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THE IRON DUKE

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

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of
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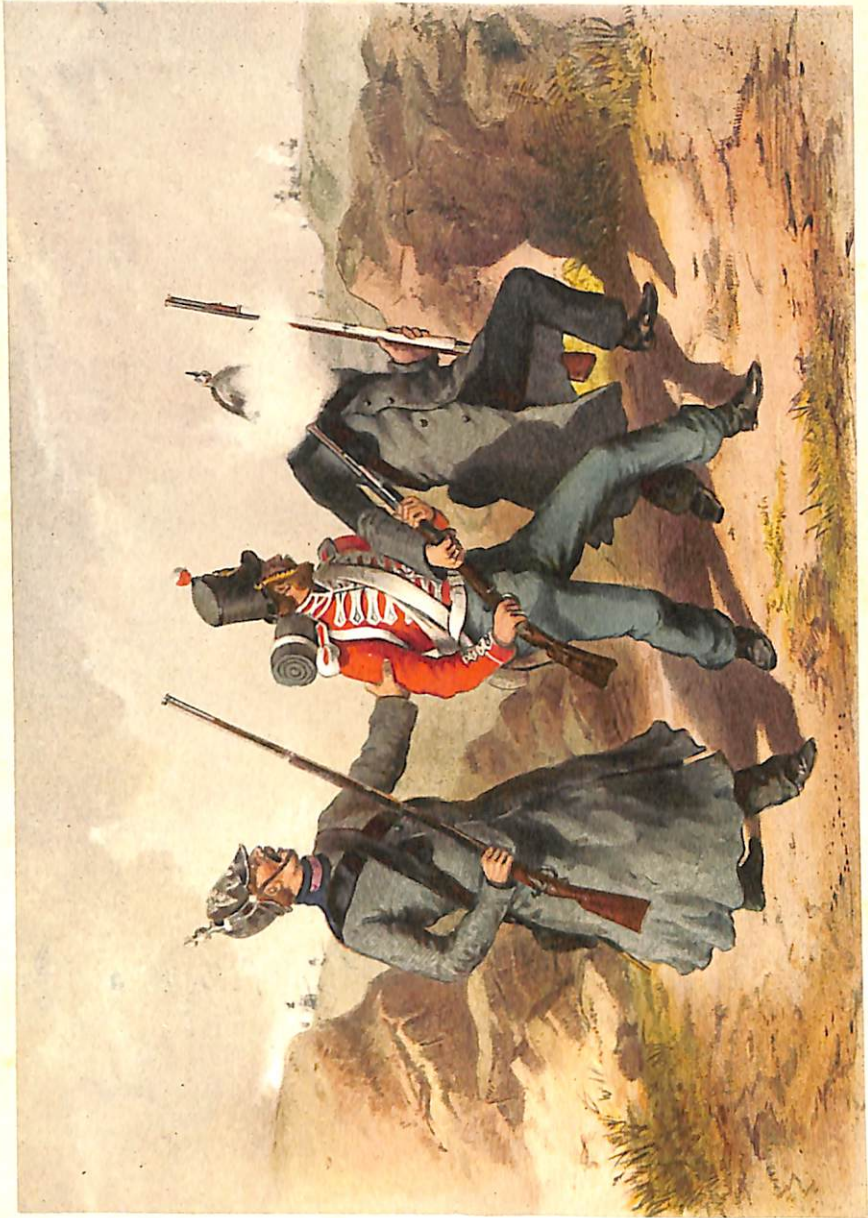
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THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

THE 1st Battalion rugby team are in the final of the Aldershot Command Cup, which will have been decided by the time this number is issued, and we sincerely hope they will win it and be in the running for the Army Cup. Their association team failed in their match against the R.A.M.C. in the third round of the Army Association Football Cup though they put up a very good fight.

The 2nd Battalion moves to Nowshera in the spring, and this is the first occasion on which they have ever been stationed in Northern India. We hope that they will enjoy the change from Kamptee. The winter in their new station will at any rate be a real "cold weather," and training will no doubt be, if more strenuous, considerably more realistic and interesting.

The Battalion have also been doing well at football. Their rugby team was only beaten by one point by Calcutta in the semi-final of the Calcutta Cup, while their association team reached the final of the Rovers Cup, being eventually beaten by three goals to one by The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Lt.-Col. J. C. Burnett terminates his period of command of the 2nd Battalion in March, and has been selected for the command of the 147th Infantry Brigade, T.A., an appointment which we are sure all the Territorial Battalions of the Regiment will welcome. When commanding the Depot, Col. Burnett made many friends among them, and did much to cement the friendship between the Regular and Territorial Battalions. We offer him our sincere congratulations and good wishes, which we also extend to Major M. N. Cox, who is to succeed him in the command of the 2nd Battalion.

To Col. S. Rhodes, who terminates his command of the 147th Infantry Brigade, we offer our good wishes.

Col. R. R. Mellor has been re-appointed, after ten years' service as Honorary Colonel of the 7th Battalion, for a further period of five years. We offer him and the 7th Battalion our sincere congratulations.

What must be a unique circumstance in the Regiment, if not in the Army, is the election as Mayor of Mossley of Sgt. Laming of the 7th Battalion, and his being escorted to church on Mayor's Sunday by his own Battalion.

The death of Mr. William Legg, recorded in our obituary column, removes one of our oldest members. Mr. Legg, who was 95 years of age, served in the 33rd in the clearing up operations after the Mutiny, and in the Abyssinian Campaign, being present at the capture of Magdala.

We notice that there is little mention in this number of the new experimental infantry uniform and equipment. Does this mean that such a revolutionary change is too staggering for even our humorists to comment on?

We would like to draw attention to the short article on "Our Friends, The Advertisers," which appears in this number, and we would impress on our readers the necessity for supporting them in every way possible if the standard and scope of THE IRON DUKE is to be kept up to its present level.

The Ladies' tea and annual dinner of the Officers' Dinner Club will be held on Friday, May 19th, 1933, both venues being the same as last year.

FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a coloured reproduction, printed by Messrs. Gale & Polden, of the picture of a further incident in the Crimean War, the original of which is in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion. As will be seen from Captain Bolton's letter on page 77, Messrs. Gale & Polden some time ago printed colour reproductions of both this picture and the one which appeared as frontispiece in our last number.

In order that readers, who may wish to have this coloured print framed, can do so without cutting the page of the magazine, we have had the print lightly gummed on to the page. Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd., Wellington Works, Aldershot, will also supply, on application, colour reproductions of the incident which appeared as frontispiece in our last number; price 6d. per copy, packing and postage free. The following is a description of the picture on the opposite page as given in Lloyd's "Incidents from War in the Crimea":—

"ONE ENGLISHMAN TO TWO RUSSIANS.

"In the course of the second day of the siege, a private of the 33rd, who had fired his last cartridge, was crouching to join the covering party nearest to him, when two Russians, to his great surprise, sprang from behind a rock and, seizing him by the collar, dragged him off towards Sebastopol. After having recovered from his temporary stupefaction at the sudden change of route, our friend of course commenced reflecting on the possibility of an escape. The Russian who escorted him on the left held in his own right hand his own firelock, and in his left, the captured Minnie. By a sudden spring, the 33rd man seized the Russian's firelock, and on the speculation of its being loaded, discharged it at its owner. The man rolled over dead, and his companion was not less rapidly clubbed. Calmly picking up his own Minnie, our friend returned towards his camp and joined his Regiment. Name of the 33rd man Patrick McCarthy. He afterwards received £5 for his bravery.

—Letter from the Crimea."

1st BATTALION NEWS.

AFTER a rather sudden end to the last scheme of the brigade training period we settled down to the comparative peace of individual training, a feature of which is the studying of the higher aspects of one's profession. The Battalion has managed to do quite well in the current competitions. We are now in the final of the Command rugby cup again, and, bar accidents, hope to go still further.

The soccer team have been rather handicapped by injuries this season, and succumbed to the R.A.M.C., probably one of the strongest teams in the competition, in the third round.

After doing rather unexpectedly well in the novices' boxing we were narrowly beaten by the R.E.'s in the semi-final.

In November, "Tubby" Ionides brought up a team of golfers from Brighton, and, although from the golfing point of view they were rather too strong for us, a very enjoyable weekend was spent.

At present the leave period is in full swing, and the Mess and barracks almost empty. We have, however, just heard that the whole Battalion is to go into camp at Bisley for three weeks during July, which has hardly encouraged those that remain.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The two items that claim first importance in the Mess at the moment appear to be (a) winter leave, and (b) the Army List (some subalterns apparently think that they are too efficient to remain as such much longer).

We have recently lost both our Brigade Commander (Major-General K. G. Buchanan) and Brigade Major (Major A. H. Killick), the former having been promoted, and the latter having taken up a more lucrative civil appointment ; they were both dined out by the Mess prior to their departure.

New arrivals since the last issue include 2nd Lts. Cousens and Maffett, from the R.M.C., whilst Lt. Hiddingh has also returned to the fold after a tour of duty with the K.A.R. in Kenya. Lts. O'Connor and Dalrymple have "done an exchange" between Aldershot and Halifax, whilst Capt. Crommelin also departs thither in relief of Capt. Rowland.

Capt. Paton has now finished his arduous duties at Headquarters, 1st Division, and we all wish him the best of luck in his new appointment as staff captain, Wessex Area. Finally, our thanks are due to Lt.-Colonel W. G. Officer for his presentation of a very fine silver bugle, which in future is to be designated the "Adjutant's Bugle."

SERGEANTS' MESS.

I think we shall have to adopt the Depot suggestion of a pro-forma for the notes for our magazine, as our news items for each issue are nearly a repetition of those previously published, *i.e.*, billiards, whist drives, dances, tennis, etc.

To take the first named, can any of our readers suggest a handicap for C.S.M. Coates ? Not satisfied with winning the billiards' Cup for the umpteenth year, he also made the highest break, and followed this by winning the snooker cup. My idea is that, for the billiard handicap, he should play on the Gilbertian principle, "On a cloth untrue, with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard balls." We already provide the required cloth, and could produce the elliptical balls provided the handicap committee will adopt the idea in part.

We had the pleasure of entertaining the officers to a billiards match, and visited the corporals with the same object. The results were as follows:—Lt. Sir N. H. Everard, Bart., 28, versus Sgt. Smith, 100 ; Lt.-Col. W. M. Ozanne, 81, versus C.Q.M.S. Cullen, 100 ; 2nd Lt. W. H. Summers, 57, versus C.S.M. Coates, 100 ; 2nd Lt. R. de la H. Moran, 90, versus Sgt. Thorpe, 100 ; 2nd Lt. R. G. Collins, 100, versus C.Q.M.S. Allsop, 78. The corporals' match resulted in a win for the sergeants by four games to two.

The billiards team are in the top half of the league, and a bit of practice whilst on furlough in the local coffee shop will probably improve their sense of competitive billiards.

The usual whist drives and dances in the Mess have been very popular, and a dance held in the R.A.S.C. Theatre on December 2nd was most successful, except for the beer.

We were very pleased to see Colonel Pickering at the dance, and hope he enjoyed himself, and that he will visit us again.

The annual clearance is taking place (furlough) so we are likely to have a quiet time for the next month or so. Perhaps by the time they return they will have become reconciled to the idea of the new hiking dress, which, it is suggested, should be introduced at the Paardeburg Ball.

Drum-Major Norman visited us before his return, and the Aldershot air appeared to suit him ; we hope he still improves and is again happy. Sgt. Ward and L/Sgt. Bickerton have rejoined from the Depot, being relieved by Sgt. Hartwell and L/Sgt. Philp. L/Sgt. Roberts joined on promotion. Sgt. Fitter is now a/C.S.M. with the Army Technical School, and Sgt. Berry with the R.W.A.F.F. We hope they will meet with every success during their tours. Congratulations to Smith and Roach on their promotion to sergeant.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—During this year the Company has managed to show a decided improvement in sports and competitions. This is very cheering after the two or three lean years that we have passed through.

Since the last number of the IRON DUKE we have managed to tie with "C" (M.G.) Company in the novices' cricket league, were finalists in the company knock-out at rugby, and, up-to-date, have won both games that we have played in the rugger half-league (novices).

We are losing several valuable friends and players during this winter, 2nd Lt. Collins to the 2nd Battalion, Lt. O'Connor to the Depot, Sgts. Fitter, to the Boys' School, Chepstow, Sharpe and Mountain to the Territorials, L/Cpl. Beech to the Depot, Cpls. Harper and Moran to A.V.T.C. prior to discharge. Finally, we hope they will all enjoy themselves in their new positions and duties.

"D" COMPANY.—Our Company this year, although rather low in strength, has done quite well. In the annual cricket shield competition we were runners-up to "C" (M.G.) Company. They were able to knock up quite a large score on the first day's play owing to the weather prophet being included in their side. The match was played in pouring rain, and the ball appeared to bounce on the pitch like a Christmas pudding. The second day was rather better, but our team could not make up the runs to equal the score of the opponents. Our team, however, should do well next year.

Our soccer team, as made out on paper, appeared to be very strong, but were rather disappointing when seen on the field, "H.Q." Wing fielding a strong practical side.

We were again successful in winning the inter-company rugby shield, beating our old rivals, "B" Company, in the semi-final. Against "A" Company our forwards played very well, and controlled the game to such an extent that we were successful by the outwardly comfortable margin of 24—0. In this game we were very glad to see Pte. Bentley reappear for the first time since he injured his shoulder last season. L/Cpl. Hawthorne played very creditably in both games in spite of advancing years; whilst in the final, Cpl. Foy, who was making his last appearance as a forward, played a great game.

Although the results are not yet published, it is unofficially thought that we have again won the musketry shield. This is considered quite a good result in view of the fact that the Company was quite "young" when the annual course was fired.

We welcome the following officers to the Company:—Capt. St. J. Faulkner from Malaya, Lt. A. G. Hiddingh from Africa, Lt. Frankis from India, 2nd Lts. J. H. S. Lane and J. K. Maffett on appointment. We also wish Capt. Lennon success on being posted to "B" Company.

Our late company commander, after having a post at 1st Division Headquarters, is now leaving us for a tour at Devonport on the staff. We wish him every success.

Our best wishes are also given to Sgt. Berry, who has now gone to Africa to join the W.A.F.F.

HEADQUARTER WING.—The period since the last issue has mainly been occupied with collective training, with an occasional guilty thought straying in the direction of the leave period. The soccer shield was once again won by the Company, after a strenuous fight with the machine gunners, which necessitated playing the semi-final on the Thursday afternoon, the replay which was necessary on the Friday morning, and the final, against a strong "D" Company team, on the Friday afternoon. A good game ended in "D" Company taking the "running-up" honours.

The Wing "A" team are doing very well in the novices' rugger tournament, having yet to taste defeat.

In the Battalion cross country runs the Company are well represented, and hope eventually to win the cross country shield.

DRUMS.—We heartily congratulate C.Q.M.S. Stannard on his promotion, and feel confident that he will be as successful with the Machine Gun Company as he was with the Drums. He takes our very best wishes with him. We also congratulate Drum-Major Goodwin on his promotion, and welcome him back once more to the Drums, which he left only a short time ago on appointment to L/Sergeant.



Lt.-Col. G. S. W. RUSBRIDGER.
Commanding 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.



2nd Bn. GIRL GUIDE COMPANY AND BLUEBIRD FLOCK (The 1st Kamptee), 1932.
 Seated: Mrs. DENNIS, Mrs. J. C. BURNETT, Miss I. STEAD.



THE "KAMPTEE KO-OPTIMISTS."

Names from left to right.—Back row.—Cpl. HALSTEAD, Bdsrn. A. MOORE, Bdsrn. E. MEYRICK, Band-Sgt. A. W. ROBINSON, L/Cpl. H. BARRETT, L/Cpl. S. ANDREWS, Bdsrn. T. GOODMAN, Bdsrn. J. STOREY, Bdsrn. G. SANDERSON. Front row.—Bdsrn. J. KENDREW, Mr. S. W. FANE, M.E.S., Pte. J. SHAW, Armr. Staff-Sgt. H. J. C. DFANE, Mrs. DEANE, Miss FANE, Miss MILLOR, Bdsrn. C. A. PRATT, Bdsrn. J. W. BELL, Sgt. (O.R.S.) R. A. SMITH.

The Drums, under Drum-Major Goodwin, took part in the Armistice Church Parade of the British Legion at Horsley on 6th November. We understand that their co-operation was much appreciated by the members of the Horsley Legion.

Drum-Major Norman, of the 2nd Battalion, paid us a visit during his leave, and showed great interest in the Drums of this Battalion. On the day before he left he paraded with the Drums on the Beating of Retreat. This was much appreciated by all ranks. We are very sorry to have lost Dmrs. Walker, Parker and Greenwood, who have returned to civilian life. We wish them the very best of luck, and hope they will visit us when they are near to the Regiment.

Sport in the Drums is flourishing. We not only have several players who represent the Battalion, but we have several young drummers who show great promise for the future.

We are much interested in the silver bugle presented last April to the Officers' Mess by Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer. This has been instituted as the "Adjutant's Bugle," and will be carried and used by the runner-up of the C.O.'s annual bugle competition, who will be designated the "Adjutant's Bugler." This bugler will have his name engraved annually on the bugle. That this bugle should become the "Adjutant's Bugle" strikes us as particularly appropriate, as Lt.-Colonel W. G. Officer was adjutant of this Battalion from 9th October, 1914, to 1st December, 1916.



CRICKET.

Although we did not succeed in winning a large number of matches, the 1932 season produced some very good games. A number of the fixtures were against distinctly strong sides. Our best performance was probably against a strong Incognito side on the upper ground at the Officers' Club, when, in the first innings, we replied with a total of 260 to our opponents' 262. Lt. Harker Taylor made a really good hundred, whilst on the previous day Lt. Norman bowled almost throughout the innings, and took 9 wickets on one of the hottest days of the year.

The team also did well against "Tubby" Ionides' XI., who entertained us magnificently at Brighton. After two sweltering hot days' cricket we eventually won by 5 wickets with about a quarter of an hour to spare. In this match we had the assistance of Lt. J. R. Cole and the Rev. J. J. Steele, owing to the absence of Troop, Moran and Laing on courses. We suffered one really disastrous defeat against C. E. Anson's XI., who very kindly gave us a fixture on his own ground at Crondall. Our opponents compiled 380 in almost record time, whilst we replied with 120 and 47. Dropped catches and the state of the wicket contributed towards it.

Of the other ranks in the side Pte. Dearnley shows considerable promise as a fast medium bowler and bat. He represented the other ranks of the Command against the officers. L/Sgt. Roberts has played some good innings, easily his best being against Wellington College 2nd XI. A company half league was played, from which certain players were excluded. This resulted in a tie between "C" (M.G.) Company and "A" Company. The company cricket was played at the end of the season in pouring rain, and must be played earlier in future. After a keen game "C" Company beat "D"

Company by 5 wickets, both sides having scored over 200 in an innings. Finally, the thanks of the regimental team are due to the Rev. J. J. Steele, who assisted us on several occasions when we could not turn out a really good side. He always bowled valiantly, generally being kept on almost continuously throughout the innings.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

[We regret that no notes have been received for this issue, owing to the rugger correspondent being on leave, but we have received the following results of the Army Cup matches.—E.D.]

The 1st Battalion was "seeded" into the fourth round of the Command Cup, which is counted for the Army Cup. In the fourth round they beat the R.A.S.C., Aldershot, by 30 points to nil. In the fifth round they beat the R.E., Aldershot, by 18 points to nil.

The next round will be played on Friday, Jan. 20th, against The Welch Regiment, and this will be the final of the Command Cup.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

After making such an excellent show in the Army Challenge Cup last year it was the aim of everyone concerned to go even one better if possible this season.

With the exception of Pte. Newby the whole of last year's team was available at the commencement of the season. After making quite a good start our old friend "injuries" made an appearance, which placed us under a great handicap owing to the lack of good reserves.

Having successfully disposed of in turn the Mechanical Warfare Experimental Establishment and the 3rd Carabiniers we were drawn against the R.A.M.C. in the third round. Luck was definitely against us, as, in addition to being without L/Cpl. Hawthorne, we had to take the field with Sgt. Ward, L/Cpl. Hall and Pte. Evans "patched up" to do duty. Two goals against us in the first half of the game left us quite unperturbed, remembering our noteworthy efforts in past cup-tie games.

Immediate pressure by us on the resumption resulted in the R.A.M.C. citadel falling. A few minutes later we were again "knocking at the door," only to see L/Cpl. Connolly miss a sitter. Pte. Aynsley was now limping painfully along, and the other injuries were preventing the sufferers from doing justice to themselves. We managed to score again, but in the end we were defeated by five goals against two. We wish our victors success and further progress in the competition.

We are now turning our attention seriously to the Senior League and hope to finish in the top flight.

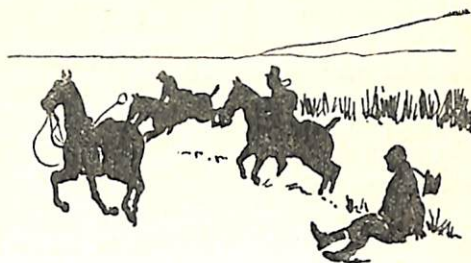
The juniors are battling along manfully, and recently registered their first victory, beating the 2nd Gordons four goals to nil.

L/Cpl. Hall, Sgt. Ward, Pte. Aynsley and L/Cpl. Hawthorne are again giving of their best, and we have great hopes of L/Cpl. Connolly, a recent acquisition from the Depot, turning out a real good player.

The whole of the team wish Pte. Evans the best of luck on his return to civilian life at an early date.

HUNTING.

With a November drier than usual and a general lack of fogs, the new hunting season jumped into its stride straight away, and we were not found wanting in taking our share. Writing at the end of last season we noted that there were still horses in our stables that were not being hunted for lack of officers to hunt them. It is very gratifying to be able to state now that they all are, and what is more doing well.



As before, the drag lines provide the best fun, especially for those who are unable to box their horses for days with the South Berks, Vine or H.H. Capts. Lawlor and Armitage, Lt. Hiddingh and Sir Nugent Everard have hunted these drag lines regularly two days a week since the opening of the season, whilst now that December has arrived this coterie is to be extended by the addition of Lts. Webb-Carter and Lane.

Fox-hunting with the South Berks has also attracted Capt. Armitage, Lts. Webb-Carter and Norman on occasional days, but as this means boxing horses it cannot be carried out so regularly as the Aldershot Drag Lines.

The Command Drag Hounds also hunt the fox two days a week, and Lt.-Colonel Rusbridger and Capt. Grimley have been pretty regular followers on these occasions. Capt. Armitage has also been out with the South Oxfordshire Drag.

Grief on the drag lines has been particularly noticeable this season, the number of casualties on the line reaching double figures on several occasions, and we have not entirely escaped these ourselves; but so far there are no serious injuries to horses or riders to report, and may this continue throughout a season that has started most auspiciously.

The Command Beagles have attracted several ladies of the Regiment, and it is to be recorded that Colonel Pickering is now sole master of the pack. They hunt two days a week, and generally give followers as much exercise as they want.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

OUR most important piece of news this time is that Colonel Burnett has been appointed to the command of the 147th Infantry Brigade, in succession to Colonel Rhodes, on the expiration of the latter's term in April next. So he will barely have time to get home after four strenuous years in command of the Battalion (with no home leave during that period) before he is again in harness. On behalf of all ranks we offer him our sincerest congratulations and wish him all success. At the time of writing he is commanding our own local brigade (10th Jubbulpore) in the temporary absence of Brigadier Robertson.

We have now completed our first year in Kamptee, and, although we have not only survived it but are all hale and hearty, we have to admit to hoping that nothing will occur to cause our retention here longer than another twelve months. What we look forward to is a larger station where there are other British units and, consequently, more varied activities generally. Since we left Egypt in February, 1926, we have been either alone or else in two-battalion stations, the other battalion being an Indian one.

With the beginning of the collective training season the number of visiting officers has increased. The District Commander, Major-General Baird, spent two days here at the beginning of September, and again passed through at the end of October. On this latter occasion he inspected a draft of 80 who had joined us two days before.

Battalion and Brigade training take place this year at Laknadon, about 100 miles from Kamptee on the Jubbulpore road. The Battalion leaves by march route on the 28th December, returning by train about the 5th February. The ground round Laknadon is excellent for training, quite the best the Battalion has experienced in India.

Company training is being carried out from barracks, it being unfortunately impossible to find any sites suitable for camping grounds within a reasonable distance of Kamptee. The difficulties of finding training areas near here has been referred to before.

A machine gun concentration, on the ordinary field firing area, is at present taking place. This is being run by Capt. Fraser, who is B.M.G.O.

The opening of the trooping season has already witnessed the departure of nearly 40 men, amongst them many who have been prominent in the realms of sport, and who have represented the Battalion at boxing, rugger, soccer, cricket and hockey. We look to those who have come out to the Battalion to fill the gaps thus created.

We have also to bid farewell to Capt. T. W. Robertson, who has gone home on leave pending retirement. Capt. Robertson came out with the Battalion in 1922, and served continuously with it until he went home for a tour of duty at the Depot in 1930. On his return to India at the beginning of 1932 he went straight to Brigade Headquarters at Jubbulpore, where he remained. So we have not seen much of him during his last days in the Regiment. We wish him every happiness in his retirement.

Major Sir Robert Henniker has returned from Pachmarhi on the closing of the families camp, of which he was commandant. For six months he was also O.C. Station at Pachmarhi and, for a month, cantonment executive officer there.

Capt. Bishop has passed "C" examination, and Lt. Exham "A." We see also that Lt. Jones has passed the Lower Standard Hausa examination during his tour on the West Coast.

Lt. Exham is at present doing a two months attachment to the 15th Cavalry at Jubbulpore, and L/Sgts. Horne and Barrington have been appointed instructors at the S.A.S., Pachmarhi.

Since writing the above the moves for next trooping season have been published, and we see that we are bound for Nowshera. So at long last, and for the first time in its history, the Battalion is to serve in Northern India.

At the parade service on Sunday, 4th September, a memorial tablet to men of the 1/5th Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) who died in Kamptee in 1915, was unveiled by Lt.-Col. Burnett, O.C. Station. The ceremony was most impressive, the "Last Post" being sounded before the unveiling and the "Reveille" after. The tablet had been found lying in the P.W.D. yard, where it must have been lost for over 10 years.

Colonel Burnett subsequently received the following letter from Lt.-Colonel J. Body, late O.C., 1/5th Battalion The Buffs:—"The padre at Kamptee has sent me a full account of the ceremony of unveiling and dedicating the Mural Tablet to men of my Regiment who died in Kamptee in 1914-15.

"I feel, and I am sure all members of my Regiment will feel, particularly grateful to you and your Regiment for all you did in connection with the ceremony.

"I should be very pleased if you would accept my thanks for yourself, and also convey them to the Bandmaster and others who so kindly assisted."

A photograph of the tablet appears opposite page 16.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Once more weddings have been the order of the day, three having taken place in but a day over a month. We had known for some time, of course, of Capt. H. B. Owen's intentions, but Capt. Harvey and Lt. W. A. Woods rather sprang it on us. We admit that we thought it unwise that they should be allowed to go home on long leave, and now we doubt if any more bachelors will ever be given that privilege! The weddings, which took place in October and November, are no doubt fully reported elsewhere in this issue. We, therefore, confine ourselves here to offering our congratulations to the bridegrooms and to welcoming the brides. In the case of Lt. Woods' wedding there is a double interest for the Regiment; Mrs. W. A. Woods, who is a niece of Mrs. Burnett, spent twelve months with her in Ahmednagar as Miss Sellars.

Whilst on the subject of the ladies, a reference must be made to the way that they are brightening up Kamptee. Already Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Sayers and Mrs. Cumberlege have found their way here to share with Mrs. and Miss Burnett the task of keeping us jungli wallahs civilised, and before these lines are in print, Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Harvey should be here. It must be years since there were so many of the fair sex in this distant and out-of-the-way spot, and we are thinking of sending an advertisement to the *Times* about the attractions of a "brighter Kamptee."

When, however, we turn to the genuine Mess news it will be seen that we haven't much to write home about. Only one Regimental guest night has taken place. On that occasion we were honoured by the presence of H.E. the officiating Governor of the C.P., Sir Arthur Nelson, and a number of the chief officials of the C.P. Government, and also by our District Commander, Major-General Baird.

Movements of officers have been fairly numerous. We have said goodbye to Capt. Robertson, who has retired, and to 2nd Lt. J. W. Ryley, U.L.I.A., who has left us to join his own regiment, 3/6th Rajputana Rifles. On the other hand we have welcomed back Major Crane after an absence of seven years, and also Capt. Sayers, Lt. and Quartermaster Milner and Lt. Wellesley (the last named still a bachelor!) from leave at home. 2nd Lts. Walkley, Pryke and Ryan, U.L.I.A., have joined us for a year's attachment, and Lt. E. E. A. Lane, R.A., has come to us for two months from the 100th Battery at Jubbulpore to discover how the infantry fill in their time.

A visitor, whom we were very glad to welcome back, was 2nd Lt. Nicholls, 4/6th Rajputana Rifles, who, in spite of his knowledge of Kamptee, came to spend a few days' leave with us. We fear that he had a rather dull time, but we hope that his experience on that occasion will not deter him from again looking us up when next he has the opportunity.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Owen Owen for presenting us with six ash bowls made from the wood of H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

One dance, one dinner, and that is all in the way of social functions for us to record this time. With so little material it is difficult to write much of a letter, and we doubt if it will prove much easier next time, since so much of the intervening period will have been spent getting to, in, and returning from camp. And nobody wants to hear about training, do they? However, we must do our best to concoct something, as we don't want to drop out of the magazine and be forgotten altogether.

The dance took place on the return of the families from the hills, and was by way of an opener of the new season. It was well attended, most of the officers in the station and many friends from Nagpur being present, and everybody appeared to enjoy it, so we think we can claim that it was the usual success.

The dinner was a farewell one to those of our members who are going home this trooping season. C.Q.M.S. Stevenson has been the first to leave us this year, he and his family embarking three days after the dinner. Our best wishes go with them.

