt. Boocock, Capt. Pearson, Lt. Blayden, Lt. Clarke, Lt. Lowe, Lt. Mooney, Lt. McLellan, and Lt. Q.M. Mulhall, and also Mr. J. W. Paling, Hon. Secretary of the Regimental Association.

A collection was made during the evening and £4 5s. was realised for the 9th Battalion O.C.A. fund.



## 33rd BATTALION AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY NEWS.

ARMIDALE (N.S.W.),  
26th March, 1930.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was glad to receive my copy of the February IRON DUKE, and write to say how much I have enjoyed reading it, and the preceding numbers.

Although living in the Antipodean Realms, we people are distant only in miles, and in spirit feel very close to our comrades in the British Isles or in other parts of the globe.

I must thank you for devoting so much space in your last issue to the 33rd Battalion of the Australian Military Forces. Since writing to you last the organisation of the Australian Army has undergone radical changes. The Compulsory Service provisions have been suspended, and the regiments have been—or are being—recruited on a voluntary basis. Prior to 1912 the Military Forces here were voluntarily recruited and my personal opinion is that the voluntary system will succeed now, as it did prior to 1912.

Rumours are abroad that the 33rd Battalion (The New England Regiment), which is at present not being maintained, will shortly be revived under the new system, and so far as this district is concerned I have every reason to believe that the response will be adequate. Perhaps it will not be long, therefore, before the 33rd will again be a living unit and able to function as a distant relative of the famous Regiment with which it is so proud to be affiliated.

Our Medical Officer, Captain R. B. Austin, A.A.M.C., who is a Glasgow man, sails for England on 9th proximo, and during his visit will call at the headquarters of the home Battalion of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—conveying our respects and greetings.

Under the heading of "Old Comrades' Associations" in your February number there appeared a report of some very timely comments by Bishop Frodsham on the subject of recent war literature. Several of the more influential newspapers in this country have been recently giving prominence to protests against the so-called "realism" of recent publications.

Bishop Frodsham's remarks will be applauded by every right-thinking person within the Empire. A narrative which emphasises only the depravity of a minority, and ignores the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty of the majority, is not "realism," but is a menace to national self-respect and an injustice to a generation which must ere long be judged by its children largely from the literature of contemporary writers.

Some of the present-day authors delight to paint the Dragon, but have no vision of Saint George.

Again thanking you for your very excellent journal,  
Yours truly,

W. S. FORSYTH (Lt.-Col.)

## H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

Weymouth, 28th April, 1930.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We thank you for the kind offer of space in the Magazine to give an account of ourselves since the last letter.

Except for a refit at Portsmouth in February, the Ship has been at Weymouth since the autumn, so items of interest are few and far between.

Classes of officers and other ranks and ratings from the gunnery schools have been

taken out to sea to qualify in gunnery firing. These are not among the more peaceful entertainments, but they do not happen often, most of us are glad to say.

Here, as elsewhere, the gales played their part well this winter. On occasions all boats had to be hoisted and libertymen left stranded on shore. Portland harbour is remarkably unpopular at this time of year, however, and *Iron Duke* was in the "happy" position of being able to choose the least exposed berth. Among the clouds the billet of the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment has not looked at all enviable, despite the fact that the Royal Marines of the Port seem to have found their parade ground attractive for company drill!

Christmas leave was given from Weymouth. Afterwards, at the end of January, the Ship went to Portsmouth, and spent the cold February on a high perch in the floating dock there, in which position one had a commanding view of all the dockyard cranes and chimneys, and a good deal of fresh air.

Opportunity was taken of putting the Ship's company through their various annual small arms' courses ashore.

The Naval Five Power Pact promises to cut short the Ship's career. Nevertheless we hope to remain here during the summer as gunnery firing ship, except for a short period of combined operations in June.

We shall always be delighted to see on board any officers or other ranks who may come this way.

Thanking you for the copies of the last number of your Magazine which have been much appreciated by all, and with all good wishes to the Regiment.

We are, yours sincerely,  
H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

### THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

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

THE Committee have again nothing of outstanding interest to report regarding the accounts of the Association other than the usual. During the period July 1st, 1929, to April 14th, 1930, 172 applications for assistance have been received, 81 of which have been assisted from the Deed of Trust Fund to a total of £173 9s. 2d., 15 from the Fund of the 3rd Battalion to a total of £8 14s. 9d., 1 from that of 9th Battalion, £3, and two from that of 10th Battalion, £5. Three were assisted by loans, £50; 8 cases were referred to Territorial Battalions, 56 refused for various reasons, and 6 are still awaiting the result of enquiries; 26 have been assisted by gifts of clothing.

The Committee regret the loss, during the last four months, of two very active assistants, Messrs. J. McMahon and J. J. Kelly. The former was a member of the Committee practically from its formation till his retirement in 1926, his sage advice being of great assistance in its decisions, and it was very much missed after his retirement. An obituary notice appears in this number.

Mr. Kelly was an active outside worker for the benefit of the Association, and was always much in evidence at the general meetings, the propositions which at times were brought forward by him being generally for the benefit of the Association. An obituary notice appeared in the February issue of the Magazine.

The annual London dinner of the Regimental Association was held at the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue, on Saturday, April 26th, 1930, the day of the Association Cup Final between Woolwich Arsenal and Huddersfield. A very pleasant evening was spent, about 75 members attending.

Pte. George, from the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, was present as a guest of the Colonel

of the Regiment. Amongst others was the indefatigable Secretary of the Association, Mr. J. W. Paling, who had a smile for everyone, and who produced an excellent balance sheet of the funds of the Association made up to April 5th, which was available for all to inspect. We were all glad to see Mr. Westbrook, late Band Sergeant, one of the oldest members of the Association, present. He never fails to attend. It was interesting to hear that his son is marrying the daughter of another member of the Association, Mr. Lindsell, who was unfortunately unable to attend. Any member passing Oxford Circus Tube Station will always find Mr. Lindsell ready to give a helping hand, as he holds the appointment of station master.

The menu provided by Messrs. Lyons was voted an excellent one, and, dinner being over, the Chairman gave the usual toast of H.M. The King. After this had been drunk, the Chairman gave us his customary speech, giving the gathering a resumé of the doings of both Battalions of the Regiment during the past year. He brought to notice the excellent performances of the 1st Battalion in all forms of sport and the regret of us all that they did not win the Army Rugby Cup after doing so well. He specially congratulated Cpl. Townend on his fine achievements in the rugby world. He expressed the great regret of all that the tenure of command of the 1st Battalion by Lt.-Col. Wellesley was closing shortly, and he felt sure all members would wish him good luck. He also felt sure that all would welcome his successor, Lt.-Col. W. C. Wilson, who transferred from the Leicestershire Regiment some time ago.

The Chairman mentioned the improvements that were being carried out in the Regimental Chapel in York Minster in the way of a screen, details of which had been fully announced in the Regimental Magazine.

After the toast of the Regiment had been drunk, and business transacted, the rest of the evening was spent by members sitting round in small groups chatting over old times.

Telegrams expressing good wishes to the gathering were received from the 1st Battalion, 2nd Battalion, the Editor of the IRON DUKE, and the Leeds Branch of the Association.

The following were present:—Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield, presiding, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Colonels J. A. C. Gibbs and C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Cols. B. J. Barton, W. G. Officer, F. H. B. Wellesley, Majors Sir Robert J. A. Henniker, Bart., C. W. G. Ince, and N. R. Whittaker, Capt. G. P. Bennett, E. Brook, S. B. Kington, H. K. O'Kelley, C. Oliver, D. Paton, and J. A. Whitaker, Lts. C. I. E. Haslock, E. J. Readings, J. Hanna. Depot.—R.Q.M.S. E. Moseley, C.S.M. T. McMahon, Clr.-Sgt. (O.R.S.) F. Balls, Sgt. C. J. Wood, Cpl. J. N. Ford, L/Cpl. A. Mottram. 1st Battalion.—Sgt. A. E. Maltby, L/Cpls. A. Henn, L. Harper, Bdm. A. Hemblys, Ptes. F. Beaumont, T. W. Boyle, E. Ley, B. P. Stuteley, A. L. Tucker, G. Annersley, R. S. Whitehead. Messrs. J. Brewer, A. E. Burton, E. Brooks, F. Burns, D. R. Coppack, E. Camp, G. Carney, W. Cowling, J. W. Dunn, J. Ellwood, F. A. English, M. Grady, Pensioner H. George, W. Gower, F. C. Hartley, E. Hanwell, S. Hallas, J. J. Hart, F. E. Lane, W. Maskell, J. Montague, W. Murgatroyd, J. W. Paling, H. Rawson, W. Robinson, W. Rush, W. J. Simmonds, A. C. Smith, J. A. Stafford, J. C. Smith, A. E. Tippet, P. Turner, H. Thompson, T. White, A. Westbrook, A. Whitaker, and a reporter for the Halifax *Courier and Guardian*. A few came in after the dinner, amongst whom were noticed Capt. G. Salmon, Capt. J. H. Moore, Messrs. F. May and F. Coggins. Mr. A. Westbrook, who joined the 76th in 1870, was the oldest soldier present.

#### 4th BATTALION.

The annual meeting of the Old Comrades' Association was held at the Queen's Hall, Halifax, on Feb. 22nd, 1930, and the room was packed with old comrades of the 1/4th and 2/4th Battalions. The guest of the evening was Major-Gen. N. J. G. Cameron, C.B., G.O.C. 49th Division. Other officers present were Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden, Col. J. Walker, Lt.-Cols. A. L. Mowat, W. F. Denning, H. H. Aykroyd, S. S. Greaves, Majors W. C. Fenton, E. P. Learoyd, E. P. Chambers, Capt. T. D. Pratt, Broomhead, D. A. Sutcliffe, W. B. Yates, G. V. Blakey, N. T. Farrar, P. G. Bates, Geo. Turner, R. S. Greenwood, and Balme, Lts. L. Pratt, Binns, Applethwaite, L. E. Gumbly, and W. I. Hirst.

The annual meeting was presided over by ex-Sgt. F. Smith, and the eleventh annual

report, submitted by Lt.-Col. Mowat (joint secretary), showed that a year of useful work had been accomplished.

It was with regret that the Committee had to record the loss by death of some of the members of the Association during the year. They were glad to report that they had been successful in placing 37 members in suitable employment. Several pensions cases had been successfully fought during the past twelve months, one particular result being a grant of 30 per cent. pension for life to a member whose illness the Ministry of Pensions had now acknowledged, after many years, to be due to war service. (Applause.) Groceries to the value of £167 10s. 11d. had been granted to members. Financial assistance in the way of loans, etc., to the amount of £74 5s. 3d. had been granted to members during the year, and £36 9s. 11d. had been repaid. The money handed over by the buyers of tickets for the annual ball last year, which was not held because of lack of support, added to the subscriptions, made an addition to the funds of £119; a profit of £12 18s. 1d. was raised from a streamer carnival at the Drill Hall, and £23 was credited to the funds from the proceeds of a Sunday evening charity concert. The Committee congratulated Lt.-Col. H. H. Aykroyd on his promotion to the command of the 4th Battalion, and trusted that his period of command would be a successful and happy one. They also congratulated Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning on his promotion to Lt.-Colonel. Col. Denning had had a long career with the Battalion and had been many years joint secretary of the Association. Some idea of the work of the Association during the past eight years was revealed in the following figures:—Groceries, £1,026 10s.; loans, £900 15s. 7d.; loans repaid, £638 0s. 5d.; employment found, 184.

The financial report, given by Major E. P. Learoyd, showed the Association to be in a sound position. The officials elected for the coming year were:—Chairman, Major W. C. Fenton; vice-chairman, Q.M.S. F. J. Cooke; the other officials being the same as last year. An appeal from the Secretary for representatives from 2/4th men resulted in several additions to the Committee of men who served with the 62nd Division.

After the meeting the annual dinner took place, when 279 old comrades sat down together. Before starting a half-minute's silence was observed in memory of those who had made the great sacrifice. The toasts of "The King" and "The Regiment" were duly honoured, after which the new Chairman, in a happy speech, proposed the health of the guest and among his many reminiscences scored a bull when he gave his first experience of meeting Major-Gen. Cameron and realising what had fallen to his lot when he heard the words, "Show me."

General Cameron, replying to the toast, said he admired the way in which the affairs of the Association were managed and the method of finding employment. There were people whom he met who did not give much credit to the social side of the Association, but if they could gather together 270 men who had served during the war and also in times of peace, nothing but good could come from it.

The company were entertained for the evening by the 49th Division "Tykes," and right well did they succeed in helping the evening to be a huge success.

### 6th BATTALION.

Since my last notes there has been very little doing as regards the Old Comrades' Association. I regret I have not yet been able to despatch the report for 1929, but hope to do so early in May next. Our numbers continue to increase, and our balance at the bank at the end of 1929 was £111 11s. 3d., which is very satisfactory.

A re-union of old "D" Company was held at the Drill Hall, Keighley, on April 12th, 1930, and I am told was a great success. I am sorry I was not able to attend this function, but I hope to get a full report for the next issue of the IRON DUKE.

The Re-union Committee of the 2/6th was held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on April 15th, 1930, Captain S. J. Rhodes presiding, when arrangements were made to hold the annual supper and concert at the Drill Hall, Skipton, on May 3rd, 1930, at 6.30 p.m.

## LEEDS AND DISTRICT O.C.A., D.W.R.

The second annual general meeting took place at the Adelphi Hotel, Leeds, on Friday, Jan. 31st, 1930. The Chairman (Mr. L. E. Vickers), in his remarks, commented on the very satisfactory progress the Association had made during the past year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. N. E. Teal; vice-presidents, Capt. C. Oliver, Capt. W. R. Downey, Mr. J. A. Allen, Mr. L. E. Vickers, Mr. C. L. Waterhouse; treasurer, Mr. A. W. Steele; secretary, Mr. G. Finding.

A very happy and enjoyable evening was spent on the occasion of the second annual dinner of the branch, which was held at the Guildford Hotel, Leeds, on Saturday, Feb. 22nd, 1930. The company, over which Mr. N. E. Teal presided, included some really first-class veterans. Mr. T. Greaves, who joined the Regiment in 1883, was the oldest. Leeds is not within the ordinary recruiting area for the Territorial battalions of the Regiment, so the local Association is largely composed of ex-regular members.

Capt. C. Oliver alluded to the fair amount of success with which the Association had endeavoured to find work for ex-members of the Regiment. He referred in particular to the valuable assistance given by one member of the Association, Mr. C. L. Waterhouse, who had been the means of placing several men in employment.

The Association's funds benefited to the extent of £1 3s. 9d. by the disposal during the evening of a large doll's house made with jack-knife and hack-saw by Mr. R. Gilligan, one of the members.

The entertainment was provided by Messrs. W. Wilkinson, S. Bayes, Arthur Mason, W. Peck, and the Brothers Gorden. Mr. F. Waterhouse presided at the piano; items were also contributed by Capt. W. R. Downey and Mr. N. E. Teal.

The following members were present:—Mr. N. E. Teal, Capt. C. Oliver, Capt. W. R. Downey, Messrs. N. A. Allen, M. Banham, C. L. Waterhouse, L. E. Vickers, A. W. Steele, G. Finding, T. Hayton, R. M. Hill, W. Parker, W. Watson, J. H. Webster, F. Williams, W. Wilkinson, G. F. Baxter, J. Casey, J. W. Divine, D. McL. Gibb, H. Gibson, R. Gilligan, J. B. Holmes, R. Jones, T. Greaves, S. Labram, W. Leach, T. Mitchell, M. Mulhall, E. J. Norton, H. Oxley, B. Nelson, G. Storey, J. W. Thomas, J. E. Tillotson, J. Tobin, E. Tweedy, T. West.

## REGIMENTAL MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

WITH the February issue of the IRON DUKE was enclosed the scheme for the provision of the two screens and gates required to complete our Chapel, also an illustration showing a section of the design.

In the appeal it was stated that the Executive Committee had decided to proceed with the first section of the work—viz., the west screen and gates. This decision was come to owing to a total of £1,150 having been given or promised up to date.

The Colonel of the Regiment also addressed a letter (which is given below) to the Editors of the Yorkshire Press, and these gentlemen kindly published it in their respective newspapers. The Colonel also requested Officers Commanding Territorial battalions to help forward the scheme in their immediate areas.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

To the Editor of . . . . .

Sir,—You are probably aware that, thanks to the courtesy of the Dean and Chapter, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) has established a Regimental Chapel in the south aisle of York Minster as a memorial to those who fell in the Great War. It contains the Roll of Honour—over 8,000 of all ranks—of the 21 battalions of which the Regiment consisted during the war period, and a number of memorials to individuals, and in it are hung the Colours of various battalions of the Regiment. Unfortunately, however, it has never been completed in that, unlike similar chapels in the Minster of the West Yorkshire Regiment, and the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry it has no screen.

A beautiful design for a screen has been made by the Cathedral architect, Mr. Walter Tapper, A.R.A., but the cost is more than we can raise in the Regiment, now of six battalions only. We have, in fact, relied unduly on our own resources, and have not, as others, sought help from outside.

As the Regiment has been connected with the West Riding for over two and a quarter centuries, and as the great majority of those whose memory we desire to honour came from that Riding, I as the

Colonel of the Regiment, venture to ask for your aid in appealing to the many who we may reasonably hope take an interest in us either from family connection with one or more of its Regular, Territorial, or late Service battalions, or as their representatives in the Army, to give us their help to complete our Chapel while the memory of those in whose honour it was instituted is still vivid.

Any donation to the fund we hope to raise should be sent to Colonel J. A. C. Gibbs, C.B., Portobello 40 Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.5.

HERBERT E. BELFIELD, Lt.-General,  
Colonel, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

London, January 16th, 1930.

The present position is, as we go to press, as follows:—

1. The Minster architect hopes the west section will be completed about the end of July.

2. The estimate for this section was £1,493.

Additional donations and promises have brought the amount available on 1st May to £1,393 3s., leaving a balance of £99 17s. still required for the work in hand.

3. The estimated cost for the other section of the scheme—the north screen between our Chapel and the Lady Chapel—is £1,350, which sum must be assured before the work can be put in hand.

Any further information, also copies of the appeal and illustration, will be gladly forwarded on application to the Hon. Treasurer, Colonel Gibbs, who will also acknowledge any further donations which the Committee earnestly appeal for, however small.

## Ypres Memorial Church.

A BRASS tablet, three feet by thirteen inches, to which all battalions of the Regiment subscribed an equal amount, has been placed in the Ypres Memorial Church. It bears the Regimental Crest and Motto with the following inscription:—

“In proud memory of all those of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) who fell in the Ypres Salient, 1914—1918.”

## 1914. A Local Armistice.

“WAR is hell” we are often reminded. It is, and in these later days chiefly owing to the terrible sufferings it brings upon non-combatants. Yet, strange to say, it is sometimes these very non-combatants who rise most heroically to the occasion.

The Chateau de Bettignies, unfortunately for its owners, stood within a kilometre of the Franco-Belgian frontier, not a great distance from where the “Dukes” fired their first shots in the Great War at St. Ghislain, on the Mons-Condé canal. Situated barely ten kilometres from the town of Mons, the Chateau found itself right in the track of that terrible tornado which in the summer of 1914 swept over Belgium. Needless to say, its owners suffered the full violence incidental to such a situation. As members of one of the oldest Catholic-noble families in Europe, the Countess and her two brothers who owned the Chateau might have been expected to face war undaunted. The Countess herself, no longer young, was one whose soul was that of a mediæval saint. She hardly knew what fear of men meant. Nor, until that never-to-be-forgotten summer, had the world in general, or Belgium in particular, the faintest conception of what modern war meant.

By the end of August, 1914, the Countess was alone at the Chateau with the exception of one old retainer. Louis Severin was over seventy years of age, loyal to the very core. The Countess's two brothers, younger than herself, were officers in the Belgian army and, of course, already at the front.

For some nights past old Louis had been digging a deep hole to which the Countess had finally decided to transfer all the wonderful old family plate and her own jewels, which had up to then been concealed inside the Chateau. The new hiding place would be known only to herself and old Louis, who could be trusted to the death. It would, she

hoped, be much more secure. The spot selected was right in front of the Chateau in the middle of a small clump of dwarf fir trees. Between the Chateau and the country road which ran past it there was an open space of rough grass where clumps of trees had been planted. Round each side of this open space ran one of the two avenues which led from the Chateau to debouch through handsome iron scroll gates on to the road.

It was a peaceful, cloudless Sunday in September, 1914. The heat of the midday sun was still almost insupportable, the air breathless, when about 1 o'clock an officer's cavalry patrol came trotting up one of the approaches. As they advanced, clouds of heavy dust arose to settle again behind them. Horses, accoutrements, even the faces of the soldiers were caked with dust and sweat. At the sound of the horses' hooves the Countess herself had gone to the open doorway. She was alone and had been resting in the great hall. Old Louis was in the garden. At a sharp German word of command the patrol halted just in front of her. For a moment or two, with heart beating and a terrible fear struggling to find vent, the Countess stood speechless looking up at the nearest of the two young officers. Covered with dust, both dismounted and quite civilly saluted her. Their hostess invited them to enter—what else could she do?—then turned, and they followed her into the great hall. There, after calling old Louis, she left them with wine and food.