We are glad to welcome back Sgt. Prince and L/Sgt. Whitfield on their return from six months' home leave, and we congratulate L/Sgts. Mills, Haggie and Melvin on their promotion.

COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—No news is usually considered good news, but the sub-editor does not seem to subscribe to the old formula. In retaliation we will take a leaf out of his own book and plead that we have not the imagination to manufacture items of interest, not having been trained for the staff of, say, the "Daily Wail." (We trust that he will not take that title as having any personal significance.) So we must confine ourselves to statements of bald fact.

We have lost, and are still to lose, a considerable number of the Company this season, including C.Q.M.S. Stevenson and many of our best sportsmen. To all of them we wish the best of luck in civil life. We welcome the new arrivals who have come out from England, and also Sgts. Wood and Spink, who have been transferred to us from "B" and "D" Companies. Also Capt. Sayers on his return from home leave, and 2nd Lt. Pryke, U.L.I.A.

"B" COMPANY.—In August and September our training activities were confined to firing our annual weapon training courses, the results of which have proved highly satisfactory, inasmuch as we possess at the moment the highest figure of merit in the Battalion, an achievement of which we are definitely proud, in view of our attempts in previous years.

Now we are in the throes of company training. Already every stone, "pot-hole" and ditch of Suradevi, our "war zone," is known to us, and the terrors of an Indian night in that desolate region have left us undaunted.

As regards games, the Company has been well to the fore in producing Battalion representatives. At a charity boxing tournament held in Nagpur Ptes. Morgan, Farnell, Richardson and Horton took part, whilst Battalion rugger caps have been awarded to Cpl. Farrell, L/Cpl. Tolson and Ptes. Day, Lawton, Moss and Morrell. We congratulate them all.

In the Platoon Flag competition, on the other hand, we have so far had not more than average success. There is still time, however, to improve our position, and we look to our new drafts to fill worthily the gaps left by the departure of those who have gone home. The first batch of departures has arrived in England, and those who are to leave later are now sojourning at Fort Sitabuldi, preparing themselves for the comforts and laxities of a civilian life.

We welcome back to his old company Major M. E. Crane. He brought the Company abroad and commanded us in Egypt until he went to the Depot in the autumn of 1925, following that tour with the adjutancy of the 7th Battalion. We also welcome 2nd Lt. Walkley, U.L.I.A.

"C" COMPANY.—When we last wrote we were at Fort Sitabuldi, but we returned to Kamptee early in September. Whilst at the Fort we played a good deal of soccer and hockey against local civilian teams, including the Bishop Cotton School and Hislop College. We also ran inter-platoon soccer and hockey leagues within the Company, the former being won by No. 9 Platoon and the latter by No. 10.

For indoor amusement the P.R.I. presented two billiard cues for competition amongst the Fort detachment, the one for an individual championship and the other for an open handicap. Pte. McGee won the individual, Pte. Sproson being the runner-up, and Cpl. Millor the open handicap, beating Pte. Jones in the final.

At the time of writing we are practising hard for the annual sports. We have had two preliminary company sports meetings to try and find new talent, and we are to hold

our proper Company meeting on the 1st December, the Battalion sports beginning a fortnight later.

As usual, in the February issue we have to bid farewell to many members of the Company. Amongst these we wish to mention particularly Cpl. Woolaway and Ptes. Cooper, Wylie and Mason. Pte. Cooper has been a faithful company office handyman, and was never content unless he had a duster in his hand and was cleaning up the office. Pte. Mason has always been a member of the Company shooting team, has been of great help in many other ways, and, until twelve months ago, was company storeman.

2nd Lt. Ryley, U.L.I.A., has left us on posting to the 3/6th Rajputana Rifles at Meiktila, Burma, and 2nd Lt. Ryan, U.L.I.A., has come to us. Our best wishes to both of them.

In conclusion, we must refer to the fine performance put up by the Company in the inter-company rugger shield, in which we have reached the final. That match, however, is still to take place, if the ground ever becomes soft enough again.

"D" (M.G.) COMPANY.—The individual training season is over, and nothing outside the run of individual training seasons has occurred to call forth any extra effort of journalism.

As regards the sporting side of life we must congratulate No. 15 Platoon on winning both the inter-platoon soccer and rugger. It must be rather unique for the same platoon to win what must be considered the two premier sporting events in the Platoon Flag competition. The same platoon is also gaining points at hockey.

Nos. 13 and 14 Platoons are also both going great guns, and we expect them to collect a few points in the hockey and cricket competitions.

The inter-company rugger competition has, unfortunately, not been completed. We were hoping to see an exciting final with "C" Company, but the Calcutta Cup interfered, and, by the time it was over, the ground was too hard for play. So at present we tie with "C" Company for the shield for 1932.

By the time these notes appear a few of the company will have exchanged khaki for mufti. We wish them the best of luck and everything they wish themselves.

In conclusion, we congratulate our second i/c., Capt. Harvey, on his transfer to the happy band of Benedicts.

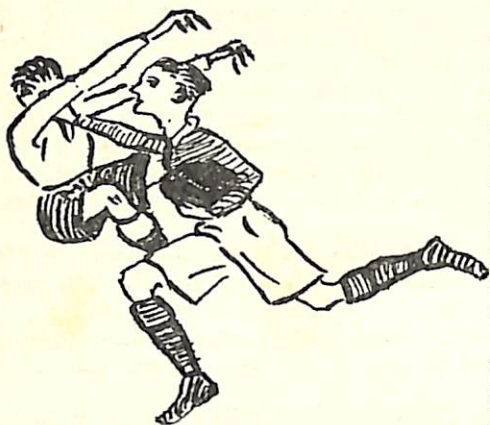
"H.Q." WING.—The production of notes for Headquarter Wing is always rather a problem, for although we like to see something about ourselves in print we never have a rush of candidates to write them. At any time it is difficult enough to find anybody in the Wing, for in the execution of our various rôles we manage to hide in all sorts of odd corners of the barracks, while for a few days before these notes are due it becomes absolutely impossible to find anyone at all. The Signallers disappear into the local jungle with miles of wire and little flashing lamps, the Drums become the Intelligence Section, and with the aid of bicycles and maps flit round the roads in an equally elusive manner. The Band, well they go off to the hospital on stretcher-bearer courses or else go looking for dead cats in the most distant wells on the pretence of testing the water.

Those of us who are tied to offices, finding no serious excuse to move round barracks, busy themselves in pay and mess rolls, A.33's, and pretend that they are most frightfully busy. This time a few rather more ingenious than the rest found a mad dog, got themselves bitten, and went off for anti-rabies treatment. I hope they enjoyed it. All this is really very disturbing, for at other times we like to pretend we are the brains of the Battalion, or, in the sarcastic words of a man in a rifle company, the blooming cream in the coffee, while the rest are only the dudh in the char.*

However, we do wish L/Cpls. Byrne and Tomkins, who were fortunate enough to get on the first boat, the best of luck. Our hockey and boxing suffer a great loss in their going, and we hope that they will be as successful in civil life as they were with sticks and gloves while with the Battalion.

* Milk in the tea.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.



At the moment of going to press we are waiting for rain to soften the ground and enable us to play off the final of the inter-company competition. This year the tournament has been run on different lines from the past, and instead of a knock-out competition we have run it as a league, thus giving more company competition games and a better chance of discovering new talent. The standard of play has been above the average, and the new scheme has undoubtedly assisted the Battalion selection committee in choosing the Battalion team.

The following are the results of the league up to date, and, as can be seen, it rests with "C" and "D" (M.G.) Companies as to which will hold the shield for 1933.

Teams.	"H.Q." Wing.	"A" Coy.	"B" Coy.	"C" Coy.	"D" (M.G.) Coy.
	For Ag'st.	For Ag'st.	For Ag'st.	For Ag'st.	For Ag'st.
"H.Q." Wing ...	—	3—0	0—0	0—13	3—8
"A" Company	0—3	—	—	0—16	0—13
"B" Company	0—0	—	—	0—11	0—21
"C" Company ...	13—0	16—0	11—0	—	—
"D" (M.G.) Coy.	8—3	13—0	21—0	—	—

Last year we were unable to play off the Platoon Flag competition because of our change of stations, but this year, with better ground facilities, we have been able to complete the competition. This was played off early in the season to assist companies in choosing their company sides. Again the standard was encouraging, and the semi-finals and the final produced some of the hardest rucker played this season. No. 15 Platoon were the winners, defeating No. 3 Platoon 8—0 in the final, and thus winning the competition for the second year in succession. They were undoubtedly the best side in the tournament, and their team spirit and keenness set an excellent example.

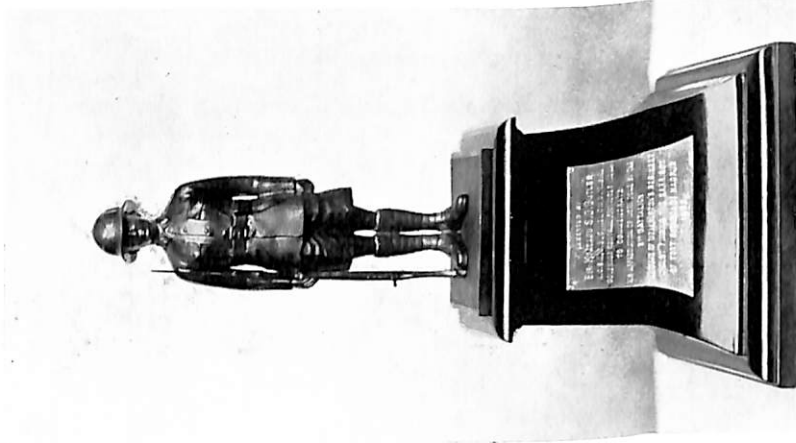
The question of arranging Battalion fixtures has proved even more difficult in Kamptee than in Ahmednagar. After a great deal of correspondence we were eventually able to arrange two games in the station, one against the Signal Training Battalion, Jubbulpore, and the other against the King's Regiment, Jubbulpore, who, at the last moment, were unfortunately unable to make the journey.

The game against the Signals was played on August 13th and resulted in a win for the Battalion 30—0. It was a very sporting effort on the part of the Signals to bring a side to Kamptee, and although we were superior all round, the experience of playing an outside team was of immense value.

Apart from home fixtures we were able to arrange a short trip to Bombay during August to play our old opponents the Gymkhana. According to the account in the *Times of India* the Dukes produced the most attractive rucker that they have ever shown in Bombay. After a ding-dong game, in which we had more of the play territorially, the result was a draw, 6 all. The Battalion threequarters showed great promise, and one try especially, when all handled the ball, was quite the best movement of the game. The



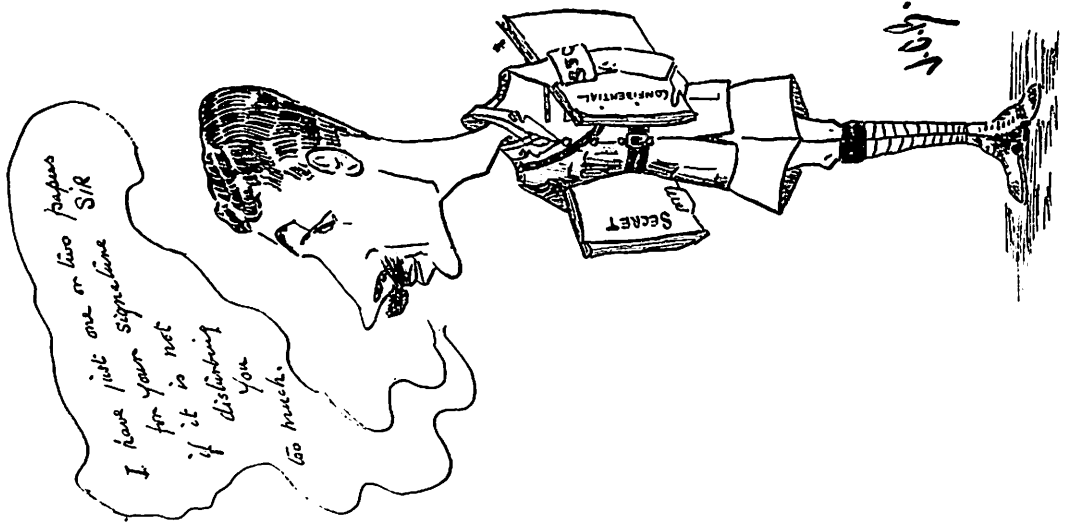
Tablet in Kamptee Church to Members of The 33rd Duke of Wellington's Regt., who died at Kamptee between Dec., 1875, and Dec., 1879.



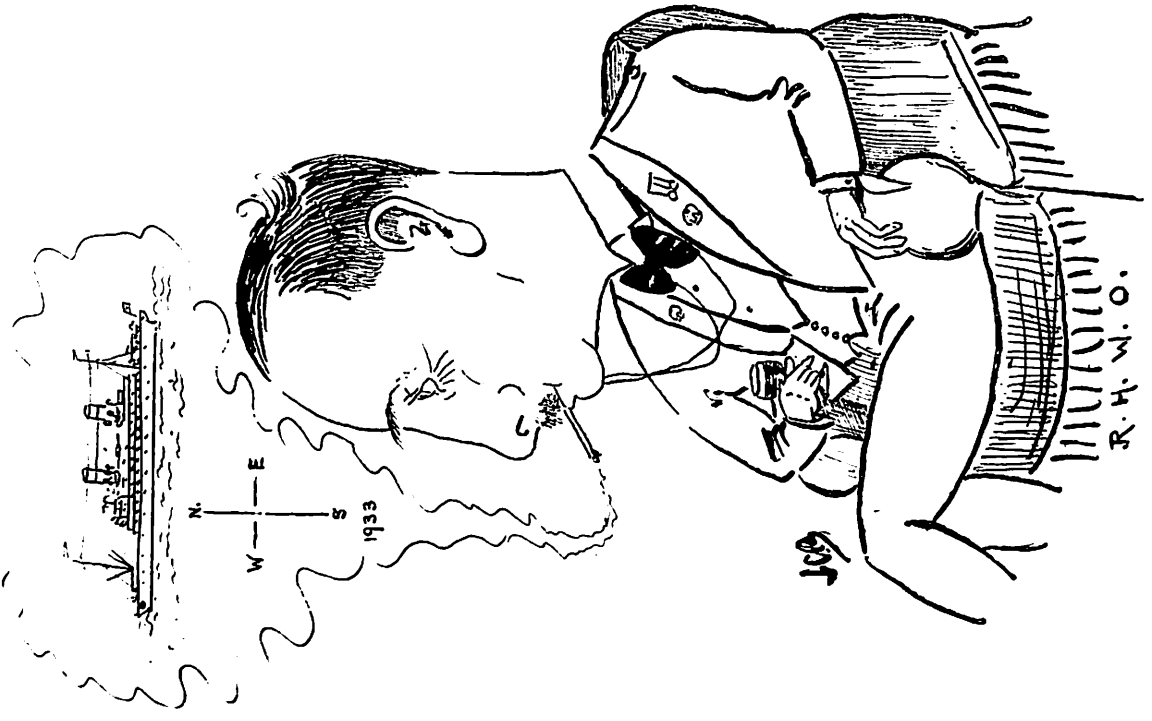
Statuette presented to The 2nd Battalion by H.E. Sir Montague Butler, Governor of the C.P. India (referred to on page 172 of No. 23, October, 1932).



Tablet in Kamptee Church to Men of 15th Bn. The Buffs, who died in Kamptee in 1914-1915. (See page 12).



V. C. G.



R. H. W. O.

halves combined well for their first game together, and our practically new pack put up a very good show indeed against heavier and more experienced Gymkhana forwards. It was a great disappointment that we were unable to enter for the Bombay local tournament in September.

Our next trip was to Jubbulpore to play in the Brigade competition. Here we again met the Signals in the first round, defeating them this time by the smaller margin of 11—0. Mention must be made, however, that we were considerably weakened owing to injuries. In the final we met and defeated the 23rd Field Brigade R.A. by 32—0. Except for the first ten minutes we were on top the whole time, and the second half consisted of a succession of scores.

The climax of the season, from the Battalion point of view, was the Calcutta Tournament. We had originally hoped to go on from there to Madras for the All India, but owing to the great expense entailed we reluctantly had to cancel our entry.

THE CALCUTTA TOURNAMENT.

We were lucky and drew a bye in the first round. In the second we met the Royal Berkshire Regiment. The game was played under the worst possible conditions, heavy rain continuing most of the first half with the result that the ground was like a quagmire. We pressed the whole game, but could only win by 8—0. The margin should have been greater; that it was not so was due to good defensive work by the Berkshires, and to faulty handling on the part of our threequarters.

We were drawn against Calcutta in the semi-final. For this game the conditions were almost ideal, and the game was fought at a terrific pace from start to finish. The result was a win for Calcutta by 6—5. Their score consisted of a try and a penalty goal, the latter awarded for an infringement during the last minute of play. This was most disappointing, as we had, if anything, more than our share of the game, and were pressing the greater part of the second half. The whole side put up their best display of the season. The forwards got the ball four times out of five against a pack at least a stone heavier per man, and were always well together. The outsides combined well, handled well, and put up a stubborn defence against hard running and experienced opponents. From all accounts the game was one of the best seen in Calcutta for many years, and well upheld the Regiment's old tradition for rugby in Calcutta. Perhaps our greatest disappointment was that we missed an opportunity of meeting in the final the Welch Regiment, the winners of the All India in 1931, and undoubtedly one of the finest sides out here.

Before concluding, special mention must be made of certain individuals. We were most unfortunate in that Lt. Reynolds was crocked early in the season, and was not able to play for the Battalion and give us his valuable experience in leading the pack until the Calcutta Tournament. The halves, Lt. Exham and Pte. Moss, made a good combination. Exham played well at scrum-half throughout the season, and his long passes did a great deal to open up the game behind. He is also of great assistance to the forwards. Moss, at fly-half, has been one of the most outstanding players on the field in all our matches. He is a fly-half of great promise, and proved himself the chief scoring factor of the side.

Of the forwards it is difficult to make special mention of individuals. However, Eastwood's hooking must be mentioned, as also the continual hard work of Lt. Cumberlege and Pte. Morrell. Pte. Holt's assistance, both on the field and off, has also been invaluable. He has played regularly for the Battalion since Singapore days, and when he goes this trooping season he will be a great loss to Battalion rugby.

Finally, our thanks are due to our Medical Officer, Lt. E. J. Curran, R.A.M.C., for the willing assistance he has given in refereeing.

Caps for the season 1932 have been awarded as under :—Lt. Exham, Lt. Cumberlege, Ptes. Holt, Moss, Lawton, Tolson, Cpl. Farrell, Ptes. Eastwood, Morrell, Hamilton, L/Cpls. Wright and Wadd, Ptes. Spink, Geary and Day.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.



For the fourth year in succession the Regiment competed in the Rovers' Cup Tournament, organised by the Western India Football Association and played in Bombay, and for the third time reached the final. The team is, therefore, to be congratulated. In the final they were defeated by the Royal Irish Fusiliers (stationed in Bombay) by three goals to one. In 1929 we lost to the Royal Warwicks, and in 1930 to the K.O.S.B.

Besides congratulation the team is deserving of a certain amount of sympathy, as the following remarks will prove that they were not blessed with the best of luck. In the first match, against the Beds. and Herts., L/Sgt. Sullivan, the centre-forward, received a very bad injury to his left ankle, which put him out of play for the rest of the tournament. This was a great blow, for centre-forwards of the Sullivan type cannot be replaced at a moment's notice.

In the replay against the same team Pte. Knight (outside right) was moved to centre-forward, his place being taken by Cpl. Curran. This move proved to be

a great success, and within ten minutes of the start we were leading by three goals to nil, Pte. Knight scoring two of the most spectacular goals of the whole tournament. A few minutes later, however, in jumping for the ball, Pte. Knight fell, breaking his right arm, and was carried off the field to spend the next few weeks in hospital. Further minor injuries were received by Pte. Sullivan, Cpl. Curran and Pte. Wootton, so we entered the field on the day of the final a very much weakened team. Owing to the distance of Bombay from Kamptee, a matter of 520 miles, reserves could not be called upon at short notice.

Of the team in general no player can be spoken of more than another. They are a team of sturdy little players such as can be found only in the northern counties of England, and they gave a very fine exhibition of Yorkshire grit; it was only by this determination that they were able to reach the final.

At the conclusion of the final the G.O.C., Bombay District, presented the team with the Haig Shield, and to each member a cup. The team in the final was:—goal, L/Cpl. Holden; backs, Pte. Wootton, Pte. Rowley; halves, Pte. Deighton, Pte. Craven, Pte. Vickers; forwards, Cpl. Curran, Pte. Hartlet, Dmr. Colgrave, Pte. Coxon, Pte. P. Sullivan; reserves, L/Cpl. Tomkins, Pte. Jackson. Results of matches:—beat R.A.O.C., Kirkee, 6—0; beat Beds. and Herts., 3—1; beat Bangalore Muslims, 3—0; beat 15th Brigade R.A., 3—2.

We are glad to be able to report that Pte. Knight got out of hospital in time to sail for home on the 9th November on transfer to the Army Reserve. We wish him the best of luck, and hope that he will be as great a success in civil life as he has been as the Regimental outside right during the past four years.

THE "KAMPTEE KO-OPTIMISTS."

A most successful show was given by the above society on the 5th and 6th October. It was quite the best amateur production we have seen, and it was thoroughly appreciated by the packed houses which witnessed the two performances.

As the title of the company implies, the entertainment was of the variety type, consisting of songs, sketches and dancing, and there was not a weak item in the whole production. It is not possible to give a full account and, where all were so good, it seems somewhat invidious to mention any individuals by name. Yet we think that reference ought to be made to certain persons, and we believe that the whole company would wish us to do so.

First, then, Armourer Staff-Sgt. Deane showed himself not only an excellent producer and business manager, but also an equally good actor. Next, Mr. S. W. Fane, M.E.S., who, in addition to arranging the lighting and electrical effects, proved himself an admirable "opposite number" to Staff-Sgt. Deane. In referring to Mr. Fane we wish also to mention his little daughter who charmed everyone with her very graceful and talented dancing. And here we must apologise to Mrs. Deane and Miss Millor for having first made reference to the youngest lady in the cast.

Sgt. (O.R.S.) Smith and Pte. J. Shaw were in their usual form, and gave us of the best that we always expect from them. They are both deservedly popular, and can always reckon on being called upon for encores.

Finally, a word for the orchestra and for the stage managers. The latter, Bds. Metzner, Tribe, Mather and Cadman, do not appear in the photograph* and would, therefore remain in obscurity if no mention were made of them here. And this would be unfair, since they fulfilled their unseen part with great skill and success.

We are very grateful to all concerned for giving us such an excellent show, and we hope it will not be long before they give us another.

* See opposite page 9.

GIRL GUIDE COMPANY AND BLUEBIRD FLOCK.

(THE 1st KAMPTEE).

"Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things.

And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup."

"What have you got for us to do this evening?" Such is the spirit of wonderment which greets the guider on her way to our meeting each week.

The above company is a "lone company." Its members are very keen, and most of them exceedingly regular in attendance. We are fortunate in having our very own Commissioner in our Colonel's wife, Mrs. J. C. Burnett, who also is our Captain.

Guide and Bluebird work is well in hand, as much as the climate will allow, for one experiences terribly hot weather in Kamptee. We are now practising for our annual sports, and then, during the cooler weather, we hope to continue badge work. We play all the latest games out from England, and they are appreciated to the utmost. A great feature of this Company is that it possesses its own savings bank, a thing not usually found in the majority of companies. Most of the members take advantage of the bank and deposit small amounts each week.

A copy of the photograph which appears opposite page 9 has been sent to our President, H.R.H. The Princess Royal.

DEPOT NEWS.

EDITORIAL, announcement of excessive copy, necessitating brevity in Depot notes, induces strict compliance in spite of desolation at inferred disparagement of notes' interest.*

October 16th.—Depot paraded with members of O.C.A. for service in Parish Church. A sermon, written by Bishop Frodsham (unfortunately absent through illness) was read. The Band and Drums of 4th Battalion marched the parade to and from church, and the salute was taken by Sir Herbert Belfield, who had visited the Depot officially on October 14th.

October 17th.—Depot visited by Lt.-Colonel Rusbridger.

October 28th.—Depot inspected by the Area Commander, Lt.-General H. H. N. Jackson.

November 1st.—Depot inspected by G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, Lt.-General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy.

November 11th.—The Depot paraded for service at the local cenotaph, at which a wreath was placed by the C.O. on behalf of "Past and Present Members of the Regiment." A similar wreath was laid in York Minster together with one from the O.C.A.

Recent criticism by important person, that Depot lacks charm, found so striking in originality of conception that first step towards brighter barracks already taken. Hardy specimens of mountain ash planted at strategic points round barrack green. Present immaturity of trees prevents noticeable improvement of landscape, but hope entertained of providing grandchildren with welcome shade from blazing heat of Halifax summer.

OFFICERS' MESS.

We have had quite an unusual flow of visitors to the Mess this Autumn. The official visits of Sir Herbert Belfield and Lt.-Colonel Rusbridger have been briefly noted in the Depot news. During the latter's stay we entertained to dinner the C.O.'s of our four T.A. Battalions and Colonel Rhodes, the Territorial Brigade Commander. Colonel Rhodes will be vacating command of the Brigade soon after these notes are in print, so we will take the opportunity of saying "goodbye and good luck" to him, and of congratulating and welcoming Lt.-Colonel Burnett, who succeeds him.

In October Ian Smith again brought his rugby team to Halifax. Though the Depot no longer takes any active part in organizing this match, we were very pleased to see most of the members of the team in the Mess on the morning of the match.

We have to congratulate Lt. W. A. Woods and Capt. Owen on their marriages, both of which took place within our radius of action, and caused a further welcome influx from the civilised world. We were very pleased to see Brig.-General Humphrys, though his visit was but brief.

Several other past and present members of the Regiment have also visited us, the former including Major Hetley, Major N. H. Moore and Capt. C. St. J. Phillips.

In November we said goodbye to Lt. and Mrs. Dalrymple who returned to Aldershot, and in January to Capt. and Mrs. Rowland, to whom we wish the best of luck in Ireland, where, we understand, they intend shortly to take up residence. Their places have been taken by Lt. O'Connor and Capt. and Mrs. Crommelin.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Our monthly whist drives and dances are proving as popular as ever. At our first function this season we had to make room for sixteen tables of whist, and those who know our Mess will realise that this did not leave much spare room.

* Not so.—Editor.

In October a Depot shoot was held on the 30 yards range with the following results :— W.O.'s and Sergeants 519, Officers 395, Corporals 379, Privates 345. We had the greatest pleasure in handing the wooden spoon to the officers for safe custody during the ensuing year. It is the first time the officers have had this "honour" since the presentation of the spoon in 1922, and we are sure that our Cook-Sergeant is glad to see the thing out of his way for a while.

On December 3rd we entertained the Leeds University shooting eight at a small bore shoot on the miniature range. We regret to say that they beat us by 67 points.

Sgt. Ward and L/Sgt. Bickerton have left us for the 1st Battalion and have our best wishes. Sgt. Hartwell and L/Sgt. Philp have joined the Mess. We wish them a pleasant tour.

SPORT.

The outstanding events this quarter have been the inter-squad boxing competition, the inter-squad soccer competition, and an inter-depot soccer tournament in which, as recorded below, we failed to enter the second round.

The inter-squad boxing competition was held in September, and after several good fights October I. squad emerged victorious with fourteen points, June squad running them close with 13 points. A number of the competitors showed promise as boxers; the fight between Ptes. Sykes and Lindstrom deserves special mention, while another good fight was that between Ptes. Bunn and Wike. Once again we must thank Brig.-Gen. Sugden who kindly refereed.

The soccer season opened with an inter-squad competition in which June squad were first with six points, September squad with four points being runners-up. Shortly afterwards we drew the Depot K.O.Y.L.I. in the first round of the Northern Command Inter-Depot Association Football Cup. The match was played at Halifax and we lost a hard-fought game by two goals to one. We congratulate Pte. Connolly, who left the Depot only six weeks ago, on having already played for the 1st Battalion in Army Cup matches.

A number of good rugby fixtures have been played, and our team has shown up well. We have had two excellent matches with Huddersfield Old Boys' teams in which both sides gained one victory.

Weather has interfered with hockey to some extent, but we had a first-class match against Ben Rhydding, and good games also against the Halifax New School and our old opponents, the Bradford City Police.

We hope to have the next boxing competition in January, and to continue our fixture list in the other sports with as much if not more success.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

THE annual range course was completed by 31st August; 16 failed to fire their course. The results were slightly better than last year, which, taking into consideration the abnormal conditions prevailing, is indeed very satisfactory.

Very little training has been carried out since the end of the training year; various methods have been employed to keep the companies together during the winter months, mainly physical training classes and games.

The Battalion attended an Armistice Day anniversary service at the Parish Church, Halifax, on Sunday, November 6th. The service was arranged by the Halifax Branch of the British Legion. The following also attended the parade :—4th Battalion O.C.A., the Halifax Branch of the Old Contemptibles Association, a detachment of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, and other local organizations.

The strength of the Battalion at the close of the training year was 16 officers and 504 other ranks, a decrease of two officers (Lt. C. A. P. Atkinson, to the T.A. Reserve, and 2nd Lt. J. W. S. Robertshaw, resigned) and 37 other ranks on the year.

We congratulate R.Q.M.S. L. Greenwood on his appointment to this rank.

We were sorry to lose Sgt. W. Hoe, our late P.S. instructor at Cleckheaton, who was re-posted to his regular unit, the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment, on 1st November, on completion of tour of duty, and we wish him good luck. He has been replaced by Sgt. J. Bulmer, also of the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.

Competition results :—Battalion Championship fired at Bradshaw on 20th August ; 300 yards slow, 1st Sgt. T. Boden, " C " Company, 2nd, Sgt. C. Scott, " B " Company ; 300 yards rapid, 1st, Sgt. G. Richardson, " B " Company, 2nd, Sgt. C. Scott, " B " Company ; 500 yards slow, 1st, Q.M.S. (O.R.) T. Miller, " H.Q." Wing, 2nd, Sgt. V. Tedds, " D " Company. Battalion Championship, 1st, Sgt. T. Boden, " C " Company ; 2nd, Q.M.S. (O.R.) T. Miller, " H.Q." Wing. Officers' Cup Competition, Lt.-Col. H. H. Aykroyd and Lt. and Q.M. G. Foster, tie. Permanent Staff Competition, Sgt. W. Hoe. Sergeants' Cup Competition, 1st, Sgt. W. Hoe, " P.S." ; 2nd, Sgt. T. Boden, " C " ; Sgt. J. Ackroyd (Transport Sergeant) carried off the " Wooden Spoon " with ease. Recruits' Competition, 1st, Pte. Saunders, " B " Company ; 2nd, Pte. Barr, " C " Company. The four latter competitions were fired in conjunction with the Battalion Championship. Mackintosh Cup Competition held at Halifax on October 10th was won by " C " Company (Cleckheaton).

SERGEANTS' MESS.—During the past three months we have had a very busy time. In addition to our fortnightly whist drives and dances many social evenings have been held. We have entertained various clubs and our old friends and opponents the Halifax Electricity Works have already paid us two visits. The usual procedure is billiards, badminton and shooting, followed up by a smoking concert. These evenings are thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We held a smoking concert on November 9th at which the Commanding Officer, on behalf of the members of the Mess, presented tokens to four retiring members, viz., R.Q.M.S. T. S. Sherwood, C.S.M. H. Wardingley, Sgt. N. Cox and Sgt. W. Hoe, P.S.I.

5th BATTALION NEWS.

WE come to the last notes of a year of extreme difficulty, and it is only fair to take stock of the position. We have been fortunate, our voluntary camp has been a success, 85 per cent. of the Battalion have come up to scratch, and we are recruiting steadily above normal for the time of the year. These results have been obtained by the Battalion itself in the face of the most stringent economy.

Our Battalion prize distribution on December 2nd maintained its reputation of being one of the most brilliant social functions of the year in Huddersfield. General Sir Robert D. Whigham, who commanded the 62nd Division towards the end of the war, honoured us by presenting the prizes, Major-General G. H. N. Jackson, commanding 49th Division, and Mrs. Jackson, the Mayor of Huddersfield (Alderman T. Shires) and Mrs. Shires, and Colonel S. Rhodes, our Brigade Commander, supported Lt.-Col. Keith Sykes on the platform ; Mrs. W. A. Crowther, the Colonel's sister, acted as his hostess.

The Armistice Sunday service at the Huddersfield Parish Church was very well attended, the Battalion parade was the strongest at this service since the custom started, and all the public bodies were well represented ; in fact, so full was the church and balcony, that a nasty accident was only just avoided when a beam cracked, but, fortunately, the balcony did not give way.

We also held a promenade concert on Sunday evening, December 4th, in the Drill Hall, in aid of the Centenary Fund of the Huddersfield Royal Infirmary ; the Band are to be congratulated on a very fine performance, and the supporting items were excellent.

" B " Company, at Holmfirth, held their prize distribution on Saturday, December 10th, Colonel R. R. Mellor, Honorary Colonel of the 7th Battalion, presented the prizes. This Company has had a most successful year, and has won most of the Battalion trophies ; Capt. J. L. Pott is to be congratulated.

Capt. H. B. Owen's wedding to Miss M. C. Holdsworth took place at Sandal on Tuesday, October 11th. The Mess attended at full strength. We wish them every good wish for their future.

Congratulations to Lt. and Mrs. C. Liversidge on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ann.

We regret to report that 2nd Lt. G. W. Robertson is seriously ill, and hope that we shall soon have better news of him.

The following are the results of the various competitions :—The " Mellor " Shield (for the most efficient all-round Company), " B " Company (Holmfirth) ; the " Bentley Shaw " Challenge Cup (for long-range rifle fire), " D " Company (Mirfield) ; The " Sykes " Cup (Inter-Company Team Physical Training Competition), " C " Company (Kirkburton) ; The " Hopkinson " Shield for Tug-of-War, " B " Company (Holmfirth) ; The " Chamber of Trades " Challenge Cup (marching and firing (rifle) combined), " C " Company (Kirkburton) ; The " Rippon " Cup (for the best Company at Small Arms Training), " B " Company (Holmfirth) ; " Carlile " Inter-Company Athletic Sports Trophy, " C " Company (Kirkburton) ; The " Hirst " Challenge Bowl (for the best Company at Drill), " B " Company (Holmfirth) ; The Officers' Cup (Rifle Competition), Lt. E. E. R. Kilner.

6th BATTALION NEWS.

THE musketry season has now closed, and at the competition held on the 21st August last, the following results were declared :—Battalion Cup, won by " D " Company (Capt. E. H. Llewellyn), " B " Company (Capt. G. Fell) being the runners-up ; Young Soldiers' Shield, was also won by " D " Company, and the runners-up were again " B " Company ; Morrison Cup (for Lewis gun teams of six), won by " C " (M.G.) Company (Major T. P. Brighthouse), " D " Company being the runners-up and gaining the Birkbeck Cup.

" D " Company held their annual shoot on the Numscar Range at Oxenhope, in very unfavourable weather, and the results are as follows :—Clough Cup, won by Sgt. Emery ; Prince Smith Cup, won by Cpl. Jessop ; Greenwood Cup, won by L/Cpl. Helliwell ; Dr. Magg's Trophy, awarded to Cpl. E. Whiteoak ; Pawson Cup, won by L/Cpl. Lord ; Cass Cup, awarded to Cpl. A. Whiteoak ; Canteen Cup, won by Cpl. Jessop.

A/R.S.M. H. Hardisty has been granted an extension of service beyond 21 years, and also an extension of his tour of duty on the permanent staff up to 6th September, 1934.

Sgt. J. L. Robson, P.S., attended the Military College of Science at Woolwich from 10th to 29th October, 1932, and obtained certificates in the keeping in order of rifles, Lewis and Vickers guns. Nine N.C.O.'s and men attended a section leading course at the Depot, Halifax, from 21st November to 3rd December, and obtained satisfactory reports, Pte. T. Chatburn, " D " Company, gaining a " Distinguished."

L/Cpl. A. Shackleton, " H.Q." Wing, and L/Cpl. H. Killeen, have been promoted Corporals.

The annual Church Parade service took place at Skipton on Remembrance Sunday, 6th November, and there was an excellent muster of ex-servicemen and other bodies. The Band and Drums attended, and the whole was under the command of Lt.-Colonel F. Longden Smith.

The Headquarters annual ball was held in the Town Hall, Skipton, on the 2nd December, 1932, with the usual success. There was a large gathering of officers, other ranks and their friends, too numerous to detail, and a very pleasant evening was passed.

The music was supplied by Mr. R. S. Thornton (Bandmaster) with the Riveria Orchestra, and the refreshment arrangements were in the hands of Mr. T. Spencer (late a/R.S.M.). The strength of the Battalion to date is 15 officers, 488 other ranks.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

ALTHOUGH camp does not normally fall within the period since our last notes we still have the feeling of living under the shadow of its loss. In a valiant effort to fight against this feeling "H.Q." has been most active and ingenious in devising new ideas of winter training, and, so far as officers and N.C.O.'s are concerned, we are now in the midst of a programme of much more than usual interest.

In addition to lectures, which one normally expects, there have been inter-company battles on two sand-tables, with the breathless adjutant running from one to the other to explain the unexpected manœuvres by which each side sought to compass the destruction of the other. We can foresee inter-company rivalry brought to a very high pitch in future battles. Another successful innovation was an officers' debate in which senior and junior counsel on each side laid down the case for and against the introduction of Stokes mortars into a M.G. Company.

On December 10th an all-night scheme with two Battalion Headquarters complete with signals was carried out. Both Headquarters were subjected to a barrage—or should it be concentration—of messages and orders calculated to upset the equilibrium of any but the most practised of battalion commanders. A night of complicated movements and fighting ended in a successful attack on bacon and eggs at about 5 a.m.

We should also put on record that the six N.C.O.'s of "C" Company who attended a M.G. course recently obtained particularly good reports, and that Major Howcroft attended a fortnight's course at the senior officers' school at Sheerness in October. Other N.C.O.'s have just completed a very good course at the Depot.

The shooting season was ended by the prize meeting on September 25th, when the Crossley Cup was again won by Sgt. Barlow, with Sgt. Hirst and R.Q.M.S. Smith as runners-up. The P.S. Cup went to Sgt. Hearsom and the officers' cups to Capt. Tykiff and Lt. Whipp.

We have to congratulate Capt. Tykiff on his promotion in August. On December 6th the Mossley detachment entertained teams of the 9th Battalion the Manchester Regiment, and shot against them on the miniature range. We were successful in both the officers' and other ranks' competitions, and all the teams spent a very pleasant evening.

The Tanner Cup competition is still going on, with "B" Company favourites. In one match they have put up the excellent score of 160 out of a possible 168.

We have had to say goodbye for the time being to Capt. Waite, who has gone to establish a new business in New York. We wish him all good luck, and hope that before long he will be able to come back to us again. The establishing of new businesses has been a very prevalent activity among our subalterns recently.

Sgt. Hearsom has left Springhead, where his place as instructor has been taken by Sgt. Mountain.

One of the most interesting events of the year has been the election of our old friend Sgt. Laming as Mayor of Mossley. The Battalion formed part of the unusually long procession which accompanied him to church on Mayor's Sunday, and we had with us also Brigadier-General Sugden and Colonels Mellor and Turner. It must be an almost unique experience for a battalion thus to escort one of its own Sergeants. Every member of the Battalion is delighted at the honour conferred on Sgt. Laming, who now has 32 years' service with us, and wishes him every success in his year of office.

On the same day the Territorial Efficiency medal was given to Drummer Clark, the first entirely post-war medal. R.Q.M.S. Smith received the same medal in addition



Thiepval Wood, from the Ulster Memorial, showing Connaught Cemetery and sunken road running into Thiepval.



Mill Hill Cemetery, Thiepval. White patches show position of Schwaben Redoubt. Taken from Ulster Memorial.



The Memorial, Thiepval.

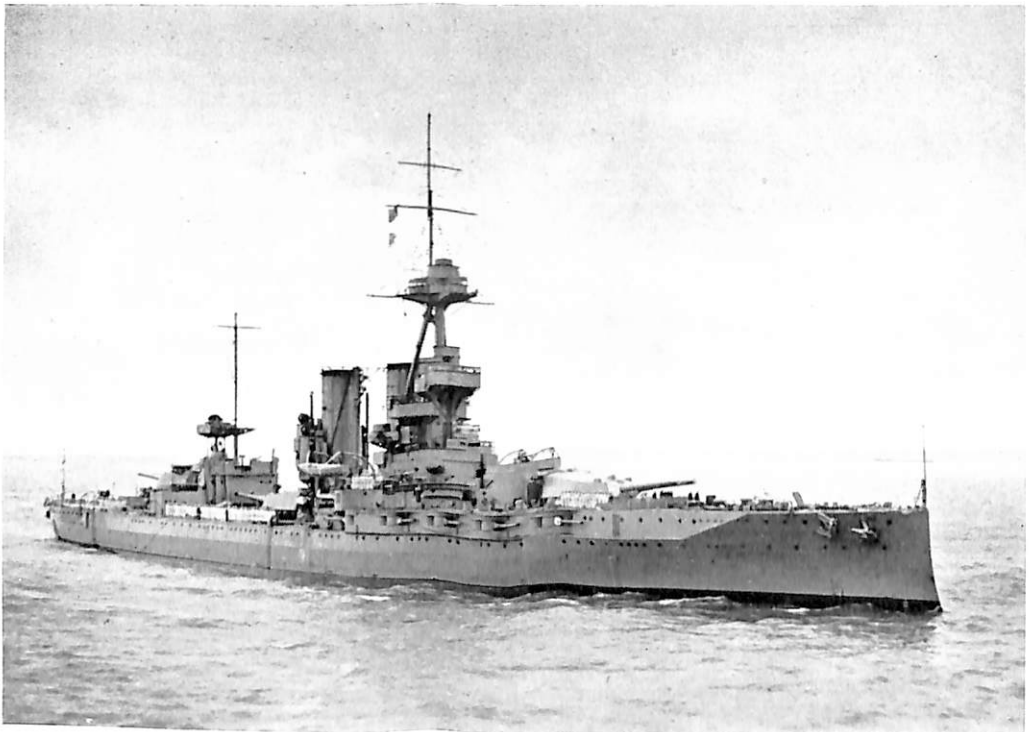


Thiepval Memorial : A Panel.



2nd BATTALION RUGGER TEAM, 1932.

Names (reading from left to right). Back row.—Pte. J. DAY, Pte. H. ASPINAL, Pte. G. HAMILTON, L/Cpl. W. WADD, L/Cpl. J. WRIGHT, Pte. L. TOLSON, Pte. W. MORRELL, Pte. J. LAWTON.
 Middle row.—Dmr. G. EASTWOOD, Pte. G. HOLT, Lt. B. W. REYNOLDS, Lt. R. K. EXHAM, Lt. C. R. T. CUMBERLEGE, Pte. W. GEARY, Pte. D. MOSS.
 Front row.—Cpl. W. FARRELL, Pte. L. SPINK.



H.M.S. "IRON DUKE," 1932.

to a similar one which he has worn many years, and if his civic position had not prevented it Sgt. Iaming would also have received a second medal.

We hear that Col. R. R. Mellor has just been reappointed for a further period of five years as our Honorary Colonel. We have learnt in the last 10 years to look upon Col. Mellor as an essential part of the Battalion, and we know how much the Battalion owes to his never failing interest during that period. We congratulate both Col. Mellor and the Battalion on the re-appointment.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

At Portsmouth,
10th December, 1932.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am pleased to be able to tell you that H.M.S. *Iron Duke* has now resumed her active career once more. After spending nearly a year at Devonport, undergoing the necessary structural alterations to comply with the terms of the London Treaty, she was commissioned for trials on 6th September by Capt. G. L. Coleridge, R.N.

Though now almost twenty years old and minus a few teeth in the shape of four 13.5 inch guns there is plenty of life in the ship yet. She is still left with six 13.5's, twelve six inch and seven high angle guns, quite a formidable armament. The other major operations consisted of the mutilation of three boilers and the removal of the armour belt. The latter item was most welcome to the personnel, as the ship's side has now been pierced for ports and scuttles, so that we no longer have to live in "canned air" and artificial light.

I am enclosing a photograph of the ship* in her new rig in case you may find it of interest. As you see, her outward appearance has not been very materially affected by the alterations.

After carrying out successful trials off Polperro we sailed for Portsmouth, our home port, where the ship was recommissioned by Capt. R. M. King, D.S.O., R.N., for further service as gunnery firing ship under the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. We then proceeded to Portland to work up for our first "shoot," which was carried out on October 25th and 26th. Considering that the ship had only been in commission for three weeks, everything went off very well. The gunnery school had evidently been saving up for a real bust when they got hold of us again, as we fired no less than two hundred rounds of 13.5 and four hundred of 6 inch during the two days!

The next six weeks we spent in getting things shipshape after our long spell in dockyard hands, and in unearthing our games talent. Portland in November, however, is far from being an ideal spot for this, as the frequent gales experienced there make shoregoing rather a difficult problem, but we managed to get a fair amount of recreation.

We are fortunate in the possession of one international and two Navy rugger players, besides two first-class rifle shots and several keen boxers. The soccer teams have made a good beginning in the Portland U.S. league, and although we only had one opportunity of playing cricket before the season ended, we seem to have the makings of quite a useful ship's team. In addition to this we have already formed a concert party, who have given several successful performances, both on board and ashore, so on the whole we have managed to keep ourselves pretty well amused.

Last week we hoisted the flag of Rear-Admiral C. J. C. Little, C.B., and carried out exercises at sea with the submarines under his command. Unfortunately the operations were rather spoilt by bad weather, which we also experienced this week during our second series of firings. We are now back at Portsmouth again looking forward to ten days' Christmas leave, which, alas, will be over by the time these lines appear in print.

Wishing the Regiment every success during the coming year,

We are yours sincerely,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

* See opposite page.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

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

FOR this period in the last three years there has been a rising increase in the number of applications for assistance, and this year it has been most marked.

From 1st July to 15th December, 1932, 176 have applied for grants or loans, of which 86 (£137 11s. 3d.) were assisted from the 1st and 2nd Battalion Fund, 10 (£4 16s. 9d.) 3rd Battalion Fund, 3 (£13 0s. 0d.) 9th Battalion Fund, 3 (£5 0s. 0d.) 10th Battalion Fund, and one from the Regimental Charitable Fund (£5 0s. 0d.) of the 2nd Battalion; a total of £167 11s. 0d. in grants. One was assisted by a loan of £10. Seventeen cases are still awaiting result of investigation. Of those who were not assisted 15 were referred to Territorial Battalions, 5 dealt with by other means, no replies to queries from 17, 6 requested loans who were not members, one was refused loan owing to not being able to furnish sufficient guarantees of repayment, seven were not recommended by investigators, one given clothing only, two served for a few days only, and one had no record of service in the Regiment.

The Committee desire to thank the following for gifts of clothing, etc. :—Lt.-General Sir Herbert E. Belfield, Lt. R. G. Turner, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, R.S.M. E. Moseley and Mr. J. R. Willcocks.

The annual general meeting of the Association took place in the Depot Sergeants' Mess on Saturday, October 15th, 1932, with our President, Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, in the chair, there also being a large number of the members present.

After the meeting the annual dinner took place in Collinson's Cafe, Crown Street, Halifax; Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield presiding, supported by Major N. R. Whitaker, Hon. Treasurer of the Association, and Lt.-Colonel G. S. W. Rusbridger, commanding 1st Battalion. The following were also present :—

Lt.-Colonel H. H. Wayman, Major N. H. Moore, Captains R. H. D. Bolton, E. Brook, W. J. Clarke, J. Churchman, D. W. Foster, W. Hodgson, S. B. Kingston, C. Oliver, C. St. J. Phillips, J. Whitaker, R. Wood, Lieutenants W. Callaghan, J. H. Dalrymple, H. Evans, G. Foster, R. G. Turner, W. Short-house, A. G. Wathen, R.S.M. A. P. Downey, Depot K.O.Y.L.I., R.S.M. H. Hardisty, 6th Battalion, R.S.M. A. W. Harrison, 7th Battalion; 1st Battalion, Sgt. A. E. Maltby, Drum-Major A. Goodwin, Cpl. G. M. Jackson, L/Cpl. A. Hemblys; Depot, R.S.M. E. Moseley, R.Q.M.S. O. Ramsbottom, C.S.M. F. Hemsworth, Sgts. F. Kennedy, T. Sherman, H. Simcox, L/Sgt. T. Peacock, Cpl. R. L. Bye, Ptes. A. S. Hardisty, R. T. H. Lonsdale, G. F. Upjohn; Messrs. J. H. Allinson, J. Bailey, B. Bennett, J. G. Brennan, W. E. Brennan, W. H. Brook, G. Carney, T. Chambers, J. Colbeck, H. Cott, H. Crawford, J. W. Crossley, T. Devine, L. Dilworth, F. Dockar, T. Duckett, M. Dunn, A. J. East, J. Feather, G. Fricker, W. Gale, D. Gleave, J. M. Graham, T. Greaves, H. Greenwood, P. T. H. Greenwood, W. R. Hartley, C. E. Hemblys, F. Hemblys, T. Holdsworth, J. Hughes, T. Hulbert, N. Jarman, J. Kerwin, W. Lambert, G. Marshall, A. Marsland, T. H. Matthews, S. Maude, C. E. Maun, W. Mears, F. Noble, F. G. O'Kelly, A. Overton, J. W. Paling, J. Partridge, A. C. Payne, H. Pearson, C. C. Perry, H. Rawson, A. Robertshaw, J. Rollinson, J. W. Sandall, G. F. Schofield, F. Scholey, C. Shea, C. Sheehan, T. Shorrocks, J. Slinger, W. Sturman, C. Surety, A. E. Tanner, L. Taylor, W. Taylor, F. W. Thomas, L. Vickers, E. M. Ward, C. L. Waterhouse, F. Wilson, J. Yaxley, Reporters *Halifax Courier and Guardian* and *Yorkshire Observer*.

After the toasts of "The King" and "The Regiment" had been honoured, the chairman read messages of good wishes from "All ranks of the 1st Battalion," Col. Pickering and Major Ince. (A cablegram from the 2nd Battalion, at Kamptee, "Greetings and best wishes from all ranks," was unfortunately not received until the following day.) Sir Herbert then went on to say that the accounts of the Association during the past year had been kept with extreme care and accuracy, and that the funds were in a satisfactory condition. They had had a sum of £2,000 invested in five per cent. War Loan, but that had been converted into 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan. That meant a loss of £30 per year to their income, but that loss had almost been covered by a further investment of £700 during the year. They still had some money in hand which the trustees were to be asked

to invest. There had been a unanimous vote at the annual meeting to increase the salary of the secretary, Mr. J. W. Paling, but he (the speaker) could not pretend that the amount they were giving him was a proper estimate of the value they placed on his services. He was sure the members would welcome the fact that they had been able to recognise the good work of the secretary.

The National Association of Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen, to which the Old Comrades had subscribed £50 last year, had been able to find work for 91 of their men. For the subscription they had given this worked out at nearly 10s. per man. He had now left the committee of the National Association, but General Deeds, of the K.O.Y.L.I., had been nominated to represent the Yorkshire regiments. General Deeds was the right man on that committee, and he would look after the interests of the Yorkshire Regiments.

The Association had suffered a loss during the past few months in the death of one of their honorary members, who before her marriage to a Russian Prince, was Miss Violette Trench, daughter of Col. S. J. Trench. During the war she worked hard getting comforts for the men of the Regiment who were overseas. For the work she did she was made an honorary member of the Association.

The reports from the 1st and 2nd Battalions had been admirable. The 1st Battalion had come out first in Brigade sports and third in the command sports at Aldershot, and they swept the field with their infantry chargers and transport. General Belfield went on to explain the scheme whereby the Honorary Colours of the 2nd Battalion could be replaced when needed. The Colours had previously been replaced by the India Office, but on grounds of economy the next set was to be provided by the Battalion. The money was being raised by small subscriptions of 1s. from every subscriber "whether he be colonel or drummer boy." Referring to the Territorial organisations, he said that the work they had done during the past year in face of great difficulties had filled him with admiration. They had done more than possibly could have been expected.

The joint annual church parade of the Regimental Association and the 4th Battalion Old Comrades' Association was held at the Halifax Parish Church on Sunday, Oct. 16th. Bishop Frodsham, who was to have preached the sermon, was unfortunately confined to his home by illness, and his address was read by the Rev. L. Blackburn, B.A. Bishop Frodsham wrote:—

"It is not easy for a soldier to remain steadfast and unmoveable at the present time. And you, Old Comrades of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, may be forgiven if you find it difficult at times to preserve your self-respect in the midst of the flatulent hysterical declamations against the horrors of war. Mr. Lloyd George, than whom no one did greater service to his country in war time, spoke last week of war as being an "assassin" who had degenerated into a "poisoner." But the ex-minister for munitions of war declared that at this very hour there were more quarrels among nations than anyone could recall in human history. There was more and more talk about peace, and less and less confidence in the possibility of maintaining peace. I do not desire to quote more from Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the 116th annual meeting of the Peace Society in the Guild Hall last week. I have only sought to illustrate the difficulty felt by soldiers in retaining their self-respect and remaining steadfast and unmoveable in the performance of their duty.

"There are in the church to-day soldiers who have grown old and grey-headed in the service of their King and Country. There are others upon whom is laid the duty of maintaining the Army in a high state of efficiency. And there are young soldiers who are learning the twin duties of obedience and self-command. All soldiers, young and old alike, need to remind themselves of three things which are often forgotten by civilians. The first thing is that the British Army is the national custodian of peace and safety. Whatever may be said—and much may be said—of the grave danger of increasing armaments in other countries as a menace to peace, it cannot be said of England. England is the only country in the world, except perhaps Germany, where armaments have been reduced. The British Army is not organised for aggression, but for protection, and to reduce it more in numbers, efficiency, and equipment, instead of decreasing the danger of war, is likely to increase it. The older soldiers here know how easy it is for a highly civilised nation to slip back into barbarism. And it is to protect the inhabitants of these islands particularly, but also to preserve the peace of the world, that the British Army exists.

"Another fact soldiers need to remember is that national memory, and national gratitude, are

alike short. In a debtors' prison a hundred years ago there was found scribbled on the walls this verse :—

When the battle's set and the enemy nigh,
God and the soldier is the cry ;
When the battle's done and victory got
God and the soldier are forgot.

However much may be said against the grammar and scansion of this verse, nothing can be said against its truth. The writer may easily have been a private who fought in the Napoleonic war, and who had found himself in a debtors' prison. The verse has indeed a modern ring!

" There is a passage in Trail's ' Social England ' referring to the second decade after the Napoleonic wars, and it might have been written to-day in the second decade after the great war. ' When the troops returned in 1818 from the occupation of France, they found the nation had grown weary of the soldiers. . . . There was no minister to defend them against the attacks of economists who insisted upon an enormous reduction in military expenditure. . . . In 1832 101,000 men were left to protect the whole of the British possessions throughout the world. . . . There were absolutely no reserves.' Bad as things are now, they are not so bad as they were in 1832.

" National ingratitude is no new thing. The people after Waterloo built the Iron Duke Apsley House in the corner of Hyde Park. He was the most honoured man in England. In 1830 on the anniversary of Waterloo, the mob hooted him and broke the windows of Apsley House. Twenty-two years later he died and was buried with great pomp at St. Paul's. National memory and national gratitude are short things. But the Duke was to the end steadfast and unmoveable in his patriotism. ' The King's Government,' he said, ' must be carried on.'

" The third fact to be remembered particularly by all who have the honour to be connected with the West Riding Regiment is that we are the heirs of long and honourable traditions. I shall always regret that all the Colours of the Regiment are not kept in this church, the mother church of the Havercake Lads, but the Colours here and in York Minster are the outward and visible signs of the high traditions of the Regiment. Upon the walls of this church are cut the names of individual men who, having served their king and country, have fallen asleep. ' Others there are who have no memorial, who are become as though they had not been born and their children after them,' yet were brave men, steadfast and unmoveable, and they too are our comrades—comrades who have passed into our custody the honour of the Duke's.

" ' Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' These words have a solemn ring in English ears. They are at the conclusion of the lesson in the English Burial Service, and they are an exhortation to all and sundry not to be diverted from their work by the prospect of death. No one desires more than I do the coming of the day when war shall be no more, but until that day dawns I believe from my heart that a soldier's work can be the work of the Lord. It possesses the sublime character of a moral instrument when it vindicates justice against oppression, the rights of the weak against the might of the strong. The abolition of war will never come by abolishing those whose duty it is to protect law and order. It will come when all men learn to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God."

4th BATTALION.

The fortnightly meetings continue to be extremely busy dealing with cases of hardship among men who served abroad.

Unemployment is common ; the " means test " hits very hard the man who having tried to protect his family by buying his home through a building society, finds himself in a sore plight in view of the instalments. Fortunately some members of the committee have great experience with the inside working of building societies, and their valuable help has been the means of helping many men over their financial difficulties until they are again in employment, and at the same time preserving that which their thrift for years has obtained.

It is to be regretted that our funds are gradually decreasing. It is now becoming very necessary to scrutinise very carefully every case, and strict economy has ousted generosity. The sad part about the work is knowing that whatever financial help any of the unemployed obtain to-day it is merely a means of paying rent and buying groceries. There is no balance left for clothes, boots and those necessary replacements each household requires.

A bright side to the work of the Committee has been the ready response of the local Education Committee in providing footwear, clothing and meals to the school children of ex-servicemen on whose behalf the Committee has appealed.

With regard to funds, one wonders if it is possible to arrange some outside attraction during the summer months, a pageant or something of the kind, in which the present and past members of the Brigade could join, the proceeds to be divided amongst the various Old Comrades' Associations in the Brigade.

The Old Comrades, under the leadership of Major W. C. Fenton, were present at the Parish Church during October on the occasion of the visit of the Colonel of the Regiment. They also were present, under the leadership of Major E. P. Learoyd, on November 6th, when all the various associations of ex-servicemen in Halifax attended for their annual service, and were represented at the Armistice Service at the Cenotaph, where R.Q.M.S. F. Cooke placed a wreath.

The Signal Section of the old 4th held their second annual dinner in Brighthouse on December 3rd. From information forwarded the affair was a great success. Capt. S. Balme presided, and was supported by Brig.-General R. E. Sugden and Capt. E. V. Blakey. The Signallers were always merry boys; their happy demeanour in the difficult times during the Great War won universal admiration. They were a very happy family and could always muster a choir.

6th BATTALION.

The annual meeting of the O.C.A. was held at the Wellington Club, Drill Hall, Skipton, on the 26th November, 1932, Col. C. M. Bateman (Chairman) presiding, supported by Col. J. Birkbeck, Lt.-Col. F. Longden Smith, Major H. Dixon, Capt. R. M. Robinson, Capt. J. Churchman (Hon. Sec. and Treasurer) and twenty other ranks. Apologies were received from Brig.-General R. L. Adlercron (president), Col. R. E. Williamson, Col. The Rev. S. Howard Hall, Lt.-Col. N. A. England, Capts. G. Broughton, D. F. Peacock and R. C. Barrett.

The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer gave his report for the year ended 31st December, 1931, showing that the strength of the Association on that date was 221. The cash statement showed a balance of £125 3s. 0d. at the bank at the end of the year, and it was decided that £100 be invested if convenient arrangements could be made. Relief to the amount of £6 had been distributed during the year.

The election of officers took place, and resulted in the whole of the officers, committee and agents being re-elected, with the exception that Sgt. W. Broadfoot was elected as agent at Haworth in place of ex-C.S.M. Southam.

It was also decided that the dates for the year be from 1st October to 30th September, so that the next report will be issued after the end of September, 1933, and will be from 1st January, 1932, to September, 1933.