It was some three hours later, the sun like a red ball of fire was slowly sinking behind the Forêt de Mormal, when the Countess, upstairs, thought she heard shots. Descending from her own boudoir where she had taken refuge, she passed slowly down the panelled corridor, halting to listen. Reassured, temporarily, she approached one of the doors leading into the great hall. Summoning up her courage, the Countess slowly turned the handle and opened the door. This is what she saw.

Facing her, not three yards away, stood, or rather staggered, one of the officers. His tunic was unbuttoned, his helmet off, his equipment thrown aside. In his right hand he brandished a revolver. With it he was describing erratic circles in the air in an endeavour to aim at the smiling features of one of the old family portraits. As the Countess entered the hall, the revolver cracked again. Not five feet above her head a bullet buried itself in the heavy gilding of the picture frame. For a moment the Countess hesitated, then, walking straight up to the staggering figure, she quietly took the revolver away. The young officer reeled to a settee and subsided. In the middle of the great hall under a large circular oak table upon which the bottles of wine and glasses had been placed lay the second officer dead drunk. The Countess was alone. There was nothing to be done but to withdraw until the German officers were sufficiently sober or chose to depart.

By the end of September, as all the world knows, the withdrawal of the British and French armies had carried them far from Mons. Through the intervening weeks numerous wounded British soldiers had been allowed to find shelter and tender care at the hands of the Countess and her voluntary helpers in the Chateau. Those Belgian women were as brave as they were staunch. There were other soldiers, too, those who had fallen by the way during the retreat, unable to rejoin their units, and these had to be carefully hidden in the Chateau. They could not be left to be shot at sight in cold blood. Later, perhaps, they might be smuggled across the Dutch frontier to safety, but the risks were terrible.

It was late in September one moonless night and after 12 o'clock that the inmates of the Chateau were rudely roused by shouts and violent knocking at the main door. Having hastily flung on a cloak, the Countess and a nurse with a small torch-lamp in her hand appeared at the door. They found themselves confronted by a furious German army doctor of high rank who demanded rudely why he had been kept waiting, and then proceeded to knock out of the nurse's hand the little torch she carried. Hardly giving the Countess time to reply that she had not received any warning of such a visit from German Army Headquarters at Brussels, the "Herr Doctor" proceeded to "inspect" the dozen occupants of the hall in their cots. After he and his orderlies had examined and bullied half a dozen of the wounded soldiers in turn, the "Herr Doctor" stopped short beside

the cot of an English sergeant. The wounded man was, of course, one of that "contemptible" little army so hated by all good Germans. His left leg had been broken, besides being badly torn by splinters of shell. Unfortunately the sergeant had hung his khaki cap with its regimental badge at the head of the cot. This was altogether too much for the self-control of the "Herr Doctor." Seizing the folded end of the rough bandage, he began to unwind the wrappings, at the same time shouting repeatedly in his own tongue: "You are only shamming, you are a d—d Englishman."

Unable to do what he wanted to, for the sergeant could not of course move his leg, the doctor finally desisted. By that time the sergeant had fallen back in a dead faint.

Not very long after this example of what might be expected by the sick and wounded occupants of the Chateau, another visitation took place. This time, beyond burning to the ground the farm buildings and stables in the immediate vicinity and firing at some of the lighted windows, no actual molestation took place, though a keen search was made for concealed valuables in and all round the Chateau outside. No more visits occurred until the day before Christmas Eve, 1914, though threats of being driven from the Chateau and of reprisals upon the Countess and those found in it never ceased. Snow fell early in Belgium that winter. The countryside was buried under a carpet of crisp snow and the burden of it outlined the leafless trees. During the early afternoon the Countess had been reading to a wounded British corporal in the great hall. As she shut the book and lifted her eyes to the hall window, through the falling snow outside the gates she caught sight of a little group of horses and men.

They were, of course, German troopers, and, the thought flashed through her mind, probably meditating another search or devilry of some worse kind. To meet the soldiers before they dismounted might possibly stave off a search, so slipping on overshoes and picking up an old coat and hat the Countess stepped out alone into the snow.

As she was making her way towards the avenue gate, the troopers rode through it and, alas! straight for the clump of trees under which the family plate and jewels had been buried. The first thing the Countess noticed as she neared the clump was that two of the troopers were carrying the small spades of their entrenching equipment ready in their hands. They must know then of the buried jewels, and brave as the Countess was, the thought passed through her mind: would not the soldiers be very angry at the jewels having escaped them so long? Was not she herself now in danger of her life? The Countess stood there in the snow surrounded by the troopers. They were cloaked to the eyes, rough-looking, dirty, talking in hushed tones to one another. The sergeant, who looked as if he was a Saxon, a thick-set, broad-shouldered, youngish man, dismounted; approaching the Countess, whose heart was beating like an over-driven engine, he saluted and, to her intense surprise, gave her the once familiar "Prosit Neu' Jahr," the equivalent to our English Happy New Year.

The Countess could not believe her ears, but she kept her head.

Pointing to the little fir-trees close to the buried jewels, the sergeant asked, quite simply, "Might they dig one up?" He went on to explain to the Countess very civilly that he and his comrades, part of a troop whose billets were not far away, had that day been given 24 hours' furlough to celebrate Christmas Eve, what he called the *Erste Feiertag* (the first half of Christmas). Riding by the Chateau they had noticed the little trees. The sergeant continued—almost as though ashamed of exhibiting such childish longings—possibly the lady knew what a Christmas-tree on Christmas Eve meant to all Germans! In the failing light of that winter evening the Countess stood spell-bound listening silently to the low German gutturals. Her heart was too full to speak. By the time the sergeant had finished the tears were streaming down her face, though she tried hard to hide them. Danger she had faced daily with a smile, insults had had no power to wound, fear her faith in a Supreme Power was proof against, but the kindly behaviour of this simple German sergeant altogether unmanned her.

"Yes," the Countess managed to stammer out, "of course he and his comrades were welcome to their Christmas-tree."



Then—for in her relief she could stand no more—the Countess turned in the steadily falling snow and walked slowly back to the Chateau. It was no longer the safety of the buried treasure she minded. That hardly occurred to her now. What did seem to matter was the peace of this extraordinary Christmas festival, and the conviction that after all that had happened there still could be peace on earth and good-will among men—if only men would have it so.

C. D. B.

## Soldier Playrights.

LAST March The Green Howards produced a play entitled "Weathervanes," which was very well spoken of in the *Times* and was written by Mr. Thornton Wilkinson, the youngest subaltern of the Regiment. It is curious that two Yorkshire regiments, The Green Howards and our own, have previously produced playwrights of distinction. Captain Hood, of the former Regiment, wrote the lyrics of musical comedies of quite a high standard, while the late Captain Robert Marshall of the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, reached the pinnacle of fame in London, in the early years of this century, by his clever farces.

I wonder how many of the present generation know anything about "Robby" Marshall and his plays? The play that brought him fame was "The Second in Command," produced during the South African War, and Cyril Maude took the title role. The play had a long run, and was as popular in its way as "Journey's End" is to-day, though a very different type of play. "Robby" Marshall's plays were extremely witty, and he was one of those *rara aves* whose conversation was as amusing as his writings.

I remember an occasion when I was lucky enough to sit near Marshall and his excellent foils, "Charles" Wood and "William" Umfreville, at a Regimental dinner in 1902 or 1903, I forget which, held for the last time at the old "Ship and Turtle" in the City, and though the dinners at that old-fashioned restaurant were renowned for their excellence, it is the conversation which I listened to, not the menu, that remains in my memory.

Captain Marshall was generous to a fault, and was no doubt often imposed upon when, from being a hard-up officer in a Line regiment, he became the lion of the London stage, and his plays were bringing him in some £200 a week. I once visited him at his flat in Berkeley Street with the late Captain Whish, and during the conversation Marshall pulled out of a drawer of his desk a sheaf of cheques for hundreds of pounds and remarked that he did not know what to do with them, and that far from so much money making him any happier, he looked back on his time in the Regiment as the best years of his life. Incidentally we left with tickets for a box at his play "The Noble Lord," which was running at that time.

One memorable occasion he visited the 1st Battalion in York, and at the week-end took two of us to Scarborough. On the Sunday we went for a run in his car over the moors to Whitby for lunch. The car was, I think, called a "White Knight" or some such name; anyhow it ran on steam instead of petrol, and was a great curiosity, as it started off without having to be cranked, as smoothly and noiselessly as the present first-class cars—a great contrast to the ghastly banging and jolting of the petrol-driven cars of those days. But it had a fault, at least on such a run as this, where on the top of the moors the wind swept uninterrupted; for the little lamp underneath the chassis which heated the boiler was continually getting blown out, and the chauffeur had to get out and lie in the road under the car to light it again. At lunch at the hotel overlooking the sea at Whitby a rather inattentive waiter attended us, and Marshall, in a solemn voice, said to him at last: "Try to be a little quicker or you wont have your tuppence."

I should like to enlist the aid of some of his contemporaries to recall for our readers some of the many stories that they must remember of our regimental playwright.

"JOHN."

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

(Continued from page 54, No. 15, February, 1930.)

Gibraltar, Sept. 1st, 1840.—I wrote last week and, amongst other things, mentioned that we had then heard from the Colonel of the probability of our being ordered to the West Indies. This news is now confirmed by the packet which arrived yesterday and brought an order to the Governor to hold us in readiness to embark for Barbadoes on being relieved by the 79th. You will see in the papers that all the arrangements are made for the relief of regiments not by the Horse Guards *but by Ministers in council*, contrary to Lord Hill's wish ; in consequence of which we are sent back to the place whence we came, like people sentenced to be hanged.

This appears hard on the 33rd and one or two other regiments which were last in the West Indies, but is, I believe, necessary to carry into full effect the new rotation system. For my part I am quite contented, and even pleased at the change, as we appeared to have no chance of going up the Mediterranean for some years to come and I would rather go anywhere than remain two or three years more here. Not that Gibraltar might not be a very good and comfortable quarter, but, as it is, it is perfectly detestable, principally on account of the people we have here at present and the great difficulty there is in getting away to travel in Spain on account of the incessant duty.

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The news has come so very unexpectedly on the Regiment that we cannot know the full effect of it—as regards retirements and possible steps [about which he had been writing]—for some time to come, but at all events I mean to stick to the Regiment and try my luck, not having the slightest fear of yellow fever or any other complaint, or of a hot climate ; here I find that the hotter it is the better and stronger I feel. It has been extremely amusing to hear the conversations at mess and in barracks during the past week of uncertainty ; nearly all appear to dislike the prospect. Though some paint many of the Windward Islands in glowing colours and endeavour to persuade themselves that the change will be delightful, others discant on the heat, and the expense, which is great, especially at Barbadoes, and seem to look forward with pleasure only on going to the Depot, while the faint-hearted ones can see only yellow jack and vampires before them, declaring that the few spared by the former will die of the bites of the latter at Demerara, where their fears make them suppose that we shall be sent. Our destination is, really, uncertain and depends upon Sir Evan MacGregor, who will either keep us at Barbadoes or send us elsewhere among the Islands, as he sees fit ; at all events we shall move more than once and will probably finish at Barbadoes, being united there from the smaller Islands, where we shall be detached, to embark for North America. I have little doubt that as the Horse Guards reckon us a very ill-used Regiment they will do what they can to get us one of the best Islands as a station.

[There was much friction in 1839-40 between France and England over the conflict between Mahemet Ali and the Sultan of Turkey, France favouring the former, England supporting the latter. The French people, with the Minister Thiers at their head, were in a bellicose mood and war threatened ; Louis Philippe, however, was not prepared to push matters to the extremity of war, replaced Thiers by the more peacefully inclined Guizot, and the clouds rolled by. The reverberations of the crisis were felt at Gibraltar and the next letters from Capt. Bunbury are largely concerned with the prospects of war.—W. St. P. B.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Gibraltar, Oct. 16th, 1840. I am surprised that by the 28th August you had not yet heard of our real destination, as we knew our fate here by the papers as well as by orders. There is no doubt whatever about the matter, except that, in the event of war breaking out, our move to the westward may be postponed, though it appears possible that we should then be employed in taking the West Indian Islands still belonging to France.

Everyone now seems to think that there will be no war, which I am glad of while in garrison here, as nothing would be so detestable as taking care of this infernal old Rock while there was active service going on near. There would be more chance of some

employment in the West Indies, whither we are to proceed on the arrival of the 79th, which, however, is not likely to take place before the middle or more likely the end of November. The great difficulty now appears to me to be that the regiments we relieve there cannot be sent on to Canada in the depth of winter so the choice seems now to be whether by sending us in the summer our men are to be killed by heat or by removing regiments from the West Indies to Canada in winter they are to die of cold. A pleasant alternative for our army.

Nothing can be more dull than our life here of late ; there is no society whatever and no amusements of any kind, as in the very disturbed state of the country it is not safe to travel in Spain. Revolutions and riots are going on in all directions, even Algiciras, in Gibraltar Bay, has had its own little revolution, declaring itself independent of the Queen and of everyone else and setting itself up as a free State.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gibraltar, Oct. 28th, 1840. There has been nothing of late to tell you beyond vague and contradictory reports as to the time and manner of our move to Barbadoes. The last account, which was brought by Sir John Jones in this week's packet, is that the 79th Regiment is coming out here immediately in the *Britannia* as an additional regiment for the garrison and that we are not to go to the West Indies.

With the 79th we shall have here above 4,000 men, including the Artillery and Engineers, and many more guns, better fortifications and much more ammunition than we had in the memorable siege. The new General Officer who has just come out is an Engineer, Sir John Jones, and he is sent out to examine into and carry into execution the plans submitted to the Government for the strengthening of this place, for which two millions have been voted. A new line of sea wall, outside the present one, is to be erected, and one, if not two, citadels commanding the town and anchorage in the bay.

The Governor is making every preparation to place the Rock in the best state of defence in the event of war, which he appears to think probable, and indeed every day now shows more and more the hatred that the French nation bears, and now does not hesitate to express, towards us, so that it is not unlikely that their Government may be forced into a war by the pressure from without.

There are always so many reports and stories going about here that it is hardly possible to learn the truth, but it is generally believed that the 47th and 92nd have been sent up from Malta to Syria where they certainly appear to have commenced operations with a force quite inadequate to their undertaking, when one considers that Ibrahim Pasha is said to have had with him a short time ago a force of 80,000 men. I hope that we may have the good fortune to be sent there also.

The coast of Syria is considered so dangerous in winter that it is not probable that any part of the fleet, except the steamers, can keep the sea so as to co-operate effectually with the land forces and mountaineers, and, if left to themselves, it is hardly probable that our handful of Marines and Artillerymen could cope with the Egyptian Army.

The *Britannia* and *Howe* are daily expected out on their way to the scene of action, but at present this place is left without a single man-of-war except a sixteen-gun brig.

[In these days of regular, if slow, promotion, we perhaps hardly realise what an ever-recurring cause of anxiety were the chances of promotion to an officer in the days of purchase. Few letters of Capt. Bunbury's pass without some allusion to the matter. His father seems to have been averse to his going to the West Indies and wished him to exchange or leave the service, but he decided to stay with his Regiment.

The following extract from the letter of the 28th Oct., 1840, is typical of many others.

W. ST. P. B.]

\* \* \* \* \*

With regard to what you say in your last letter about my plans and prospects for the future. In the event of a war there cannot be the least doubt as to the course to pursue, and as long as there is any prospect whatever of seeing active service in the field in any part of the world, I will stick to my profession, hoping that you will assist me in obtaining some Staff situation, when an opportunity offers, where I may have more chance of doing

something for myself than I can have as a company officer. Should this war fever in France die away and we are likely to remain at peace, I have still no hesitation in declaring my intention and wish of accompanying my Regiment to the West Indies and trying my fortune there for the present. If I should find that I have a fair prospect of working my way to the higher ranks of the service it will be worth my while to endeavour to do so, but, looking at the age and average length of service of the field officers of the Line, there seems no reasonable chance of my obtaining command of a regiment before I am fifty, considering my present age and standing. When we first received our orders for the West Indies I flattered myself that several of the old officers who had already served there many years would not like to return, but it now appears not to be so, and, beyond the two steps I have already got, there is no immediate chance of promotion in the Regiment. Most of the older officers above me are men who have passed the greater part of their lives in the 33rd and have no ideas beyond the daily routine of duty, have little money, and no private interest; they would not know what to do out of the army, and no sum of money will induce them to retire. In the next three years things may change. I am inclined to doubt the policy of giving such large sums for promotion as it is now the custom to do; from £1,000 to £1,500 are often paid above regulations for a majority and as much, or more, for a lieutenant-colonelcy. If the advancement by that means were very rapid it might be worth while to sink such large sums, which are entirely lost on attaining the rank of major-general, but, as it is, I think it is a waste of money. As one grows older every year diminishes the value of the promotion and one's chance of ever obtaining high rank. Nowadays a man is considered a lucky young captain at the age at which you became a general officer,\* and there is not enough either of utility or pleasure in an officer's life in garrison to compensate for the best years of one's life passed in vainly waiting for promotion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gibraltar, Jan. 13th, 1841. Now that all hope of a change of destination is over and our time to move draws nigh, faces in the Regiment get rapidly longer and there is a general feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction becoming every day more apparent. There really appears to be no one of us, except the Colonel and myself, who does not fear going to the West Indies on account of the climate. For my part, my only fear is that I shall find it even more dull and monotonous than this place and that it is a very expensive station.

You ask me about our destination, but we cannot know that until we arrive at Barbadoes, where General Maisters has power to send us where he pleases, but I know that he has had a hint from the Horse Guards to give us a good station. The 52nd have moved from St. Vincents to Demerara, so we are safe from that place for the present, and we flatter ourselves that we shall be kept a year at Barbadoes, as the 81st were when they went on from here.

For some days I have heard nothing but praises of our officers and of their appearance at the Governor's ball. The ladies declare they are the best dressed, best looking, and most gentlemanlike people here, so they will be as sorry to lose us as some, or even most, of us are to leave them. I hope the Regiment will keep up its good name, but I fear that four years in the West Indies will make a woeful change.

We are now on the look out for a French squadron of line of battle ships preparing to go to Tangier to demand satisfaction from the Sultan of Morocco for some fancied insult to their flag. There is no doubt they can take Tangier and possibly hold it; they may also take Tetuan, but I doubt if they can keep that, owing to its situation; they certainly cannot, without an immense force, hold quiet possession of the wild mountainous country inhabited by a very warlike people, who detest all Christians, which is opposite this part of Spain, even if we do not interfere to prevent their establishing themselves where they

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\* Sir Henry Bunbury became a General Officer at the age of thirty-six.

could do an immense amount of injury to our trade and cut off our supplies for Gibraltar and for any fleet we may require in these parts.

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Gibraltar Bay, *Prince Regent* Transport, Feb. 18th, 1841. The Headquarters and ourselves have now been embarked a fortnight, enduring a succession of heavy gales and rain from the westward in the bay and have now apparently as little chance as ever of getting away. Three days hence we shall have a new moon, which the sailors say may bring us a change, but at this season westerly winds are very prevalent and sometimes last above two months at a time, so we must have patience and hope for the best, making ourselves as comfortable as we can in the meantime.

Everyone on shore is very kind to us, pitying our long detention, the worst part of which is that we shall not reach Barbadoes before the hot season commences. Everyone now says that we shall remain at Barbadoes at first—*tant mieux* if it is so.

We are tolerably comfortable on board, get on very well together, and have very little trouble, but the ship and crew are both as bad as they well can be.

(To be continued.)

## Echoes of the Boer War.

ON our Intelligence Staff during a portion of the South African War was one Leigh (I have forgotten his true name), a good fellow in his way, but rough and almost uneducated. He was principally useful as having an exceptionally fine eye for country and being absolutely fearless. He spoke both Dutch and Kaffir fairly well.

Riding out of Potchefstroom with the 1st Division about 4 a.m. one morning in August, 1900, Leigh rode up alongside me, and the following conversation took place:—

L.: "Good morning, Colonel."

S.: "Good morning." I did not feel chatty at that hour, and no more was said for some time. Then—

L.: "Do you eat them ration biscuits?"

S.: "Of course. Nothing else to eat."

L.: "Oh! I suppose you've got some teeth, I haven't, and they falls into my belly like stones into a tank."

That quite woke me up.

Another member of the Intelligence Staff was a certain K—, an Anglo-Dutchman, well educated, intelligent, and useful. He was in a far superior position to Leigh, but there were constant rows between them which I tried to smooth over, as it would have been difficult to replace either of them.

K— at last told me that he could work with Leigh no longer, that he had been particularly rude and refused to take any orders. So I sent for Leigh, and in his presence K— recounted his misdeeds. I finally asked K— if he was willing to accept a full apology and a promise by Leigh to me that nothing of the kind should occur again. To this he consented after some thought, and Leigh gave me his promise and made a roughly-worded but ample apology. They then proceeded to shake hands, when Leigh, turning to me, said, "I'm sorry, I've said I'm sorry, but you know, Sir, I never could keep the peace with a bl—y Dutchman." K—'s face fell, and I could not but agree with him when saying that this remark somewhat detracted from the previous apology.