The annual dinner was afterwards held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, at which 37 officers and other ranks were present, and were presided over by Col. C. M. Bateman. The usual toasts were given and responded to, and vocal items rendered by Messrs E. H. Gunby, E. Thompson, J. Fennerty, J. T. Thornton and others, the music being supplied by the Riveria Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. R. S. Thornton, Bandmaster of the 6th Battalion.

The annual pie supper and smoker of old "H" Company was held at the Fleece Hotel, Bingley, on the 12th November, 1932, Major T. K. Wright presiding, and supported by Capt. J. Churchman. There was a large attendance. Mr. P. Ambler, late 6th West Yorks, made a few remarks, and conveyed the best wishes of the 6th West Yorks O.C.A.

Capt. J. Churchman was a guest at the annual dinner of the 5th D.W.R. O.C.A. at Huddersfield on the 3rd December, 1932, when a very goodly company assembled under the chairmanship of Col. Walker, and spent a most delightful evening, renewing many old friendships.

I have received many complaints from members regarding the non-delivery of notices, etc., and have found that in most cases the said notices have been returned to me on account of removal, and I should be extremely obliged if members would let me have their new addresses as soon as they remove.

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

Members spent a very pleasant and sociable evening at the Guildford Hotel on Friday, September 23rd, Capt. C. Oliver being in the chair.

Some ex-members of the "Duke's" took part in the Festival of Remembrance at the Empire and Paramount Theatres on Sunday, November 6th, under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Harewood. The Leeds and District O.C.A. also took part in the big military and ex-servicemen's parade on the same day, when the Lord Mayor took the salute as over 3,000 men marched past. It is unfortunately impossible for our branch to get a full muster for these parades, since so many of our members are on duty with other organisations, Corps of Commissionaires, Police, Tramways, Frontiersmen, etc. Nevertheless, our small party of "Duke's" always makes a good show, worthily upholding the traditional reputation of the 33rd and 76th for smartness on parade.

A hot pot supper is to be held at the Guildford Hotel on the last Saturday in January. The annual dinner will be held in March.

Old members of the 4th (Reserve) Battalion will regret to hear of the death of Capt. C. E. H. Pillow, retired pay, late King's Liverpool Regiment, who died in London in July, 1932. Capt. Pillow, who had previously served in France with the King's Liverpools joined the 4th Reserve Battalion D.W.R. at Clipstone Camp, Notts, in March, 1917, and acted as Adjutant until his retirement in the spring of 1919.

THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance credit brought forward			Upkeep of Lamp of Remembrance,		
1st January, 1932	69	12 10	Altar Flowers, etc....	10	14 10
Subscriptions	58	5 6	Gratuities, Chapel sextons	4	0 0
Receipts from box in Chapel... ..	6	17 6	Subscriptions, printing in IRON DUKE	1	9 0
P.R.I. 1st Bn., part payment on			Photograph of framed Colours	0	18 6
a/c for 20 de luxe and 100 cheap			Wreath, etc., for funeral late Dean		
editions of Regimental History	10	0 0	of York	1	13 4
Children's Flower Fund Receipts	0	2 6	New offertory box in Chapel	11	17 0
Interest on Deposit Account	0	1 0	Wreath, 11th November, 1932	1	0 0
			Postage, Hon. Treasurer	0	3 1
			Transferred to Deposit Account	100	0 0
			Balance Credit	13	3 7
Total	£144	19 4	Total	£144	19 4

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1932.

ASSETS.			LIABILITIES.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance at Bank	13	3 7	Due to Children's Flower Fund	92	18 9
Due from 1st Bn. on a/c of Regi-			Balance Credit of Fund	38	17 2
mental Histories	18	13 4			
On Deposit at Lloyds Bank	100	0 0			
Total	£131	16 11	Total	£131	16 11

January 6th, 1933.

(Sd.) C. W. G. INCE, Major,
Hon. Treas. and Sec. the Regtl. Memorial (Minster) Fund.

THE D.W.R. RETIRED OFFICERS' FUND.

THE reminders sent round last October did not give the results that I had hoped for, and I still think that many old officers' names do not appear on the list simply because of that regrettable use of the *pending* basket. I should hate to think that any of them use the *waste paper* basket! The following is a list of those who have up to date supported the Fund:—

Col. L. R. Acworth, Lt.-Col. F. D. Behrend, Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield, Mrs. Bray, Capt. G. P. Bennett, Major W. T. McG. Bate, Col. N. B. Bainbridge, Brig.-Gen. C. D. Bruce, Lt.-Col. H. W. Becher, Lt.-Col. R. P. Colomb, Col. A. Curran, Capt. Hope Crisp, Miss Caldecott, Mrs. Croker-Fox, Mrs. de Wend, Col. F. S. Exham, Major A. Ellam, Lt.-Col. G. Flemming, Mrs. Gibbs, Major T. H. J. Gillam, Col. E. G. Harrison, Mr. C. I. E. Haslock, Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden, Lt.-Col. R. K. Healing, Major E. R. Houghton, Major C. W. G. Ince, Col. B. St. J. Le Marchant, Lt.-Col. E. M. Liddell, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Landon, Lt.-Col. R. E. Maffett, Lt.-Col. F. M. H. Marshall, Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer, Capt. H. K. O'Kelly, Capt. C. Oliver, Mr. Owen Owen, Lt.-Col. E. M. Parsons, Col. H. Picot, Col. C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Col. H. V. Reynolds, Col. P. Rivett-Carnac, Capt. A. G. Smith, Mrs. S. J. Trench, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Capt. S. C. Umfreville, Lt.-Col. W. E. White, Major H. W. W. Wood, Capt. O. G. Williams, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson, Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, Capt. J. A. Whitaker, Capt. A. E. Miller.

Additional lists of supporters of the Fund will be published in future issues of THE IRON DUKE.

P. A. TURNER, Brig.-Gen.,
i/c D.W.R. R.O.F.

Honorary Colours Fund, 2nd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The fund to replace the Honorary Colours of the 2nd Battalion, to which reference was made on page 184 of our last issue, is still open for further subscriptions. The record book now (15th December, 1932) contains the names of 228 subscribers, and it is hoped that the response, which has slacked off recently, will not cease at this figure.

Kamptee.

Have you heard of Kamptee, if you've not its C.P.
The Hot Pot of India, many miles from the sea,
Of cantonments out here, its the worst in creation,
If the Devil lived here, he'd call Hell a Hill Station.
The Duke's are there now, clearing up all the mess,
It's the first place God made, He improved on the rest,
If they stay many summers, they'll go dotty for sure,
It's the last place on Earth one would ask for some more.
One two nought in the shade, I've seen it here,
Fry eggs in the sun, steam rise off your beer,
Land of Sunshine and Colour, tourists learn it to be,
But give me old Wigan down by the sea,
See England first, the posters all cry,
Leave a place like Kamptee for the Sweet Bye and Bye.

N. F. M.

Colonel Lloyd's Last Message.

On the opposite page appear photographs of the front and back of, what is believed to be, Colonel Lloyd's last message. We are indebted to Colonel L. R. Acworth for the original message, and for the account, which appears below, of how it came into his hands.

Lt.-Colonel G. E. Lloyd, C.B., D.S.O., was killed while leading the 1st Battalion at Rhenoster Kop, on 29th November, 1900. An account of the action is given on pages 411 and 412 of the History of the 33rd Foot, from which we reprint the following. After describing the situation in the Northern Transvaal in November, 1900, and how General Paget's force came up with the Boer leader, Viljoen, at Rhenoster Kop, the writer says:—

Viljoen resolved to make a stand here, risking the danger of his retreat being cut off. He was aware of the double danger which threatened him. Carleton was approaching from Middleburg, and Paget's force was moving rapidly. The latter, after a halt, advanced at 4 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 29th, not waiting for Carleton. Numerically no stronger than Viljoen, the odds were against Paget. "Everywhere in front of the British troops spread hundreds of yards of bare grassland, which afforded a perfect field for the rifle fire of the defence, and a dangerous glacis to the attack. Viljoen's situation, then, was as tactically formidable as it was strategically risky, and none could foretell how the cards would fall."

Paget's attack was formed thus: The infantry on the right, the line to the left being continued by Plumer's two mounted brigades. The lead was taken by Hickman's brigade; Cradock's Bushmen followed, and when they had crossed the Spruit, Hickman swung off to the east. Behind was the field artillery. The leading infantry were under the command of Lt.-Col. Lloyd of the 33rd. Under him were seven companies of his own battalion, and four of the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lloyd advanced about 400 yards to the front, and immediately his men were met by an overwhelming fire, Lt. Townsend being wounded. He was relieved by Lt. Oakes, who had been with the "F" and "G" companies in reserve, and he, too, was wounded. Lloyd led one of his companies to the top of the ridge, but it was impossible to advance. After an hour's fighting, with the line at a standstill, Lloyd moved forward ten paces to obtain a better view; but he was shot dead, and after that the day was characterised by an incessant firing on either side, neither British nor Boer gaining any advantage. "Ammunition and water were supplied to the men by comrades who crawled through the grass backwards and forwards all day for this purpose." The artillery maintained a constant fire throughout, but their main difficulty was to find advantageous positions for the guns; to add to their disadvantages, the Boers were constantly shifting. . . . The casualties for the 33rd in the day's fighting were: Killed, Lt.-Col. Lloyd and five men; wounded, Capt. Acworth, Lts. Townsend and Oakes, and 24 N.C.O.'s and men.

CAPTAIN ACWORTH'S ACCOUNT.

"I was in command of the advance guard consisting of "D" and "E" Companies. Pte. Edwards, of "E" Company, was sent with this message (the one illustrated) by Colonel Lloyd, and reached within about 20 yards of me when he saw me and stood up. Col.-Sgt. Owen, of my Company, who was between Edwards and myself, shouted to him to get down, but the poor chap was shot through the heart and died instantly. Owen collected the message from him and brought it to me. Sometime after that I was hit in the head, and the folded message became stained with my blood (the original message still shows the blood stains). The empty cartridge cases which I had fired myself that morning must have kept this message in position, for three days afterwards it was found on the spot by, I forget whom, and returned to me."

Colonel Acworth has very kindly presented the original message to the 1st Battalion, and it is to be framed and hung in the Officers' Mess.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

This story was told to me by a senior naval officer about himself. On leaving the *Britannia*, where he had been captain of games and whence he had passed out first—which entitled him to chose any ship he liked—he selected a ship on the China station. Not unnaturally he felt that he was the sort of "snotty" that would be welcomed with open arms. He duly joined his ship at Wei-Hai-Wei and was straight away conducted by the senior midshipman in front of "The Commander." The latter was busy writing when the S.M. reported:—

"Mr. X on joining, Sir," and merely said, without giving our hero one glance, "Take it away!"

R. J. A. H.

From
Place

To
Place

Time

Date

Please hold the money
for the present as
you are not doing

I am going round the
right to try and turn
the money left back
myself. I shall remain
just behind you with the supplies
Company. I shall be best
at

Recd. Time

Date

Captain
Lloyd

THE FOSTER FAMILY.



George,
2nd Battalion.



Captain D. W. P. Foster.



Edgar,
1st 4th Battalion
(killed in action).



Lawrence,
2nd Battalion
(killed in action).



William,
2nd 4th Battalion
(died from war sufferings).



Cecil,
2nd Battalion.



Queenie
(Mrs. Clay).
Recruiting Office.



Daniel
(now Depot, Halifax).

Notable Family Records in The Regiment.

IN this number we inaugurate the first of a series of records of families who have made notable contributions in manhood to the Regiment. To make this series comprehensive and accurate we must rely on the help of our readers in sending us details of such family records; and we should prefer, of course, to receive them from some member of the family concerned.

Brief reference has been made in THE IRON DUKE to two families of note—namely, the Majors (*vide* page 140 of No. 2) and the Richardses (*vide* page 205 of No. 3). Other families whose service we know to be worth recording are: Hembleys, Grady, Brennan, Pilgrim, Waller, Bond, Sheridan, and Shearing; and we should be glad if any members of their families would send details and photographs to us so that their records can be published.

No doubt there are other families with noteworthy records, and we should be grateful if any of our readers would let us know of them.

No. 1.—FOSTER.

The Foster family is unlike many other Regimental ones, which we hope to include in later numbers, and which go on for several generations in the Regiment, as it is confined to two: **Captain D. W. P. Foster** and his six sons. The father and five sons took part in the Great War, three of the latter making the supreme sacrifice, while the youngest, Daniel, who was too young, has since joined the Regiment. A daughter, Queenie, now Mrs. Clay, would undoubtedly have joined, had there been a women's section in the Regiment! and failing this she did her "bit" in the recruiting office.

Captain Foster joined the Regiment on March 9th, 1885, and had a varied military career. His regimental number was 1245, or as he amusingly puts it "12.45, the dinner call." He served as a telegraphist, pioneer-sergeant, colour-sergeant, sergeant-instructor, recruiter, quarter-master, and adjutant of a prisoners of war camp. It is interesting to note that he jumped the rank of full corporal. Having been put in charge of the Regimental workshops of the 2nd Battalion in Halifax, Nova Scotia, as unpaid lance-corporal, he was, on the recommendation of the C.R.E., promoted sergeant and recommended for a course at Chatham. To many of our readers "Dan Foster" will be best remembered as Pioneer-Sergeant Foster complete with beard, and a very efficient shop he had; also memorable was his skill as a scene painter and stage manager of many of the amateur theatricals held in the 2nd Battalion in those days.

Three weeks after joining at the Depot Captain Foster was posted to the 2nd Battalion at Tipperary, and went out to Bermuda with them. While at Halifax, N.S., he was for a time an officer's servant, and as such waited on Prince George (now H.M. The King) when he dined with Colonel Nesbitt in the Mess. Except for a brief period at Chatham, he served with the 2nd Battalion at all their foreign stations in the West Indies, South Africa, and India. When landing at Calicut from Durban he was put in charge of the married families to conduct them to Bangalore, and in his own words "I had a time! especially when we got ashore and met a herd of elephants that put their trunks into the conveyances that were taking the families to the station, asking for tit-bits. It would have taken an army corps of pioneer-sergeants to quieten them."

Foster left the 2nd Battalion in Bangalore and joined the 1st Battalion at Dover, but after a short spell with them was posted to the Depot; two years later he went on the permanent staff of the 5th Battalion, with whom he served for nine years. On the death of his wife in 1911 he retired to civil life, being presented with a gold watch by the Mirfield Company to which he was attached.

On the outbreak of the Great War he took over the recruiting office at the Depot, and later was appointed quarter-master of the 10th (Service) Battalion, with which, at the age of 50, he went over to France in 1915. He served with them in the line till

invalided home in 1917, when he was appointed adjutant of a prisoners of war camp, and held that position until the Armistice. Meanwhile five of his sons had joined various Battalions of the Regiment. Their services are as follows:—

Pte. William T. Foster, served in the 2nd/4th Battalion, and died as a result of his war service in 1921.

Pte. Laurence R. Foster, killed while serving with the 2nd Battalion at Wasmes on August 24th, 1914.

Pte. Edgar F. Foster, killed at Theipval on July 4th, 1916, while serving with the 1st/4th Battalion. (Captain Foster went through the terrible experience of being within a few yards of his son when he was killed by a shell.)

Sgt. Cecil L. Foster, served with the 2nd Battalion, and was discharged on Feb. 15th, 1926. He is now employed by the Bradford Dyers Association.

Cpl. George H. Foster, served with the 2nd Battalion and at the Depot, and was discharged on March 15th, 1925. He is now employed by the Sheffield Corporation.

In addition Captain Foster's elder daughter, **Queenie**, served on the recruiting staff at the Depot. She is now the wife of Councillor A. Clay, of Dewsbury. His youngest son, **Daniel**, has now joined the Regiment, and is at the present time a recruit at the Depot.

To add to this fine family record, Captain Foster had three other relatives serving with the Regiment in the War: his cousin, **Captain A. A. Cain**, his brother-in-law, **Pte. R. S. Taylor**, 1st/5th Battalion, and his nephew, **Pte. S. Edwards**, 1st/4th Battalion; while his son-in-law, **Pte. W. J. Blackwell**, who married Captain Foster's second daughter, **Rosie**, served in the 2nd Battalion in Egypt.

Captain Foster recently underwent an operation which kept him in hospital for a considerable time, but we are glad to hear that he is now very much better, and was able to attend the O.C.A. gathering at Halifax last October.

Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd.

YOUNG Alfred Pulkinghorn had become financially involved—so involved in fact that his relations with his bankers, Messrs. Ducks & Co., had developed into a melancholy sort of duet or rather antiphon, which repeated itself with depressing monotony every month. It went something like this:—

RECITATION (by Messrs. Ducks & Co.).

We regret to inform you, dear Sir,
That we have this day made sundry payments
On your behalf,
Which have caused your account to be overdrawn
To the amount of five shillings and sixpence,
Say (5/6).

(You may have noticed that bankers always write in *vers libre*.)

ARIA (by Alfred Pulkinghorn).

My dear Messrs. Ducks,
What a terrible crux!
But it's happened before, you remember,
So do be a brick,
And let me have tick
Till my pay on the first of December.



Now Alfred hitherto had been neither a profligate nor a spendthrift. He had, it is true, inherited a taste for good living from a former Pulkinghorn of Regency days,

known at White's as Stout-and-Oyster Oswald. He enjoyed his bottle of Australian Burgundy, and was not averse to the delights of the Talkies. But he had contrived to live comfortably within his income, and these monthly financial worries preyed upon his mind. They did worse. They drove him to extravagance, fast living, and the most scandalous excesses. His moral decline was rapid and appalling. He gambled in the Irish sweepstake, he stayed out after dark betting on greyhounds, he dirt-tracked. And finally, as these meretricious amusements lost their power to stupify his bedrugged conscience, he sought refuge with the dregs of humanity and joined a tote club. Nemesis overtook him with awful speed. The day came when he received a letter from his tailors requesting, nay demanding, a bit on account. The libertine!

Such a blow might have finally shattered a lesser man. But in his veins ran other blood than that of Pulkinghorn. His maternal grandfather had been an Isaacstein. And when the Pulkinghorn part of him whispered of the Basingstoke canal, the Isaacstein half rose superior to the crisis, and evolved a stupendous plan that had the simplicity of genius. To put it very briefly, he turned himself into a registered company with an authorised capital of £500. Here is a copy of the prospectus which he issued:—

THE PULKINGHORN ESTATES, LTD.

Board of Directors:

Chairman	...	The Right Hon. A. C. Pulkinghorn
Directors	{	Lt. Sir Alfred Pulkinghorn
		A. E. Pulkinghorn, Esq., B.A.

The company has been formed for the development and exploitation of that desirable property hitherto known as Pulkinghorn's Overdraft. The authorised capital, all of which has been issued, is divided into

4,789 Ordinary Shares of 6d. each (all held by the board of directors)	£	s.	d.
							499	14	6
Debenture Stock (held by Messrs. Ducks & Co., Ltd., of 6 Quack Quack, S.W.1)	0	5	6
							<hr/>		
							£500	0	0
							<hr/>		

As a result of this operation, Pulkinghorn has at one bound leaped into the forefront of that remarkable body of men, who are offered, nay feverishly pressed to accept, enormous loans by the Big Five. In the place of humiliating solicitations for small loans, he now writes patronising letters to his bank in the third person:—

"Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd., present their esteemed compliments to Messrs. Ducks and beg to inform them that they propose to increase their overdraft by twenty-five shillings (say 25/-). Messrs. Ducks will readily appreciate that the widely extended commitments of such a business as Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd., demand increased resources of liquid capital at the present time of year (say Christmas). Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd., would further point out that a large consignment of bullion will be deposited to their credit by His Majesty's Treasury on the 1st prox. (say £24), which will more than counter-balance this temporary withdrawal of funds.

"Signed A. E. P.,

"Per pro Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd."

The scheme, it is needless to say, has met with unprecedented success. The shares of the company are known familiarly on the market as "Pulks," sure sign of prosperity. They are practically unobtainable and have singed the beard of many a bear. Indeed, Alfred is thinking of floating two subsidiary companies to be known as "The Pulkinghorn Binoculars, Ltd.," and "The Pulkinghorn Slide Rule, Ltd." He can then have three banks and three overdrafts. But perhaps his genius showed itself to its greatest advantage

in his letter to Messrs. Flawght's, his tailors, who, as you will remember, asked for a remittance. This is how he dealt with as awkward a predicament as it has ever been the lot of a rising business concern to face:—

“ Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd., have received Messrs. Flawght's letter notifying them of their intention to terminate the moratorium, which Messrs. Flawght's graciously conceded last year, and beg to present them with the following note herewith, heretofore, hereunder:—

“ Whereas we, the directors of Pulkinghorn Estates, Ltd., in no way deny our liability or put forward any proposal for wilful default, we cannot but view with regret the line of action which you have seen fit to adopt. Apart from the distressing reaction on world-credit that such a demand is bound to produce, we would desire to point out that the exchange of considerable amounts of specie between two firms of repute and far-flung ramifications cannot but intensify the depression that to-day is stifling trade and driving your former customers to the reach-me-down and even the second-hand. We would therefore in all earnestness urge you to put an end once and for all to this tragic book-keeping. Furthermore, we here draw your attention to the following considerations:—

- (a) We can and are willing to pay you in goods. We have already offered you in full and final settlement of your claims two pedigree yo-yos, a prismatic compass, and a bar foresight, complete in case. But your extravagant tariffs have rendered the transfer of goods prohibitive.
- (b) We are willing to pay you in sterling, but we have none.
- (c) We can and are willing to pay you in gold. We have in our vaults one gold stud, two cuff links, and a tie-pin gold-filled (reputed). But we hasten to declare that such a drain of gold from our reserves would imperil our standing as a financial Colossus so seriously, that any inflation of the chest would cause our shirt to gape, with all the attendant evils of international distrust, defeatism, default, and despair.

“ Not therefore out of a desire to consult our own personal convenience, but on behalf of a desperate world, we do sincerely beseech you to extend indefinitely this moratorium, nor let future generations say of you, as of Shylock, that 'your desires were wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.' ”

This was Alfred's masterpiece, a stupendous effort of the imagination, perfect in style and of unexceptionable taste.

Alfred awaits the reply with unshakeable confidence.

Let us wish him the best of luck, and if Pulks ordinary go below 7 15/16, you might consider them as a possible lock-up. The lock-up for Alfred is practically a certainty.

* * * * *

There is a moral somewhere in this story. The Editor is offering a case of lemons for the best solution.

O. P.

“ MAKING SURE.”

Fort Sitabuldi, Nagpur, is permanently garrisoned by troops from the British unit in Kamptee, and great precautions are necessary to ensure that unauthorised persons are kept outside.

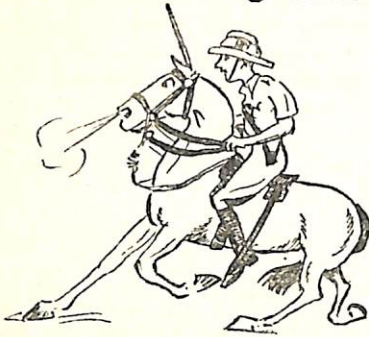
This is an easy matter by day, but extra care is required by night. Then, if a car drives up to the closed steel doors, a voice from within orders “ Headlights ” to be dimmed, after which one of the sentries comes out and demands, “ Who are you ? ” On being satisfied that the occupants of the car are all they ought to be, this sentry permits the opening of the gates and the entry of the car.

A little while ago, when Major Kavanagh was commandant of the fort, he drove up in his car with his wife and a brother officer as passengers. The sentry, on receiving to his question, “ Who are you ? ” the reply, “ Major Kavanagh,” solemnly saluted, but also said, “ Aye, but who's tha got wi tha ? ”

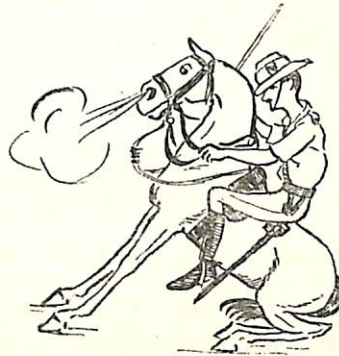
R. J. A. H.

On the COMMAND, BATTALION — SHUN!

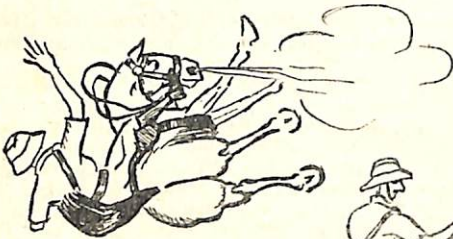
① Take several rapid paces to the rear.



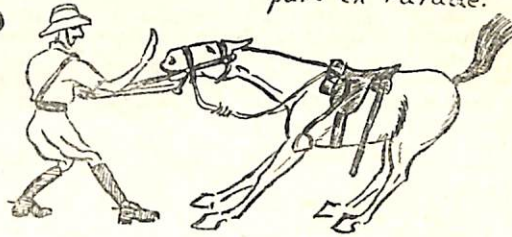
② Adopt Sitting Position.



③ Adopt Prone Position.



④ Decline to take any further part in Parade.



52.

NOVEL PROCEDURE INTRODUCED INTO CEREMONIAL PARADE BY A FIELD OFFICER'S CHARGER.

Major John Guthrie.

33rd FOOT, 1799 to 1815.

[We are indebted to Miss Lingard Guthrie, of Carnoustie House, Carnoustie, for the following account of her great uncle, Major John Guthrie, of The 33rd Regiment, and for the photograph of a miniature of him, which appears opposite page 40.—Ed.]

John Guthrie, eldest son of John Guthrie and Helen Yeaman, was born in Dundee on the 24th April, 1774. His family was a cadet branch of Guthrie of Guthrie, in Angus. Before the Revolution of 1688 they had been clergy, but later took to trade as the church no longer afforded a career for Episcopalians (*i.e.*, Jacobites). For three generations this branch of the Guthries had been well-to-do merchants, first in Stockholm and later in Dundee.

John Guthrie's mother, Helen Yeaman, was elder daughter of a Provost of Dundee, and a cousin of Admiral Duncan, later Viscount Camperdown.* John Guthrie's father died comparatively young, when his eldest son was only twelve years old, and young John, while still a lad, was sent out to Jamaica. Probably his family intended him for a mercantile career, but if so, they were disappointed. On his return home in 1793, at the age of nineteen, he was, on disembarking, caught at the docks by the press gang, and sent the following letter† to a relative,‡ George Blair:—

Dear Sir,

I have the satisfaction to inform you of my safe arrival in the Downs On board his Majesty's Ship *Triton*, Capt. Murry, as I have tryed every method in my power to get off, but find it impossible I have therefore enter'd for said Ship in the capacity of Midshipman, which I hope will meet with your approbation. As I have nothing suitable to appear with on the Quarter Deck I must trouble you to remit me a Bill to the Amount of what you may think necessary. As I was only pressed Yesterday I can give you no account how I like the Ship or Officers, however as it is needless to fret I am resolved to make myself as comfortable as possible. . . . We had a ten weeks passage from Jamaica, in the *Juno*, Capt. Black has on the course of the voyage, allways behaved to me with the greatest civility in every point I could mention, and if Mr. Dempster is writing to Mr. Webster it is but justice to Capt. Black that he should be made acquainted with his behaviour towards me. . . .

As I suppose Mr. Edde (?) is more in the way than you I think if you let him know my situation he will get the Bill forwarded to me by the first conveyance, as I should like to make as good an appearance as I can afford I hope you will let me have a Sum sufficient.

As the Ship does not lye in any particular Port it is needless for me to mention any particular one to direct it to when you write me direct to the Downs or elsewhere. Capt. Murry is a very particular Friend of Capt. Knight, if you will write to Capt. K. I dare say he will write to Ct. M. in my Favour. We expect every hour to go on an expedition to Dunkirk so that when I next write you, you may expect to hear of something grand, as I understand C. Murry is a good Fighter, for my own Part I should like it extremely as it would be a good place to see service as well as pretty profitable.

My Mother will be a little uneasy about me I suppose now that she hears I am a man of Wars Man, it is utterly out of my Power to write her this Post as the boat is just going ashore but I shall write to-morrow if we do not sail before. I have a great deal more to say to you but must refer it to another opportunity for the same reason.

I therefore bid you Adieu for the present and Remain

Your Most Obliged humble Servant,

JOHN GUTHRIE.

On board the *Triton* in the Downs September the 5th, 93.

Be so good as to present my best Compts. to Mrs. Blair & all other inquiring Friends.

The expected action off Dunkirk did not occur, and how long John Guthrie remained in the Navy has not been discovered. His cousins, Admiral Duncan and George Dempster, ex-M.P., would have had enough influence to get him out, but it is not known what he did during the next three years.

On the 17th of May, 1796, he enlisted in the Army under the name of Gordon, and in 1798 he was in India, a Sergeant in the 25th Light Dragoons, applying for a commission. He received a letter§ from General Floyd:—

* Captain Adam Duncan was a witness of her marriage contract.

† Letter at Carnoustie House.

‡ Uncle ?

§ Letter at Carnoustie House.

Tritchynopoly, July 11th, 1798.

Serjeant Gordon

Your letter of the 4th inst. is full of good sense . . . and your reasoning satisfactory.

A Commission is, I think, to be preferred, because, among other reasons, your Rank will be progressive . . . and it is always proper for every soldier to fix his Eye on the Head of the Army.

I shall therefore be on the Lookout: not doubting but whenever called upon Colonel Cotton will be found in the same favourable opinion of your Conduct as when I spoke to him on the subject, at this place.

I remain, Serjeant Gordon, or rather, Guthrie,
Yours truly,

J. FLOYD.

On the 1st December, 1798, he obtained an Ensign's commission in the 73rd Foot, and had a letter* from Stapleton Cotton (later Lord Combermere).

Camp near Wallajahnagar,
January 8th, 1799.

Dear Sir,

I have to acknowledge the rect. of yours of the 3rd inst. and have to inform you that you have my permission to join the 73rd Regt. as soon as you are prepared, and shall accordingly direct Lt. Gordon to make out your Discharge, which I shall sign and transmit to you without loss of time.