Eventually Leigh had to go.

H. E. B.

## Memories and Stories of the Old 76th Regiment many Years Ago.

**I**N writing this article I have tried to put before you some of the very amusing characters I have met during my time in the Regiment.

Let me therefore introduce my drill sergeant on the heights of Dover in 1870, during the Franco-German War. Here was a very smart man, and one of the best drills we had in the Depot. He was a very witty Irishman, in fact a real Italian from County Cork—a good all-round man. I was in his squad for some time and, like the majority, was always in trouble for laughing at him. In the squad was a man named Drake, and this is what usually happened when we started the slow march. "Squad, by the right, etc., left, right, left, right, Drake, it's left, right I'm saying, not widdle-waddle. Oh Drake! don't become a gander." Everyone by this time was laughing. "Squad, halt. It's a squad of smart recruits I thought I was drilling, but instead I find I've a lot of grinning baboons. Faith, it's not the guard room I'll put you in, but your backs I'll be trying to break." There is no doubt that he tried to do so, as for the first half-hour you could hear the bones crack. I am sure none of that squad who may be living are round-shouldered. So much for my first drill sergeant, who was not such a bad sort after all.

At that time we were attached to the 99th Regiment, the Earl of Ulster's, a smart regiment, with sky-blue facings. I left Dover with a draft of 200 to join the Regiment on December 15th, 1870. We had a very rough passage. Never shall I forget the piggery we had to put up with for 91 days. If any troops had worse, I pity them. It was a glorious day when we reached Madras and landed in the surf boats. Some other time I may write a short article on that voyage.

When I joined the Regiment it was nearly eleven hundred strong, composed chiefly of men from the southern counties (London, Essex, Surrey, Kent, Hampshire, and Berkshire), with a few Scotsmen and Irishmen thrown in. I do not think we had half a dozen Yorkshiremen in the Regiment then, which is a change from now. It was a very smart Regiment, with the men generally very tall. The officers were a fine body of men and very keen on sport. Looking back, I know only of one living now, Colonel May, of the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers, who was a very fine officer. I think he was Adjutant at the time of which I write, fifty years ago, and I know the Regiment was very sorry when we lost him in Tipperary.

The Colonel then was a fine old soldier who had been A.D.C. to Lord Raglan in the Crimea. He was one of the first officers to pass out of the Staff College with the M.C.C.\* He had a very fiery temper and at times could not control himself in the least, as a result of which we had some very funny scenes on parade, which I will tell you here.

At a presentation of medals on one occasion the square was formed and everything quite ready. He dismounted and, surveying the Regiment, spoke as follows:—"Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of this Regiment, which I have the pleasure to command, on looking round I see a great number of men equally deserving of this honour, and a d—— sight more who are not." Then, to the Adjutant, "Let me have the medals, please."

On another occasion on his parade it was the day for doubling one thousand yards. He gave the word for all who were exempt to fall out. The number that did so evidently did not please him for, riding over to them and calling the Adjutant, he said he did not know he commanded such a decrepit collection of old men. Then, hailing the Sergeant-Major, he ordered him to put them through the old bayonet exercises by numbers for an hour. After the 1,000 yards he dismissed the others, and there were very few after that who could not double the thousand yards.

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\* Military College Certificate. In those days after passing a Staff College Course, officers got M.C.C. after their names as they now get P.S.C.

The Colonel kept some racehorses, and the late Colonel De Wend used to ride for him. He was always mounted on good cattle himself. One morning on parade the senior captain was acting as major, and he was mounted on a dreadful old "moke" that looked only fit for the boneyard. Everything went smoothly till he had to dress the markers, when the Colonel spotted him, and promptly called him over, to address him thus: "What do you mean, Sir, by coming on parade with such a d——d old hack as that. It's a disgrace and insult to me and the Regiment at large and I won't have it, Sir. (To the Adjutant)—"See that he gets a new horse before coming on my parade again—put him down for one." It was no use the Major trying to explain. "I won't listen to you, Sir. Go on with the parade."

I saw him on one occasion at the Officers' Mess when he recited "The Grandmother's Story" with the young daughters of the late Colonel Allardice as his grandchildren. It was a very fine performance. He brought the Regiment home and was the first officer to command the 9th Brigade. He afterwards commanded the troops at Jamaica.

I do not think I have ever seen such a fine lot of men as were the Pioneers when I joined. I suppose their height was about 5ft. 10ins. to 6ft., and they weighed from 12 to 14 stone each. All had beards, which they were obliged to grow. It was a sight to see them in full rig and marching order, looking like walking blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops. There was a story told of one of them named Tom Nibbs that he could lift a 56-gallon barrel of beer and also drink it, but I was never fortunate enough to see him do either, so that I am unable to say if it was true or not. However, he was certainly a wonderful man, and probably the strongest in the Regiment.

I now come to the Band. The Bandmaster at that time was A. Morelli, a brilliant musician and violinist, who was born in London of Italian parents, and sent to Italy at a very early age, where he studied at Milan. He subsequently returned to England. His father had some influence with the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and they persuaded him to let his boy join the band of that regiment, from which he would be sent to Kneller Hall. His father consenting, he duly joined, but was only with the Guards' Band a few months before he was sent to Kneller Hall. After a very short stay there he was appointed Bandmaster of our Regiment at 19 years of age. He was, I suppose, the youngest bandmaster ever appointed from the Hall, a good all-round musician, especially with the strings. He was also a very good organist and used to play the organ in church, assisted by about twelve of the string band. It was quite a pleasure to go and listen to them on Sunday evenings. He was a great favourite with all of us, and was a very kind and considerate man.

The bass drummer was a wonderful old soldier, who must have enlisted about 1846, perhaps earlier, in the old 78th Highlanders, and was their bass drummer with Sir James Outram in Persia and with Havelock in the Mutiny. After serving 18 years in that regiment he claimed his discharge without a pension and some time afterwards joined our Regiment at Aldershot in 1863, going out to India again as drummer of the Band. He was about 6ft. 2ins. in height and weighed about 13 stone. He had been wounded in the chin, so was allowed to grow his beard, which reached nearly down to his waist. He was one of the finest old soldiers I have ever seen. He carried the drum for many years after I joined and then the Band made him their cook. He left us in 1883 or 1884, I am not sure which, after nearly forty years' service, at least thirty of which he spent in India.

In concluding these memories, I look round and can only find three people left whom I know that were in India in those days—Mrs. O'Kelly, Sgt.-Major Kerwin, and Pensioner George at Chelsea. Perhaps there are many more, but I have not come across them. Best wishes and good luck to the old Regiment.

A. W.



Major C. W. G. INCE, M.C.  
Hon. Sec. O.C.A. London Dinner (1st and 2nd Battalions).



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT



Brit. War (Obs.).



1914 Star.



Victory (Obs.).



1914-15 Star.



I.G.S. (Obs.).



Brit. War (Rev.).



I.G.S. (Rev.).



Victory (Rev.).

## REGIMENTAL MEDALS.

## MEDALS GRANTED TO THE REGIMENT.

*(Continued from page 49, No. 15, February, 1930.)*

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

THE GREAT WAR, 1914-18. Four medals were conferred on the Army engaged in the war: (a) "1914 Star," (b) "1914-15 Star," (c) "British War Medal," and (d) "Victory Medal."

1914 Star.—Awarded to all troops who served under Lord French in France and Belgium from the outbreak of the war up to midnight November 22/23rd, 1914.

A four-pointed Star in bright bronze. Embodied thereon are two crossed swords with a scroll inscribed "*Aug. 1914. Nov.*" intertwining and encircled by an oak wreath with the Royal Cypher at the base. At the topmost point of the Star is a crown at the top of which is a ring for the ribbon. Ribbon,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in width, is red, white and blue, shaded and watered, and is worn with the red nearest the button of the coat. A bronze clasp inscribed "*5th Aug.-22nd Nov., 1914*" was awarded to all soldiers who actually served under fire of the enemy between the above dates. To denote the award of this clasp in undress, a small silver rose was issued for fixing on the middle of the ribbon.

1914-15 Star.—Awarded to all those not entitled to the 1914 Star and who served in any of the theatres of War enumerated in the Appendix to Army Order 20 of 1919, between the 5th of August, 1914, and the 31st December, 1915, both dates inclusive.

The Star is similar in design to the 1914 Star with the exception that the scroll is not intertwining and is inscribed "1914-1915."

The names and regiments of the recipients are indented on the reverse side, which in both Stars is perfectly plain.

British War Medal.—Awarded under Army Order 266 dated 16th July, 1919 "to all who either entered a theatre of war on duty, or, who left their places of residence and rendered approved services over seas, . . . between 5th August, 1914, and 11th November, 1918, both dates inclusive."

Medal in silver with a plain bar mount. Obverse—The classic head of King George V., with legend *GEORGIUS V BRITT. OMN. REX ET IND: IMP:.* Reverse—An equestrian figure of a Greek type riding over a shield depicting the German Eagle, and a skull and crossbones above, and on each side "1914" "1918." Ribbon,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, an orange (watered)  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch central stripe, with stripes of white and black on each side and with borders of Royal Blue.\*

Victory Medal.—Awarded under Army Order 301 of 1919, in recognition "of the services rendered by His Majesty's forces in theatres of war since the 5th August, 1914." An Appendix to the Order defines the theatres and the periods, which, in some instances extend into the year 1919. This medal is identical in design with those issued by the other Allied and Associated Powers for service in the war, and thus obviated the interchange of Allied Commemorative war medals.

Medal in bronze, finished bright and lacquered, suspended by a ring. Obverse: Winged figure of Victory full length in the middle of the medal and full faced, the borders and background plain without inscription. Reverse: The inscription "*THE GREAT WAR FOR CIVILISATION 1914-1919,*" encircled with a wreath of laurel leaves. Ribbon: The colours of two rainbows joined by the red in the middle. Under Army Order 3 of 1920, an oak leaf emblem in bronze was authorised to be worn on the ribbon of this medal by all *personnel* of the Expeditionary Forces who were "mentioned" *once or more times* in official despatches during the war.

\* Bronze medals of similar pattern were authorised for all British subjects who were enrolled in Native Labour Corps units and served in theatres of war.

As regards the numbers of the various medals issued to members of the Regiment.

The 2nd Battalion which mobilized at Dublin in the 13th Brigade of the Expeditionary Force, was the only battalion of the Regiment in France or Belgium up to 22nd November, 1914. The names of 49 officers and 1,513 other ranks appear in the official Part II. orders as having either proceeded overseas with, or joined the Battalion in the front line, between the qualifying dates for the clasp. These figures should be approximately correct as far as the numbers of the 1914 Star with Clasp go; 15 men of the first reinforcement are shown as "left at the base," and as there is no entry showing them as having joined headquarters prior to 22nd November, they would be entitled to the Star only.

No possible estimate can be given as to the thousands of 1914-15 Stars, British War and Victory medals, earned by the 21 battalions, to which number the Regiment grew during the war; and it is questionable even if access could be had to the vast files of medal rolls and indents whether an approximately correct total could be arrived at.

Five members of the "Dukes" won the Victoria Cross—viz., 2nd Lt. Henry Kelly (*London Gazette* 25th Nov., 1916), No. 15805 Pte. Arnold Loosemore (*London Gazette* 14th Sept., 1917), No. 24066 Pte. Arthur Poulter (*London Gazette* 28th June, 1918), No. 34506 Pte. Henry Tandy, D.C.M., M.M. (*London Gazette* 14th Dec., 1918), and 2nd Lt. James Palmer Huffam (*London Gazette*, 26th Dec., 1918).

No complete list of Military Orders and Decorations is as yet available, although perhaps in time this will be achieved, when the record will, without doubt, prove worthy of the best traditions of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

N.W. The "India General Service Medal 1908," with Clasp "AFGHANISTAN FRONTIER, N.W. FRONTIER 1919" was awarded to all troops who took part in the operations against Afghanistan in 1919. The medal differs from 1919. the original issued in 1908 in having a new Obverse suited to the present Reign, but in all other respects it is similar. Medal, silver, 1½ inches in diameter, fitted with an ornamental bar, and swivel for suspension. Obverse: The Crowned effigy of King George V., in robes with the Orders of India, within a circle bearing the legend *GEORGIUS V KAISER-I-HIND*, below a spray of laurel. Reverse: a typical Indian hill-fort with a mountainous background; the word "India" on a tablet at the base of the scene, with oak and olive branches on either side. Ribbon: Dark blue with green edges.

The names of 16 officers and 613 other ranks appear on the official medal roll of the 1st Battalion.

This completes the list of medals for campaigns in which the 33rd and 76th Regiments, also The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, either as a whole, or represented by one or more of its battalions, has taken an official part; but before conclusion, some further notes about the earlier wars will be given in the next issue.

J. A. C. G.

(To be continued.)

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FIRST LAURELS.

A BIOGRAPHER says:—"It was not in India, as generally supposed, but on Donnybrook road, that his first laurels were won." According to the *Freeman's Journal* of September 18th, 1789, for a wager of 150 guineas, laid between himself and Mr. Whaley, young Wellesley, then an Army subaltern, walked from the five-mile stone on Donnybrook road into Leeson street, a matter of some six Irish miles, in fifty-five minutes. A number of gentlemen who rode beside the walker had to keep their horses at a smart trot, we are told, and thus the famous General first made his mark on history.

From the *Irish Times*, 11th January, 1930.

## The Cardinal's Hat.

THE mystery concerning the "Cardinal's Hat" arose many years ago. For a long time after that distinction (namely, the "Hat") had been conferred upon its worthy wearer—the Reverend Father Tim Hennissy—excitement and curiosity regarding the bestowal thereof (and that by the hands of His Holiness Pope Pius himself) were intense and general throughout the entire civilised world—to wit, the County of Kerry.

The real clue and history of the event were known only to a privileged few, including my grandfather, from whose lips the tradition, under a pledge of conditional secrecy, was handed down to me.

As the Great Reaper has gathered into His garner, both His Eminence the Cardinal and all those parishioners to whose spiritual welfare he ministered, and as Father Time has washed off the slate all records and almost all recollections of a Prelate mighty in his day, the conditions of secrecy above referred to have been removed, and I venture to chronicle the somewhat extraordinary circumstances connected with the event—viz., the bestowal of the Hat.

It is strange that the memory of man is so transient and defective as so readily to forget matters of such local magnitude, but this condition of things was brought about because other questions, mainly political, eclipsed the radiancy of the past, and the only memento of the celebrated Cardinal that now remains is a monumental Tara cross erected in the churchyard by his parishioners (but not yet paid for).

The inscription thereon is moss-covered and almost obliterated by the devastating hand of Time, but more especially by the moist climate acting on the soft stone of which the monument is composed. If you care to scrape off the Emerald coating which covers it, you can read :

R.I.P.

Of your charity Pray for the Soul of His Eminence

Cardinal Tim Hennissy,

Many years P.P. of the Parish of Bally-Bilarde.

May the Heavens be his bed !!

The reputation of Father Tim, as he was universally called, was the common property of everyone in the Province of Munster—a race meeting, a fair, a coursing match, or even a game of hurley would not be considered complete if Father Tim did not put in an appearance. He was what the neighbours called a fine "gay" man, and if it had not been for his clerical profession, he might aptly be described as "The broth of a bhoy."

He had a grand appearance—six feet two inches in his stockinged feet, straight and supple as an ash-plant, with a fine intellectual head and smiling face well balanced on a brawny pair of shoulders. When he first came to the parish as a curate, he hadn't an ounce of spare flesh upon him, but about the time my story opens, in spite of fasting, penance, and Saints' days, he was sadly running into "fat," and his handsome countenance was perhaps a "taste" too florid.

Indeed, if you happened to see him on market days, sitting at the head of the table in front of a grand round of beef at the Widdy Murphy's "shebeen," and took notice of his performance upon it, you would not be surprised at this phenomenon. The widdy was celebrated for her "hot shilling dinner" on Saturdays, and when the town clock rang out the first stroke of midday, so surely Father Tim's shadow crossed the bar window, and the widdy's countenance fell; for she knew only too well the prowess of his Reverence's appetite. Not that she expected to make much out of the hot joint—no, she pinned her faith on the steaming whisky punch that followed: the "thratin" and the "wettin" of the bargains; it was this, not the pig, that paid her "rint."

There was one particular in which Father Tim prided himself, and deservedly, because he could "knock sauce-pans" out of anyone at the game of pool or billiards. To see him make a break of 60 or 100, you'd think the game was as simple as ninepins and so

easy that any fool could play it ; and the consequence was that though he fancied a race meeting, a coursing match, or a fair, he gloried in a game of billiards. Once or twice a week he was off to the City of Cork : " Clerical duties," sez he, with a twinkle in his eye. " I'm bound for the Canons," and so he was generally found in the neighbourhood of the " Imperial," not far from the music of the ivory balls, where he'd stay until he gave the jarvey barely time to catch the express to Mallow junction, trying for all he was worth to " make " his travelling expenses at shilling pool—and succeeding.

Father Tim had one great and special idea fixed in his mind, and to carry this idea into execution he preached once a month (with a collection) in his own parish, and as often as he could get permission, anywhere else. His were what you might term purse-opening sermons, appealing *ad misericordiam* to his hearers, and proving to all that their soul's salvation and a shorter residence hereafter in the super-tropical climate of Purgatory was entirely dependent on a personal interview (as well as on their liberal contributions) between the preacher and his Holiness the Pope.

Constant drop will wear a stone, and although there is no problem more difficult to solve than to find a plan " how to draw a contribution out of the breeches pocket of an Irish farmer," yet at length, using the *argumentum ad hominem*—namely, by constantly advising every tenant not to pay his tyrannical landlord any rent whatever until his soul's requirements were satisfied, a sufficient sum (and a little over) was at length amassed to take his Reverence to Rome and back, first class all the way, including hotels. Besides this, the ladies of the congregation, having formed themselves into a deputation, presented him with a brand new suit of black cloth clothes, a shining silk hat, and a silver-mounted umbrella (for whoever saw an Irish priest without his " umbrell " ?). In addition to the above there was a solid leather travelling suit-case (with space for flask) and a few golden sovereigns in a beautiful bead purse worked by the girls in the infant school. An event of this magnitude demanded a formal presentation, at the conclusion of which the donors of the suit, hat, and purse, insisted on his Reverence there and then " trying on " the suit, hat, and umbrella, which gave every satisfaction. *Note.*—The coat and vest only were fitted by the donors.

At length the day for starting on his pilgrimage arrived. *Festina lente* was Father Tim's motto—why should he hurry ? Time and money, the deciding conditions of all holidays, were no object. His Reverence caught the mail to Dublin. A crowd of his parishioners gave him a magnificent send-off at the local railway station, adding a neat little hamper containing one dozen bottles of potheen and a cold salmon, poached from the landlord's preserves. " These, your Reverence," said the spokesman, " will see ye safe to Dublin anyway." In the Irish metropolis he enjoyed himself for a week—London demanded another. " It's me duty," said he, " to make a short round of the music halls, just to see what to avoid. I may as well do it in plain clothes, to save me new suit."

A halt at Paris was imperative. " The French were always the best friends ould Ireland had ever since they landed in Ballina Bay," argued he, " barring their lingo."

Lastly, having travelled *en prince* in the *train de luxe*, he awoke one morning as the train was entering the station for the city of St. Peter. He crossed himself as he remembered that the preliminary stage of aspirations was accomplished.

Father Tim was by no means a nervous subject ; yet the thought of a personal interview with the Infallible Head of the Church was so stupendous that he absolutely shrank with terror at its approach. Time, as I have already remarked, was no object ; so he resolved to get accustomed to the idea. By training the mind to consider the crisis, he knew that the severity of the ordeal would gradually disappear, like snow in summer. Yes, he would treat the matter like as he did a debt or a visit to the dentist—put the interview off for a few days. Therefore he set himself diligently to visit all places of interest—first of all, St. Peter's, kissing the Pope's toe, then in order, the Coliseum, the Forum, etc., etc., so that by the end of the first week his self-confidence was fully restored.

On the morning fixed for the audience he intended to start early and spend an hour or two in the Sistine Chapel. This no doubt would have a soothing effect upon his nerves. Hours before the time he found himself outside the Vatican. With what admiration he beheld the picturesque uniform of the Swiss Guards! Pulling out his card-case, he approached the sentry and, clearing his throat for action, he proffered the pasteboard.

Neither visitor nor sentry understood the other's language, but at length, and after a series of mutual bows, coughs, signs, his Reverence was signalled to proceed up a long flight of marble steps. Finding no one to direct him, he lost his way; he felt he was in a labyrinth. Suddenly a familiar sound broke upon his ears. It was the music of the ivory balls clicking on the green cloth—oh! what a welcome call! It was like meeting an old friend in a savage land. Like an arrow from a bow, he made for the direction from which the music filtered. There was the usual miniature glass spy-hole in the door. He applied his eye to it, and espied a little old man habited in a white dressing-gown, practising nursery cannons. The play was poor. "Only child's play," says Father Tim to himself. "Shure I can do the Sistine Chapel any day, and a hundred up will remind me of ould Ireland." So he opened the door, raised his new hat with a flourish, and wished the little old man "the top of the mornin'." "The same to your Reverence, and many of them," was the reply, spoken in very fair English, though with a strong foreign accent. "Would you care for a game?" "With all the pleasure in life," replied Father Tim. "Which ball will you have?" sez he, "I always play with the immaculate one." "Then I'll have spot," sez his Reverence. "How many points shall I give you?" said the little old man. "Faith," sez Father Tim, "I can play a losing game, and let us start even."