I am very happy to hear that you are likely to meet with further promotion, and should you at any time wish to exchange with the 25th Dns. you may depend upon every assistance in my power towards effecting that measure.

Let me assure you, that I shall be much gratified by having it in my power at any time, to assist a person so deserving as I believe you to be, and that I am,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yrs.

STAPLETON COTTON.

Ensign Guthrie H.M. 73rd Regt.

From the diary of Capt. Chas. M'Grigor we learn that the 73rd took part in the campaign against Tippoo Sahib. Having been detached for a short time with the Cavalry under General Floyd the regiment arrived before Seringapatam on the 16th April, after which it was in Col. Wellesley's Brigade.

The 73rd suffered severely at the Capture of Seringapatam on May 4th, 1799, losing seven or eight officers killed and wounded. Ensign Guthrie was wounded three times when carrying the Colours of the Regiment. A fortnight later he was promoted to Lieutenant, 17th May, 1799. He received the Seringapatam medal, silver, issued by the H.E.I.C.

On 14th September, 1799, Guthrie transferred to the 33rd Regiment, which after Seringapatam was engaged in minor operations in Southern India up till 1804, and afterwards on garrison duty at Hyderabad from 1805 to 1809.

Guthrie's commission as Captain is dated 16th September, 1807. He was now thirty-three years old.

Flank companies of the 33rd went on the expedition to the Ile de Bourbon (Réunion), and were present at the capture of Mauritius (1810).

Guthrie does not mention having been there, but in his application for an augmentation of pension in 1815 he states that he had been seven times wounded, and as three wounds are otherwise unaccounted for, they must have been received at Mauritius or during the operations in Southern India.

The 33rd sailed for England in 1812, and were stationed at Hull, but early in 1813 sailed for the Netherlands, and were present at the capture of Mexam, near Antwerp on 12th January, 1813.

At the unsuccessful attack on Bergen-op-Zoom on the 8th March, 1813, the 33rd Regiment had heavy losses (killed one officer and 28 rank and file, and wounded 10 officers and 58 rank and file, while 56 rank and file were taken prisoners or missing). Capt.

* Letter at Carnoustie House.

Guthrie was badly wounded. When applying for a pension he says that at Bergen-op-Zoom :—

“ When with the Company of Grenadiers I led the column of attack, commanded by Lt.-Col. Morrice, I was wounded by a musket ball, which struck me on the right temple, put out the right eye, and entirely destroyed the bone of the upper part of the nose, depriving me of all sense of smelling, and nearly of taste, and in its consequence greatly injuring the sight of my remaining eye.”

He was given a certificate for a year's pay from the Army Medical Board on the 20th April, 1814. He was now senior captain, and on the resignation of Major Harty he bought his majority, 7th July, 1814, thinking he was still fit for home service. On 17th March, 1815, he was again up before the Army Medical Board, which reported* that the wound was healed, but that he had entirely lost the sight of one eye and the upper part of his nose.

When the 33rd Regiment went to Flanders in the spring of 1815 Guthrie applied to be put on half pay as unfit for foreign service, “ the recent events which have taken place on the continent having precluded any reasonable idea of peace.”

His “ Memorial ” † was given to the Duke of York by General Sir Herbert Taylor, who wrote to Major Guthrie on 24th March, 1815.

He retired on the 8th June, 1815, and on 6th November, 1815, was informed by a letter ‡ from the War Office, signed “ Palmerston,” that his double pension had been augmented to the sum of £400, dating from 18th June, 1815.

Major Guthrie was forty-one when he retired, and he spent the rest of his life in Dundee and Perth. He took the name of Guthrie-Davidson on coming into Ardgaith, a small property in the Carse of Gowrie. I do not think that he ever lived there. He never married, and died in 1854 at St. Leonard's Bank, Perth, at the age of 80, leaving, after legacies to relations, the residue of his estate to the “ Trustees of the Wellington College.”

A miniature of Major Guthrie in uniform is in the possession of Lt.-Commander C. H. Lingard-Guthrie, of Carnoustie House, Carnoustie, and a reproduction of it appears on the opposite page.

His Seringapatam medal and his gorget are also at Carnoustie House.

Major Guthrie has left very few papers, except for the letters already quoted, which, along with his commissions, he kept methodically tied up with red tape. There are also a few letters from him to his cousin, Charles Guthrie, of Taybank. He must have been a kind relation, as when Charles Guthrie had to take his wife abroad for her health, the Major arranged about letting the house and generally looked after his cousin's affairs.

It is to be hoped that he more or less recovered his sense of taste. At any rate, on his 73rd birthday, he had a dinner party of sixteen people, his god-daughter, Helen Kinloch Guthrie (daughter of Charles Guthrie) acting as hostess.

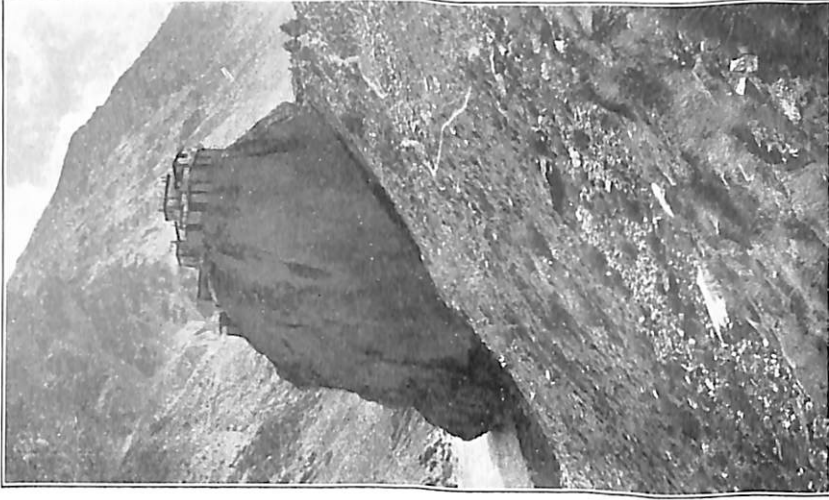
The only story about him is told by a Wesleyan (?) minister, who married Major Guthrie's second cousin. The Rev. Dr. Leifchild, in a memoir of his deceased wife, § extolling all her virtues (he refers to her as “ Born in India, brought up in Scotland, and converted at Kensington ”) mentions that once when travelling up to Scotland by sea, he and his wife had as a fellow passenger “ a distant relative who was returning from a foreign part to his own native land. He was in high spirits, but loose and profane in his conversation, for which she reproved him, but in vain as to producing any alteration.”

* Copy at Carnoustie House.

† Memorial of Major John Guthrie addressed to Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

‡ Letter at Carnoustie House.

§ “ The Minister's Helpmeet.” A memoir of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Leifchild, wife of the Rev. Dr. Leifchild. By her Husband.



Monastery near Reroo, Zaskar, about 11,500 feet.
August 21st, 1910.



Major John Guthrie, 33rd Foot, 1799-1815.

SHOOTING IN THE FURTHER HIMALAYAS.



Rope bridge at Mur Shoon, Zaskar, August 17th, 1910. (See page 197 of No. 23, October, 1932.)

Crossing Umasi La in a snow-storm. Height here about 16,500 feet. Summit of pass 17,500 feet. August 25th, 1910.



Abdulla.

Caffrara.

Retribution was in store for the unrepentant sinner. The ship was becalmed for thirty-six hours "When within view of a coast that bordered on Scotland" (off the Forth?), and Capt. Guthrie, no doubt becoming hourly more profane, "resolved on quitting the boat, and prosecuting the remainder of his journey by land." The good lady told her husband that she had prayed for her relative's departure, and had no doubt but that when he left all would go well.

As soon as the polluting presence of the Jonah was removed a breeze sprang up "and filling our sail bore us onward." Capt. Guthrie, not yet out of sight, signalled to be taken on board again, but the ship continued on her course, and arrived at Dundee a day earlier than he did, which the minister gloatingly and in a most unchristian manner ascribed to his wife's prayers.

He added that Capt. Guthrie thought so too, which statement I imagine should be taken with more than a grain of salt.

H. L. G.

Shooting in the Further Himalayas.

(Continued from page 197, No. 23, October, 1932.)

[The portions printed in small type have been added later to the diary kept by Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson. The drawings of animals are the work of Mrs. Watson, the animals being taken from Lydekker's "Game Animals in India, Burma, Malaya, and Tibet," published by Rowland Ward.—ED.]

21st, Sunday, 7 miles.—Out at 6 a.m. to nala north of village Dorzong. Took small tent with me intending to stop out. Saw a fairish herd of bhurel very shortly, but contained nothing but females and small rams. No sign of any tracks of decent sized ones, so returned to Itchor and made a half hour march to Reroo, going on the right bank of the river and crossing by a rope bridge, neither of which are marked on the map. This is the biggest village I have seen in Zaskar so far and seems prosperous. The rope bridge is slightly better than yesterday.

22nd, Padam, 14 miles, total 705.—Left about 6 a.m., track still along the river, stony and rough but better than previous two days, reached Padam about 12. The country opens out into a biggish valley here, and the river runs into the Zaskar river. A little rain just after arriving. Sent the tiffin coolie off to Srinagar in the afternoon with all the heads and a letter of instructions to Bahar Shar. Abdullah says he should get there in seven days. Sent also two rolls of films to Lambert, and wrote to Dehra Doon re heads and skins.

23rd, 15 miles.—Left Padam about 6, the track going up the right bank of the Zaskar River. Baggage reached Ayting, which is at the mouth of the nala running south to the Umasi La. The coolies went very well, track generally level and they changed at Sani six miles out. Very strong wind in the afternoon.

24th, 10 miles, total 730.—Left about 6.15 a.m. Cloudy morning, a little rain. More slight rain about 9 o'clock. Cold wind blowing down nala. Rough stony track running south up the nala on right bank of a swift, muddy stream. Coolies made very slow progress. Stopped at a camping ground by the river known as Gowra, about ten miles up. Coolies getting in at 11.30. Heavy showers again about 1 o'clock lasting a couple of hours, and light rain afterwards. Snowing in the pass I think.

25th, 14 miles.—Left at 4 a.m., cloudy and slight rain turning to snow as we got up into the pass. Considerable snow had fallen in the night and probably yesterday making progress slow and difficult, and occasionally dangerous. Some coolies got to the top about 12.30, but the last not till 2 o'clock. Had to send back to help two. Abdullah was pretty bad also, gave him a stiff tot of whiskey which bucked him up. Heavy snow on the west (Padar) side of the pass, could not see more than a couple of hundred yards, consequently coolies could not find their way. Fortunately lifted a little after a bit and we got on. Went on till 7 and then dossed down among the rocks.

I had intended going over the pass without stopping in this valley, but the head wind and continual rain made it very slow work and by the time the coolies arrived at Gowra where Abdullah and I had halted, we saw that we should not be able to get over the pass before nightfall at our present rate of progress, so very reluctantly decided to stop. Had we been able to cross the pass early that day it would have been comparatively easy, as it was the snow which had fallen during the night made the going very slow.

When I reached the pass (which is a narrow defile 17,800 feet) with the two men who were always with me, it was quite clear and fine; I could see the rest of the party half a mile below me, and some idea of the climb may be gained from the fact that it took them one and a half hours to reach me. A blizzard had then come on, and it was soon so severe that all trace of the route was obliterated. The head coolie tried with his khud stick to find the level track, but each time he put it in it sank all its six feet into soft snow. We could only remain huddled together in the shelter of the rocks hoping for an improvement. The coolies were all talking excitedly in Ladakhi, and presently the shikari said to me, "They want to sacrifice a goat." "How?" I said. "There are no goats here." "It will be enough, Sahib, if they show the money to their gods, they will sacrifice later." So, as they seemed to be quite genuinely concerned about our predicament, I handed over the price of a goat—two rupees.

They then proceeded to unplait the pigtail of one man (they all wear pigtails, smaller than those of the Chinese) and, having carefully plaited the money into it, they all began to sing loudly, one, a Llama of sorts, praying with considerable fervour. I could not understand their language but he now and then broke into Hindustani, turning towards me to be sure I understood, and I often heard the words "Rasta Sahib ko deklao."

This went on for about five minutes, when quite suddenly there came a strongish puff of wind which momentarily cleared a hole in the mist, through which blue sky and a sharp mountain peak could be seen. All the coolies shouted and pointed to the peak, the mist closed down again completely, but the direction was now clearly established and everyone believed that a miracle had been worked. Their faith was certainly convincing, and we were able to proceed some miles to a rocky place where there was little snow and sufficient space for my tent to be put up, the coolies piling up stones to make themselves a shelter from the wind for that night. I have often thought of that episode, and my personal conviction is still that there was no "Plant" about it. I cannot conceive that it could have been worth their while, for the sake of two annas apiece, for these men to simulate fear, and to spend a couple of hours in acute discomfort on the top of that pass with no fuel, and—owing to the delay—no prospect now of reaching any village before nightfall.

26th, 16 miles, total 760. Left about 6 a.m. and went on till we found some wood about 9 o'clock and stopped for breakfast. Passed a village (no name on my map) about threequarters of an hour after starting again. Made a detour to get a bridge over the Koosh stream, it being too full to wade. A coolie, who said he was a chuprassi, wanted to stop my baggage at Sumjan, but I told him to send for his jemadar to Dingail, who after much buck let my stuff go on without search. Of course he only wanted a tip. Reached Machail about 5 p.m. There appears likely to be trouble about coolies tomorrow, a Kashmir Government babu has collected all the local coolies for his service.

27th, Machail.—Could not start as no coolies. Finding the babu man had not started I went to his camp and found the blighter still in bed at 9 o'clock. Routed him out so as to get a move on him. Sent a note to thesildar at Chisoti asking him for coolies, but no chance of getting any to-day. Note from thesildar saying he had ordered coolies from certain villages. Lumbadar promises them by 6.30 to-morrow morning. Went out looking for chikor, but saw only a few pigeons. Some rain in the afternoon and evening.

28th, Sunday, 15 miles.—Rain in the night. Coolies late in turning up. After 8 when I finally got started. Shot three pigeons while I was waiting. Went to see the thesildar when passing through Chisoti; he was a pleasant spoken man, and said he had arranged for coolies for me at Mussoo and also at Atholi. Found my friend (?) of yesterday there, he turns out to be a Eurasian mining engineer, not a babu as I thought. Some rain on the way in the afternoon. Coolies did not get in till nearly six. Track mostly good, latterly running through oak forest. Lumbadar here (Mussoo) states he never got his warning to supply coolies; who is lying, he or the thesildar? More rain at night.

29th, 12 miles, total 787.—Some delay in collecting sufficient coolies, but finally got off about 7 a.m. Coolies moved very slowly, passed Atholi about 10.15, and reached Khaji about an hour later. Found the Naib thesildar there, and as he is doing business in the neighbouring villages tomorrow, there is no chance of getting coolies. Moved

about one mile up the nala. Path good most of the way throughout the march. Heavy rain came on about 2 o'clock, and continued for the rest of the day and during the night.

30th.—Rained in the night and continued steadily throughout the morning till noon, when it stopped temporarily. Could not have moved even if coolies had been available. Rained again on and off in the afternoon, and finally stopped about 5 o'clock. Looks as if it might be fine tomorrow. Villagers report red bear in the hills above. Chokidar states bundobust for coolies all right for tomorrow. Flies rather a nuisance here, a few mosquitoes also. Got the first fowl I have been able to get for weeks. Height about 5,000 feet.

31st.—Three miles up Khaji nala from last halt. Fine morning, thank goodness; coolies, as is apparently usual in this district, very late, they seem a lazy lot of beggars. Having been ordered for 6 o'clock some turned up about 7.15 and some of the remainder in dribbles at intervals between 9 and 12, when I got such baggage as I intended to leave behind sent to this village. It was, however, 3 o'clock before I got the other half dozen I wanted to go up the hill. They wanted to wait till morning, but I moved off, having got them, till about 5 o'clock, and then camped in the jungle. The road led steeply up the nala through a thick forest of pine and undergrowth. Saw some female tahr in the evening on the hill opposite my camp. The ass of a cook brought an empty tin of milk, and no milk to be obtained here.

1st September, 10 miles, total 800.—Got off soon after six, and moved up the nala to a place called Behra, a camping ground for shepherds. Coolies got there about 11.30. Went out in the afternoon about two, not expecting to do much, but about three found a big bear feeding near some cattle. In bolting from a bull she ran almost on top of me, giving a very easy shot. Turned out to be a big female. On the way back came on two more feeding, one I got, also turned out to be a female; good coat but a small bear. Great luck to get two so easily. Height 9,800 feet.

We had gone to a feeding ground used by the village, where cattle were grazing in some rough grass interspersed with scrubby bushes bearing some kind of berry. I laughed at the idea of bear coming to feed amongst the cattle and so near a village, but very soon I saw one gobbling up berries with both paws in the greedy, eager way they have. It was a most amusing sight, especially as a bull kept trying to chase it away. Now and then it would raise its head, give a deep, dog-like bark, shake itself and move on a little way before having another tuck in, keeping one eye on the bull all the time. I was so amused watching this that I did not want to move, but just then the bull started to chase him in our direction. There was a dip in the ground in front of us and it was a question whether it would turn aside up this little valley or come up the hill towards us. I half hoped it would turn aside, but it came straight up towards me.

We were returning to camp, I walking in front of my shikari, who was carrying my rifle, when, coming over the rise of a hill I saw two bear ahead of us. I signed to my shikari to hand me my rifle and, as I could only see the bear partially, I whispered to ask him which he considered the biggest. He excitedly urged me to shoot, apparently not understanding my question. I did so, and the one to the right fell into some bushes; the other, a big fellow, made off hard to the left, the shikari wildly begging me to "Maro, maro, Sahib, nay lugga." I was sure my beast had fallen and he was my second that trip (only two were allowed), so refused to fire again. Abdullah was quite upset and it turned out that he had only seen *one* of the bears, and thought I had missed him.

The one I had fired at was stone dead, just where I had shot him. That rifle of mine—a Westley Richards—must have had enormous driving power. In that case the bullet had passed right through from one shoulder to the other, stopping just inside the skin so not spoiling it. When I shot the antelope on the 16th at a range of over 300 yards, the bullet went clean through him, making a huge hole on the far side of his skin.

2nd, Behra.—Remained in camp in the morning, all hands employed in working on the bear skins. Went out with Abdullah in afternoon on the east side of the nala, i.e., opposite where we came up towards the place where we saw the female tahr, taking with us a villager who said he had seen male tahr. Again I had great luck as I did not expect anything, but saw and got a very good one, 13½ inches, a mile or so above where we saw the females. Difficult climbing and very steep, shall do down to-morrow.

3rd, 9 miles, total 806.—Left about 6.30, came down the nala, reached this place (Apāmi), which is a little beyond Khaji, about four and half miles from Atooli, about

9.15. Coolies did not get in till 11.30. Lambadar and chokidar turned up later and said they were two coolies short. I intended going on about 3 o'clock for a couple of hours, but no coolies turned up. This is truly a most trying to the temper district. It is to be hoped they may turn up early in the morning. A little trouble with one of the bear skins which won't dry. Abdullah tells me he told the dak coolie to wait at Kistwar, so I shan't get him for four days.



Tahr.

4th, Sunday, 10 miles. Usual delay with coolies in the morning. Chokidar turned up with two short, started these off and eventually got two more from Jar village. Declined to give the chokidar or lumbadar any buckshish, much to their disgust. Finally left Jar about a quarter to eight. Road now runs at first by the river, but continually ascends and descends steeply, in many places built out of the rock. Got to a small encamping ground called Shashu, almost opposite village and nala of Sital, which coolies report very good for tahr. Height 5,200 feet.

5th, 11 miles, total 827.—Left at 5.30. Cloudy, slight rain. Most of the coolies should have started at 4.30, but I found them still idling around when I was ready to go. Road much as yesterday, very much up and down, and very steep in places. Coolies took 11 hours to do what I take to be 11 miles. No water near the camping ground at Piyas, so went on one mile to Singari nala, space very cramped as a lot of goat walas camped here. Height 5,200 feet.

W. M. W.

(To be Concluded.)

The "Grouse" Book.

A SIMPLE TALE FOR 2ND LIEUTENANTS.

You may have sometimes noticed, as you've grubbily been fingering
The Mess Books, in which echoes from the dear old days are lingering,
Of better men than you, that in among them there's a quaint book,
Called the "Grouse," which I need hardly say is vulgar for Complaint Book,
And, if you can spare a moment from your rather stupid chatter,
I'll recount a little anecdote connected with the latter.

This book was, long ago—about the time when you were teething,
The arena of a conflict which was turbulently seething
'Twixt young Jape, who made a point of being scurrilously witty
In its pages when he had a grudge against the Mess Committee,
And the P.M.C., one Bicker, who with righteous indignation
Set out to put a stop to this by stern retaliation.

The fight, with Fortune either side alternately befriending,
Aroused the greatest interest in those who weren't contending,
And odds on Jape would shorten as he launched some caustic sally,
But as soon as Bicker countered it his stock would promptly rally,
And then again would weaken, if he had to save his bacon,
By resorting to that formal chestnut, "Noted, action taken."

At last there seemed no hope of a conclusive termination
And the general excitement was in danger of deflation,
When suddenly, at tea, Jape gave a shrill and startled trumpet
On encountering a bit of coal embedded in his crumpet,
Which he instantly recovered, amid torrents of invective,
With the object, zealous soldier, of maintaining his objective.

He took the cinder to the book and fastened it securely,
 Writing, "Coal is good for many things, but not for eating, surely."
 And with that silent witness there, the truth to certify to, it
 Was difficult for Bicker to compose a neat reply to,
 So though he tried to laugh it off, his laughter sounded hollow,
 And Jape commenced a search for further specimens to follow.

He filled the book with samples, without scruple or apology,
 Till it might have been a testament of practical geology ;
 Among them was a sixpence which Jape claimed he'd excavated
 From a rissole, *ipso facto* proof, he said, of a belated
 Resurrection of plum pudding from the previous festive season.
 (Betting ten to one on Jape, with some concern for Bicker's reason.)

With each sample Bicker weakened, and there soon was little doubting
 That the "Battle of the Grouse Book" was all over bar the shouting ;
 But the plans of mice and men may be peculiarly affected
 And, although the end was sudden, it was very unexpected,
 For Jape's visionary triumphs suffered premature sepulture
 Through excessive sense of humour and a craze for horticulture.

One morning, spraying rose trees with a patent insect-killer,
 He found a healthy sample of the local caterpillar ;
 This he carried off in triumph to the book, to which he tied it
 With care and several bits of string, and jotted down beside it,
 After many mental struggles, an extremely witty ballad
 On purity in all things, and especially in salad.

But Bicker, as it happened, didn't see this apt creation,
 And the wretched Jape was summoned to a painful conversation
 With a very angry Colonel, who had chanced to put his hand on
 The imprisoned caterpillar, which had burst with moist abandon ;
 And, reeling from this shock, poor Jape was ultimately shaken
 By Bicker's final, "Noted, hear that action has been taken."

Which shows a sense of humour is a dangerous possession
 For young fellows who, like you, have chosen arms as their profession ;
 So, if you do possess one, have it strangled and forget it,
 And, even if you reach exalted rank, you won't regret it ;
 For, should you then be pleased to jest, inspired by gin and bitters,
 Your least remark will raise a storm of sycophantic titters.

R. G. T.

Fox-hunting in Wales.

Lovers of sport can read in the daily press accounts of runs with celebrated English packs of hounds, but little is known of their rough-coated brethren across the border.

In the Dovey river country a small but first-rate pack hunt twice a week over a wild though well-stocked district. The Master is an eminent member of Parliament, and scion of an old and illustrious family. The huntsman is sixty-eight and has hunted this pack for forty-nine seasons, but can walk fifteen miles in the day with the best of the "young 'uns." You will not see shining horseflesh and the bravery of pink and polished leather. You must rely on your own strength and endurance if you intend to have a day's sport with this hunt.

The meet is at nine a.m. A neat van drives up and out pour twelve couple of black and white rough-coated hounds, madly eager to start work.

Huntsman and whipper-in wear covert-coating that harmonises with the soft colours of the Welsh scenery. No time is wasted in waiting for any of the "field" who may be late. Hounds move off to draw the covert, falling to their job with businesslike thoroughness that needs no encouragement from the watching huntsman. Thick gorse and bracken conceal the pack, and for awhile all is silent except for the harsh croaking of a passing raven.

Suddenly a hound speaks. "Hark to Leader, they've moved their fox," murmurs the whip, quickly climbing the hill. Toiling after him the field is in time to catch a splendid view of the fox crossing the shoulder of the opposite mountain. He pauses for a second, looking back, his coat glinting light red in the pale sunshine. A glorious burst of music crashes out as the pack sweep through the wooded valley in full cry.

Those who follow the whipper-in must walk untiringly over hills and valleys, across rough country and many fences. Some will stay with the huntsman who remains on the summit of a high hill for some time, possibly half an hour, until he is sure that hounds will not ring him. He will then take mental stock of the most likely place to which the fox will make, noting wind and weather conditions, and will set out at a steady pace for some destination, only to be guessed at by the followers.

If it is a good fox he may run for some time into the wind, or make several big rings before turning his mask in the intended direction, when he will settle down for a two, three or sometimes four hour run.

A fox was once moved at twelve a.m., swam the flooded Dovey, ran for the Plynlimmon range, and was killed on the river bank which he had again attempted to cross at 7 p.m.

This speaks well for the quality of the mountain foxes and the staying power of the hounds. Deep-chested, with the natural hare-foot, these hounds are very fast, require no help at a check, and have plenty of deep beautiful music which must be the envy of many a rival pack.

In a recently published work on hunting the author remarks:—"Only in Wales to-day does the reverence for hound music survive." He attributes this to the national love of "Eisteddfods," but whether due to environment or heredity, the fact remains that you will hear with no other pack in the British Isles such a glorious and harmonious crash of tongues as with these sturdy hounds when they pursue their quarry over the wild mountains of North Wales.

H. H.

Solitary Shikar.

BEING THE STORY OF A HOT WEATHER SHOOT.

(Continued from page 213, No. 23, October, 1932.)

IN my block there were several places which were very suitable for beating tiger, but they would have needed the employment of a large number of men, and as most of the local villagers were working for a wood-cutting contractor fifty miles away, they were not available. As a result I had to rely entirely on sitting up.

I, together with my native shikari, used to wander round the block looking for pug marks of tiger and stalking sambhur in the hopes of seeing a shootable head. About the fourth day in the area we found fresh tracks of a pair of tiger who had wandered along the bottom of a sandy nullah. Choosing a spot near water and good shade, I had a machan or hide put up in a tree and had a buffalo tied near it.

The next three nights I spent in the machan hoping to see the tigers come back along the nullah and kill the boda. Feeling somewhat tired, for I had been out stalking by day as well, I decided to spend the fourth night in bed, and as luck would have it, the tigers came back that night and killed. An excited coolie arrived at my camp the next day to tell me that the body of the buffalo had been dragged off into the jungle. Sending him back to sit near the kill in the hopes of him being able to obtain some information, I determined to follow up the trail of the dragged boda a little later in the day. A too early start might have found the tiger still on his kill and frightened it away for good.

About midday I set off to follow up the drag. After a cautious advance with cocked rifle, we found the corpse of the buffalo some fifty yards in thick bushes and, as there

was no suitable tree in which to tie a new machan, I had the kill dragged back to near the first tree. Most of the hindquarters of the buffalo had been eaten and the insides had been carefully removed and left on one side. I returned to the tree shortly after 6 and, having had fresh leaves put round it and settled myself into position, sent the men back to their village, which was three miles away.

Waiting up in a tree in the middle of the jungle may seem a very boring amusement, but in reality it is not in the least so. There is always something to watch; some monkeys will come down to the stream to drink, chattering and playing on the sand, and then perhaps a peacock will stalk majestically down to the water's edge; on rarer occasions a few sambhur or cheetal will pass slowly and peacefully by the tree, only to bolt in a wild stampede of terror as they smell or see the kill. As the sun goes down a timorous jackal or two may come sneaking round the carcass, showing by their furtive movements and their hurried snatches at the rotting flesh that they know full well to whom the kill really belongs.

Of course, a moon adds to the interest of sitting up by allowing a much clearer view, but on this night there was no moon at all and I could barely make out the dark outline of the boda against the pale coloured sand. Soon after 9 o'clock I heard the noise of some animal tearing at the kill and the clatter of the wooden bell which was still tied to the neck of the buffalo. This I knew meant some fairly strong animal was there, as no hyæna or jackal could have made such a clatter.

Very cautiously I raised my gun to my shoulder and paused a few minutes to make sure that my movements had not disturbed the animal below me. The tearing and crunching still continued. Then I bit on the switch of the torch which was fixed to the rifle and switched it on, lighting up the kill. A tiger was standing there, pulling at the buffalo, and as I took careful aim at the rear of its shoulder I saw the bright green gleam of its eyes. A momentary picture, but one that etched itself deeply on my memory—the pale yellow body striped with wavy black lines, the shoulder muscles knotted and braced for the strain of pulling, the lips drawn back baring the teeth, and the liquid shining eyes. It fell, rolling over and biting at the spot where the bullet had struck and, fearful lest it should get away, I fired a second shot at it. As the shots echoed round the surrounding hills waking the jungle, the tiger gave a few growls and then made a noise as if being sick. Although I knew quite well that this choking noise meant that it was dead or dying, I kept switching on my torch to have a look at it.

Being at length satisfied that it was really dead, I eat my supper and without attempting to make as little noise as possible settled myself down to sleep in the machan. The village was so far away that I had decided to spend the whole night in the machan, whether the tiger came or not and settled myself as comfortably as possible, thinking that there was no chance of the second tiger returning to its kill after all the noise of the shots and the flashing of the light.

About midnight I was awoken from sleep by the sound of the wooden tapri on the boda making a loud clatter. Without making a sound, I seized my rifle and slowly levered myself into a position from which I could see the ground below the machan, raised my rifle into the shoulder, and switched on the light. Instead of seeing, as I had expected, some hyæna stealing meat or my first tiger moving away, I saw a second tiger within three yards of the dead one. In my surprise at seeing it and, perhaps a little bit carelessly, I took a hurried aim, fired, and it went off into the jungle with a roar. Furious with myself at having missed it, and not knowing whether it had been wounded or not, I sat up the rest of the night in the hopes of hearing it again; but all I heard was angry growling nearby. Since it had not been frightened away by the shots and lights of the early evening I should not have been in the least surprised if it had returned once more.

As dawn broke I looked very carefully around with my glasses in case it had been wounded and lying somewhere in neighbouring bushes, but could see nothing, nor when

the shikaries arrived could we find any trace of blood. We followed up its tracks for some way and found that the bullet had not touched it. What a chance thrown away—two tigers in one night!

The next important thing to do was to take the dead tiger back to camp and get it skinned. Before the shikari would touch it he put a copper coin on its hind leg and salaamed three times to the dead body and to the twin hills over which the sun was rising, after which little ceremony we took the measurements. She proved to be a full-grown tigress and eight foot six and a half inches between the pegs. Eventually we got her on to a stretcher made of bamboo wood and carried her to the nearest track, where a bullock cart was waiting to take her back to camp.

It was nearly noon by the time she arrived in camp, and in that heat I had to tackle the problem of skinning her at once, else the hair would have slipped and the skin have been ruined as a trophy. Never have I felt so helpless as I did at that moment, for there was no native chamar (skinner) in the village and I had to do the whole thing myself. Skinning a tiger does not merely consist of ripping the skin off as one would do to a rabbit; a few ill-judged cuts and the shape of the skin is spoiled, delay too long and the hair will come out, leaving ugly bare patches. For two and a half hours I sweated in the heat skinning it and was very thankful when, after cutting out the lucky bones, we threw the carcase to the vultures, who covered it in a swirling fighting mass of feathers for twenty minutes and then left a few bones for the village dogs.

One of my men told me the local explanation for the apparently miraculous manner in which vultures find dead animals lying in the jungle. This was that when an animal died the surrounding ground became stained with red which, although invisible to the human eye, was plainly visible to that of a questing vulture. An ingenious explanation but, I am afraid, not the correct one! I think probably it is the flies and crows that find the body first and then one vulture, circling above that particular spot, sees them and drops in a headlong dive. Further off others see his fall downwards and soon dozens are gathered where, apparently, there were none.

The skin I treated with a mixture of salt and alum, a method that avoids the difficulty of pegging the skin out on the ground till it is dry, and hired a special man from the village to look after it at night and to protect it from any over-inquisitive dogs and jackal.

That night after dinner the headman asked permission for the women to hold a dance in front of my tent. The standard of dancing was not of a very high order, for it consisted of the women forming a ring round the headman and circling round to the time beaten by a small drum. As they moved they sang a variety of songs which my shikari tried to explain to me but, as my knowledge of Gonti was about as weak as his of Urdu, I did not learn very much from him. When the women paused for breath one of the men attempted to do a dance which became more and more Rabelaisian as it progressed, but suddenly the women, realising that they were being ousted from the stage, began again, and he was hurried away. The wooden castanets held in their fingers and the chink of their silver armlets made a pleasant accompaniment but, after a short while, the noise and slow circling movement became very monotonous, nearly sending me to sleep, so I thanked the headman, gave a few annas to be divided between the dancers, and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

R. N. H. C. B.

VERB. SAP.

One night, when the 2nd Battalion was in Singapore, it became necessary that a certain Pte. X should be placed in the guard room, and two men were detailed to escort him. He was going quietly until a friend of his intervened in no uncertain manner. The two men of the escort immediately relinquished their task and took cover. Two very stout-hearted lance-corporals then managed to effect the arrest of rescuer and rescued, at the cost, however, of three black eyes and several cuts on the face between them. The two "escort" were duly brought before the C.O. next day and two beautifully marked lance-corporals were ranged beside them as evidence. When the C.O. asked one of the accused why he had bolted, he was met with this reply:—

"Well, Sir, if we'd stayed, we'd ha got what was coming to the corporals!" R. J. A. H.

SOLITARY SHIKAR.



My home for four weeks.



The chota boda on the march.



The tigress beside the buffalo bait.



Ready for skinning.



The late Sgt. ARNOLD LOOSEMORE, V.C., D.C.M.

Decorations and Medals for Distinguished War Service.

PART II. (continued from p. 200, No. 23, October, 1932.)

OUR REGIMENTAL V.C.'S.

Numb. 30284.

9531



SECOND SUPPLEMENT

TO

The London Gazette

Of FRIDAY, the 14th SEPTEMBER, 1917.

Published by Authority.

* * * * *

FRIDAY, 14 SEPTEMBER, 1917.

War Office,

14th September, 1917.

His Majesty the KING has been graciously pleased to approve of the award of the Victoria Cross to the undermentioned Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men:—

* * * * *
No. 15805 Pte. Arnold Loosemore, W. Rid. R. (Sheffield).

For most conspicuous bravery and initiative during the attack on a strongly-held enemy position.

His platoon having been checked by heavy machine gun fire, he crawled through partially cut wire, dragging his Lewis gun with

him, and single-handed dealt with a strong party of the enemy, killing about twenty of them, and thus covering the consolidation of the position taken up by his platoon.

Immediately afterwards his Lewis gun was blown up by a bomb, and three enemy rushed for him, but he shot them all with his revolver.

Later, he shot several enemy snipers, exposing himself to heavy fire each time.

On returning to the original post he also brought back a wounded comrade under heavy fire at the risk of his life. He displayed throughout an utter disregard of danger.

On the foregoing page is a facsimile of the official account as set forth in the *London Gazette* of Sept. 14th, 1917. It will be noticed that the photograph is of Loosemore when a sergeant, although he gained the V.C. as a private serving in the 8th Battalion.

In Vol. VI., No. 15 (February issue) of *THE IRON DUKE* there are references in C.S.M. E. Miles' diary to the fight in which Loosemore's V.C. was gained, which are worth reproducing:—

"Aug. 12th, 1917.—Back on the Canal bank, after one of the prettiest little stunts you can imagine. We advanced on the farm in extended order, but went too far ahead, and had to retire to keep in touch with the companies on our left and right. It was then that a very brave act was committed by a Lewis gunner of ours named Loosemore; he certainly saved a very awkward situation. He stayed in a shell-hole and covered our retirement with a Lewis gun. Well, this gun got put out of action, but Loosemore hung on and kept the advancing Germans at bay with his revolver. When that gave out, he threw his disabled gun at the remaining German and fled back to where we had consolidated, a truly brave act. I reported the incident to the company officer, as did a number of the men, and he will get the D.C.M., if not a V.C.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

"A corporal in my company has just written a piece of poetry on the way Pte. Loosemore won his V.C. . . ."

It is regretted that space does not allow of the twenty verses of which the poem consists being reproduced here; it is given in full on p. 44, No. 15, of *THE IRON DUKE*. Suffice it to say that it tells almost exactly the same tale as the official account.

Sgt. Loosemore was home on leave at the beginning of 1918, and the following is a somewhat abridged account of the welcome Sheffield gave him, which appeared in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Jan. 4th, 1918:—

LOOSEMORE, V.C.

PUBLIC HONOURS FOR SHEFFIELD HERO.

For half an hour yesterday morning, a slim, modest-looking young man, wearing on his khaki tunic the most coveted decoration that a British soldier can win, stood bare-headed on the Surrey Street steps of the Sheffield Town Hall, while the Lord Mayor and other prominent citizens publicly congratulated him on his bravery and its recognition by the King, and a crowd of two thousand people repeatedly cheered their words. The central figure in this scene was Sgt. Arnold Loosemore, of the West Riding Regiment, the third Sheffield soldier to gain the Victoria Cross.

The occasion was not made one for any spectacular display such as many people would have liked to see. There were no military parades and no bands. The recognition of Sgt. Loosemore's gallantry was purely a civic one. It was, however, of a hearty character, was enthusiastically joined in by the public, and sent a thrill of pride through everyone who was present.

The gallant sergeant, who is only 21 years of age, is one of seven soldier brothers. He was accompanied yesterday by his father, Mr. G. H. Loosemore, and by two of his brothers, who are on leave from France, L/Cpl. H. Loosemore, K.O.S.B., and Pte. J. Loosemore, A.S.C. Two more brothers are on service in France and the other two in Italy. When Sgt. Loosemore appeared on the steps outside the Town Hall by the side of the Lord Mayor (Alderman A. Cattell) he was received with hearty cheers.

The Lord Mayor said they were met for a very pleasant and important business, to give a public welcome and hearty congratulations to Sgt. Loosemore, who had won the greatest distinction that it was possible for any member of the Army to win. He had a proud record, and his family had an even prouder one.

The action by which he won the Victoria Cross fully deserved the recognition which it had received, and Sheffields were proud of him. They were proud of every man in the Army whether he had gone from Sheffield or from elsewhere, and they were particularly proud of the Sheffield men, whether they were Loosemores, Cliffords, Stephensons, or Bransons, or bore any other name, and they took the very greatest interest in all that concerned them. Sgt. Loosemore would be the very first to tell them that

he was only one of tens of thousands who were doing similar work to that which he had done ; that he and they were equally determined that the victory which we wanted to achieve should be achieved by hook or by crook, and that peace should come through victory.

What did these brave heroes ask of us at home ? They asked for the support which we could give them, and which we were determined they should have.

He concluded by heartily shaking hands with Sgt. Loosemore, congratulating him in the name of Sheffield and wishing him God-speed in his future career.

After speeches by Sir Samuel Roberts and Sir William Clegg, the Lord Mayor introduced Sgt. Loosemore, his father, and brothers to the crowd, and, raising his hat, called for three cheers for them, which were given with full heartiness.

Sgt. Loosemore acknowledged his reception in a few words. " My Lord Mayor and fellow citizens," he said, " I thank you very much for the way in which you have shown your appreciation towards me this afternoon, and the kind words which have been spoken. I should be very pleased if you will just give three cheers for the wounded and our fellows at the front."

Suiting the action to the word, he waved his hat in the air, and led another round of cheering of a specially hearty character. Then someone in the crowd called out " Three cheers for your mother," and there was a further round. Sgt. Loosemore stayed a minute or two to shake hands with several friends, who came up to congratulate him, and then, with a cheery " Good morning, all," he returned to the Town Hall, and presently went home.

After his return to the front he won the D.C.M. on July 11th, 1918 ; the account reads as under :—

" Sgt. Loosemore was awarded the D.C.M. when out with fighting patrol he displayed conspicuous gallantry and powers of leadership when his officer was wounded and the platoon scattered by hostile bombs. He rallied the men and brought them back in order, with all the wounded, to our lines. On a subsequent occasion he handled his platoon with great skill and a complete disregard of his own danger under a heavy machine-gun fire, and it was owing to his determination and powers of leadership that the platoon eventually captured the enemy post which they were attacking."

On Oct. 24th, 1918, the Lord Mayor (Alderman Cattell) opened a fund to provide a suitable testimonial to Sgt. Loosemore. This realised the sum of £842 3s., which was placed in trust for Sgt. Loosemore.

Sgt. Loosemore died on April 10th, 1924, leaving a widow and one boy. Both are living, the boy being aged 11 at the present time.

I am greatly indebted to the Secretary to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield for the trouble he has taken to obtain and send me, amongst other things, a duplicate typed copy of the " Civic Welcome " to Sgt. Loosemore ; also to Sgt. Loosemore's widow, his sister, and to Mr. Paling for their assistance.

P. A. T.

(To be continued.)

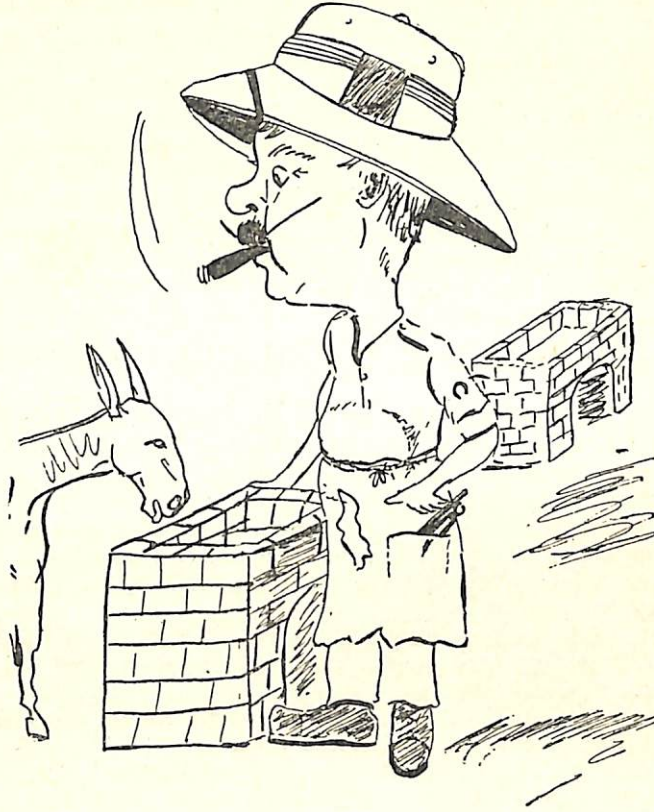
THE PROPHET.

On August 23rd, 1914, " A " Company of the 2nd Battalion fought an action lasting several hours on their own, being attacked continuously, though very unsuccessfully, by a much larger force of Germans. Thousands of bullets whizzed over our heads and all round us for hours before the enemy were forced to retire by a counter-attack by the 9th Infantry Brigade.

We had a French interpreter attached to us—Cpl. Boutard, bless him—clad in the uniform of 1870 and armed with a French rifle. When the fight was over, he came up to me and said, " Please, Sair, do you think I could have one of your rifles and some cartouches, for my Government have only given me ten cartouches for my rifle, and *I do not think they will last zis war!*"

N.B.—Boutard later was awarded the D.C.M.

R. J. A. H.



Our Celebrities.

L/Cpl. SIMPSON, 2nd Battalion.

Three "bobbery" mules, two nervous ponies, a forge, a rasp, and a cloud of cigar smoke. That's Simpson, that was.

With thirteen years' service, ten of them in "furrin" parts, he attributes his good health and well-known slimness of figure to continual bending of the body to examine the lower extremities of animals, and to occasional bending of the elbow to examine the lower extremities of a beer glass.

Has been putting on and taking off shoes with equal success in various parts of the world, and even Kamptee does not seem to have robbed his hand of its skill.

A Reversal of Form.

[This description of how the 2nd Battalion XI. won the Army of Occupation Cricket Challenge Cup in 1924 has been somewhat curtailed from the original, which appeared in the "Cricketer Annual, 1932-33."]

THE morning of the match arrives—a day in June—with the dazzling heat and cloudless sky which signify midsummer in "Mitzer." The Regiment win the toss, and their skipper does not hesitate to notify his team that they are batting first. The eleven, however, are not content. "Don't take first knock," they argue, "Let's field first; this isn't England; conditions here don't change—matting wickets don't deteriorate; get the fielding over to begin with, then we shall know how many runs we have to make."

This plausible suggestion fails to convince the captain, who over-rules it. In taking this course he has in view two considerations. *First*, that putting the enemy in to bat is—owing to their strong batting reputation—too risky a proceeding. His team's *morale*, a most important factor, is likely to be shaken at seeing their bowling severely smitten. The corps' weakness (if any) lies in their attack, which, though steady enough, is not particularly difficult. They have no outstanding bowler; whereas he has faith in our well-contrasted pair (right hand fast and left hand slow), whose recent success is still somewhat of an unknown quantity. They may work a surprise. The *second* point, which must not be overlooked, is that this match (like the famous Oval Test of 1926) is to be fought to a finish. Field first in a one-day affair—perhaps; bat first in an unlimited time contest.

Having thus "appreciated the situation," the captain proceeds to write down his batting order. He decides to open the innings himself, and takes Lt. *Trusty* with him to the wickets. The match begins. Six runs come easily from the first over, followed by a brace of singles from the other end. Our best batsman then faces the fast bowler, but, alas! fails to survive the second delivery, which, pitched well outside the off stump, flies swiftly from the matting. Usually watchful, *Trusty* for once is caught napping. He essays a risky cut, snicks the ball, and is securely held at second slip. Sgt. *Cornet* follows in, and hastily hits up ten runs in his most assured manner, but this audacity leads to his undoing. Elated at the ease with which two successive hooks have gone for fours, he then perpetrates a dreadful cross-bat gesture at a dead straight ball, which makes sad havoc of his "castle." Lt. *Wadham* is next; but he returns one tamely to the bowler, and leaves without opening his account. Twenty-two for three is bad enough, but worse ensues; for at the same total the captain goes, yorked middle stump; and with a bare eight runs added his successor, Capt. *Hawker*, shares a similar fate. Thus half the side have been dismissed for a paltry 30 runs, a sinister state of affairs.

At this juncture the cup looks like a certainty for the Corps XI. The "Duke's" skipper, bereft of pads, surveys the scene dejectedly from the pavilion balcony, wondering whether his judgment was at fault in insisting on taking first innings in defiance of his team's wishes. Ruminating thus, he observes that the rot, like some ancient Eastern plague, seems to have stayed its hand. Heedless of the heavy casualties that preceded them, numbers 6 and 7 are gallantly holding the fort. L/Cpl. *Stagg*, the sole left hand bat, is now partnered by Cpl. *Pare*, the hefty hitter. Neither shows any sign of nerves—perhaps like sailors, soldiers don't care. Both are playing themselves in. Suddenly fickle Fortune intervenes, and presents the Corps with a chance to enhance their strong position. The stumper finds *Pare* in a trice missing the ball and over the crease; but his attempt to whip off the bails miscarries, and our hitter survives. Yet again opportunity arises, proffered by the gods to seize who can. *Stagg* lofts a ball behind him, dangerously within reach of the nearest leg-side fielder if he dashes speedily across. Square-leg somehow seems unable to sense that the catch is his, and the mishit falls safe.

In many an important match there comes a crisis, when its fate is predetermined.

Such turning points occur even in test matches, and as in high-grade cricket, so in games of less degree—so also in life itself. The foe have had their big chance, but :—

Who lets slip fortune, her shall never find ;
Occasion once passed by, is bald behind.

These lapses appear to augur little of significance at the moment. For the batting side, however, here is an encouragement sorely needed. The critical period now past, the score advances steadily. Another influence soon asserts itself. Well satisfied with the effectiveness of his attack, the Corps' captain persists with his opening bowlers, though they have shot their bolt. *Pare* proceeds to make good use of his escape, and finding the bowling to his taste punches it unmercifully. *Stagg* for his part keeps a vertical bat, varied with occasional off-side strokes, but all the while playing second fiddle to his more powerful colleague. Fifty is passed ; then 60 and 70. Changes are rung on other bowlers, though without reward, until it becomes clear that the chance of dismissing the " Duke's " cheaply has vanished. At last, with the score close on 100, *Stagg* is beaten by a third change venture, and the telegraph shows 99-6-25.

The left hander's little innings has been most opportune. The next warrior is Cpl. *Smiler*, who wields a choice willow, a spotlessly grained new " Autograph " specially picked out by the captain, and held in reserve for an auspicious occasion. *Smiler*, he fancies, needs a little encouragement. He has the fighting temperament, and with a superfine weapon at his disposal he may exert his best endeavour. At the other end *Pare* is playing the game of his life, his eye is in, and he exacts full toll of every over. Indulging in his huge pull-drive, he applies it to straight balls and off balls indiscriminately. The two corporals dig themselves in, or (in military parlance) " consolidate," to the surprise of the spectators and the consternation of our opponents.

Expressive looks are exchanged between overs. " Aren't these their last hopes ? " they ask, " Hasn't the ' hutch door ' opened yet ? " From his pavilion perch the captain spies a famous old Oxford Blue and erstwhile Middlesex amateur sitting near by, and confidently seeks his opinion. " Good show, isn't it ? " he ventures. " Fine determination after a disastrous start, by two of the ' other ranks.' " " H'm," says the big man grudgingly, " I don't know—arn't those men batting out there two of your bowlers ? " The skipper is obliged to own that this is so. The brunt of the batting is being borne by bowlers ; the inference is that they will be tired out when their turn comes to dislodge the enemy.

Meanwhile all is going well. One hundred and fifty appears on the board, and the pace of scoring increases. Soon afterwards, with his score in the nineties, *Pare* gives the slips a chance, but the somewhat demoralised field lets it drop, and he passes his century with a high soaring straight drive that comes to earth like a trench mortar bomb, scattering crockery and stray feminine visitors dallying amidst the freshly laid tea-tables. Cpl. *Smiler* too is batting surprisingly well. Unaccustomed though he is to a prolonged stay at the crease, there is nothing in the least fluky about his play. He assists the score with nicely executed off-drives and square cuts. Style at one end and sheer force at the other—of all contrasts the most effective. Two hundred is hoisted amidst genuine applause from friend and foe alike. *Pare* now sees red and trounces every ball. At length, with 240 on the board, he is bowled for an astonishing 134, an innings marred by three chances it is said, but fortune favours the brave and *Pare* has run great risks. A seven, a six, and eighteen fours are amongst his hits, and the partnership has piled on no less than 141 runs. The end soon comes after *Pare's* dismissal, and the last to leave is *Smiler* with a perfect 56 to his credit, made without the semblance of a mistake. The " Duke's " innings closes for 257, not only a startling recovery but a substantial total. The Corps eleven are none too pleased at this setback to their early hopes ; but confident in their undoubted batting strength, they assure their supporters that they are well able to exceed this total.

* * * * *

The "Duke's" go forth to field in happy mien. The game has been pulled out of the fire by two N.C.O.'s, players of no great skill, yet disclosing the spirit in which great deeds are done. The honour of the Regiment has been upheld. *Smiler* is asked which end he prefers, and the fielders arrange themselves accordingly. The bowler is reminded that Sgt. *Wren*, the Corps star batsman, is seen to be one of the opening pair, and is advised that it would be as well to uproot him early if possible. A yorker on his leg stump is suggested as a suitable ball for the purpose, and *Smiler* promises to do his best.

The batsmen soon get busy with a couple of loose deliveries from either end, which they despatch for fours, and 20 appears on the board. Then suddenly *Smiler* gets in a real "snorter," and *Wren's* leg stump is laid low. (N.B.—The "Duke's" seem to have been guilty of that assault on the leg stump which Australia now finds so disconcerting!) This acts like a tonic to the whole team, and spurs *North* to his work in earnest. Lt. *Atcheson* replaces *Wren*, only to mistime a spinner which he skies behind him blindly, and *Smiler*, running across from slip to fine leg, holds it safely. Twenty-three for two; and in the latter's next over the Corps' captain gets in front to a fast one, and retires l.b.w. Twenty-three for three—an unexpected *volte-face* which puts a fresh complexion on the game. *Smiler* forgets his fatigue and disposes of number 5 with a "trimmer"; whilst *North* breaks through number 4's defence with what looks uncommonly like a "wrong 'un." The tea interval arrives with the game in a truly dramatic condition. Half the "Duke's" team had fallen for 30 runs; now the enemy have fared even worse, for the telegraph's figures of 27-5-3 cannot be gainsaid. This retaliation is the subject of much speculation over the tea cups—will the Corps XI. retrieve their bad start in similar fashion to their rivals?

The latter troop out again in great excitement. Numbers 6 and 7 are now together, but the "Duke's" two bowlers still retain the upper hand. At 35 *North* bowls the newcomer, and his partner five runs later, with balls that turn sharply from leg; whilst *Smiler* scuttles out number 9 at 51. Meantime the Corps' smiter (*Q.M.S. Corke* by name), who is at the other end, swipes out in desperation at everything. The score advances rapidly to 83, almost every run coming from the smiter's bat. *North* gets severely handled; but after extra-cover has been stealthily warned to drop back into the country, he gets the slogger caught there by *Ostler* for a dazzling 39.

This bright display, however, has come too late for the Corps; their innings closes shortly afterwards for 88, and the "Duke's" are left with a lead of 169 runs. Their captain surveys the situation as he walks to the pavilion; shall he bat again (did not Chapman do so once at Brisbane)? The idea suggests itself, but *Trusty* remarks: "*Make them follow on as the sun goes down!*"

* * * * *

The Corps meanwhile discuss their débacle in the other dressing room. What has happened? Can this be the best bowling they have met during the whole summer, or is it a case of rank bad batting? A big effort must be made. A second innings total of at least 400 (reached easily enough in previous matches) is now urgently needed. Barely forty minutes remain before drawing of stumps—so the order of going in requires careful consideration. *Wren's wicket must be preserved to-night.* If he can be kept back until to-morrow, he will probably score another century.*

The "Duke's" eleven, in a maze of wonder at their startling success, prepare to exploit their gains. What a change of fortune! Despair at noon; full hopes of victory at half-past 5. The light is now a contrast to its midday glare. Old Sol is hurrying down towards the horizon; the tall palm trees that skirt the western boundary cast sharp shadows across the ground. The skipper throws the ball to *Smiler*, who answers most decidedly: "Sorry, Sir, I'm done, and must have a rest." He is obviously exhausted after his double display with bat and ball; so *Pare* is deputed to share the attack with *North*.

* *Wren* had twice scored centuries in previous cup matches that season.

The batsmen are now emerging from the pavilion, and the Corps captain is accompanied by none other than the smiter *Corke*. How will this arrangement work? With *Smiler* as bowler *hors de combat*, can this scheme be circumvented? *North*, however, is not dismayed. "I think I know how to deal with this merchant now—after what I saw of him in his first innings," he remarks, with an air of confidence.

A maiden from each end, and then *Corke* faces the left-hander, whose first delivery is a spinner well pitched up on the leg stump. The smiter snaps at the bait with a whirl of his bat—and a bail goes flying. *Lt. Holmes* follows in, and scores a couple before *North*, who seems to have struck an irresistible length right off the mark, bowls the newcomer round his legs with a big break. Two wickets for six runs; and now it is seen that number 4 is their stumper (*Lt. Allen*), hardly as efficient in front of the sticks as he is behind. Evidently a "stop-gap," but a few runs accrue in singles before the eager fielders meet with a slice of luck. *Allen* off drives hard to extra-cover, and dances down the pitch. *Wadham*, who is there, pounces on the ball, and hurling it in with Bradman-like agility hits the stumps with his throw, and the striker is out by yards. Very smartly done. The telegraph shows 14-3-2, with twenty minutes still to go.

Next man in is normally number 11 and a stock bowler; evidently the policy of holding their star batsman back is costing them dear. Wickets are falling fast, and still the rot continues, for, a run later, a "caught and bowled" by *North* seals the fate of this new victim—15-4-1; from the opposite crease the Corps' skipper views the scene of disaster in dismay. As a fresh partner joins him—he—as a forlorn hope—appeals against the light, as the shadows of the long lean palms fall slantwise across the matting. This the umpires disallow, for the light is bright enough; conditions to-day are as usual on the Rhoda ground, and half-past 6 is the standard time for close of play. The "Duke's" captain, eager to seize a tactical advantage, now beckons to *Smiler* to resume and this time takes no excuses, urging: "We've got them at our mercy, so must 'make assurance doubly sure.'" The fast bowler obeys reluctantly, but only a few minutes remain, so he puts down one of his best overs. This effort *in extremis* meets with due reward, and a fast yorker completes the opposing skipper's distress.

29-5-15 goes up—and still no sign of *Wren*! *Capt. Seth-Smith* arrives; but with an atmosphere of fate overhanging the game, he returns one straight into the astounded *Smiler's* hands. Twenty-nine for six—an anticlimax. Now at long last is descried the doughty form of *Sgt. Wren* approaching like a Blucher's advance on Waterloo; but this time too late surely to save the day for the "Duke's" enemies! Four runs are added, and then stumps are drawn. The Regiment retire with the game in their hands. The Corps have four wickets left intact, including two of their best batsmen.

The morrow finds us ready to deliver the knock-out in decisive style. Despite the state of the match, a large assembly has gathered to see the finish. Even at this stage some Corps supporters are fondly hoping that *Wren* will score heavily if the tail give him reasonable support. With him comes *Lt. Atcheson* (last night's survivor), who once in a friendly match helped himself to an innings of 170 at our expense. Play begins. A dozen runs come slowly; then *Smiler*, who is bowling with all his "devil," sends one down close to the off stump, and rising abruptly. *Atcheson* flinches, the ball touches his bat high up near the splice, and *Cornet* takes it in triumph at slip. Number 9 struggles grimly to make a stand; then hits hard and square to leg, where *Ostler* holds on to a brilliant catch low down on his boots. Tenth man fails—a mid-off catch—but in the last man *Wren* finds a stubborn partner, and the only real stand of the innings ensues.

Thirty-one runs are added—a final flicker which delays the inevitable end. The fate of the match is sealed when the Corps' last hope jumps out to a tempting delivery from *North*, and is stumped by *Trusty*, who is so taken aback at this opportunity of ending everything, that he only succeeds in removing the bails at the second attempt. All out 89. *Wren* carries out his bat for 22, undefeated yet all in vain. The Regiment has won

the cup by an innings and 80 runs. Cpl. *Smiler* is the hero of the match, with his score of 56 and capture of nine wickets in all for 63 runs; Lt. *North* (on unchanged throughout) has nine wickets for 89.

Every cricket match teaches a lesson. If *Wren* had gone in first, his proper place, he would have been hard to dislodge; and the damage done during that fatal forty minutes might have been averted. The critics were completely at a loss to explain away the mystery of the "Duke's" remarkable victory. "The Corps team," they protested, "have consistently made extraordinarily high scores, and it was only reasonable to regard them as a more balanced team than the winners." "The match," they declared, "showed a *complete reversal of form!*"

C. H. B. P.

A Visit to the Printers of The Iron Duke.

IN September last the Editor and Assistant Editor, being in the neighbourhood of Weston-super-Mare, where Messrs. Lawrence Bros., Ltd., the printers of THE IRON DUKE, have their works, decided that they should take the opportunity of visiting them. We wrote to Mr. W. A. Francis, a director, and received a most cordial invitation to lunch and see over the works.