The game, 200 up, was soon in full swing, but after a few strokes Father Tim rapidly outclassed his opponent—struggle as he might, the little old man lagged hopelessly behind. Father Hennissy, knowing he had victory in his hands whenever he wished to claim it, perceiving the disappointment and chagrin that the player of "plain" vainly endeavoured to conceal, began to take pity on him, and now and again purposely broke down, leaving easy canons and pot shots to his opponent. I repeat, Father Tim was a tender-hearted man and, being influenced by the agony of his opponent, he mentally resolved to make the game a close one, just winning, as the Prophet Job saith, "by the skin of his teeth."

He knew there was as much chance of the little old man winning as a mouse has of escaping from the grip of a tom cat. Now and then, just to show what he *could* do, Father Tim ran up a pretty break of 25 or so, and then left the balls handy and "convenient" for the other side to score. A margin of 20 ahead was ample. And thus the race between the hare and the tortoise progressed.

He little knew who his opponent was—he thought he was probably the "brother" who swept the room out—he was not skilful enough for a marker. Had he guessed that it was his Holiness Pope Pius, he would hardly have "made so bowld." It so happened, however, that a game of billiards just after breakfast was a hobby of the Pope—it was his matutinal source of exercise. Generally, he had a knock up with a cardinal, and as it was not considered etiquette for any opponent to win a game, the Pope began to fancy himself as a player. This idea was fostered and strengthened by the flattery bestowed on his skill by the various clerical cueists he encountered, as well as by the fulsome applause of the spectators. Consequently, as he never saw a good break or any first-class play, he now considered himself invincible.

When the score stood spot white 197, white 178, Father Tim, just for "divarshon," left the three balls at the top of the table—all he wanted was 3 to win, and this he knew he could do at any time.

At this critical period a marvellous change occurred in the complexion of the game. Player of white advanced with a smile of confidence to the table. Chalking his cue carefully, he made a six stroke by following it with red; this was followed by an easy cannon and red again dribbled into the left top pocket=11. By an almost miraculous

coincidence the three balls came together close to the spot. The player of white now breathed a prayer to the immaculate one and shutting his eyes as his cue was about to touch his ball, in order that the result would be left in better hands than his, he cued his ball with all his force. Of course he scored a cannon, accidentally ran in off red, and potted white, a seven-stroke break 18—score 198. The red ball whizzed round the table, striking three cushions and now, slackening speed, was rolling slowly but surely for the left middle pocket. Yes, both players saw that practically all was over but the shouting. The excitement was intense. The little old man, with marvellous agility, jumped about the room and banged the butt of his cue on the floor, which was old and rickety. He prayed that this would give the necessary impetus to the ball to let it drop into the pocket. Father Tim was no less affected—I do not wish to chronicle the few words he uttered as he saw the game slipping out of his grasp by a series of flukes. It is better not. But when he perceived that the red was undoubtedly dribbling into the pocket, in his excitement he took off his new silk hat, threw it on the ground, and, taking a running kick at it, sent it, a shapeless mass, into the far end of the room.

Still the red went rolling on ; it reached the edge of the pocket, and there it stopped, hanging and balanced on the brink. It looked as if a breath would send it over. Both players watched the progress of the red in a state of intense excitement. There could be no doubt regarding the result of the match. As he approached the table to give the *coup de grace* Father Tim's countenance relaxed into a broad Irish grin of anticipated victory. On the other hand, a fit of shivering convulsed the frame of his opponent. Father Tim chalked his cue and then leaned over the table. His arm was drawn back for the final stroke, when he was startled by a stern command : " Father Hennissy, wait a bit ! Stop ! Look ! What's under the table ? "

Father Tim paused in his stroke—one second more and all would be over—but he paused, I say, and, glancing under the table, perceived a scarlet hat.

" Pick it up," said the little old man, " and try it on. You have smashed your own Lincoln and Bennett. It fits you well. Look at yourself in the glass. You can keep it, Cardinal Hennissy. Long may you live to wear it ! "

The Pope's record remained unbroken. His colours were not lowered. He raised his hand and bestowed the apostolic blessing.

" Father—I beg pardon"—Cardinal Hennissy's countenance flushed as scarlet as his hat. The scales fell from his eyes, the cue from his hand. With a feeling of awe he beheld, not the little inferior billiard player, but his Holiness Pope Pius. Stupified with terror, he fell on his knees, and craved forgiveness. Oh ! Could he be absolved for such presumption and ignorance.

But Pope Pius soon reassured him. " Yes, Cardinal Hennissy, I knew all along who you were—your reputation has preceded you—your speech betrayed you. I expected your presence in my audience hall to-day. Accept my congratulations on your promotion. Convey my blessing to your flock. Come on ! " added he, opening a cupboard door. " I have here a little gift that has been sent to me from the Land of Saints. It is a great anecdote (his English naturally was faulty) against the malarious vapours of this country. I take a little daily for my stomach's sake and my oft infirmities. It is called ' John Jameson ' ! Did your Eminence ever taste the concoction ? "

It was just what Cardinal Tim wanted. His nerves had not yet recovered from the shock. " Be yer Holiness' lave I'll just take the laste taste in loife of the craythur." He poured out half a tumbler. " Not a drop of wather, thank yer Holiness—even holy wather would spile it ! "

When he had drained his glass to the last drop, he remarked : " I guess what it is now, yer Holiness—and sure enough, it is a grand anecdote entirely."

I hope the reader will think the same of my story.

A. J. P.

## ODE TO A GAS MASK.

(Inspired by a three days' intensive gas course.)

Ghoulisn mis-shapen offspring of man's wit,  
 Fouler than Basilisk or Epstein bust,  
 Who reekest of pollution and the pit,  
 Thy face inspires me with profound disgust.

Medusa's head that turned the world to stone  
 Would shrink before such loathsomeness as  
 thine,  
 Warthogs and scowling gargoyles would disown  
 Features of such unfortunate design.

What artist in what madhouse did devise  
 This nightmare, and on suffering mortals  
 launch  
 Thy swinish snout, thy bulging, goggly eyes,  
 Those bubbling snorts that issue from thy  
 paunch ?

Perchance wild medicine men from the Basuti,  
 Or devil-worshippers in far Thibet,  
 Might find in thee some strange elusive beauty,  
 Some wistful tenderness, some vague regret.

Perchance in savage realms beyond the sea,  
 In Takoradi, Borneo, or Haiti,  
 Dark Hoodoo men might bend the ecstatic knee,  
 And bow to thee as to an Aphrodite.

But here in England, if thou wilt excuse  
 My frankness, thy peculiar type of face,  
 However it might go down with Hindoos,  
 Is also-bally-lutely out of place.

My company are handsome men and tall,  
 Their hair is curly and their eyes are blue ;  
 But hid beneath thy gibbering leprous pall,  
 Apollo is at one with Bug-a-boo.

How can fair Galatea stand the strain,  
 How can her tender heart survive the shocks  
 Of seeing Acis, her beloved swain,  
 Dressed in a so-called respirator box ?

Avant thee, spectre, get thee back to where  
 Thou came'st from, Hades, Porton, Pimlico,  
 Leave us our eyes to woo the gentle fair,  
 Leave us a nose to sniff their fragrant hair,  
 Leave us our lips to breathe a lover's prayer,  
 Leave us our faces—and we will not care  
 For chlorine, phosgene, mustard, H<sub>2</sub>O.  
 Better for us to die from toxic gases  
 Than live disguised as half-demented asses.

O. P.

## The Last Military Commander of Fort Anne.

WE are indebted to Mr. C. J. Puplett, of Black Point, Halifax, Nova Scotia, for a cutting from the *Halifax Chronicle* containing a paper read by Mr. L. M. Fortier at the quarterly meeting of the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal on Feb. 3rd, 1930. From it we have made some extracts which will be of interest to readers of the IRON DUKE.

Nothing was known about the last military commander of Fort Anne beyond the fact that he was Lieutenant George Wedderburn, of the 76th Foot, until Mr. Fortier heard the story of the departure of the last garrison from the lips of a Mrs. King, aged 93, who had witnessed it.

Mr. Fortier said :—

" It would appear that for a number of years before the final abandonment of our old fort as a military post, the practice was to send a detachment here from one of the regiments stationed in Halifax. The detachment usually consisted of 25 men, a commanding officer, and one or two " non-coms."

" At length, in 1852 or 53, came Lt. Wedderburn, in command of a detachment of 15 men and non-com., and this small force was destined to be the very last garrison of Fort Anne.

" Their withdrawal was ordered in 1854, and by that time there had been so many deserters that only six privates and the non-com. were left to march out !

" Mrs. King saw them go, and was a passenger on the boat that carried them from here to St. John, en route to Fredericton.

" It was a night trip, and Mrs. King had a lively recollection of one incident of it. About midnight everyone on board was awakened by an uproar. The mate of the boat and the non-com. were having an argument, ending in a battle royal with deck buckets, the water from which they were throwing at one another. A poor woman and her children



were sleeping on blankets on the cabin floor, and as the battle raged they were presently in the line of fire and were drenched, and there was pandemonium!

"Lt. Wedderburn came out of the cabin he was occupying, stopped the row, placed the woman and children in his cabin, and spent the rest of the night himself on the main cabin table!

"It is pleasant to have this little story of our last commander. It stamps him as a kindly man, as indeed he was, from the account Mrs. King gave me of him. She described him as of something over medium height, well built, and soldierly in carriage and appearance, wearing the kind of whiskers then in vogue—known in my boyhood days as 'side lights'—with a light moustache, and an altogether pleasant cast of countenance, and kindly manner.

"He was married and had a baby daughter, of whom we will hear more later. Mrs. Wedderburn and the child had gone in advance of her husband to Fredericton.

"There the story ended, so far as Mrs. King was concerned, and there it stood for a good five years."

Finally, in October, 1928, Mr. Fortier got into touch with Sir John Andrew Ogilvy-Wedderburn, Bart., of Silvie Meigle, Perthshire, and obtained further particulars as follows:—

"It appears that our officer, whose full name was a formidable one—George Gordon Gerald Trophine de Lally Tollendal Webster Wedderburn—was born in Paris on Dec. 12th, 1827. Among his godparents at his baptism, which also apparently took place in Paris, were the then Duchess of Richmond and M. de Lally Tollendal, from whom he took his second and fifth names. He entered the Army at the proper age and was in due course a lieutenant in the 24th Regiment, but exchanged, Oct. 7th, 1851, into the 76th, and this brought him, a year or so later, to Annapolis Royal, as we have seen.

"His wife's maiden name was Caroline Teresa Dixon, a lady of mixed English and Spanish blood. The marriage took place at Corfu, March 3rd, 1853, and their first child was born in Annapolis Royal on Jan. 27th, 1854, and baptised here by Rev. Edwin Gilpin, April 19th, that same year.

"This is the child Mrs. King referred to and it is delightful to find that she is still alive.

"She married at Albany, Western Australia, Dec. 11th, 1895, Paul Frederick Straube, and is now living with her husband at a place called Lobassa, in the Fiji Islands.

"Wedderburn was promoted captain in 1858 in 7th Foot, brevet-major, July 5th, 1872, and died August 20th, 1875, at the age of 47. He lies buried in the graveyard of Lower Norwood, in England, and I have a photograph of his grave. There is an 'e' at the end of his name on the headstone, but that quite certainly is wrong.

"It is a coincidence I forgot to mention in its proper place that Wedderburn came of a family the head of which was made a Baronet of Nova Scotia by Queen Anne in 1704."

In the following extract of the services of Lt. Wedderburn, given in Hayden's Historical Records of the 76th Hindoostan Regiment, the name is spelt with a final "e":—

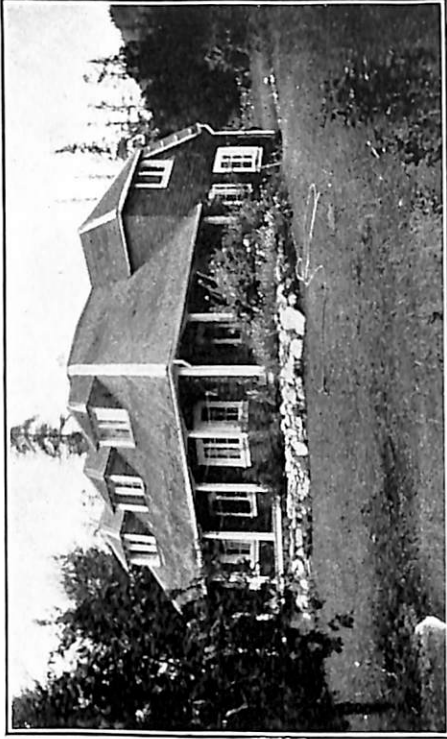
"Wedderburne.—George Wedderburne, Lieutenant, from the 24th Foot, Lieutenant, *vice* W. P. Hill, who exchanged, 7th October, 1851. Promoted to the 7th Foot as Captain, 2nd February, 1858. Served with the 24th Regiment during the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, and was present at the battle of Goojerat (Medal and one clasp)."

## THE CHARM OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

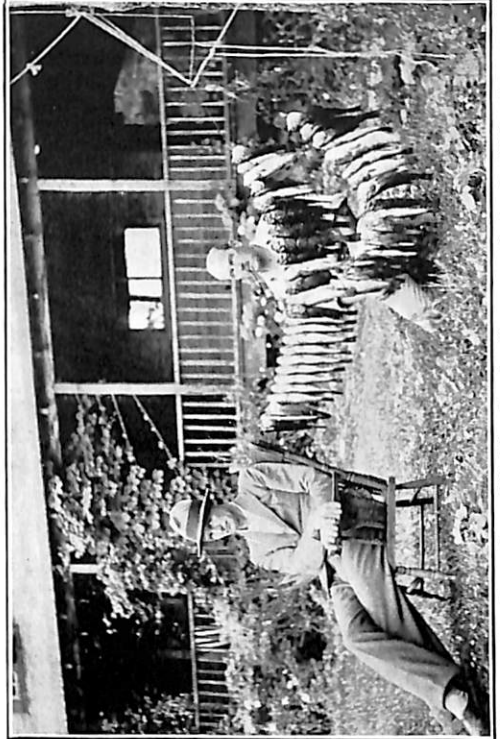
Reprinted from "Overseas," the Monthly Magazine of the Overseas League.

Comparisons are always interesting. Here is the considered opinion of Mr. B. S. Westbury, an Englishman who has lived in the Kootenay Valley for fifteen years:—

"Life in England is very difficult for those who have only small incomes, but in British Columbia it is easy. Being equally familiar with life in both countries, this comparison induces me to express the hope that some of those who read this may decide to come out and spend a few months' holiday in British Columbia with a view to studying the possibilities of the country as their future home.



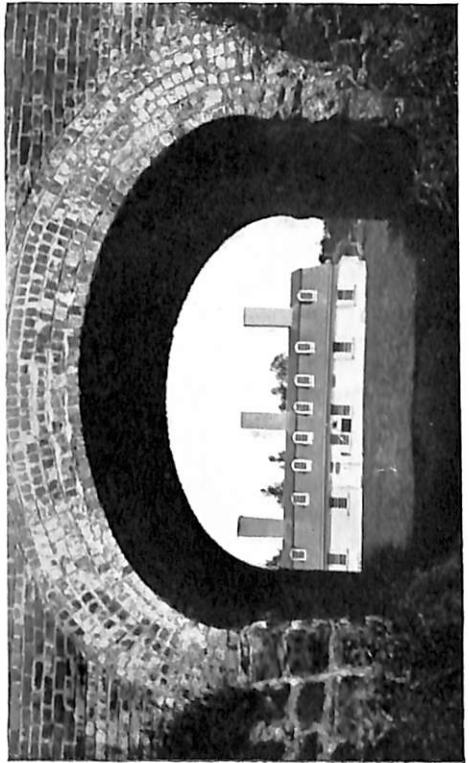
A British Columbian Home.



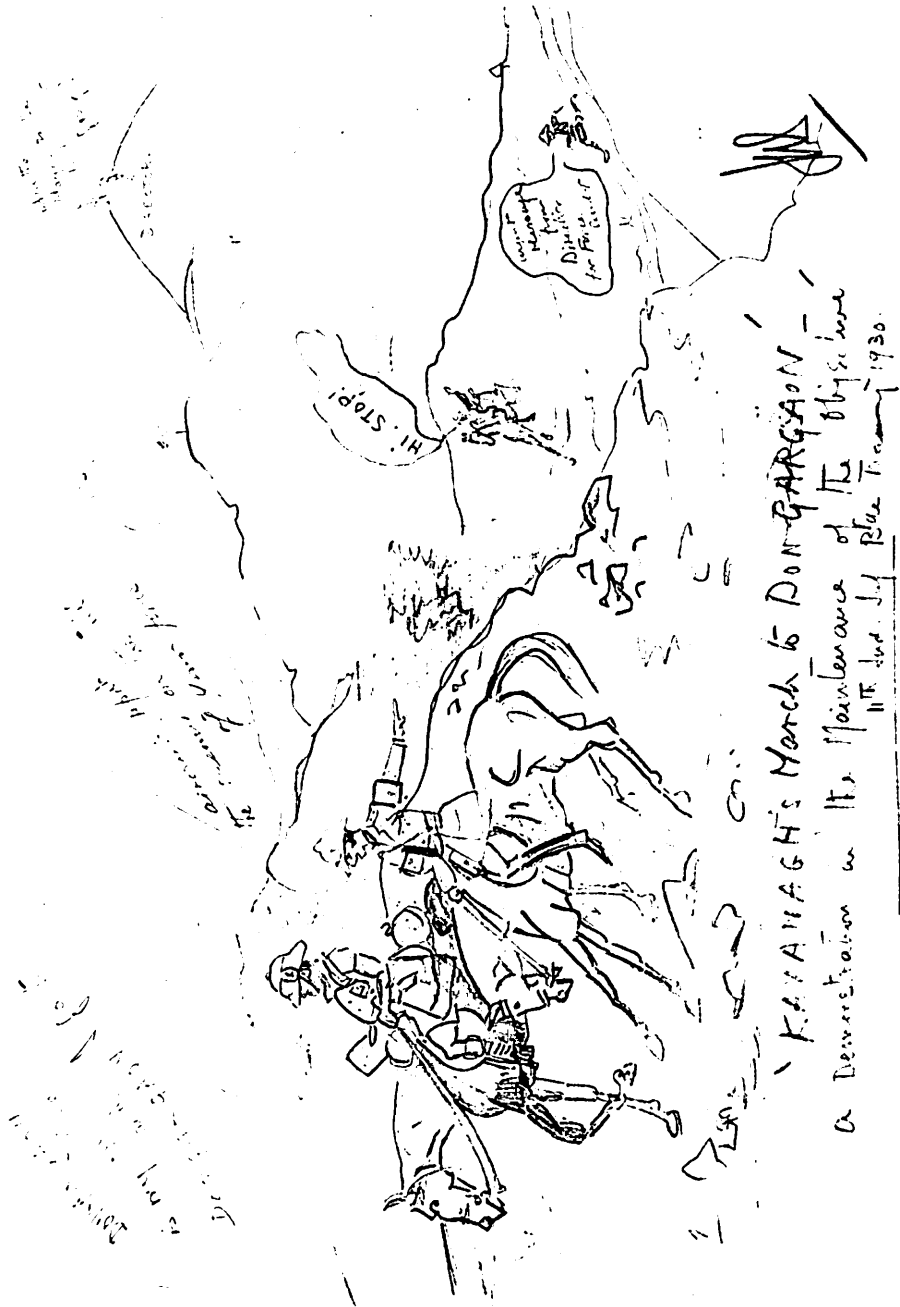
The result of two hours' fishing in the Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.



The present custodian of Fort Anne, Mr. L. M. Fortier  
Honorary Custodian.



Looking through the Sallyport, Fort Anne.



KATIA WAGH'S MARCH TO DON GARGAON -  
a Demonstration in the Maintenance of the Obligation  
11th Oct. 1930. Plaza Trazado

Don Gargaon  
11th Oct. 1930  
Plaza Trazado

NO STOPS  
I want to know how the Director is going to handle the situation

I want to know how the Director is going to handle the situation

"Everyone knows that it is a beautiful country in every way, but few realise that it is probably the cheapest part of the British Empire in which to live. For instance, if two people have a "ranch" of their own and £200 a year they can live in real comfort, with freedom from financial worry and the prospect of being able to make money as well; and this in the midst of people of their own kind, and with all the comforts of modern civilisation: the pioneering days are over. There must be many people with small incomes of £200 to £600 a year living in England. Are they all enjoying life? How do they manage? There must be another large group of those still in the "Service" in India, or other parts of the Empire, who will shortly be retiring. What does the future hold for them?