On Sept. 22nd we arrived at Weston-super-Mare by train from Bath, and were welcomed at the station by Mr. Francis and his assistant, Mr. Robertson. They drove us to the Grand Atlantic Hotel, where they entertained us most hospitably to lunch. From there we drove to the printing works in North Street, and with the Director himself as our guide, made a tour of the works.

It was a fortunate time for us to arrive, as No. 23 of THE IRON DUKE was in process of being printed. Not the least wonderful of the many interesting things we saw was the machine on which illustrations were being printed on large sheets of art paper, eight illustrations on a sheet being printed at once, and each sheet being then folded and cut.

Many of our readers will perhaps not realize that every letter in the Magazine is specially cast on the Monotype composing machine and only used for the one issue, being melted down after the requisite number of copies have been printed. The Monotype machine casts each letter separately as it occurs in the typescript, and the letters drop into their allotted places as the line is being cast, and are then automatically carried to a tray, called a galley, ready for proofing and reading for corrections. It is then made up into page form and imposed in chases for printing.

Other interesting machines that we saw were the folding and binding machines, on which one of our contemporaries was being finished, and a guillotine machine for trimming the magazines.

We were also shown a hard press built on the same principle as was used in the days of Caxton, but, of course, made of cast iron, whereas Caxton's press was of wood. This is used for taking "pulls," that is the rough proofs, in which form the Editor first "corrects proofs."

It is a curious coincidence that the staff of the works numbers 33, and if we may say so, they seem to be a very happy family, and we understand that many of them have been with the firm for a great number of years.

After about a couple of hours which passed so rapidly that they seemed like half-an-hour, we were kindly given tea by the Secretary, Miss J. A. Stokes, in her office. Mr. Robertson then drove us in his car round the sea front before taking us on to Blagdon, where we were to stay the night. Unfortunately, the weather was the worst possible during the whole day, so that we did not see the town at its best, but we shall retain a very pleasant memory of a most enjoyable day.

Mounted Infantry in the South African War, 1899-1902.

(Continued from page 216, No. 23, October, 1932)

The 2nd Battalion Mounted Infantry Company were mobilised at Rangoon in January, 1900, as part of the Burmah M.I. They were mounted on the minute Burmah ponies standing about 12.2, hardy weight carriers, sure footed and wonderful movers, despite their almost toy-like appearance. They succumbed to a diet of mealies, which they could not digest, but I believe that two of the original ponies survived to the end.

The Burmah M.I. arrived at Cape Town in February 1900, and after a week acclimatising they arrived at de Aar, just too late for the battle of Paardeburg, but patrolled the Modder River with a view to cutting off fugitives escaping from that action. This phase culminated in the two actions 7th and 10th March at "Poplar Grove" and Driefontein, in the latter of which Pte. F. Wilmot was killed, the first death casualty of the Company. These two engagements were in reality rear-guard affairs, and resulted in the capture of Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange River Free State.

After the entry into Bloemfontein, our mounts (whatever the reasons were, of course, we, the M.I., claim superior horse management!!) were fitter than those of the cavalry, and we were called upon to do practically the entire mounted work. Horses were the main consideration in the eyes of the authorities, then and later on, and the M.I. were the cheapest unit, and their mounts needed less consideration than those of the cavalry.

The M.I. at this juncture were being taken seriously. At first they were organised into brigades, changed shortly after into corps, a corps consisting of two or more battalions or regiments of M.I. This organisation held good until after the capture of Pretoria, when the M.I., duly constituted into regiments, I., II., III., etc., were attached to columns usually known by the name of their commander.

It was not easy to keep check of the kaleidoscopic moves made by the 2nd Battalion M.I. (Burmah M.I.) during March, 1900, but on the 18th March, under Col. Alderson, they formed part of the reconnaissance in force under French to Thabanchu and Ladybrand, an operation which, after a most admirable and successful debut, ended in disaster at Sanna's Post and the Waterworks.

I regret that Col. Gibbs' notes regarding this interesting phase of the M.I. actions are somewhat abbreviated, and I have no actual participant to consult, but my own Company was very close to the scene of action, and had it not been prevented from participation by a very senior officer, who was most severely criticised at the time, the whole course of events might have had a very different issue. As it might be of interest to readers of the IRON DUKE I will give a brief sketch of the disaster itself, as I knew it and heard of it at the time, from the mouths of the actors in the drama.

The actual reconnaissance, up to a point, had been a great success. The enormously strong position Thabanchu—a vast taffel kopje with good water on its very summit, capable of being held for years by a resolute force, had been taken, the rich cultivated Ladybrand area with the important town itself (this was known by the Boers as the conquered territory, it having been taken from the Basutos in the 60's) had surrendered, and the columns were returning to the main army. Broadwood's Column halted at the Waterworks for the night and resumed its march shortly after dawn the next day. This column consisted roughly of cavalry detachments, composite squadrons, two batteries R.H.A., the B.M.I., and some Colonial Horse. A short distance from the Waterworks Korn Spruit ran at right angles across the line of march; this was one of the many spruits or nullahs, usually dry, but filling rapidly with water in the rains, with which the country is intersected. It was only 8 feet to 12 feet at the deepest, not more than 30 feet wide, narrowing considerably in places. An enterprising Boer commandant conceived the idea of holding up the column at this point, and although he had actually only a small commando

with him at the time, he knew that other commandos were scattered in observation among the neighbouring kopjes, and would swarm round at the sound of heavy firing. Undoubtedly there was most culpable carelessness on the part of some people, as the Boers concealed in the spruit were unnoticed by the advance guard, and suddenly opened a devastating fire at close range on the main body and limbered up guns. Dire confusion was the result and some panic; guns, wagons, etc., were captured by the Boers, but on all sides high praise was awarded to the M.I., who stood firm, and by their steadiness and courage prevented the panic from spreading.

The 2nd Battalion M.I. Company had eleven casualties, nine ponies and ten mules were also shot. Pte. Parry was awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry in assisting "Q" Battery R.H.A.

I will now return to the 1st Battalion M.I., to bring its doings up to this same period, as very shortly afterwards the two companies formed the same corps, and their history for a time runs parallel.

The disaster at Sanna's Post, coming as it did very shortly after the successful occupation of an enemy's capital and the surrender of a large force of Boers, under Cronje, at Paardeburg, was a rude shock, and the result was a fever of reorganisation throughout the main army concentrated round about Bloemfontein.

The 1st Battalion M.I. had arrived in the Free State capital after some rather vague trekking, shortly before the above "regrettable incident," and was at once posted off to cover the front opposite Brandfort, some 25 miles to the north. Here we were attached to the 8th M.I., under Colonel "Watty" Ross, a great sportsman and "pukkha sahib," with whom we were instantly on good terms, which remained most cordial until he was dangerously wounded in November, 1900, at Bothaville. The 8th M.I. had been rather roughly handled immediately before and after Paardeburg, their cobs had suffered severely in these actions, so on our joining we were called upon to do most of the patrolling, as our mounts were in better shape.

The chief snag was shortness of grub. This was due to the fact that our wily enemy, taking advantage of a densely dark night and some indifferent staff work, had blown up the bridge over the Modder River, the only line of communication between our advanced position and the main army. Rations could only come through to us in very limited quantities, so we were on permanent starvation fare. As we were directly in touch with the enemy there was no chance of foraging, and, in addition, the weather was most unkind.

We had no shelter of any kind except what we could improvise from branches of trees, etc., and very little spare time to improvise in. It was a case of day and night out-posts including patrols, for a half-company at a time. To add to our misfortunes, of the two officers now left (Wallis had been killed and Wilson badly wounded) Gatehouse accidentally shot himself, leaving the narrator alone in his glory on perpetual outpost. Gatehouse returned a fortnight later, and was able to make my mouth water recounting all the good meals he had consumed while in hospital. We averaged one biscuit per man per diem, and one tin of bully every second day. Tea and sugar sufficient to yield half a canteen full of weak wash once daily, with luck. We often wondered what the supply people did with the rations we were supposed to draw, but never even saw.

During this time there was nothing more exciting than occasional snipings and patrols by day and night. We were lucky enough to escape casualties, and it was on one of these patrols that we were actually in touch with the Boers occupying Korn Spruit, where they held up the Broadwood Column.

At last the now welcome orders came out that the advance on the Vaal River and Pretoria was to commence. The main army covered by Ross' and Henry's M.I. (we formed part of the former) mounted columns to move parallel to the main advance on each flank. The Burma M.I., under Ian Hamilton, were on the eastern flank, where

they had some fairly stiff opposition. Many of the Boers who, after the occupation of Bloemfontein, had returned to their farms, now came back on commando, as a result of the Waterworks and Korn Spruit affair.

It might be as well to explain here the organisation of the S.A. Boers. This consisted of local levies, each district furnishing its able-bodied men, all those between 18 and 60, mounted and armed, the District being under a Commandant, and sub-division under a "Feldt Kornet." At first each combatant armed himself, but difficulties immediately arose in regard to ammunition, and the bulk of the Boers used Mauser rifles, although Steyer rifles and elephant guns were often carried. Old smooth bores, firing pot legs, were frequently used, which made a ghastly wound at close range, and there were not a few Martinis, the large-bore soft lead bullet of which smashed up bones badly. Horse flesh was badly treated by the Boers, whatever may have been said to the contrary; they were shocking bad horse masters and just rode their mounts to a finish, like the Mexicans and other half-civilised peoples. I rarely came across a Boer pony without a sore back; cruel curb bits, heavy hands, over weighting and bad saddles were the rule. Under normal conditions the Boers would not ride mares, but I often saw them doing so later on in the war, with a foal trotting behind.

The first objective of the advance guard to the main army was, naturally, Brandfort, opposite which town we had been waiting for nearly a month. The railway to the north passed through the hills here by a poort (defile) and there was a station called Karee Siding. The high ground surrounding this siding and Brandfort was strongly held, and we knew the enemy still had formidable artillery, but the resistance offered was undoubtedly weakened by the turning movements of the flanking columns. Ross's M.I. had been reinforced by the addition of Lumsden's Horse (an Indian Tea Planters' Corps) and Loch's Horse (a S. African Corps), added to the four companies of the original 8th M.I., the Oxford Light Infantry and ourselves; this addition raised our strength to nominally 1,000 rifles. Henry's M.I. were slightly stronger, and we had artillery support. We took Brandfort itself with slight casualties, but Karee Siding was more expensive. Lumsden's Horse alone lost 19 men. It may be said that the advance was continued without any serious delay to Klip River, when another action took place, and here the infantry had to take part, as the opposition was more sustained.

There can be no question that the C.-in-C. had fully recognised and applied the principles governing this type of warfare, namely, to envelope the front and turn the flanks. Had these principles been followed earlier in the war, particularly on the Natal front, the list of casualties would have been greatly diminished, and the campaign far more quickly terminated. The blame of this rests entirely with the authorities at home, who would not understand the absolute necessity for large numbers of mounted rifles. The frontal envelopment and attack (if required) could be carried out by infantry with artillery support, but the turning movement must of necessity be conducted by mounted troops.

H. K. U.

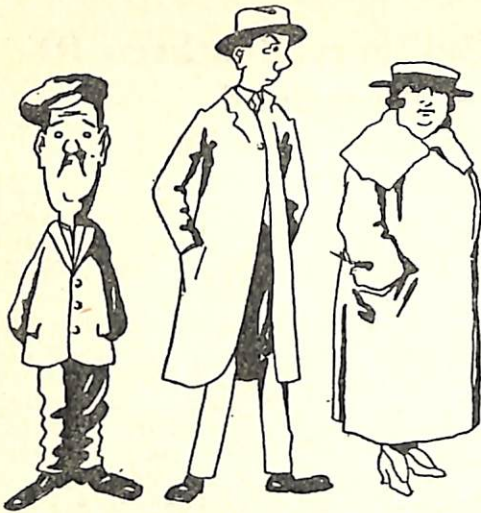
(To be Continued.)

Stop Press.

The result of the final of the Aldershot Command Cup, played at Aldershot on Friday, Jan. 20th, 1933, was as follows:—1st Battalion D.W.R., 18 points; 1st Battalion The Welch Regiment, 6 points.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Colonel P. T. RIVETT-CARNAC at Chemainus, Vancouver Island, in November last, news of which only reached us as we went to press.

Some Impressions by Our Artist at The Depot.

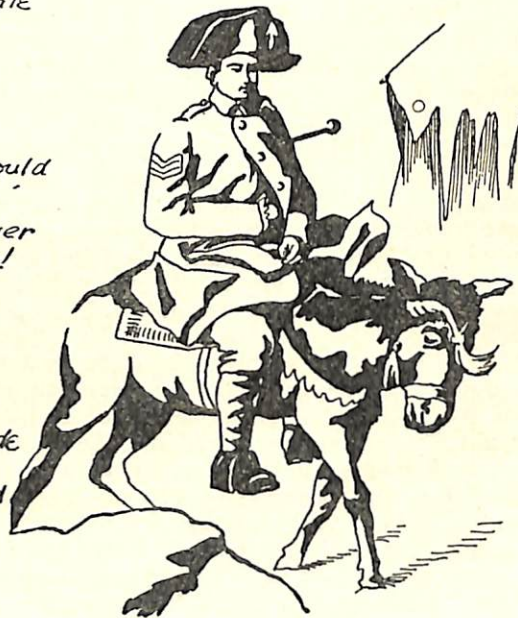


Spies from the Local Down Arms Society are daily seen at the Mairgate

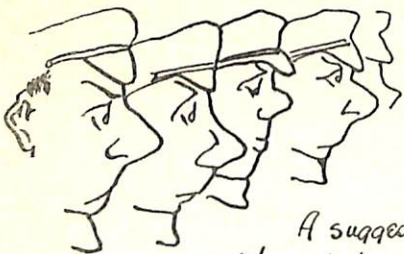


While this is seen twice on Fridays

Oh, how we all wish we could have witnessed this!
Sergeant C—t will never cross the Alps again!



X
The hallowed spot where the Educational Sergeant stood on parade has now been removed to the Museum. (Sightseers are requested not to touch)



“and now, little ones, it is time we learned to form fours”

A suggestion from Pte Brains:-
Why not do away with Sergeants and have drill wirelessed from War Office

REC.

A Motor Car Tour from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, to Namwera, Nyasaland.

(Continued from page 231, No. 23, October, 1932.)

Thursday, April 30th, 1931.—We left our house at Salisbury at 1.10 p.m. and travelled slowly owing to the load, reaching Mrowa, about forty or fifty miles away. Here there is a mission and a B.S.A. police post and a Native Commissioner. We called at the police post. All were away on census duty, except one trooper down with fever and one other fit and well. The latter, with one of the native department officers, sundowned with us and then most kindly insisted upon our having dinner and breakfast with them.

Friday, May 1st.—Left Mrowa at 9.35 a.m., after filling up with petrol, for which the storekeeper charged us 3s. 6d. a gallon—the highest price we paid on the whole trip. After crossing the several beautiful rivers, we arrived at Mtako in the native reserve at noon, and reported to the Native Commissioner and enquired for a camping place. He most hospitably placed rooms in his house at our disposal, bedrooms, living room, and bathroom, and the use of his kitchen. He has a lovely house and a beautiful garden full of well-covered pergolas and beautiful plants. We invited him to a sundowner in his own house and he gave us breakfast in the morning and other presents, including a leopard skin, the original wearer of which he had shot himself.

Mtoko, 94 miles from Salisbury, is very prettily surrounded by mountains, on one of which we saw a baboon doing sentry go on the crest line exactly in the same place as we saw him a year ago. There is quite a good hotel and store at Mtoko which does a great deal of business. We did not trouble the hotel on this trip, but got petrol, bread, and milk at the store.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Left Mtoko at 9.40 a.m. and drove a further 53 miles to the Native Commissioner's food supply depot, at which he has had built two strong circular mud and bamboo huts for himself with doors that can be barred at night. We are now in a lion-infested district. Six months ago the Native Commissioner shot three lions in one night from this very hut, after they had devoured some cattle and a native boy, but they refused to make any sound this bright moonlight night.

We are now 147 miles on our outward journey.

Sunday, May 3rd.—Left mile 147 at 9 a.m., having bought and boiled chickens for the journey. Boiled chicken, fried later on in a frying pan, is absolutely delicious.

Reached the Portuguese border at Shambani, about 70 miles further on, at 1 p.m., and were delayed there for three-quarters of an hour as there were other people passing through and the Portuguese official did not understand a word of English. He was a merry fellow and had a flow of jokes, at which he laughed immensely. No one else could, as they could not see the point, but they must have been very funny.

Then we drove on to the Mazoe river—14 miles, we were told, but it turned out to be 30, on a rather good and pretty undulating road through a forest, passing en route a couple who were making for Cairo and had to wait where they were for spares to replace a breakage. The approach to the Mazoe river was horribly winding and steep, and I had no idea that one had to run straight on to a causeway of faggots laid across hundreds of yards of sand; consequently I ran off them and the back wheels sank into the sand up to the axle. It took 20 natives and much time to lift the car and place wood under the wheels, and then required more care to cross over the sand and reach the pontoon.

The boys pushed the car on and off the pontoon, and then I found that one of the beastly faggots had punctured the near hind wheel. More delay, so we had a belated lunch about 4 p.m. A beautiful six-wheeled caravan belonging to the I.T.C. travelling behind us also ran into the sand and took some lifting out. A gentleman, the head of the I.T.C. at Limbe, most kindly assisted us, and, oddly enough, we knew one of the ladies of the party whom he was driving.

The ferry cost 5s. and another 5s. divided amongst our 20 native helpers.

We got away from Mazoe river with still 36 miles of unknown road to get over before we reached Tete.

We lost our radiator cap at Mazoe river and had to tie a handkerchief over the mouth, which was most unsatisfactory, as the water boiled over on the uneven road and we constantly had to stop and fill up.

The engine became most unwilling, and water on the road scarce, and at 15 miles from Tete I almost despaired. The engine was running short of oil and I had none.

We heard children's voices and George called to them for water, which they brought, and our I.T.C. friend came up and gave us oil for the engine.

(N.B.—I carry a spare gallon with me now.)

On again on a good broad road and reached Tete at 8 p.m. and passed through Customs. Spent much time in the dark looking for a spot to camp and finally came to rest by the side of a main road 60 yards from the Zambesi at 9 p.m. A rotten spot to camp in, but we were tired and still had to pitch our tent and have our evening meal. The roads here have a gutter and a bank on either side, so that it is only at very rare intervals that one can run the car off the road and find a place where one can spread the tent over it.

Tete was horribly hot and mosquitos very offensive. The weather should be cooling down now after their summer heat of 110 degrees in the shade, but in our honour they had turned on a heat wave, and it was excessively hot.

Tete is of considerable interest as, being a town between 450 and 500 years old, it is the oldest in this part of Africa. The British Consul, a Portuguese gentleman born in Bombay, and a very kindly person, tells me that we are now in East Africa. I was also told that as late as 1918 slaves were sold in the open market until the League of Nations put a stop to the practice.

On the northern side of Tete flows the Zambesi, three-quarters of a mile broad, flowing out to the sea at Chinde and widening, of course, as it goes. Steamers from Chinde bring up merchandise for Tete.

Monday, May 4th.—Drove into Tete, had breakfast and shopped. Still intensely hot. On return to our roadside camp we found a Portuguese gentleman waiting in his carriage. The carriage is an arm chair perched on one motor-cycle wheel with shafts in front and rear which are manned by natives—a most peculiar vehicle, but in use by everyone. He could not speak English, but he made it clear to us that we must not stay where we were but were to follow him. Accordingly we did, and he led us about a quarter of a mile along the same road to a fine place all enclosed and terraced down to the Zambesi, where stood a large double-storeyed house, and 100 yards away an empty house, all the property of the Zambesi Company, of which he was the general manager. He allotted to us the empty house and sent over table, chairs, basins and milk and good drinking water. We stayed in comfort therefore to-night and the next night, except for the heat and rather giant mosquitos.

Tuesday, May 5th.—We still remained at Tete, shopped, and drove Mrs. General Manager into Tete and stood her "sirop" (Framboises) and water. Quite a nice and very kind lady, but all our conversation had to be by signs and signals. Had our Mazoe puncture mended, a temporary radiator bung made, and bought a case of petrol and a tin of engine oil much cheaper than the bloke on British territory charged.

Got bread and milk at the hotel and met our Portuguese garage proprietor, who gave us two dozen new-laid eggs, whilst the hotel proprietor gave us a bunch of at least 60 bananas, which, apart from pawpaws, is the only fruit obtainable in Tete. The climate is too hot for oranges and the soil is very sandy and arid and vegetation very poor.

We took in provisions at a large store kept by a very charming English-speaking German, who did all in his power to help us, and we decided to shed our 150lb. skoff basket nad he kindly kept it for us and even sent to his own house for aspirin for my wife, who

had developed a headache—the local chemist only opening his premises at 8 a.m. for a short time daily. You've got to be ill then or wait for the next day!

There is a fine Roman Catholic church in Tete and a mission about 20 miles outside, which we were advised to go and see, but could not find time or petrol to do so.

The houses in Tete are picturesque, being painted white, pink, and red, etc.

Wednesday, May 6th.—Left Tete at 8.20 a.m. and had to wait for the ferry to take us across the Zambesi, which crossing took three-quarters of an hour. The access to the pontoon was easy, but debarkation was difficult, as in running off, unless very careful, you would run straight into the wall, as everything was skew-wise. Another lady and gentleman crossed in their car at the same time. The lady addressed us by name and said she had been asked to call on us, but had only just returned from England and was now on a visit to Blantyre. We drove on for about three or four miles and then came to another river and another ferry. For this we had to wait, as it was over the other side, having great difficulty in loading up a lorry for transportation. When it did arrive over our side it was only a one-car pont and had to take our friends' car first and then come back for us. So we waited until 11.30 a.m. (only four miles from Tete) and George and I spent our time picking out thorns from the tyres. We were, of course, surrounded by admiring or curious natives, and I bought a kaffir piano off one of them. It is made out of wood hollowed out inside for a sound box with thin pieces of steel fixed as a keyboard and sprung so that pressing down and releasing one of them sounds a note. Every piece of steel is adjusted and can be tuned to make various notes.

The best of this piano was that, after purchase by me, I found the hollow in the wood part to be stuffed with bank notes. The native seller had forgotten them. As they were Portuguese—Escudo—9d. of our currency approximately—and extremely dirty, I returned them, to his great joy.

All the pontoons we have crossed in so far—except on the Zambesi, where we were towed by a motor launch—have been propelled by punt poles. These two ferries over the Zambesi and this river cost us 17s., and, of course, tips to the punt boys—only a few pence.

Then we proceeded without adventure for a further ten miles, when we got into a belt of tsetse fly. No one had warned us, and they were on us like a flash, before we could close our windows, and bit us like blazes. Nasty insects—like a large fly with crossed wings on their backs. However, we got the windows closed and the flit pump to work and they were soon dead. But we had to travel through this jungle belt in the great heat for two solid hours, and thanks to this and our hot days in Tete we are appreciably much thinner, which won't do any harm. Acting on advice, we are now taking five grains of quinine each daily.

At 75 miles from Tete we reached the far Portuguese border where there was a chain across the road, which was not lowered until we had been through the usual formalities, and at 86 miles from Tete, after passing through "No Man's Land," we reached the British police and Customs post in Nyassaland, where the road was also barred.

The Nyassaland roads and scenery (mountainous) are a dream and such a relief after everlasting jungle and bad roads.

We outspanned for the night in a thatched roof, but sideless house, alongside the police camp.

(To be continued.)

L. R. A.

A Specimen Appeal Letter.

[National economy has affected our Territorial Army both numerically and financially more than most people realise, financially inasmuch as voluntary subscriptions from local residents have sadly diminished of late. With a view to rousing interest and support in his company an un-named company commander composed the following appeal letter as a specimen that should be circulated. Needless to say it remained a specimen only.—ED.]

The Drill Hall.

Honoured Sir,

I am going to ask you a question. Do you ever consider as you close your front door last thing at night against the bleak, cold and wet weather of these wintry days, what security you have from invasion? By invasion, I do not mean the robbing of your home by the common burglar, but rather the invasion of this sea-girt isle by the foreigner; the unspeakable foreigner, so low in intellect that he is unable to converse in English without undergoing a course of instruction in it. I ask you, what security have you against such an invasion with all its attendant horrors of pillage, arson, rapine, swollen joints, foul breath, and lack of ambition?

The Navy, you say?

Alas, honoured sir, pact and conference have reduced that mighty force to a mere handful of sloops and gun boats, inadequately armed and manned. Gone for ever is the glory that was Nelson's and the plunder that was Drake's.

The Army?

Again, I say, alas. The Army, admirable enough in its way, has too much to do further afield to be of much use in the defence of Britain. It is its duty to dust the wild Dervish by the sun-scorched shores of the Red Sea; to chase the hirsute Afghan up and down the Khyber Pass; to keep the swarthy onion-eating Spaniards' thieving paws off Gibraltar; to ensure the safety of the inhabitants of Palestine from the predatory instincts of the flea-bitten Turk; these, and a hundred and one more jobs, occupy the working hours of our regular troops.

What is it then that pales the cheeks and whitens the lips of the would-be invader? What is it that keeps him cowering and trembling within his own boundaries, with his beady eyes enviously devouring the wealth that is ours? What is it, I repeat, that holds him thus in check? I will tell you, sir, in one brief sentence—it is the Territorial Army.

Yes, the Territorial Army, that fine body of men so often sneeringly referred to as "Terriers." Underpaid, underfed, badly clothed, the mockery of the populace, this magnificent force of which I myself am a proud but humble member, exists to protect you from the foreign yoke.

If you doubt this, cast your mind back to the earliest pages of our history, and what do you find? A scruffy Italian, calling himself Julius Cæsar, gate-crashing and building a lot of roads and walls that nobody wanted. And why? No Territorials to stop him. Saxons, Danes, Berserks and all sorts of squareheads floating across in armoured sagas, and pinching what they wanted until the whole country was a sort of Chicago. And why? Same reason.

Later on we get a darned Frenchman landing at Hastings and bringing with him that wealth of blue-blooded aristocracy which is the cause of all the communism nowadays, and still later a Scot, called Stuart, introducing the short skirt, centuries before its time, on the bodies of his uncouth and unwashed followers.

All this occurred simply because we lacked the Territorial Army.

Fortunately for you, Sir, this has been remedied.

Overlooking your smoke-grimed little town there stands a drill hall, housing on Monday and Wednesday evenings a company of these same Territorials commanded by myself. If you were to look in there on either of the evenings mentioned you would find your protectors standing in serried ranks listening with keen appreciation to the instructor's remarks on their shortcomings.

Possibly you might consider them unlovely to the eye, and a trifle sketchy as to their toilets, but, nevertheless, I would remind you, Sir, that these are the direct descendants of the men who fled from the stricken field of Senlac, descendants of the men who, when the ranks wavered at Crecy, saw the Black Prince rise in his stirrups and give that never-to-be-forgotten order, "Nix on the quitten, boys"; descendants of the men who stood shoulder to shoulder at Waterloo, back to back at Le Cateau, and face to face at Vinget-Un and Crown and Anchor. Yes, Sir, look at them, drink them in and feel your bosom swell with the pride of a true-born Briton.

Were you to step into the Orderly Room, you would find the officers of this little garrison also engaged at their voluntary tasks. The Company Commander, tall, lithe, and with a pantherish grace, seated at the table studying the evening paper in the hopes of finding that which gets first past the post at twenty to one against; the second-in-command feverishly adding up the bar accounts for the tenth time and getting a corresponding number of results, and the junior subaltern twirling his moustache and pondering possibly on the effect of machine gun fire on massed Bulgarians at five hundred yards. All this and more you would find if you did but care to look.

And now, my good Sir, I am going to ask you another question. Do you not consider such security as this worthy of some contribution? For five shillings you have our thanks and a printed receipt; for ten shillings you can shake hands with the officers; for a fiver you can have a drink in addition to the previous advantages; for ten pounds the assembled troops will give you three ringing cheers, whilst for one hundred pounds you can have the whole company, lock, stock, and barrel, body and soul, with the goodwill thrown in, and keep a private army of your own.

Do not, I implore you, destroy this letter until every burning word is graven on your memory; then give us a visit bringing your cheque book with you. You are assured of a vociferous welcome, and you will depart rich in the knowledge that you have done something to preserve Britain's peerless volunteer army from extinction.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient defender to command,
P.M.L.

Thoughts on Sport.

THE rugby football year of 1932-33 may be said to have opened with the circular letter issued by the International Rugby Board to players and referees, dealing with the question of over-specialisation of forwards and the method of putting the ball into the scrum; they attribute most, if not all, the difficulties arising in and about the scrummage to the over-specialisation of the forwards—such as securing a fixed position (specially the hooker) in the scrummage—and they go on to blame this same specialisation for all the trouble about putting the ball into the scrum. They also state that in their opinion this fixed formation in the scrummage is responsible for the falling off of the forward play in the four Home Unions; in fact they thoroughly condemn forward specialisation. Now everyone is agreed that the method of putting the ball into the scrum very badly needs improvement, but if we went back to "first up, first down," should we automatically cure this other, and to my mind largely separate, trouble? On this point I think many players, referees, and committee-men, to say nothing of that large body of interested and, from the rigger point of view, intelligent spectators, differ from the Board; and this in itself is a sufficient reason for the failure of the letter. Another reason is that many people, a large majority I should say, hold the opinion that forward specialisation has come to stay, and that to go back to "first up, first down" would be nothing but a retrograde movement. To be certain that the failure is complete, one has only to read the remarks of the experts in the papers, or attend any of the matches between our leading

clubs or other first-class teams ; no one seems to have taken the slightest notice of the letter. It is a question whether it ever had any chance of success ; undoubtedly a team trying to carry out the Board's recommendation would have been at any rate at first, and probably always, very much handicapped. The letter as launched never had a chance ; if the Board had before issuing their appeal got a majority of the big clubs to promise it a trial it might have caught on. Certainly the conundrum of putting the ball into the scrum seems just as far from being solved as ever, there are still many solutions being put forward, but none that have been tried have met with any measure of success. One that has I believe never been tried, though it has been written about, is that the two front row forwards, furthest away from the half putting in the ball, should cross their outside legs, and that the half should propel the ball sharply against these legs, no forward being allowed to interfere with the ball till it has rebounded from the crossed legs, after which the ball would be in play. There seem possibilities about some such method.