"Why not come and spend six months' holiday in British Columbia and see what the country is like to live in? The trip need cost no more (including the fare there and back) than a similar period spent in England. Many ex-officers find here varied interests and excellent sport while living happily on their pensions. Visitors will find mountains and lakes, the sky blue and the air clear, so that one can watch an eagle volplaning ten miles away, and a merry company living in absolute freedom."

Correspondence should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, O.-S. League Migration Bureau, 4 Park Place, St. James' Street, London, S.W. 1.

### "K." OF DONGARGAON.

"With Kavanagh to Dongargaon,"  
While endless ages run,  
This epic will be handed down  
And spoken of with bated breath,  
Of "scornful men who dived with Death  
Under a tropic sun."  
And infants on their mothers' knees  
Will lisp, "Great Grand-pa, tell us, please,  
How "K" took Dongargaon."

The way was rough to Dongargaon,  
And many tried to lure  
"K" from the path with angry frown  
And specious saws of learned men;  
"K's" strength was as the strength of ten,  
Because his heart was pure,  
And brushing obstacles aside,  
With flashing eyes and nostrils, cried,  
"I march for Dongargaon."

"The coward foe of Dongargaon  
Creeps by a covered track  
On Imampur, our old home town,  
And soon our families and lands  
Will fall into their gory hands,  
Back then, for God's sake, back."  
"The order's clear as mud," said "K,"  
"Ours not to reason, but obey;  
We march for Dongargaon."

So let the name of Dongargaon  
Be handed down to fame,  
Though "K" received no victor's crown,  
And many tried to minimise  
His splendid feat with quibbling lies,  
To their eternal shame,  
The smoke drifts up from Dongar's town,  
Dimming the sunset skies.  
A grim memorial to the name  
Of him our seed shall e'er acclaim  
As "K" of Dongargaon.

R. G. T.

## The Sudan Defence Force.

IN recent years, at any rate, few officers of the Regiment have been seconded for service in the Sudan. The writer is unable to compare service in the Sudan Defence Force with service in East Africa or on the Coast, but would recommend intending "Bushwhackers" to consider the Sudan when choosing their sphere of action.

The Sudan Defence Force came into being early in 1925 following on the murder of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, and disturbances engineered by Egypt in the Sudan. Several Egyptian and Sudanese regiments mutinied, and after the rising had been quelled, all Egyptian officers and troops were expelled from the Sudan. The S.D.F. was then formed from the remaining Sudanese units, owing allegiance not to Egypt, but to the Governor-General of the Sudan.

These remaining units consisted of several irregular corps and six battalions of blacks, Nubas, Dinkas, and Shillouks, the 9th to 14th Sudanese, originally raised for the reconquest of the Sudan under Lord Kitchener. These six battalions, who fought with such bravery and distinction at Omdurman and all the preceding actions of the reconquest, were considered unnecessary for the internal security of the country under more peaceful conditions and have, since 1925, all been disbanded.

The following corps now remain :—The Camel Corps in Kordofan and the Nuba Mountains, which, however, has now only two camel companies, the remainder being M.I. Abyssinian mule and infantry companies ; the Western Arab Corps, formed in 1917 for the Darfur Campaign against the Sultan, Ali Dinar, and consisting of M.I. horse companies, infantry " idaras " (*i.e.*, a company with in addition a troop of M.I. and M.G. section), some artillery, and a motor machine gun unit ; the Eastern Arab Corps, similarly organised, on the Abyssinian frontier ; the Equatorial Corps in Mongalla and the Bahr-el-Ghazal Provinces consisting altogether of infantry companies ; and the cavalry and mounted rifles at Shendi in the north.

These corps are run on irregular lines and consist of six or seven companies each. Companies vary in strength from 120 to 250 and are all self-contained and very mobile.

The troops are armed and clothed by the Government, but receive irregular rates of pay and run their own feeding arrangements and provide their own living accommodation. The troops are now mostly Sudan Arabs, although some corps have one or more black (usually Nuba) companies. Both form excellent fighting material under British officers.

The various corps are commanded by British officers with the rank of Miralai. A British officer with the rank of Kaimakan is second in command and British officers with the rank of Bimbashi command the companies. The junior officers are all natives, previously obtained from the Military School in Egyptian Army days, and now by promotion from the ranks. British officers commanding companies have a C.O.'s disciplinary powers, and deal direct with Khartoum in all matters of stores, pay, etc., enlist and train their own recruits, and generally " run their own show."

British officers applying for the S.D.F. must be unmarried and have reached 25 years of age. They must have passed for promotion to captain, or, if they have two years' service as a captain, have passed for promotion to major. The pay of an officer joining is £E.660 a year, with an outfit allowance of £E.30. As soon as he passes his intermediat Arabic he receives a language bonus of £E.30. There are also various allowances, such as travelling and climate. Officers serving south of a certain latitude count service double towards pension. An officer provides himself with two horses, which are obtainable at about £20 each, and gets free forage. Pay increases with length of service in the S.D.F., as well as on promotion, which is not usually obtained till after five or seven years' service, so that a Bimbashi with five years' service is drawing £E.810 and a Miralai £E.1,200 a year. An officer starts on a two years' contract. The second contract is a three-year one, the third a two, and so on. Leave with £E.45 a year towards passage is given at the rate of three months in each year or four months in two years. Three weeks' leave in the country for shooting, etc., is also obtainable. The language requires a certain amount of hard work at first, but a working knowledge is not difficult to pick up. Polo is played at all stations where the necessary numbers can be obtained, and can be managed with very little extra expense, as one keeps two ponies anyway.

The reputation of the Sudan as a big game country is, of course, well known. The best shooting is obtainable in the Equatorial Corps area in the south, but it is also good on the Dindar and Setit rivers in the east and in Darfur in the west, while good sport with ibex is to be had in the Red Sea Hills. A great variety of scatter-gun shooting is obtainable all over the country.

The climate is on the whole good. The winter climate from November till April is excellent. The rainy season is from about June till September, and just before and after this season it is unpleasantly hot. Malaria is not prevalent except in a few of the Equatorial Corps stations.

Patrols and small punitive expeditions are of fairly regular occurrence and an officer has a very good chance of seeing some active service in a small way, and anyway of gaining valuable experience in running a show of his own.

J. H. C. L.

## EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR.

(Continued from page 44, No. 15, February, 1930.)

SEPT. 16TH, 1917.—Hurrah! I have just been warned to prepare to proceed on leave.

SEPT. 17TH.—Calais, 9.30 p.m. We left Poperinghe at midnight. I wasn't sorry to get away from that station either, as he was shelling it frequently. I didn't want to get hit going on leave. Shouldn't mind a "Blighty" one when I get back. We arrived at Calais about 7.30 p.m. and marched about three miles to this camp. Tired, but happy. Just sent telegram off.

OCT. 3RD.—Leave up, and just off back. 8 a.m. Now at Victoria Station.

OCT. 4TH.—Calais. Feeling very miserable after having such a glorious fourteen days, and a very crowded fortnight at that. I was married on Saturday, Sept. 22nd, and went off to Brighton in the afternoon for a very happy eight days.

OCT. 6TH.—After several halts on the way up from Calais, owing to the presence of hostile aircraft, we arrive back at Poperinghe and find the Battalion has moved up into the line again, or just behind it, on the Canal Bank (that miserable hole). I am feeling absolutely dejected now and don't care how soon I stop a "Blighty" one, but I expect I shall soon get into the old routine again. To make things worse, it is pouring with rain.

OCT. 8TH.—Back into the line again and this for the last time on this sector, as we are going to make a bold bid for the village of Poelcapelle (just off the Paschendale Ridge) and then get relieved. What a night this is; it is pouring with rain. I am writing this under the shelter of a small dugout with a piece of corrugated iron for a roof, my feet in about two inches of water, and rain is dripping in everywhere, even on to this book (an Army Book 152). Rations have not come up yet, and we expect to "go over" any moment.

OCT. 11TH.—Well, we captured Poelcapelle all right; at least, what remained of it (a heap of bricks and innumerable shell-holes). There was once a church here, but all that remains now is a bit of a cellar, in which we make our regimental headquarters. What a desolate spot this is too. I shan't be sorry when we get relieved. Before we went over our company headquarters was at "White House," a small blockhouse, smaller than we have been in hitherto, and Battalion headquarters was at "Red House," about a hundred to two hundred yards to our rear. There are nothing but shell-holes, half full of water, and trees blown down by shell fire, making progress very slow and difficult. The weather is still very wet and windy. We have lost plenty of good lads on this last stunt and as we have not had reinforcements since we have been up here there are not many of us left—15 of us in my company, including one officer, Capt. Durrand.

OCT. 15TH.—We were relieved in the line by the 18th Division and are now in bivouacs at a place called Irish Farm. We are to be inspected by the Divisional General this morning, so start to try and clean up a bit, but we haven't got our packs, as we are still in fighting order—at least, some of us are. What a sorry crowd we looked! Everyone had at least a week's growth of beard and were plastered from head to foot with mud. A large number had lost their caps (steel helmets) and puttees, while quite a number had their jackets and trousers torn considerably by barbed wire.

General Maxse, the Corps Commander, inspected us, and thanked us for "The splendid advances we had made during our tour of duty in the line." We certainly had advanced some distance, as when we first went up there we daren't show ourselves much past the canal bank. Now there was a train waiting for us at least a hundred yards past the canal.

OCT. 31ST.—I am now in the 35th Field Ambulance dressing station, having been silly enough to stop a piece of shrapnel in the knee. It is nothing serious, though, and

I expect I shall be out again in a few weeks. I had to have six stitches in it, and be inoculated against lockjaw. The funny part about this wound is that it is in the same knee that I got wounded in before.

Nov. 4TH.—I have now been shifted to a rest camp which is in an old French chateau in the village of Labouchier. It is very nice, but we are not allowed much freedom. We are awakened at 7, when we have a wash and shave, breakfast at 8, and inspection of wounds by the M.O. at 9, after which an orderly comes round and dresses our wounds or, if you can walk, you go down to the dressing room or theatre as is the case.

Nov. 18TH.—Yesterday the Adjutant sent for me. I thought it was over my repeatedly telling the doctor at the rest camp that I was fit for duty, after he had said I must stop on a few days. But it was to inform me that the C.O., Lt.-Col. Worthington, D.S.O., had recommended me for the position of quartermaster, which ranks as first lieutenant. I was wildly excited about it. I hope I get it. Anyway, it shows that my previous services in the Regiment have been recognised.

Nov. 30TH.—I have just been sent for again. The C.O. has just informed me that the following message has just come through: "Under no circumstances whatever will a warrant officer, N.C.O., or man be recommended for the position of lieutenant and quartermaster *under the age of 35*," and I am 25, so that's ended that. Of course, I'm disappointed. We have been here a fortnight now, but go into the line to-morrow. Still the same old place—Hill 70.

Dec. 7TH.—We leave the line to-night after a very uneventful eight days in which we have had only a few casualties. Last night the runner and myself were buried in a dugout for six hours through a shell dropping in the doorway.

E. M.

(To be concluded.)

## Thoughts on Sport.

At the moment of writing, the winner of the International Rugby Championship for 1929-30 is still in doubt; it all depends on the result of the Wales v. France match on Easter Monday in Paris. Before England and Scotland played a pointless draw it was quite on the cards that all the competitors would have come out equal with two wins each, that is to say if Scotland had beaten England, and if Wales beats France, a quite likely result of the last match of the series. It would have been a quaint ending, but one that would have been a very fair one, as there was really very little to choose between the five competing countries. I think it is generally agreed that the international teams of this season have been distinctly poor; perhaps this is due to the fact that there are not the outstanding players necessary to make up teams of the usual international form, or perhaps the selectors as a whole have done their work indifferently. I am the last person to under-rate the difficulties that beset the selectors, but referring to those of England, they seem this year to have been too apt to change their minds and their team right through the season without sufficient reasons.

The same old troubles go on, the chief, or anyway the most prominent one, being getting the ball into the scrum. Before the England and Scotland match it was announced in the papers that the Rugby Union authorities were aware that the putting of the ball into the scrum was still most unsatisfactory, and they considered that Rule 15 was not being properly observed by the players, or enforced by the referees; and the announcement ended by the statement that before the game started the referee and the captains would be talked to on the subject by an official. Presumably this programme was carried out, but the trouble in this match seemed if anything to be worse than usual. Rugby is a game in which the players want to play to the spirit of the rules as well as by the letter of them, and I'm sorry to say that even some of our international players who should all be shining examples of how the game should be played, not only as regards skill, but also as regards the true spirit of the game, do not shine in this respect as brightly as they might;

until this millenium arrives the simplest solution of the difficulty would appear to me to be the more rigid enforcement of the penalties, and the increase of the penalties themselves. So far as the enforcement is concerned, I think that most referees do not interpret the word "intentional" in a strict enough sense; "unintentional" should practically only refer to offences that the player cannot help. As to the penalty itself, the place where an offence is committed makes all the difference in the world; a free kick awarded to a side out of goal-kicking range is generally a negligible matter, not so one near the opponents' goal; it may sound drastic, but I should like to see all penalties taken at the same spot, say 25 to 30 yards in front of the opponents' goal. A penalty would then be a real penalty wherever the offence was committed, and a player of the attacking side would think not twice but many times before he chanced losing for his side position in addition to a probable three points. It would also help matters if the human element could be eliminated from referees, and they would all interpret the rules in the same way, and with the same degree of strictness, but nearly every referee has his own particular favourite rule, and this one he enforces with the utmost severity, whilst with other just as important rules he is lenient to a fault. To give chapter and verse I have heard players discussing a well-known referee before a match in some such words as "If you fall on the ball and don't get up again like an india-rubber ball you'll be for it, but you needn't worry too much about being offside!" I think the authorities might help more than they do (mind you I don't really know how much they do in this way) by publishing annually or even more often "Helps to referees in interpreting the rules," and there is no reason why these should be confidential. To take only one rule, the knock-on; one referee interprets the slightest suggestion of a fumble as a knock-on, another will allow a man to play hand-ball as much as he likes so long as he catches the ball again himself.

On reading over what I have written I seem to have been in rather a captious mood, but I don't propose to rewrite it, as what I have written represents my thoughts, and that, after all, is what I set up to do.

Turning to a more personal matter, we unfortunately cannot record the complete success that we hoped for in the Army Cup. We did again win the Southern Command Cup and reach the semi-final of the Army Cup, no mean success, and one for which the 1st Battalion deserve a full mead of praise and congratulations; but in the semi-final we came a distinct cropper, 16—0 takes a lot of explanation. I did not see the match, but I have heard the deficit in points almost entirely explained away. I was also told by another spectator that our team cracked badly in the second half, and though we might have had some bad luck, certainly not 16 points' worth. Many people don't like the Training Battalion R.E. being allowed to enter for the Army Cup, and undoubtedly they are a somewhat elastic unit; it may be noted that they played the highest possible number of officers (8) against us, but we can't get away from the fact that our old friends The King's Own just managed to put it across them in the final.

Last time I apologised for rather shelving cricket and other sports, but this time I'm just going to leave them out without apology, as I really haven't anything in particular to say about them, and although I haven't counted the number of words I've written I am pretty sure they are more than my allowance.

OLD STAGER.

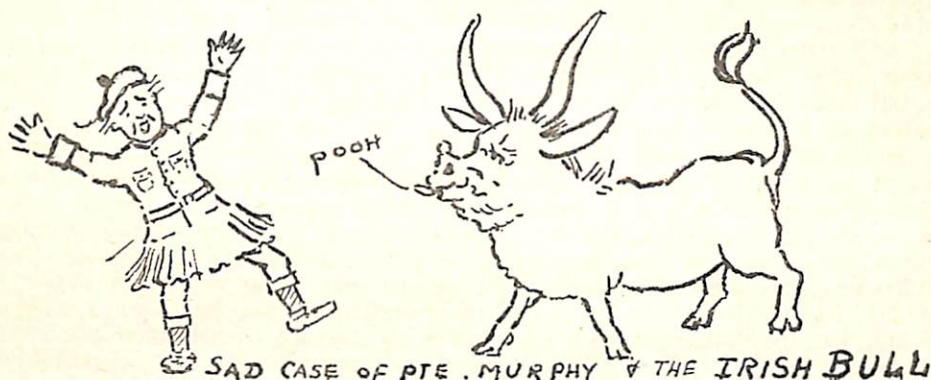
## Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals:—*The Covenanter* (Jan., March), *The Tiger and Sphinx* (Jan., March), *The Dragon* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Snapper* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Bugle* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (Jan., Feb.), *The St. George's Gazette* (Dec., Jan., Feb., March), *The Lilywhite's Gazette* (Feb.), *The Light Bob* (Jan., April), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (March), *The Thistle* (Jan.), *The Britannia* (March), *The Antelope* (April), *The Sapper* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Gunner* (Jan.), *Links* (April), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Feb., March, April); also *Our Empire* (Jan., Feb., March, April) and *The Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research* (Jan.).



## Our Military Who's Who.

Pte. Pat Murphy was said to have been of Irish extraction, and, in consequence, enlisted into a Highland regiment. He claimed to be descended from the Kings of Munster, but if such was the case the descent must have been terrific. He died through breaking a blood vessel in an attempt to avoid an Irish bull.



From his earliest years Pte. Skyer was imbued with the idea of rising in the world, and actuated by this feeling he gave up his job as a diver and enlisted in the Royal Air Force. One day while examining a strange looking article he had found he went up even higher than his expectations, and certainly far above the heads of his fellows. At the inquest it was explained that he had been playing with an unexploded bomb.

Fired by the example of his general, who had opened a new soldiers' home, Pte. Crafty opened the regimental canteen in the early hours of the morning. With his usual modesty he then went into retirement for six months.

In his boyhood days Pte. Scamp was known as "a young rip." This childish name, R.I.P., was inscribed upon his tombstone.

Pte. Russett was said to have been the "apple of his father's eye," and consequently he enlisted into a corps (core). His comrades complained that he gave them the pip.

According to one authority Pte. Walker came from London, and according to another, from Wigan. After enlistment he belied his name by joining the regimental transport. He left the regiment with the pathetic words, "My name's Walker." So universal was the grief at his departure that the authorities called in the police to assist in the search for him.

Cpl. Smith was a son or Mars (Ma's). Others have suggested that he was the son of his father, but his reply to this was that he couldn't help it. Further search, however, has revealed the fact that he was the son of John Smith, retired labourer, and Mary Smith, retired general. He did not attain to the rank of his distinguished mother, but on retiring from the Army took up the position of Inspector of Public Buildings.





PTE SKYER EXPERIMENTS

Prior to his death he had not given evidence of great ability, nor has he done so since.

Lt. Shortcash complained to his brother officers that he was broke, and being found to also have a vacuum in his company chest a general court martial confirmed his diagnosis.

Entering the Army at an early age Cpl. Dasher soon acquired the name of "a gay spark." Fluttering around the candle he was at length caught by one of his numerous flames, and finally extinguished. At his death his documents were marked with the commendation, "deceased."

"JOHN AYE."



CPL. DASHER

## Personalia.

**H**EARTIEST congratulations to Brig-General R. E. Sugden on his appointment as Deputy Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Also to Captain W. M. Ozanne on winning both his matches, singles and foursomes, in the Inter-Services golf meeting at West Hill, when the Army beat the R.A.F.

Lt. C. R. O'Connor, who has been ill for eighteen months, is now in the Red Cross Hospital for Officers, Brighton. He will certainly be very glad to see any members of the Regiment who happen to be in the neighbourhood.

Lt. W. F. Browne has been ordered by the doctors to take a rest cure after his many activities and accidents. He is now under treatment in Belfast.

2nd Lt. Bunbury, who has just joined the 1st Battalion, is a great grandson-of the Captain H. W. Bunbury, whose letters are appearing in our pages, and grandson of Lt.-Colonel W. St. Pierre Bunbury, R.A., retired, who so kindly lent the letters for publication.

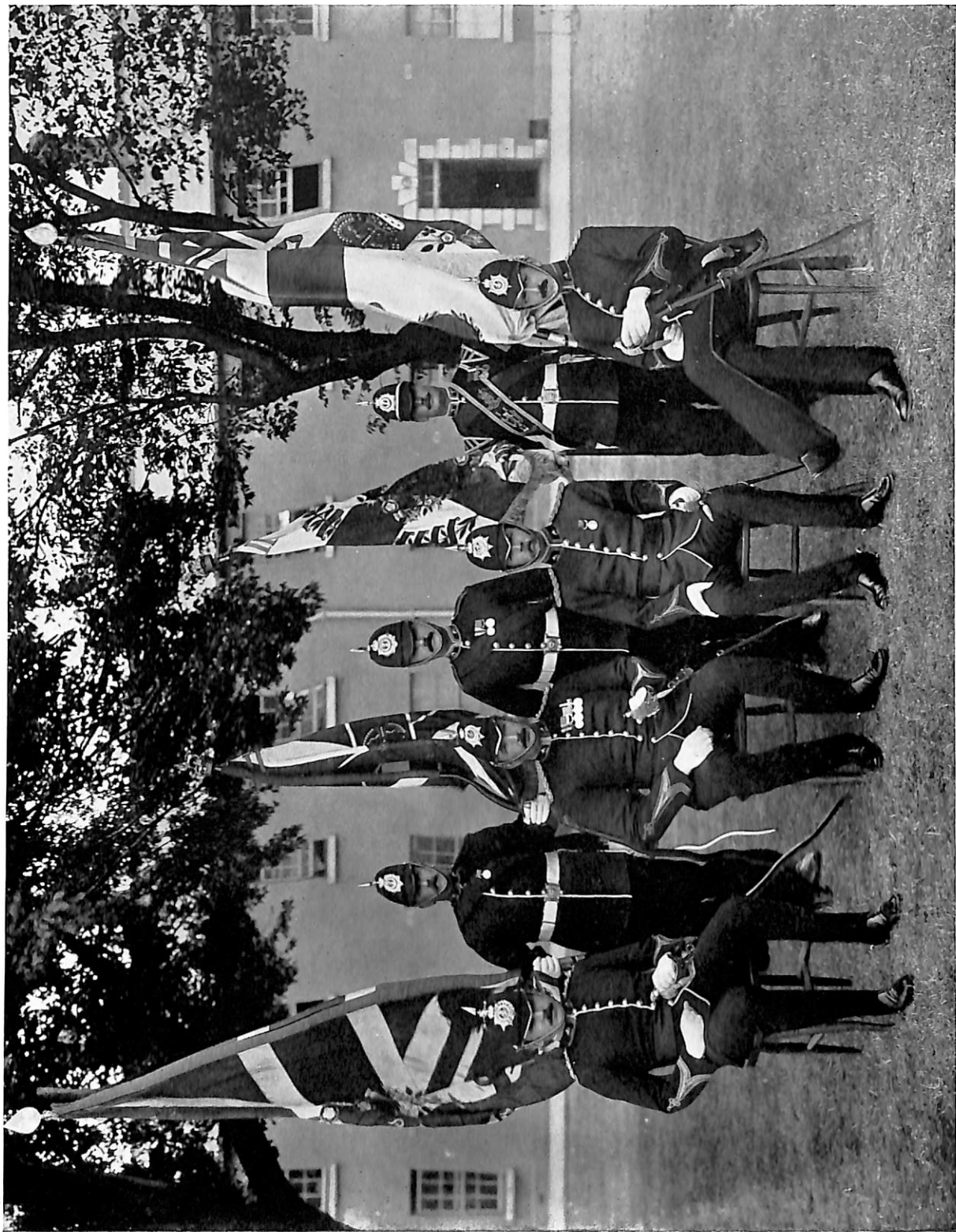
Yet another link with Captain Bunbury has come to our notice, as we hear from Major C. W. G. Ince that his wife is descended from the Bunbury family.

Major Cholmley, who went out to British Columbia last year, has settled down and started fruit growing at Crawford Bay, Kootenay. He writes:—"It was a bit of a shock to leave Ahmednagar at 105 degrees in the shade in May and by January to drop down to 11 degrees below zero. And it is extraordinary how little one feels the change provided one avoids the areas of Canada which are damp or have bitter winds. . . . I am about a mile from one of the finest fishing lakes in Canada, with trout, grayling, bass, and salmon. I believe that people come up here from the States and even from England occasionally specially for the fishing. It is also a fairly good headquarters to start a shooting trip from, in either the Rockies or the Selkirks. The scenery is rather like the west coast of Scotland. We are a bit 'off the map' and will be for eighteen months, when we hope to have the first trans-continental Canadian motor road round the head of the bay." We hope Major Cholmley will write up his experiences for a future issue.

Captain O. E. Williams sends us the following news from Singapore:—"In addition to those mentioned in the last issue of the IRON DUKE as now in Malaya, the following of the "Dukes" are still in this country:—Capt. Wheeler came out recently as Command Signal Officer, Sgt.-Major Bourne is serving up country with the Malay States Volunteer Regiment, Bds. Moore and Pte. Hale are in civilian jobs in Singapore—the former with Kodak Ltd. and the latter with the Straits Trading Co. Pte. (Pioneer) Brown left a short time ago for home after helping to build the new waterworks at Gunong Pulai. Sgt. Broadbent is now a keen volunteer and has been promoted C.Q.M.S. in the Singapore Volunteer Corps. The Yorkshire Society founded by Colonel Pickering is still going strong, and many were the congratulatory references to the founder at the last annual meeting. The "Dukes" are still spoken of in sporting circles as the best all-round sporting regiment that has been stationed here in recent times."

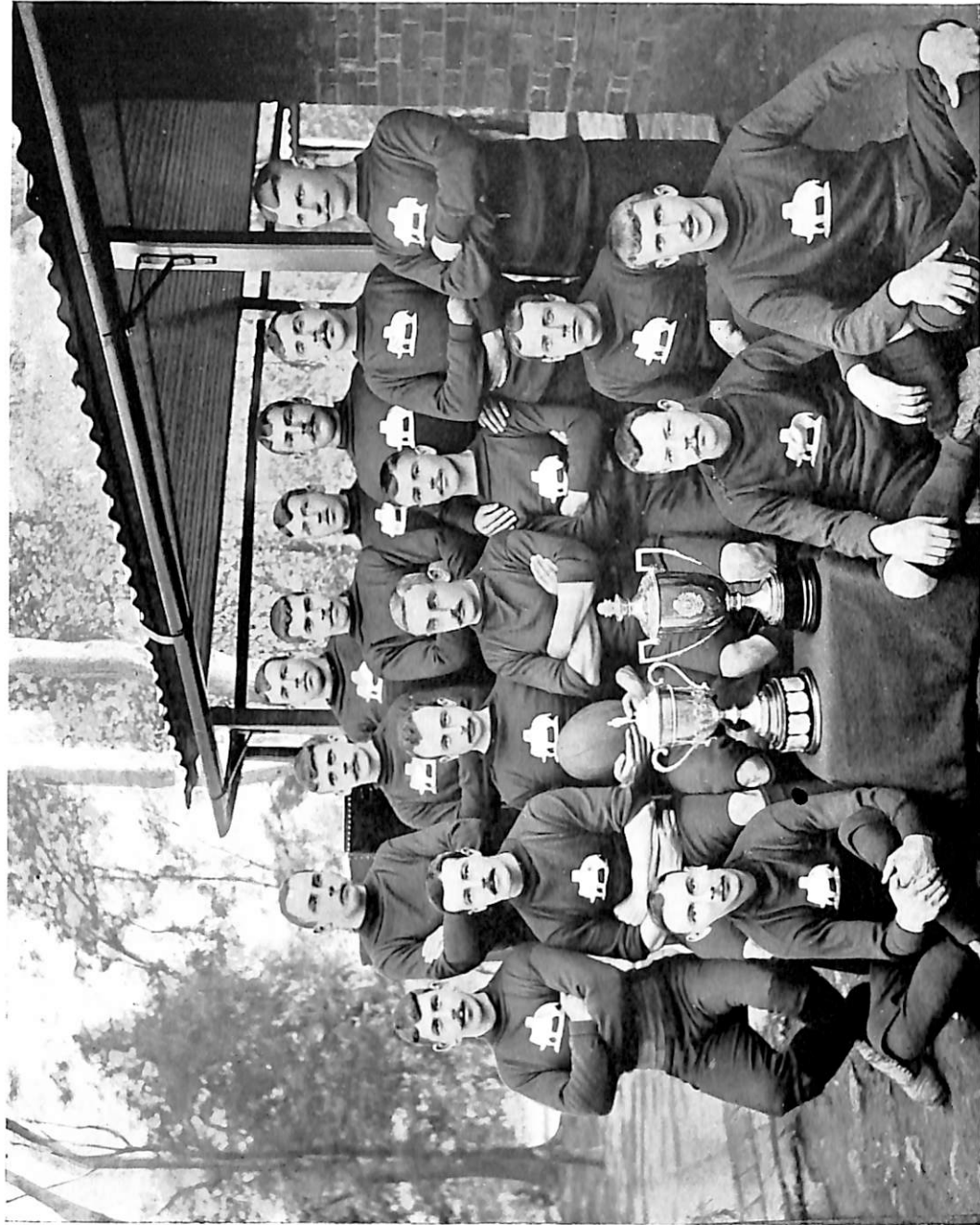
Captain Hugh R. Holdsworth, who went to New York some years ago, has returned to England and is settling at Easingwold, about 12 miles from York. He writes:—"I have only been able to keep posted about the Regiment during my absence through the medium of the IRON DUKE, which I have thoroughly enjoyed, but hope that now being so close to York I may be able from time to time to see some of those who have occasion to visit the Regimental Chapel in York Minster." We hear that Major Cox's and Captain Holdsworth's eldest sons are both learning boxing from the gym. sergeant at the Barracks, Halifax.

Mr. W. T. Wilkinson, commenting on the suspension of the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act in Australia, which he referred to in our last issue, writes:—"On the receipt of definite orders to obtain voluntary enlistment for the Militia Force and Senior Cadets, the period of enlistment to be for three years, the majority of the members of the Citizen Force declined very emphatically to even consider the suggestion of enlistment; they stated that while it was compulsory they did not mind, but now they were not going to tie themselves up for three years more, especially as their employers would want them to count the camp as portion of their leave; now that the employers have stated that the concessions granted the compulsory units would be given the voluntary units, a better



**Q.M.S. Abrams,** **Sgt.-Major Bennett,** **Sgt. Dmr. Metcalfe,**  
**Lt. C. C. Egerton (Adit.), Lt.-Col. J. A. C. Gibbs (Commanding), Major E. M. Parsons (Senior Major), 2nd Lt. C. W. G. Ince (Asst. Adjt.).**

2nd BATTALION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM  
 Pietermaritzburg, 1895.



Left to right (standing).—Lt. P. W. T. Hale Wortham, Dmr. J. Watson, Dmr. J. Blakey, Pte. E. Riley, Pte. M. Moran, Dmr. J. Pope,  
 Pte. E. Jordan, Dmr. J. Gray.  
 Sitting.—Pte. J. Powell, Lt. T. S. Smith, Lt. N. W. Fraser, Lt. P. A. Turner, Pte. J. Brennan.  
 Front row.—L. Cpl. W. Seaton, Sgt. J. Finnigan, Pte. F. Marshall, Pte. T. White.

feeling exists, and we have hopes of getting our quota in the near future ; there will be no trouble in getting Cadets as all the secondary schools will form Cadet Corps, so that the instructors will at any rate have plenty of work."

Two photographs of interest to old members of the Regiment appear in this number. One, of the 2nd Battalion Colours and the Battalion Staff taken at Dublin in 1913, was kindly sent by Colonel J. A. C. Gibbs. For the other, of the 2nd Battalion rugby team, we are indebted to Captain C. Hyde. Mr. Paling and Mr. Gray were between them able to identify the players ; the latter, who resides in Halifax, being the Drummer Gray in the team. He has also been able to give the places in which each member of the team played, which were as follows :—Full back, Sgt. Finnigan ; three-quarter line, Dmr. Gray, Lt. Fraser, Lt. Turner, L/Cpl. Seaton ; half-backs, Pte. Brennan, Pte. White ; forwards, Lt. Smith, Dmr. Blakey, Pte. Powell, Dmr. Pope, Pte. Marshall, Pte. Jordan, Pte. Riley, Dmr. Watson.

We hear that Captain J. A. Whitaker (" Joe ") has recently returned after twelve years in Australia, where he joined their forces.

Congratulations to Major and Mrs. Keet on the birth of a daughter, which event took place early this year in Singapore.

Mr. R. V. S. Wright, A.R.C.M., Bandmaster with the Johore Military Forces, has been granted a commission as Lieutenant. Mr. Wright retired from the 2nd Battalion in 1926, when he took up his present appointment.

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

*(Continued from page 60, No. 15, February, 1930.)*

JAN. 17TH, 1915.—Rest billets at Eperlecques. Inspection by General Plumer.

JAN. 21ST.—" C " Company played " D " at rugger, won 11—3 ; a fearfully muddy game. I hauled Pinto about by his leg toppingly once.

JAN. 23RD.—Officers XV. v. Rest of Battalion. We lost 5—9 ; a top-hole game. We have all proper clothes now, £20 worth sent from England, so enjoy it much more.

JAN. 24TH.—The big and " old " Bobber has left us to go to some bombing school ; bad luck on him and us. Inspection by the Brigadier, in a bad temper. Incidentally it rained and we were soaked.

JAN. 28TH.—Musketry at 8 a.m. Got off at 11.30 for rugger match (Brigadier's medals) v. the Northumberland Fusiliers. Kingston, Robertson, Walsh, and self went in mess cart, the men in limbers. We fairly squashed the N.F. (29—0). Tea with them afterwards. K. drove our cart home and nearly killed the poor mule ! He was the best man on the ground (reserve three-quarter once for England !). I got one try.

JAN. 29TH.—Our company now has a Cullinan (" Cully ") Cunningham, and Culling. Pretty confusing, so we've started calling the latter 'Arry. Good supper off sausages, sent to our mess by the sister of one of our sergeants home on leave. I bought a little silver salt-cellar for our French hostess ; much appreciated.

JAN. 31ST.—A still night, and we can hear a terrible strafe going on near our old bit of the line.

FEB. 3RD.—8.45 p.m. received orders to stand fast and be ready to move at any

minute. Later, orders came to move next day; an awful nuisance, as it necessitates cancelling the rigger final! We were certain of winning, and shall now be minus a medal at the end of the war! Officers' dance as it is the last night—a thoroughly gay time. Young Bobber and I were wheeled round on Potts' bed till the castors came off. Bed at midnight. An awful nuisance leaving our comfy rest billets, but it can't be helped.

FEB. 4TH.—Waited all day for orders. At 7 p.m. went to Mess and found six hefty Scotch officers sitting in our room; had to offer them our last drops of whiskey, and make a nice little kidney supper for four do for ten! Lay down for an hour, paraded 12.30, marched twelve miles, and entrained at 5 a.m.

FEB. 5TH.—Detrained 9 a.m. and arrived in huts 1 p.m., absolutely starved.

FEB. 6TH.—Went on ahead to take over (St. Eloi) trenches. Back to meet the company (at Dickebusch). Waited in a shell-battered cottage where a girl of 20 with two brothers still hangs on. At last the company arrived under Culling. I led them in in drizzling rain, and carried on duty till 3 a.m.

FEB. 7TH.—Made a sketch of our bit of line. After supper went out with the C.S.M. and a private to inspect our wire. Then bed till 3 a.m. Dreadfully cold. Cully and I try to keep warm with a Primus stove, but both have coughs, which we hope may turn into pneumonia!!

FEB. 8TH.—False alarm of "gas." "Wind-up" by a sentry. Next day H.Q. asked for two "Brigade Miners." We sent the sentry off as one of them!

FEB. 10TH.—Repast with Simmer and Cully interrupted by a visit by the Divisional General, greatly excited by something R.S.M. Coxon had said (under misapprehension) about my having been over to examine the German front line. If only I'd said I had been, I might have got an M.C. or something! When I saw Coxon's face, I realised I had let him down!

FEB. 12TH.—Had visits from C.O., Culling, Savory, McColl, and others. Went with Molyneux and N.C.O.'s to examine a reserve line. Met General Pilcher and Rattray when on an exposed bit of road. We were duly strafed by the great man, who told us we were looking for a cock-sparrow's death! "Now if you die at the head of your men, that is a gallant and gentlemanly way to die." Rather—all sawn in half by M.G. bullets; top-hole!

FEB. 13TH.—Things are happening up here now on our left. We had hoped to go out any day now. Cully insists on sending over rifle grenades.

FEB. 14TH.—["The Bluff" begins.—M.R.] German artillery opened after lunch, and kept going hard for two or three hours. Salvos of whizz-bangs an inch or two over the parapet; bad for a poor fellows nerves. Report says dear old P— got caught in the shelling and lay for two hours flat on his tummy in a C.T.

FEB. 17TH.—At 3.30 a.m. Cully and I strode along our wire to see it was fairly intact. The Brigade and Battalion Headquarters amuse themselves by sending messages each night that we are certain to be attacked. This amuses us immensely. The C.O. delights in coming round the front line suggesting all sorts of horrible things—dozens of mines going up together, liquid fire, gas, etc. However, we are much better off here than being chucked into counter-attacks.

FEB. 18TH.—3 p.m. Watched an artillery strafe on some beggars away on our left. Writing in the most rat-infested dugout I've ever been in!

FEB. 20TH.—Our silly T.M.'s started firing. The Bosch retaliated on us with "sausages." We could hear the "phunt" as they left the gun and saw them travelling slowly through the air; you can easily dodge them round traverses; Cunningham dodged so energetically that he shinned sixty yards down the trench to "A" Company. By the way, on Saturday our own heavies (9in.) opened fire (theoretically) on the German trenches—about half a dozen duds just behind our trench and two good'uns slap in the middle of it! It took forty men nearly two whole nights to mend that bit; we did curse that gun! At 6 p.m. I suddenly got orders to take over "B" bombing officer, as young Bobber has been hit. Lucky beggar, in England by now I expect.

FEB. 21ST.—Went to see Battalion Headquarters in Vornetzsele and met the bombing officer of the relieving "B." Hopped it from the trenches later and marched eight long miles back to camp. Ripping to get into pyjamas again after not having clothes off for fifteen days!

FEB. 22ND.—Snowing like anything. Walked down to Reninghelst for omelette and bath with Cunningham. On return found he had been made bombing officer instead of me and had to start at midnight to take over in new trenches. Great amusement for all of us except him!

FEB. 23RD.—We got up to some support dug-outs again to-night, so did not get much "rest." I enclose a slip of wood cut from an old 'bus 50 yards behind the trench at St. Eloi. It was one which helped to run Princess Pat's up to an attack; now it is a mere skeleton.

FEB. 24TH.—Went up to front line with Savory and saw them about 100 yards in front of us. At 5.30 p.m. had to go off with "fatigue" party for R.E.; got back 1 a.m.

FEB. 25TH.—Snowing outside, and poor Culling out with a party, and the Huns have a machine gun playing on the ground outside. However, I am happy in bed; maybe I'll dream about Dartmeet and fishing. "Doggy" is in "Blighty" now. I expect you saw his name in the casualty list. Walked round the front line, missing a salvo of whizzbangs by a few yards. The trenches run through a thick wood of stark naked trees. On return, we sang for Potts' edification.

(To be continued.)

## My Impressions of a General's Inspection.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—As stated in our last number, Cpl. J. Stead was disqualified for the Prize Essay Competition owing to his essay being over the 750 words limit. We print below his essay, which we have curtailed to bring it well within the limit, the paragraphs which are omitted being not nearly so good as the rest. It is a great thing to know when to stop.]

JUST let me state that the subject may be very well divided into two stages, "Before and During," leaving the after period out of it.

Re the second stage of the inspection, let me state that abler pens than mine have essayed and, finding themselves wanting, have pushed away the ghastly results into some dim recess, as men push away the family skeleton and final income tax notices.

These visits are very necessary in the order of things, as how, otherwise, would our subalterns recollect that their little red books were astonishingly clean and in none of that disorder, which is the effect of amendments; or that the aforesaid amendments were reposing in the boot cupboard?

Again, what would become of those indispensable beings, who are inseparable from red tabs, and multi-coloured arm-bands inscribed with selections from the alphabet, and whose sole ambition in life seems to be to discourage any attempt at general complaints, and to show a lamentable ignorance of sword drill on ceremonial occasions? Should we see them in the "Queue"?

But as my friend Pte. Rifle (first cousin to the hero of "Warriors at Ease") has it, I will "cut t' cackle and get to t' 'osses," and endeavour to describe one of these military catastrophies.

The first thing we know about it is that official letter XY/Z, squared, etc., was received by the adjutant at 10.00 hours, so naturally the battalion to a man knows all about it at 10.10 hours. (This method of communication has been favourably compared with that of the Borneo head-hunters.) An S.O.S. is broadcast, and an officers' conference is held in the sanctum sanctorum, the outcome of which is a mystery to us rank and filers, but has the same effect on the officers as the little daily dose.

This is followed by lesser conferences with the C.S.M., C.Q.M.S., etc., as audience. The company clerk, being a much privileged person, is also present.



FEB. 21ST.—Went to see Battalion Headquarters in Vormezsele and met the bombing officer of the relieving "B." Hopped it from the trenches later and marched eight long miles back to camp. Ripping to get into pyjamas again after not having clothes off for fifteen days!

FEB. 22ND.—Snowing like anything. Walked down to Reninghelst for omelette and bath with Cunningham. On return found he had been made bombing officer instead of me and had to start at midnight to take over in new trenches. Great amusement for all of us except him!

FEB. 23RD.—We got up to some support dug-outs again to-night, so did not get much "rest." I enclose a slip of wood cut from an old 'bus 50 yards behind the trench at St. Eloi. It was one which helped to run Princess Pat's up to an attack; now it is a mere skeleton.

FEB. 24TH.—Went up to front line with Savory and saw them about 100 yards in front of us. At 5.30 p.m. had to go off with "fatigue" party for R.E.; got back 1 a.m.

FEB. 25TH.—Snowing outside, and poor Culling out with a party, and the Huns have a machine gun playing on the ground outside. However, I am happy in bed; maybe I'll dream about Dartmeet and fishing. "Doggy" is in "Blighty" now. I expect you saw his name in the casualty list. Walked round the front line, missing a salvo of whizzbangs by a few yards. The trenches run through a thick wood of stark naked trees. On return, we sang for Potts' edification.

*(To be continued.)*

## My Impressions of a General's Inspection.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—As stated in our last number, Cpl. J. Stead was disqualified for the Prize Essay Competition owing to his essay being over the 750 words limit. We print below his essay, which we have curtailed to bring it well within the limit, the paragraphs which are omitted being not nearly so good as the rest. It is a great thing to know when to stop.]

JUST let me state that the subject may be very well divided into two stages, "Before and During," leaving the after period out of it.

*Re* the second stage of the inspection, let me state that abler pens than mine have essayed and, finding themselves wanting, have pushed away the ghastly results into some dim recess, as men push away the family skeleton and final income tax notices.

These visits are very necessary in the order of things, as how, otherwise, would our subalterns recollect that their little red books were astonishingly clean and in none of that disorder, which is the effect of amendments; or that the aforesaid amendments were reposing in the boot cupboard?

Again, what would become of those indispensable beings, who are inseparable from red tabs, and multi-coloured arm-bands inscribed with selections from the alphabet, and whose sole ambition in life seems to be to discourage any attempt at general complaints, and to show a lamentable ignorance of sword drill on ceremonial occasions? Should we see them in the "Queue"?

But as my friend Pte. Rifle (first cousin to the hero of "Warriors at Ease") has it, I will "cut t' cackle and get to t' 'osses," and endeavour to describe one of these military catastrophes.

The first thing we know about it is that official letter XY/Z, squared, etc., was received by the adjutant at 10.00 hours, so naturally the battalion to a man knows all about it at 10.10 hours. (This method of communication has been favourably compared with that of the Borneo head-hunters.) An S.O.S. is broadcast, and an officers' conference is held in the sanctum sanctorum, the outcome of which is a mystery to us rank and filers, but has the same effect on the officers as the little daily dose.

This is followed by lesser conferences with the C.S.M., C.Q.M.S., etc., as audience. The company clerk, being a much privileged person, is also present.

Then for a week or a fortnight the barracks are scarcely visible through a haze of whitewash, caustic soda, and black lacquer (this last-named commodity was purchased by L/Cpl. Sweat, aided with a monetary subscription of a tanner a man in the barrack room). L/Cpl. Sweat is an old soldier.

In the intervals we rehearse the hollow square with a hollow sensation in the space allotted for words of command on these occasions.

"Der Tag" at length arrives and we parade two hours before the allotted time (or is it three) and stand on a nice whitewashed line, miserably aware of our numerous deficiencies, until at last the general arrives in his "1929 Mercedes" and mounts his charger in preparation to a stage entry from behind the only cover available, a G.S. wagon. A hollow mockery, of which we are all aware.

The inspection is surprisingly easy, much to the relief of the O.C., who has not yet been required to furnish the explanation why the present-day soldier has lost some four inches in height since his 1890 predecessor or to compile statistics on the growth of moustaches.

The snake-like gait of companies in line during rehearsals gathers itself together and, at the psychological moment, marches with a fair representation of Euclid's "definition of a straight line," with C.S.M. Blower and C.Q.M.S. Rockfeller as Nos. 1 and 2 dots respectively.

At this point everyone breathes twice in quick succession. Invariably the wish is expressed to see the troops in training, so we double away to keep countless hordes of enemy off with every available weapon, machine guns (previously placed in the most prominent position), etc. On all sides are sections in attack, defence, and the Lord knows what, signallers are breaking records with flags, and for the brief space of an hour the onlooker is treated to an unparalleled spectacle of everyone doing his job and doing it well.

At last the numerous (unofficial) sentries get a glance of the R.S.M. wending his way to the mess at 11.10 hours (ten minutes late), and the cry goes round, "Finis."

J. S.

## Yet Another Aden Recollection.

THERE is—or was—in Aden, stationed at Khor Maksa, about halfway between Barrier Gate and Sheikh Othman, a small force of cavalry, partly natives of India, mounted on horses, and partly, at the time of which I am writing—of Arabs, mounted on camels. The whole force was called the Aden Troop, the Arab portion being known as the Arab Levy, the whole being under the command of a cavalry officer of the Indian Army. The Arab Levy was recruited by nominations from the neighbouring Sultanates, whose Sultans not only made money out of the nominations, but who regarded the practice as a treasured privilege, which carried with it a certain prestige.

Shortly before the time I am speaking of, trouble had been going on in Somaliland, and the Aden Troop had formed part of the force despatched to deal with the troubles. The Arab Levy behaved badly, with the result that it was disbanded and the disbanded men and their Sultans were a very discontented lot, and indulged in such pin-pricks as were possible. One man in particular made himself seriously objectionable. The road from Sheikh Othman to Barrier Gate is—or was—a very lonely one. I think it was some four or five miles long. With the exception of the quarters of the Aden Troop, and the Italian Salt Works, both at Khor Maksa, and both standing a considerable way off the road, there was nothing, not even a hut, all the way.

At Sheikh Othman we had a large number of sanitary carts and camels to draw them—Government property—and they worked at night, and this particular man used to waylay them, lie on the road, and rip open the camels as they passed over him, using the curved-bladed Arab jambia for his purpose. His name we knew, how, I forget; we knew he had been in the Arab Levy, and was a Lahej man, Lahej territory beginning almost at the outskirts of Sheikh Othman.

At this time, in addition to my other duties, I was Superintendent of Police, having risen to be Second Assistant Resident, and I was at my wit's end as to how to get hold of this man with my poorly-trained police. The camel killing continued, and the man evaded all my patrols and posts.

I thought to catch or kill him myself, and Inspector W—, the camp inspector (a man with much W.I. blood in him, brave as he could be, and an excellent police officer for a place like Aden) and I put our heads together. We ordered a rubbish cart from Sheikh Othman to be well cleaned and to be at Barrier Gate at dusk on a certain day, and we met it there, only, what had been sent was a filth cart, which upset our plans, for we had intended to lie down in the cart and spring on the man, if and when he appeared. The idea of lying down in a filth cart was unpleasant, so, with rifles on our shoulders and a couple of shot-guns in the cart, we marched silently, one on each side of the cart. A dead failure, and we reached Sheikh Othman without having seen a soul.

The killing went on, and the Sultan of Lahej was threatened with the loss of his pension if he did not surrender the man by a certain named date. That date passed and no surrender, and a military force was told off to hold itself in readiness to march into Lahej.

My duties took me to Sheikh Othman twice a week, and one day shortly before the troops were to march, I was in the Administration Office—it was the local bazaar day—and someone whispered in my ear that the wanted man was in the bazaar.

Sheikh Othman is, or was, built in a square with four broad roads, one in the centre of each face passing into the centre of the town, each at right angles to its face, dividing the town into four smaller squares. Then each led into another square in the centre of the town, a large open place, which was used for the bazaar. I sent for the local Police Inspector, and told him to turn out the whole of his men, to place a party at each outside end of the four roads, who, on hearing the Inspector's whistle, were to move slowly inwards towards the bazaar site, and to drive before them every one they met, to allow no one to break their line, and when each party had reached the inner ends of their road, to block it. This done, I sent search parties among the bazaar folk, and—we caught our man, and the jambia was on him. I have it now, and am very proud of it.

For some extraordinary reason, I had to try him. Such a course is utterly illegal and strictly against the provisions of the Indian Criminal Procedure Code, and, if I did not know that, the senior and more experienced Magistrates should have known it, and prevented an illegal trial. I gave the man as severe a sentence as I possibly could, taking advantage of the several offences he had committed, and convicting and sentencing him on each separately, and had he claimed his right of appeal, the whole proceedings would have been quashed. He, however, made no appeal, he went to the Aden jail, a by no means safe place in those days, and after undergoing a few weeks of his sentence, he escaped, and I had little doubt but that money had passed hands to enable him to do so.

Be that as it may, we never saw or heard of him again.

R. P. C.

## Reviews.

REPUTATIONS, by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart.—This is a book that will interest most readers, even though it will antagonise some who may find their pre-conceived notions shattered. Some may doubt many of the statements made by the author, especially since they are unconfirmed by references to authority. But Captain Liddell Hart is well known for his knowledge of military history, and it is evident that in this case he has, as he states in his preface, approached these studies of some of the best-known generals of the Great War "in the spirit of an historian." His crisp style crowds much information into a short space. He sizes up his subjects in a masterly fashion and epitomizes them in his chapter titles. The reader must remember that generals, like other human beings, have outstanding characteristics, but are by no means uncomplex, and often have other quite opposite qualities, so that it is not to be thought that the short excerpts it is possible to give represent the whole of their characters. When the reader comes to the last of these studies he realizes that he has been taken over almost the whole of the war stage, so that the book is a running commentary on the history of the war.

Captain Liddell Hart opens his work with Marshal Joffre, or "the modern Delphic Oracle" as he calls him, and when we leave him we have a picture of a serene and massive figure whose brain bore a small proportion to his bulk. But he had his points, and as Captain Liddell Hart so wittily describes in his final sentence: "Joffre was not a general, but a national nerve sedative."

The reader will probably first turn to the chapters on "Haig, the Essence of Britain," and "Allenby, the Evolution of a Leader"; these are the only two British generals whose reputations and characters are discussed. He will probably be disappointed, if not even hurt, by the author's treatment of Haig's strategy and tactics. He sums him up in the following words: "His mind was dominated by the instinct of method, a valuable asset; where he failed was in the instinct of surprise, in its widest sense—originality of conceptions, fertility of resource, receptivity to ideas, and without the instinct of surprise—the key to economic and decisive success in war—no man can take rank among the Great Captains. But as a great gentleman, also in the widest sense, and as a pattern of noble character, Haig will stand out in the roll of history, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, more spotless by far than most of Britain's national heroes. Most of all perhaps because in his qualities and defects he was the very embodiment of the national character and the army tradition."

To the present writer the greatest surprise was the study of "Foch, the Symbol of the Victorious Will"; here was the scientific leader putting the will of the commander as higher than the *morale* or fighting power of his men. "His almost mystical belief in the will to conquer led him to an extreme, perhaps an excessive, emphasis on the value of the offensive." Of the historic story that he reported "Mon centre cede, ma droite recule, situation excellente, j'attaque," Captain Liddell Hart says, "If not true in fact, it was true in spirit. For when his subordinate commanders informed him that they were being borne down by weight of numbers and must fall back unless reinforced, he merely replied with mystical gestures 'Attaquez,' and when they hesitated, hurled at them more vehemently than ever the words 'Attaquez, attaquez, attaquez.' But Foch, whatever his shortcomings, profited by his experience, and as Captain Liddell Hart says in conclusion, 'It may be true that Napoleon forgot more than Foch ever knew. But Napoleon forgot, Foch learned.'"

We have no space to quote further. Of the remainder, Falkenhayn, "the Extravagance of Prudence," Ludendorff, "the Robot Napoleon," Gallieni, "the real Victor of the Marne," Petain, "the Military Economist," Hunter Liggett, "a Professor of War," "Black Jack" Pershing, "the 100 per cent. American," the reader must on no account miss Gallieni, whom one might almost call the hero of the war. To conclude, here are two anecdotes of Pershing. The first illustrates his disregard of time and appointments. "At a ceremonial arrival at a station—Bucharest, it is said—where Royalty was awaiting on the platform to greet him, Pershing was seen by the horrified station-master to be in shirt-sleeves, shaving. With a promptness which stamped him as a born diplomatist, the station-master ordered the train to be backed out until Pershing had completed his toilet." The second story shows the distrust of his own men on account of his low estimation of the power of machine guns. "In a column of American troops on the march, a voice was heard saying, 'Pershing says he'll take Metz if it costs a hundred thousand lives.' Silence for a moment. Then another voice, 'Ain't he a damned generous guy.'" This is a book not to be missed, and who knows? it may become a classic of the war, and a guide for future historians.

EDITOR.

SHIKAR, by Lt.-Col. C. H. Stockley, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.—Of this book the *Times* said:—"Colonel Stockley's book can be simply described: of its kind, it is a masterpiece." The recommendation raised high hopes, and they were in no way disappointed. It is not, like a large number of books on shikar, a mere record of stalks and of heads—though of course the author, being human, enjoys relating his triumphs. It is the work of a man who is as much an explorer and naturalist as a hunter, and who can tell a tale of ill-luck with a humorous relish. It is, besides, plentifully illustrated with remarkably fine photographs taken by himself.

The range of his experiences is wide; he hunted tahr in Eastern Kashmir and in the Nilgiris; the dangerous "tsine" or wild ox in the forests of Upper Burmah, markhor on the North-West Frontier, ibex in Sind, and the lesser kudu in Somaliland. One of his best chapters describes how, in response to an urgent request by the headman of a village which was being harried by a great black bear, he lay in wait for "the tyrant," as it had been nicknamed, and killed it; first re-constructing in his imagination the life-history of the brute, and how it was that this particular monster came to take to a life of crime—first killing sheep, then cattle, and finally man; a fascinating example of jungle-insight. Another chapter of uncommon interest is headed "Quaint beasts and queer habits." It would appear that the fantastic creatures of "Alice through the Looking-glass" are no more strange than some real ones Colonel Stockley has met; in the "aard-vark" of Somaliland he finds the original of our nursery friend the "slithy tove." The hammer-head stork of the Arori plain builds a nest with a tunnel-like entrance; "to enter this the bird would fly clumsily round two or three times until sufficient speed had been obtained, then it would suddenly close its wings and shoot up into it, the whole performance looking rather like a wind-blown umbrella suddenly collapsing and bolting up a rabbit-hole." A creature thoroughly equipped for both attack and defence is the "corpse" ant, so called on account of an appalling odour it emits when irritated; "it used to be very amusing to see a couple of British officers earnestly engaged in inducing a corpse-ant to quit their tent, by guiding him gently with bits of twig, so as to avoid the fetid result of annoying him."

Shikaris are given a chapter to themselves—though they might almost have been included in the last—and there are many tales of the ready wit which is the compensating virtue of their mendacity. An old oorial ram had been giving a lot of trouble, and after three fruitless stalks, Bakshi, the mussulman shikari, declared he was a devil, and able to disappear at will. He was easily identified by a large dark patch on one side, and when he finally met his doom it was discovered that he was not nearly so big as they had supposed. "He is smaller than we thought, Bakshi," I said. "Did I not say he was a devil? He had already begun to vanish, and would have disappeared altogether if you had not killed him."

"MIDDLEBROW."

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR ARMY HISTORICAL RESEARCH, January, 1930, contains the first instalment of a most interesting series of extracts from the Diary and Letters of Lt. A. M. Lang, Bengal Engineers, 1857-1859. Lang was stationed at Meean Mere when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and his experiences are vividly told. They will prove of especial interest to those of our readers who served in Meean Mere. The number also contains a review of "The White Mutiny" which we referred to in the article "The 33rd in an Awkward Situation" on page 45 of No. 15 of the IRON DUKE. As usual, the Journal contains a number of interesting illustrations.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTE, No. 497 (February, 1930).—This number contains a striking illustration of "A Night Air Raid" as frontispiece. Among the articles of interest to the infantryman are "The Briton as a Fighting Man," by Colonel C. Field, Royal Marines, in which the evolution of the soldier and his characteristic qualities are traced from the time of the Ancient Britons. "The Principles of War, another Dialogue," in which Rear-Admiral C. V. Osborne very cleverly counters the criticisms of his earlier dialogue which have appeared in previous numbers. "A Pioneer Battalion in the Great War," by "Jet," and "The Limitations of the Tank," by V. W. Germans. In the latter the writer refutes the arguments of the supporters of the tank as a substitute for men, and sums up with a quotation of Earl Haig's, who wrote of tanks and aircraft, "Their true role is to assist the infantryman to get to grips with his opponent . . . only by the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman can the decisive victory be won."

EDITOR.

## Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

GARDINER.—On Nov. 10th, 1929, Lt.-Colonel Harry Gardiner, D.S.O., late 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 51. Lt.-Colonel Gardiner joined the 2nd Battalion from the Militia on Oct. 13th, 1900, and served with them in India and England. He served with the West African Field Force from 1901 to 1911. He served in Gallipoli with the 8th (Service) Battalion of the Regiment, and was there awarded the D.S.O. He also served in France in command of battalions of the Herefordshire and Royal West Kent Regiments. He retired with the rank of Lt.-Colonel on Dec. 7th, 1921.

McMAHON.—At his home, 9 Unity Terrace, Halifax, on February 8th, 1930, after a long and painful illness, Mr. John McMahon, D.C.M., late Colour-Sergeant The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 68. He first enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers on the 22/6/1881, purchasing his discharge as Sergeant on the 27/4/1889. He re-enlisted into The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the 21/4/1890 and served with the 1st Battalion, Mounted Infantry, during the South African War, was twice wounded, and awarded the D.C.M. He was finally discharged on the 31/8/1903. On the initiation of the scheme in 1908, for civilian orderly room clerks to act in lieu of the soldier of that rank, Mr. McMahon was the first to be appointed, and served as such during the strenuous times of the Great War; his services, courtesy, and general bearing being much appreciated by the various commanding officers and adjutants under whom he served. He retired under the age clauses in 1926. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and three sons, one of whom is a C.S.M. at the Depot.

NOYES.—On Feb. 5th, 1930, Captain Leslie Blundell Bristow Noyes, late 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 54. Captain Noyes joined the 2nd Battalion on March 23rd, 1895, and served with them in South Africa, India, and Burmah. He was adjutant of the 6th Volunteer Battalion The Manchester Regiment from 1903 to 1905. He was placed on half-pay in 1908, and retired in 1910.

TAYLOR.—On Tuesday, March 18th, 1930, at Ballendrick, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire, Captain Oswald A. Taylor, late Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Captain Oswald Albon Aldersley Taylor was born on March 13th, 1862. He was gazetted Lieutenant from the 1st Bn. Royal Guernsey Militia to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment Nov. 12th, 1884, and he joined the 1st Battalion in India the same year. He served with it at Rawal Pindi, Mean Meer, and Aden. He was promoted Captain Nov. 12th, 1890. He served in the South African War in 1900 and was present at the action of Klip Drift for the relief of Kimberley, where he was wounded. He rejoined the Battalion again after the fall of Bloemfontein, but was shortly afterwards invalided home, and retired from the Service after the war.

He married Miss Janie Kerr in 1897, and they eventually settled in Scotland at Ballendrick, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire. He leaves his widow and two sons, the eldest, Captain J. A. Taylor, M.C., is in the Rifle Brigade, and the younger, George, farms.

On the outbreak of the Great War he took great interest and devoted much of his time and did excellent work in organising the Red Cross Society in Kinross-shire and Stirling, and afterwards became recruiting officer in Perth, and held that post till the end of the War.

Oswald Taylor was devoted to his beautiful garden and was an expert in growing fruit of the very best. He was a very fine shot and good fisherman and was much beloved by all who knew him, and he and his wife took great interest in all local affairs. A very steadfast friend and always glad to see and entertain his friends and to give them of his best. He never lost interest in his old Regiment. He faced his long and fatal illness with extraordinary fortitude, and died on March 18th, 1930, just five days after his 68th birthday.

THOMSON.—On January 23rd, 1930, after a long illness, at his residence, 125 Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield, James Thomson, late Sergeant Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Enlisted 1892, served with the 1st Battalion during the South African War; wounded. Was transferred to the 2nd Battalion, India, in 1902. He also served at the Depot and on the Permanent Staff of the 5th Battalion. Was discharged to pension on April 30th, 1920.

## Correspondence.

THE 33RD AT BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Old Angel Inn,  
High Street,  
Berwick-on-Tweed.

DEAR SIR,

I take this liberty of writing to you regarding the old 33rd Regiment's association with the old border town of Berwick-on-Tweed which I thought might interest you. I see by the history of the Regiment that they were stationed here from 1848 to the outbreak of the Crimea War in 1852, and from a conversation I had with my grandmother several years ago, it seemed that they were very popular here, in fact, over 300 of them were married during that period and there are at present several families in the town whose grandfathers served in the old 33rd Foot.

A few days ago I visited the old Parish churchyard which is situated opposite the barracks' gate and noticed several gravestones of officers, W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s, and men of the 33rd, and one or two which struck me most bear the following inscription:—"In memory of Sophia, wife of James T. O. Johnston, M.D., Surgeon, 33rd Regt., 10th June, 1849; and another: In memory of John William Edward Ricks, Bandmaster 33rd Regt., aged 27 years, died 27th December, 1848, and an inscription at the foot stating that the stone was put up by the officers of the Regiment. Also: In memory of Mary Ann Crowther, wife of Col.-Sgt. James Crowther, of the 33rd Regiment, died 13th Feb., 1849, aged 21 years.

There are many others in different parts of the churchyard.

It appears that someone else in the district is interested in the 33rd, as I took this cutting out of the *Berwick Journal* last week:—"An enquirer asks what regiment was in Berwick Barracks when the Crimean War broke out? Mars thinks it would be the old 33rd Regiment of Foot—a fine old Regiment which was very popular in Berwick and made many ties with the townspeople."

The Church I should think will be about one of the oldest churches still in use in the country and, according to local history, it was used as a stable by Oliver Cromwell for his cavalry horses. It appears that no burials have taken place in the churchyard since about 1860, so the people of the 33rd who lie there would be about the last.

The barracks are directly opposite the Church and it seems also that the 33rd would be about the last regular regiment to be stationed in them, as they were taken over after the Crimean War by the Northumberland Fusiliers as their Depot until 1881, when it was taken over by the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who occupy them as a depot to the present day. They are, I believe, the oldest occupied barracks in the British Isles, and I think they were completed in 1757.

I trust that these few notes will be of some interest to you.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON (ex-Sgt.), D.W.R.

Dublin, March 4th.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will not think bad of me writing to you as I am, but my old heart went out to the old Regiment that I served in the South African War when I saw by the papers they were at home, and I thought it my place to wish them well, as I am always thinking of the good time I had in the two Regiments, the 76th and 33rd Regiments.

I joined the 33rd Regiment as second drummer and did two years and 24 days in "B" Company under the command of Capt. Taylor. I left the Regiment in Warmbath in the North Transvaal and lost the run of them after they went to India, but at all times I think of the old Regiment and pray to God to bless them wherever they are.

I am getting old and done up, but you cannot blame me for thinking of the old Regiment. They will not give an old soldier in the Free State any chance to live.

Sir, I remain your humble servant,

MARTIN BARRETT (Regtl. No. 1260),

"B" Company, 33rd Regt., "D" Company, 76th Regt.

13 North Brunswick Street, Dublin, Ireland.

[The above letter was forwarded by the Adjutant of the 1st Battalion, to whom it was addressed. We are glad to hear from an old hand who still takes an interest in the Regiment. It is a melancholy fact that the Captain Taylor mentioned died recently, and his obituary appears elsewhere in this number.—ED.]

21 George Street, Manchester Square, W.1.,

March 27th, 1930.

SIR,

Will you do me the honour to inform me if you have any knowledge *re* the condition of the military graves of the Abyssinian War (1867-1868 to 1869)?

The War Office inform me they are not maintained at the expense of Army funds, and gave me your address to write for information.

My father was Captain J. C. Smythe of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; his was the first death which took place in the Abyssinian Field Force, then Col. A. R. Dunn, V.C., Qr.-Mr. E. Vyse, and five men.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

CATHERINE JANE WARREN.

[We should be glad if any of our readers could throw any light on the matter.—ED.]

[Captain W. Boocock has sent us the following cutting from "The Tiger and Rose," the Regimental Magazine of The York and Lancaster Regiment. It would appear that the letter should have been addressed to the Officer Commanding our 1st Battalion.—ED.]

Kabunga, Kinbombi,

6th December, 1929.

To the Officer Commanding York and West Riding Regiment, England.

Dear Sir,

The enclosed cutting from *Brisbane Daily Mail* may be of interest to any South African men left in your ranks, officers or men, although nearly thirty years ago.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR PERRETT (J.P.),

(late Queensland Imperial Bushmen).

BRITISH SOLDIER.

Sir,

It often surprises me that a more kindly feeling is not shown to the Imperial "Tommy" in Queensland. As a member of the Queensland Imperial Bushmen in South Africa, I have seen Tommy fight

and die. It is well in my memory that in November, 1900, I saw the Yorks West Ridings, an infantry regiment, led by that gallant English gentleman, Col. Lloyd, marching to their death at Rhenoster Kop, trying to take an impossible position. In the words of a poet, "How can man die better?"

In the last war I met Tommy in Heliopolis, Egypt; he was still the same good-natured, good-hearted, simple fellow. I am sure members of the Australian Imperial Forces know how these men can fight and die. Let us all show a good feeling towards them and treat them as fellow comrades in civil life. They have done their share to save the Empire. I think of Rudyard Kipling's words:—

"It's Tommy here, and Tommy there, and Tommy, how's your soul  
But it's 'This way, Mr. Atkins, when the drums begin to roll.'"

Yours, etc.,

AN ADMIRER OF TOMMY.

## 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.

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.

### THE NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE INSTITUTES' SPORTS CATALOGUE, 1930.

This is a well-illustrated list containing 38 pages of sports gear of every description. On page 36 appears a useful article on the care of tennis racquets, which should be studied by those who like to have their racquets in first-class order. Prospective purchasers of sports goods are invited to visit the Sports Department at the Headquarters Warehouses at White Hart Street, Lower Kennington Lane, London, S.E.11.

### MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MAJOR D. FIRTH.

We hear that the Boy Scouts of Bedfordshire wish to raise a memorial to the late Major Denys Firth, who was a most indefatigable district commissioner. It is hoped that if a fund of about £100 could be raised the interest might be used to help to train someone as a scouter. This would be something after his own heart. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. H. S. Deacon, Kempston, or to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Liddle, The Modern School, Bedford.

## Notes on Civil Employment.

Nobody would consider the job of night watchman to be a particularly desirable form of employment. The fact that there were 450 applicants for such a vacancy recently shows the wretched state of the labour market at present better than any statistics.

On every side one hears of factories standing off hands and except for building no one seems very hopeful about the future. In the building trade in London and the neighbourhood there is great confidence. Large contracts have been placed and people who should know tell me that there will be plenty of work for bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters.

A number of soldiers seem to think that to be able to drive a motor is all that they need do in order to be sure of employment. That is a false idea. Employers who pay a decent wage and offer good conditions of work expect a man to be something more than a driver. He has to be a mechanic-driver or a salesman-driver, and in addition know a particular district intimately. A large proportion of the drivers of the summer pleasure traffic are unemployed during the winter months so that men who are only drivers cannot expect constant employment or a good wage. It is for these reasons that at Hounslow we train men to become motor-fitters and mechanic-drivers, and are not content with only teaching men to drive. The pay in both these is good, and students have found employment fairly readily.

A recent innovation has been the introduction of a course to train "Married Couples." The daily papers are always full of vacant situations for man and wife. The wife has to be a cook and the man either a house-parlourman or chauffeur. The wages range from £100 to £120 a year and all found. Only childless couples can be considered for this training as employment cannot be found for those with families. It is essential if a high wage is to be obtained that the wife should be qualified to do high class



cooking, consequently the arrangements are that the wife attends a really good school of cookery in London, and the husband goes through the motor-mechanics or private service course at Hounslow.

The frequent enquiries I receive point to the fact that few soldiers realise the many pitfalls which are to be met with in buying a business. Before anyone puts down money to buy a business very careful enquiries should be made into its past history, and its prospects for the future. Information should be sought from disinterested people as well as from the seller, who, unless he has something to hide, should readily answer questions and give all particulars of the income and outgoings over a period.

The arrangements by which soldiers on furlough may visit Hounslow on any Wednesday morning should prove useful to many who want advice as to their future in civil life. All expenses in connection with the visit here, of course, to be borne by the soldier himself.

## War Office Notes.

### THE ARMY AND SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

24th February, 1930.

The Army Council has requested General Officers Commanding, at home and abroad, to call the attention of all officers in their Commands to the facilities for scientific study which are offered by the Royal United Service Institution. The Institution possesses one of the finest professional libraries in the Kingdom, and otherwise provides exceptional advantages for the pursuit of an Army career. All officers can join without ballot on intimating their wish to do so, and forwarding the entrance fee of two guineas and an annual subscription of £1 5s. to the Secretary of the Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Junior Officers with three years' or less commissioned service, and Gentlemen Cadets, are admitted to membership without the entrance fee on payment of the first annual subscription.

### PENSIONS OF SOLDIERS.

14th March, 1930.

A Royal Warrant published in Army Orders provides that the service pensions of soldiers, the depots of whose units are situated in the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man, and the service element of their disability pensions, shall in future be at lower rates than those at present provided in the Royal Warrant for the pay, etc., of the Army, 1926. In the case of such soldiers who enlist or re-enlist on or after 1st April, 1930, the amount of ordinary service pension earned by each year of qualifying service will be 8d. a week instead of 1½d. a day, and the service element of disability pension will be calculated on the following scale, instead of that laid down in the Warrant of 1926:— 14 or 15 years' qualifying service, 8s. weekly; 16 or 17 years' qualifying service, 9s. 4d. weekly; 18 or 19 years' qualifying service, 10s. 8d. weekly; 20 years' qualifying service, 13s. 4d. weekly.

The Warrant also provides that the pensions of such soldiers who enlist or re-enlist on or after 1st April, 1930, shall be calculated at weekly rates, and that in the total weekly rate a fraction of a penny shall be increased to a penny.

Instructions by the Army Council on the Warrant which are also published in the Army Order state:—

1. No reduction of rank or disability elements of pension is involved.
2. The new rates of service element will not affect soldiers already serving before 1st April, 1930, provided they are discharged to pension at the end of their current engagements, or at the end of any period for which they may extend their service or re-engage or continue in the service beyond 21 years.
3. Soldiers who re-enlist on or after 1st April, 1930, and who are afterwards discharged to pension will be eligible for awards at the revised rates only.
4. Pensioners who re-enlist on or after 1st April, 1930, and who become eligible for re-assessed pensions on final discharge, will be granted re-assessed awards at the revised rates only, but may revert to their original pensions, if more favourable.

### VOCATIONAL TRAINING FOR SOLDIERS IN INDIA.

20th March, 1930.

With a view to improving the prospects of civil employment for soldiers returning from India for discharge or transfer to the Army Reserve, a scheme for Vocational Training in India was instituted in 1928. During that year 897 soldiers completed courses of training. Of these, 60 per cent. received training in various branches of engineering, 15 per cent. in building trades, 15 per cent. in farming, and the remainder in miscellaneous trades. The training was given in Government Establishments (Ordnance factories, railways, engineer workshops, military dairy farms, etc.) or with private firms. A training farm for oversea settlement has been established at Mhow, and two courses of 30 men each are arranged every year; for the first course approximately 200 applications were received.

An annual allotment of 500 vacancies at the Army Vocational Training Centres in this country is also reserved for soldiers from India.

Efforts are made by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, and the various Regimental and Old Comrades' Associations to assist the men to obtain employment on discharge from the Army.

**ARMY LIST, APRIL, 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 escroll above, "Viribus fortibus comas." An Elephant, with howdah and mahout, circumscribed "Hindoostan," ensigned with the Imperial crown.

**"Deftington,"** "Myrao," "Seringapatnam," "Aly Ghur," "Dahli, 1893," "Luswarra," "Deig," "Corunna," "Nive," "Paninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerith," "Sevastopol," "Alyssinia," "Relief of Kimberley," "Paparoberg," "south Africa, 1900-02," "Afghanistan, 1919."

*The Great War—21 Battalions—* "Mons," "Le Cateau," "Retreat from Mons," "Mars 1914," "18," "Aisne, 1914," "La Bassée, 1914," "Ypres, 1914," "15," "17," "Nonne-Bosschen," "Hill 60," "Gravenstafel," "St. Julien," "Flanders, 1917," "18," "19," "Albert, 1916," "18," "Bazentin," "Delville Wood," "Pozières," "Abercrombie," "The Somme," "18," "19," "20," "18," "Transloy," "Ancre, Reims," "18," "19," "18," "Aireux," "Ligny," "Le Transloy," "1917," "18," "Langemarck, 1917," "18," "Ment Road," "Polygon Wood," "Bullecourt," "Messines," "Poelcapelle," "Rusebrouck," "Cambrai, 1917," "18," "St. Quentin," "Ancre, 1918," "Lys," "Estaires," "Rusebrouck," "Baillet-Latour," "Kemmel," "Bethune," "Schierpenberg," "Fardencourt," "Anmy," "Bapaume, 1918," "Drocourt-Queant," "Hindenburg Line," "Flavrincourt," "Epéhy," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Valenciennes," "Sambre," "France and Flanders, 1914-18," "Piaave," "Vittorio Veneto, Italy, 1917-18," "Suva," "Landing at Suva," "Semitar Hill," "Galipoli, 1915," "Egypt, 1916."

*Regimental Journals—* The Iron Duke, Liwy-ccelyn, Penmal, Marchynleth, N. Wales  
*Regimental Association—* Old Comrades Association, The Depot, Halifax.

Regular and Militia Battalions.  
Uniform: Scarlet. Facing: Scarlet.

1st Bn. (3rd Foot) *Dracolport (for Almerston)* ... 3rd Bn. (6th West York Mil.) ... Halifax  
2nd Bn. (78th Foot) ... *Halifax* ... Record and Pay Office ... York  
Depot ... *Halifax*

4th Bn. ... *Drill Hall, Prescott Street, Halifax* ... *Drill Hall, Skipton-in-Craven*  
5th Bn. ... *Drill Hall, Huddersfield* ... *Drill Hall, Huddersfield*

Allied Regiment of Canadian Militia, The Yorkton Regiment, Yorkton, Saskatchewan.  
Allied Battalion of Australian Infantry, 33rd Battalion, Newcastle.  
Colonel ... Belield, Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert H., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., ret. pay.  
Officer Commanding Depot ... Cox, Major M. N. M.C., D.W.R. ... 218/09

**1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.**

*Capitains—contd.*  
Paton, D. (1) 4/3/21 *Lieutenants—contd.*  
Gibson, J. V. (2) 13/8/21 Webb-Carter, B. W. (2) 14/7/23  
Bolton, R. H. D. (1) Adj. 18/11/21 *Drill Hall, Skipton-in-Craven*  
Green, V. C. (2) 1/1/22 *Wood, W. A. (2) Adj. 23/12/23*  
Rowland, C. (1) e.o. 21/2/24 Owen, H. B. (2) 23/12/23  
Grimley, C. W. G., M.C. (1) 31/8/24  
Sayers, A. E. H., e. (1) 31/8/24  
Rogers, E. W. p.e. i. 24/5/24 Wathen, A. H. G. (1) 31/8/24  
Hodgson, W. O.B.E., e.o. 1/3/29 Miles, H. G. P. (1) 31/1/26  
Harvey, H., M.C. (2) 23/3/29 Turner, R. G. (2) 31/1/26  
Chatterton, J., M.C. (2) 23/3/29 Browne, W. F. (1) 31/1/26  
Bishop, L. E., M.C. (2) 23/3/29 Carroll, T. St. G. (1) d. 30/8/26  
Leamon, J. A., D.S.O., M.C. (2) 22/4/29 Frith, A. J. (2) 18/12/26  
Crommelin, H. A. (1) 23/6/29 Taylor, H. C. H. (2) 29/1/27  
O'Callaghan, J. P., e.o. 12/7/29 Stevens, R. W. (2) 29/1/27  
Arncliffe, F. R. (1) 12/7/29 Jones, R. L. J. (2) 29/1/27  
Dalrymple, J. H. (1) 29/1/27  
Orr, C. W. B. (1) 31/9/27  
Norman, J. P. (1) 15/12/21  
Wood, F. P. (2) 17/12/21 Stone, H. C. M. (1) 4/2/29  
Woods, F. P. (2) 17/12/21 Rivett-Carnac, J. T. (2) 4/2/29  
Haslock, C. I. E. d. Adj. 6/5/29  
Etkam, R. K. (2) 24/1/22 Etkam, R. K. (2) 30/8/29

*Lieutenants—contd.*  
Wilson, W. C., D.S.O., O.B.E. (1) 13/6/26  
M.C., p.s.c., e.o. 17/7/29  
Rusbridger, G. S. W., p.s.c., s. 13/6/26

*Majors (9).*  
Routflower, E. C., O.B.E. (1) 1/1/23  
Wilson, W. C., D.S.O., O.B.E. (1) 13/6/26  
M.C., p.s.c., e.o. 17/7/29  
Rusbridger, G. S. W., p.s.c., s. 13/6/26

*Officer Commanding Depot* ...  
Paton, D. (1) 4/3/21  
Gibson, J. V. (2) 13/8/21  
Bolton, R. H. D. (1) Adj. 18/11/21  
Green, V. C. (2) 1/1/22  
Rowland, C. (1) e.o. 21/2/24  
Grimley, C. W. G., M.C. (1) 31/8/24

*Lieutenants—contd.*  
Sayers, A. E. H., e. (1) 31/8/24  
Rogers, E. W. p.e. i. 24/5/24  
Hodgson, W. O.B.E., e.o. 1/3/29  
Harvey, H., M.C. (2) 23/3/29  
Chatterton, J., M.C. (2) 23/3/29  
Bishop, L. E., M.C. (2) 23/3/29  
Leamon, J. A., D.S.O., M.C. (2) 22/4/29  
Crommelin, H. A. (1) 23/6/29  
O'Callaghan, J. P., e.o. 12/7/29  
Arncliffe, F. R. (1) 12/7/29

**1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.**

*Lieutenants—contd.*  
2nd *Lieutenants.*  
Bray, R. N., H. C. (2) 2/2/28  
Walesley, F. H. V. (2) 30/8/28  
Ridley, J. B. (1) P. [1] 17/2/23  
Laurance, B. W. (1) 22/8/23  
Keaynes, R. W. (1) 29/8/23  
Mason, C. R. L. P. [1] 31/5/23  
Bunbury, F. R. St. P. [1] 30/1/28  
Adjutants (2)  
Rolton, R. H. D. Capt. (1) 30/9/27  
Woods, W. A., Lt. (2) 28/10/28

*Quartermasters (3).*  
Callaghan, W., M.C., D.C.M. Lt. 23/11/26  
d. 22/11/24  
Lavacack, T. V., M.M., Lt. (1) 24/10/23  
Miller, T. V., M.B.E., Lt. (2) 24/9/27  
4/7/28

**3rd Battalion (Militia).**  
Captains  
Young, M. C. B. C. 6/8/16  
4th Battalion (Territorial).  
Prescott Street, Halifax.  
Hon. Colonel.  
Sawle, The Lord, K.C.V.O., Lt.-Col. 29/8/00  
Lt.-Colonel.  
Ayckroyd, H. H., M.C. 1/6/29  
Irish, F., M.C. 1/6/23

*Capitains.*  
Ayckroyd, H. H., M.C. 1/6/29  
Irish, F., M.C. 1/6/23  
Grylls, G. H. 29/8/25  
Smith, S. 29/2/28  
Leayard, P. M. 7/10/29

**6th Battalion (Territorial).**  
Drill Hall,  
Skipton-in-Craven.  
Hon. Colonel.  
Birbaek, J. 3/2/26  
Lt.-Colonel.  
Smith, F. L., M.C. 16/2/29

**8th Battalion (Territorial)—contd.**

*Lieutenant.*  
Zohrab, R. H. T. (Empli. R.E.) 22/10/17  
Adjutant.  
Naylor, S., M.C., Capt. D.V.R. 31/1/27  
Wood, R., (Lt. ret. pay) 1/11/24  
Capt. [Uniform—Scarlet Facing—Scarlet.]

**7th Battalion (Territorial).**  
Drill Hall, Milnsbridge.  
Hon. Colonel.  
Mellor, R. R., C.B.E., T.D., Lt.-Colonel. 22/11/22  
d. 22/11/24  
Chambley, R., Lt.-Colonel. 5/10/29

**4th Battalion (Territorial)—contd.**

*Lieutenants.*  
Pott, J. L. 16/7/25  
Oldham, G. H. 27/8/25  
Kilner, E. E. R. 19/2/27  
Mason, R. L. G. 27/11/23  
Liversidge, C. 1/12/23

*2nd Lieutenants.*  
Gooch, G. E. 11/5/27  
Sanderson, R. W. P. 25/7/28  
Walker, S. J. S. 31/10/28  
Holliday, T. L. 17/5/29  
Smith, A. G., M.B.E., M.C. 29/8/28  
Capitain.  
Roberts, T. G., D.C.M., Lt. 27/1/23

**5th Battalion (Territorial).**  
Drill Hall, Huddersfield.  
Hon. Colonel.  
Carvill, Sir E. Hildred, Lt. 23/6/06  
Capt. [Uniform—Scarlet Facing—Scarlet.]

**6th Battalion (Territorial).**  
Drill Hall,  
Skipton-in-Craven.  
Hon. Colonel.  
Birbaek, J. 3/2/26  
Lt.-Colonel.  
Smith, F. L., M.C. 16/2/29

*Capitains.*  
Spencer, J. S., M.C. 7/3/29  
Brighouse, T. P. 25/9/24  
Liedly, E. H., M.C. 15/5/25  
Hewitt, E. D. R. 12/2/27  
Whittaker, E. D. R. 6/3/29  
Fel, G. 7/3/29  
Lieutenants.  
Duckett, T. 18/5/27  
Pawson, C. E. 30/7/27  
Ogden, J. M. 12/2/23  
Waterworth, A. 22/3/23  
Bairstow, J. T. 1/5/24  
Mason, F. G. 1/6/28  
Salters, H. M. 11/6/29

**Supplementary Reserve.**  
Category B.  
Subalterns (9).  
Lieutenants.  
White, C. G. E. 4/3/25  
Coghlin, J. G. (attd. O.T.C.) 12/2/30  
2nd Lieutenants.  
Aspinall, C. 1/8/28  
Leach, G. 26/1/29  
Pickering, C. H. C. 1/4/30  
Gledhill, G. 15/3/30

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