I have often been a spectator at International and other matches, in which, on reading the reports, I have thought that the reporters have been over lenient in their remarks about players, but no one can say that the following extract from an account of a match between two well-known clubs errs on the side of leniency :—

“ . . . They could do nothing right, and their opponents were little better. The game can only be described as an undignified scramble between 30 misguided enthusiasts for a ball with which they did not know what to do even when they did manage to get hand or foot to it.”

The teams referred to are both in the front rank of the clubs that play round and about London, and the report was by “ our special Correspondent ” to the leading English daily, so presumably the reporter should know what he's talking about. I did not see the match referred to, but either the reporter must have had an attack of gout or liver or the play must indeed have been bad !

I have always been struck by the different ideas people looking on at a match get of the general run of the game and of the play of a particular player or episode. In the *Sunday Times* of Oct. 30th, D. R. Gent, reporting the game between Oxford University and London Scottish, writes of K. L. Jackson, the Oxford stand-off half then playing for the 'Varsity for the first time, “. . . Jackson did one or two things very neatly, but it was obvious that he is hardly fit for this class of football yet. So I am afraid Lamport's dilemma at half-back has yet to be solved.” In the *Times* of the following day “ Our Rugby Football Correspondent ” writes, “ Perhaps the best thing about the Oxford victory, as it certainly was the most noticeable, was the unexpected appearance and success of a Freshman, K. L. Jackson, in the stand-off position . . . he may prove to be the man for whom Oxford was looking almost with despair.” Here are presumably two men who thoroughly understand the game (we know that Gent does, to my mind he's about the best reporter of rugby), and yet here they are, probably sitting within a few feet of each other, recording diametrically opposed ideas of this player.

The 'Varsity match this year was, as it generally is, a very open question before the teams took the field. After twenty minutes' play it looked as if Cambridge were going to be fairly easy winners ; from then on Oxford, except for a few minutes towards the end of the second half, had the better of the game and came out winners by 8 points to 3, a really very fair reflection of how the game went. The game as a whole was not at all a spectacular one and as such somewhat disappointing to the onlookers ; it was, as it always is, a good hard clean game. The first Oxford try which Minns got was to my mind an absolute gem, and a very fine example of manœuvring with very little space to do it in. Here again most of the papers hardly gave it a word of praise.

Turning to Regimental football, it is a matter of regret, after their fine performance of last year, that our association team have been put out of the Army Cup in the third round by the R.A.M.C. I gather however that the latter were a good team and may

go far in the competition, and that it was no disgrace to go under to them. In the Army Rugger Cup we are in the final of the Aldershot Cup (the two cups are played for as one), and play the Welch Regiment on Jan. 20th. I am told we have a very good team, but so have other units, so I will not attempt to prophesy, but will content myself with wishing the team the success that we all hope will be theirs.

No room for cricket thoughts. After the first Test match, when we ran away with the game, I felt I wanted to express my surprise at the result, and to prophesy a walk over for us in the rubber; but at the time of writing I feel glad I've no room for any more "Thoughts," and therefore none for any prophecies.

OLD STAGER.

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

(Continued from page 211, No. 23, October, 1932.)

St. John's, New Brunswick, Dec. 30th, 1843.—I wrote to you from Halifax, where we remained five days to refit the ship, victual and water her, for the passage home, then we came round here in her and, though we had a tolerably quick passage, I never passed such miserable cold nights and days in my life. The decks, masts, yards, and rigging covered with ice and snow, and the ropes frozen so hard that it was with difficulty the ship could be worked. We were very near having a capital passage, but a fog and gale of wind came on half an hour too soon, before the pilot could get hold of the land about Buyer Island, and then we had a most miserable time of it, tossing about in a gale cold enough to cut a man in two.

We anchored off this harbour on the night of the 13th, and I was smoking on deck with the thermometer at seven degrees. We had no stove or any means of keeping ourselves warm on board, and, had we not been thoroughly heated through to the marrow of our bones in the West Indies, I think most of us must have died.

The 30th, whom we relieved here, were very slow in getting under weigh, and we were six days here before we could all get settled into barracks, and now it is but a poor place to be settled in.

I have but one barrack room, 16 feet by 14, and there are not even shutters to keep out the cold. We have no library nor billiard room, as at Barbados, one can hardly walk about on account of the depth of snow, it is too cold to ride, and impossible to drive, except in a sleigh. That is a very popular kind of amusement here, but how people can delude themselves into believing that they are taking exercise in a sleigh I cannot imagine. They get some air, certainly, and very cold and keen it is, but exercise there is none in gliding smoothly over ice and snow.

I have bought a horse and sleigh and have plenty of warm clothing and furs, but I certainly was never so thoroughly uncomfortable in my life before. I am completely out of my element, I miss the constant exercise and exposure to sun and warm air I am used to, and the close, small, stuffy rooms here are most oppressive after the free circulation of air in the ever open houses in the West Indies. Then, too, I have now no companions in the Regiment, all my old comrades are gone or on leave, and I stand almost alone among a set of men who do not all suit me.

We have now deep snow and to-day it is raining by way of variety, so one cannot move about without getting up to one's knees in deep slush. It will probably freeze again to-night and people say that we shall now not lose the snow till the middle of April. January and February are the coldest months, when they have the thermometer down to 20 or 25 degrees below zero.

It is really cruel sending troops from the West Indies to this country in the winter. Our men are suffering already, we have many sick, and have lost five since we arrived from the effects of the cold and change of climate.

The Colonel is expected out about the end of February, but I shall not attempt to move again before the winter breaks up, so I am not likely to be in England before the middle of May. Next summer the Regiment will again be divided, as Headquarters and one wing (including the Grenadiers) will move up to Fredericton, which is considered a pleasanter, though colder, place than this.

Here there is a little society and some extremely pretty girls with the best complexions I ever saw in my life. The people seem inclined to be sociable and as hospitable as their small means will allow, but St. John's is but now beginning to recover from the effects of carrying the Yankee "Go ahead" system too far, and many people have been ruined by over-speculation.

I never saw a more dreary, barren-looking country than it is about here, nothing but rocks, snow, and fir trees, though I am told that up the country the scenery is very pretty, but how people can live by choice in a place where the winter lasts seven months I cannot imagine. The distribution of the seasons here is said to be this: seven months winter, three months fog, and two months rain, with warm weather at intervals. They have even as much as 14 days summer in the course of the year.

We have only one mail a month here during the winter, which is a great annoyance, and we are far more out of the way of hearing what passes in the world than we were in the West Indies, where I heartily wish myself back again, much preferring the occasional attacks of yellow jack to the miserable cold and discomfort of this climate. . . .

[The next letter seems to refer to what he called in a previous one "trouble at the Depot." Details are not given, but there seems to have been considerable insubordination on the part of some of the officers.—W. Sr. P. B.]

St. John's, Jan. 29th, 1844.—. . . With regard to what you say about Blake, if he had been tried by Court-Martial he would not have been alone, as both the captains senior to me, as well as others, must also have been brought to trial. I know that orders were actually given for charges to be framed against Capt. Johnstone, whose conduct was most improper, but no conduct of his could justify the gross breach of discipline and of the rules of the Service of which other officers were guilty. The whole affair was scandalous and has entailed disgrace on the Regiment.

It had also materially injured my prospects, as it has closed the door to all chance of promotion in the Regiment, and even prevents my selling, as the lieutenants from whom I could get money will not be permitted to purchase. The only thing I can do now is to get home and wait for the chance of some favourable change in the course of my year's leave.

Two captains and four subalterns have arrived at Halifax from the Depot, so I am perfectly free to leave the Regiment as soon as the season will allow me to move, and as I have allowed two captains (Erskine and Munday) to have their leave before me, with a view to their joining the Depot, I think I am tolerably safe from being sent there, especially as having command of a flank company my place is at headquarters.

I have a great regard for Blake, and should have been truly sorry to get my promotion at his expense. He showed a culpable weakness in not immediately checking and punishing the insubordinate conduct of certain officers, but it appears to me that when he consulted Colonel Marshall about the business, that officer should have advised him to stop the matter himself with the strong arm of authority as Commanding Officer and, if necessary, to bring the principal parties to trial, instead of recommending him to forward the proceedings to the General. Blake's conduct showed a want of resolution that I should not have expected from him. Gough, Williamson and Walker, three of the principal "conspirators," have been sent out here, and are now on their way overland from Halifax. A journey of three hundred miles in an open sleigh in this weather is a severe punishment enough for worse crimes than theirs.

Yesterday we marched to church with the thermometer at five degrees below zero. To-day it is worse still, as the mercury is equally low and there is a fierce gale blowing,

with a cloud of fine frozen snow which penetrates through everything ; no windows will keep it out, and the keen searching wind sets all attempts at keeping oneself warm at defiance.

We have had the mercury as low as twenty degrees below zero, and even the inhabitants are crying out at the excessive cold and its obstinate duration.

I hope to get away on the second April packet, so you may expect to see me home by the end of that month or the beginning of May, if I live.

January 31st.—Thermometer for the last two nights twenty-nine degrees below zero.

[There is a break of a year in the letters, due to Captain Bunbury going on leave to England.—W. St. P. B.]

Fredericton, 22nd Feb., 1845.—I left Halifax on the first inst. just at the setting in of the most severe and cold weather of the season. I was six days getting to St. John's, by way of Annapolis and Digby, instead of only three, which is the time under ordinary circumstances. I bore the excessive cold better than I expected, and the journey did me good, though the accommodation on the road was very bad, and the cold and discomfort enough to disgust anyone fresh from the luxuries of England. I remained a few days at St. John's and arrived here on the 11th where I was most cordially received and welcomed back by all, and my reception by the Colonel and by my brother officers was most gratifying, but I find that though I have done what I considered right and what I thought would ultimately prove of service to myself, yet that I have now fixed myself in the very worst quarter it has ever been my lot to visit.

With a detestable climate, a dreary, melancholy-looking town, very little society and no amusements or resources of any kind, Fredericton may boast of being pre-eminent above all other towns in H.M.'s Dominions for dulness.

Our barracks are infamously bad, so bad indeed that the Engineers will not repair them, because they have been condemned long ago ; but, being still habitable (in the ordnance sense of the word), we are obliged to live in them, having no other place to go to. My sitting room is 13 feet by 9, my bedroom 11 feet by 5 feet 10 inches, yet, small as the place is, there are so many chinks and crannies to admit the cold air that we cannot live in some of the rooms without a stove with an iron flue passing through the rooms in addition to the fireplace, in which we have nothing but very bad wet wood to burn.

Our Mess is very bad, and, thanks to the Duke's late order (intended to diminish our expenses), we have to pay considerably more than we did before, so that in addition to bad living we have the annoyance of knowing that it is at a rate that deprives us of the only advantage of a dull quarter, viz., the opportunity of saving money.

You heard me complain at Barton of the Duke's order, and to show you how injuriously it works at those stations where the Queen's allowance is not granted for the reduction of expenses (and that is only granted in Great Britain, the West Indies, Bermuda, St. Helena and the Coast of Africa), I will point out that hitherto our Mess fund paid the ordinary daily expenses, such as servants' wages, lights and washing, etc. ; now that fund is solely applicable to the purchase of Mess utensils, and the other charges come against the officers in their monthly Mess bills. Again, we had a dinner fund formed by the subscription of each officer of one day's pay of his rank per quarter, for the public entertainment of Inspecting Generals, Regiments passing through, etc. ; now at such dinners all the officers who contribute must pay equal shares, thus the Ensign, who is supposed to be protected from expense by the Duke, pays as much as the Colonel. Altogether it must be considered as a hasty, injudicious order, issued with a good motive but wanting in practical utility.

(To be continued.)

Personalia.

THE wedding took place at St. Helen's Church, Sandal, Wakefield, on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1932, of Captain Herbert Basil Owen, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Mr. Herbert Owen, of Carshalton, and Miss Muriel Clair Holdsworth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Holdsworth, the Nook, Chevet Lane, Sandal, Wakefield. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. E. M. Haines, M.A., C.F. (T.A.), Vicar of Brighouse and Chaplain to the 5th Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in which unit Captain Owen at present holds the appointment of Adjutant. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Jack Holdsworth, and the best man was Mr. B. W. Webb-Carter, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The reception was held at the Nook, after which Captain and Mrs. Owen left on their honeymoon, which was spent in Paris.

The marriage took place at Bix Parish Church, near Henley-on-Thames, on Nov. 7th, 1932, of Major J. W. Brooke Tindall, 7th Duke of Connaught's Own Rajput Regiment, son of Captain W. A. Tindall, Knapton, Camberley, and the late Mrs. Tindall, and Miss Phyllis Margaret Horsfall, eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and of Mrs. W. M. Watson, Cross Leys, Bix. The Ven. H. S. Radcliffe (great uncle of the bride) officiated, assisted by Canon H. Percy Thompson (cousin of the bridegroom), and the Rev. C. W. Formby. The bride was given away by her step-father, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson, and was attended by her two sisters, Miss Ruth and Miss Ann Horsfall. A reception was held at Cross Leys, and among the guests were:—Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert and Lady Belfield, Col. and Mrs. C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Officer, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. E. Maffett, and Captain F. R. Armitage.

Other Regimental weddings have been celebrated since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, Captain H. Harvey and Mr. W. A. Woods having joined the Benedicts, but we have received no details of their weddings. We shall be glad if "interested parties" in such ceremonies would in future send us accounts of them.

Apropos of the number of weddings in the Regiment during the past few years, Col. Burnett has suggested that we shall have to change our Regimental motto to:—"Virtutis Cupidinis Comes."

The engagement is announced between Captain R. A. Scott and Miss Wright. The wedding was to have taken place on Feb. 1st, but has had to be postponed as Captain Scott is in hospital recovering from a recent operation. We are glad to hear that he is getting on well.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Col. E. N. F. Hitchins on his appointment to the staff of the Eastern Command as Chief Signal Officer. Col. Hitchins joined the 2nd Battalion in 1904 and was transferred to the Signals in 1912. He served in France and Italy throughout the War, being mentioned four times in despatches and receiving the D.S.O. and M.C. He has been at Catterick for the past four years.

Also to Brev.-Major F. H. Fraser on his appointment to that rank in the half-year's honours list last January.

Also to Mr. C. L. Troop on his having been selected to play for the Rest against England in the trial match on Jan. 7th.

Also to Mr. H. Beeson, of Morley, on being selected to play for Yorkshire against Somerset in the County Rugby Championship. Beeson was in the 2nd Battalion

rugger team both in Singapore and in India, and was a very useful forward. He was transferred to the Army Reserve in 1930 and is now one of the regular members of the Morley side.

The 2nd Battalion is getting quite a literary reputation. This year, amongst the senior officers, Major Owen got a "mention" from Deccan District for his essay, and Captain Green's essay went as far as Southern Command, while in the junior class Mr. Exham obtained first place in the District.

We hear that Major Owen is retiring shortly; we sincerely hope that he will continue his valuable contributions, both with pen and pencil, to THE IRON DUKE.

We hear that Captain W. G. Baker is coming home on six months' leave in March. He is at present on the Prison Department Staff at Tabora, Tanganyika.

R.S.M. A. Simpson, who joined the 4th Battalion The Nigerian Regiment R.W.A.F.F. as a C.Q.M.S. from the 1st Battalion some years ago, is returning home in April. Another ex-member of the 1st Battalion serving abroad is Mr. H. W. Lowther, who left the Regiment as a sergeant and is now in the Comptroller's Office at Khartoum.

Captain Riley Lord, of Newbus Grange, near Darlington, at one time in the 3rd Battalion, had the misfortune to lose an eye in a shooting accident on Otley Moors. His chauffeur, Coates, who was acting as his loader, was also wounded in the face, but though he had eight pellets in him, insisted on driving Captain Lord to a nursing home. Captain Lord is widely known in hunting and agricultural circles in North Yorkshire. We are glad to hear that he has made a successful recovery.

The death of Captain Key-Jones, reported in our obituary column, came as a shock, as we had only recently heard from him. In his letter he mentioned the wonderful trout fishing to be got in New Zealand, the trout averaging 5lbs. to 6lbs., while some of over 20lbs. have been caught with the fly. He also mentioned that he would be glad to give any information to anyone from the Regiment who might be thinking of going out to New Zealand.

With reference to Major C. H. B. Pridham's cricket article, "A Super Hat Trick," in our last number, Col. Raymond Acworth, to whom we offer our deepest sympathy on his recent heavy loss, writes:—

"You may remember that I played cricket in the Regimental team and am still much interested in the game. Your story of Osborne taking five wickets consecutively at Cairo (told in this October number) is most interesting. But allow me to cap it, and publish the account if you will. I have just read a most amusing and human book by Thomas Steele, who was Tyndall's and my master at Bradfield College, Berks. It is called "Musings of an Old Schoolmaster," and published by the Sylvan Press, & Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I will give you a word for word extract from page 28 of this priceless amusing book, which I beg you to get and read. It is about a Radley boy called Collins playing in our great inter-school cricket match, who took three wickets with one ball!!!:—

His name was W. E. Collins and he was afterwards a Leviathan hitter, who once made 338 in three hours in some village match and was also a blood-curdling bowler, a sort of Knox or Kortwright, compared to whom Richardson and Lockwood were mere minuet dancers. Indeed, so stupefying was he that he once got three wickets in one ball—one ball three wickets! Here is the story as an old Radley master told it to me ("Mr. Steele") last month:—There were seven wickets down, and Collins began his over. His first ball smashed the wicket of No. 9; No. 10 crawled in but fainted before Collins could bowl again; and No. 11 refused to come in at all!!"

As mentioned elsewhere, the Editor and Assistant Editor paid a visit to Messrs. Lawrence Brothers at Weston-super-Mare on Sept. 22nd. They then spent an interesting eight days walking across Somerset. Starting from Blagdon, they visited Cheddar, Wells, Glastonbury, the Quantocks, Dunster, Porlock, and finished the trip at Lynton in North Devon. Here they were most hospitably entertained by Col. and Miss White. Lynton, as some of our readers may know, is on a very steep hillside, practically a cliff, and it must need a good constitution to negotiate its streets daily. Col. White is one of the older members of "The Duke's," but his activities are by no means exhausted by climbing the hills of Lynton, for he takes a prominent part in various ways in the life of the town, including the British Legion, and as a J.P. of the county.

Mr. R. Maurice Hill has kindly sent us a copy of the programme and illustrated souvenir of the Leeds Armistice Festival of Remembrance, which was held at the Paramount Theatre and the Empire Palace, Leeds, on Sunday, Nov. 6th, 1932. The programme was edited by Mr. Hill, and we congratulate him on its excellent get-up and the many illustrations. Mr. Hill also acted as assistant stage manager, and he writes:—"We had over 200 performers, all ex-service men, who gave their services free. One old member of the "Duke's" who is unemployed showed a grand spirit. He was one of the first to volunteer to take part, and he never missed a rehearsal, wet or fine, during the long weeks of preparation, though he had to come from the far side of Leeds. The few girls required for the show were either ex-W.A.A.C.'s, V.A.D.'s, etc., or soldiers' daughters. Miss Beatrice May Steele, daughter of ex-R.Q.M.S. Steele, was one of the nuns in the "Devotion" scene. She was born on the strength of the Regiment in India. We hope to stage another Festival of Remembrance next year."

We hear that Lt.-Col. E. C. H. Kennard is to be resident secretary of a new country club, which is to be started near Leeds. A large country house standing in well-timbered grounds, with streams and a lake, named The Grange, Adel, has been selected for the club, which will be similar to the many country clubs to be found in America. It will have facilities for tennis, squash racquets, badminton, bridge, and dancing, and probably later on a swimming pool and trout fishing. It should be a great asset to the West Riding. Colonel Kennard served in the Grenadier Guards and for some years before the War in the 3rd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. During the War he commanded the 18th Battalion The West Yorkshire Regiment (Bradford Pals) for a time. He is an uncle of the Duchess of Westminster, and his sister, Lady Ponsonby, is the wife of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Mr. Maurice Hill, answering a correspondent in the *Yorkshire Evening Press*, who expressed a doubt whether any British regiment has travelled as far in five years of peace time as the 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment, points out that the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, to the best of his belief, still holds the record for four years. The itinerary of the 1st Battalion from February, 1920, to October, 1923, was:—India, Palestine, Cairo, Tidworth, the Curragh, Gibraltar, Constantinople, and home to Gosport. Thus during the four years they had visited eight different countries, and had moved from one station to another at least 15 times.

The following query, as to how the Regiment got its nickname of "The Havercake Lads," appeared in a Yorkshire paper. It contains a novel suggestion:—

About a couple of centuries ago in Yorkshire, I am told, most Yorkshire people of the labouring classes lived on plain fare such as porridge, bacon, salt beef, and havercake, the latter a cake made of oats, and similar to the oatcake of to-day.

About the same time there was a regiment known locally as "The Havercake Lads." I wonder if any of your readers, who have previously helped me to solve problems of this kind, can tell me why they got this name?

Was it because they wore uniforms which were of a colour similar to this Yorkshire fare, or in relation to the kind of hats they wore?

A later correspondent gave the true explanation.

Our Friends, The Advertisers.

IT is very doubtful whether many of our readers realise what an important part our Advertisers take in the generally admitted high standard of THE IRON DUKE. Without them the magazine could not be published as it is at its present price of 3/- per annum, carriage paid, to subscribers. If our friends the Advertisers fall away from us, either the price of the magazine would have to go up or THE IRON DUKE would have to go down. Our readers can prevent either of these distressing eventualities by studying the advertisements and dealing with those firms who advertise in our pages; in other words, by helping those who help us.

One cannot mention all our helpers in this short article, but just take a look yourselves and you will see that you can pretty well get everything you want from our Advertisers.

We started dealing directly with Advertisers in No. 3, and if you look back you will find that the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company and the N.A.A.F.I. each had a full page advertisement in that number, and they are still placing similar advertisements with us, as you will see in this issue. We have quite a number of other old friends who started when the flag fell and are still running strong, so do your best, please, to make it worth their while.

We would like to acknowledge here with thanks calendars received from Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd., and Messrs. McEwan Younger, Ltd. The former is a reference tablet diary, with a week to a page and ample space for making notes. The latter, with the title of "Every Dog has his Day," has a page for two months, each page having a coloured illustration of a dog or hound. Also from the N.A.A.F.I., a date-card almanac.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

ACWORTH.—On Sept. 10th, 1932, at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia (of malaria), May Vivienne Gertrude Amy, the dearly loved wife of Colonel L. Raymond Acworth, C.B.E., late 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and R.A.O.C. Colonel and Mrs. Acworth had been on another motor tour in Portuguese East Africa and Nyasaland, very similar to the one of the previous year, which is being recounted in THE IRON DUKE. Mrs. Acworth was taken ill on their return home on August 31st.

BEE.—On Nov. 17th, 1932, in his 75th year, Mr. J. F. Bee, of 10 Wensleydale Street, West Hartlepool. Mr. Bee enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 2nd Battalion, on Oct. 18th, 1881, and embarked to join the 1st Battalion, then in India, on Feb. 22nd, 1882, and arrived in time to take part in the march from Lucknow to Nowshera, the remainder of his service being with that Battalion. He also served with the Battalion in Malta and the South African War. He was pioneer sergeant of the Battalion from March, 1891, till his discharge on August 15th, 1904, and was the last pioneer sergeant in the Regiment to wear a beard.

DE WEND.—On Dec. 16th, 1932, Alice Woodroffe, of Poyle Park, near Farnham, Surrey, widow of Colonel Douglas Campbell de Wend, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 78. Colonel de Wend joined The 76th Regiment on July 4th, 1860, and served with them until Oct. 6th, 1886, when he was transferred to the 1st Battalion as a Lt.-Colonel. He commanded the 1st Battalion from Nov. 20th, 1889, to Oct. 5th, 1892, and the Regimental District from Dec. 19th, 1894, to Dec. 19th, 1899. He died on Dec. 26th, 1905, at the age of 62.

DORRETT.—On Sept. 18th, 1932, at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, Mr. Anthony H. G. Dorrett, late Bandmaster of the 4th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 40 years. Mr. Dorrett enlisted in the 2nd Battalion The 60th Rifles in 1905, and went to France with the first British Expeditionary Force. He was appointed Bandmaster of the 4th Battalion D.W.R. in 1919, holding that appointment until 1926. He also held the appointment of Bandmaster of the 69th (West Riding) Field Brigade, R.F.A., and was well known in Leeds and district in connection with the popular Sunday promenade concerts at the Fenton Street Barracks. He was given a military funeral, members of the Old Contemptibles' Association acting as pall bearers, and representatives of his former corps and of the British Legion attending.

KEY-JONES.—On Sept. 9th, 1932, at Auckland, New Zealand, Captain William Henry Key-Jones, late the 3rd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 51 years. Captain Key-Jones joined the 3rd Battalion from the 4th Bn. The P.W.O. West Yorkshire Regiment on Nov. 5th, 1904, and went on to the Reserve of Officers in 1909. He went out to British Columbia and served with the British Columbia Police and with the Permanent Army Force, being stationed at Work Point Barracks, Victoria, when war broke out in 1914. He returned home and served with the 2nd Battalion in the Ypres Salient in 1915, being wounded and invalided home. During the remainder of the war he was bombing officer of the 31st Division, having failed to realise his wish to return to the 2nd Battalion. After the war he settled in New Zealand at Remuera with his wife, Mrs. Elaine Key-Jones, who survives him.

LABRAM.—On Nov. 28th, 1932, Mr. Stephen Labram, aged 47 years, of 38 Gay Lane, Otley, Yorks. Mr. Labram enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on Nov. 30th, 1903, proceeding to India in February, 1905. He came home in February, 1907, for transfer to the Army Reserve. He rejoined the Colours on May 11th, 1907, serving at the Depot and with the 2nd Battalion as an assistant gymnastic instructor, till he proceeded to India on Dec. 19th, 1913. He afterwards served with the 1st Battalion in Egypt and Palestine. He was later posted to the staff of the 4th (T.) Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., and was discharged to pension on Nov. 29th, 1926. At the time of his death he was employed by the Yorkshire Electric Company at Otley. R.S.M. E. Moseley and R.Q.M.S. O. Ramsbottom from the Depot represented the Regiment at the funeral.

LEGG.—On Dec. 8th, 1932, Mr. William Legg, aged 95 years, of 101 Cumberland Road, Reading. Mr. Legg enlisted in The 33rd Regiment on Feb. 1st, 1858, and proceeded to join that Regiment, then in India, the same year, arriving in November. He served with the detachment of the Regiment in the Baroda State during the clearing up after the Mutiny, and also with the Regiment in Abyssinia, taking part in the assault and capture of Magdala. Shortly after the arrival home of the Regiment he was discharged, on completion of his period of service, on Sept. 15th, 1868. He has since resided in Reading, and was one of the first members of the Caversham and Reading Veterans' Association.

SCHOFIELD.—On Dec. 10th, 1932, at Riseley Hall, Wormald Green, near Harrogate, Captain George Arthur Schofield, late the 2nd Volunteer Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 64. Captain Schofield joined the 2nd Volunteer Battalion (now the 5th Battalion) on April 25th, 1888, and retired on August 3rd, 1895. During the war he joined up at the Depot, but being unable to go overseas, as he was running two large cotton mills single-handed, he was put in charge of the Ripon rifle range, which was close to his home at Wormald Green. He was sole partner, and later chairman of Messrs. Broadbent & Co., cotton spinners, Manchester, and was a magistrate in the West Riding. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. A. M. Schofield, née Blackstone, who is the great granddaughter of Sir William Blackstone, the celebrated judge and author of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and by his two sons, Mr. W. G. B. and Mr. A. B. H. Schofield, the latter a noted traveller and linguist.

THEED.—On Oct. 7th, 1932, Mr. W. R. Theed, aged 56 years, of 49 Dyson Road, Halifax. Mr. Theed enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 1st Battalion, on July 20th, 1894, and served with that Battalion in Malta and in the South African War. He was afterwards appointed to the Army Gymnastic Staff, and served as an instructor at Halifax and Hamilton Depots. On the outbreak of the Great War he was called in to the Depot, Halifax, being appointed R.S.M. on Sept. 13th, 1914. He was discharged to pension on June 30th, 1920, and continued at the Depot as canteen manager for some time afterwards.

WAYMAN.—On Saturday, Jan. 7th, 1933, at Brockton, Halifax, Lt.-Colonel Henry Holdsworth Wayman, O.B.E., D.L., late the 3rd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 56 years. Colonel Wayman joined the 3rd Battalion on May 12th, 1895. He went out to the South African War with the Battalion in February, 1900, and served with the Mounted Infantry in Cape Colony from December, 1900, until April, 1902. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with two clasps and King's Medal with two clasps. On Sept. 5th, 1910, he was appointed to the command of the 3rd Battalion, relinquishing it on Oct. 12th, 1916, when Colonel C. W. Somerset, Indian Army, was given temporary command. Colonel Wayman served in France with the 11th Battalion The Liverpool Regiment for a short period in 1915 until invalided home and he had to relinquish his commission on April 24th, 1917, on account of ill-health. He received the O.B.E. in 1919.

Reviews.

"INHERITANCE," by Phyllis Bentley. (Gollancz. 7/6.)—It is not often we review a novel by a woman in these columns, dedicated as they are to books which may be supposed to be of special interest to the soldier as such. But this is a story, in fact *the* story, of the West Riding of Yorkshire and its woollen manufacturers; told with such insight into Yorkshire character, such knowledge of the grim beauties of the Yorkshire scene, and such a grasp of the whole conflict and romance of the industry, that nobody who has Yorkshire blood in him, nor even the mere Southerner who has lived for a time in Halifax, can fail to be interested in it.

The story opens in the year 1812 and continues down to the present day; we follow the varying fortunes of the Oldroyds of Syke Mill from the Luddite riots, through the Chartist troubles, various strikes, the McKinley tariffs, to the post-war boom and the present slump. The author evidently knows her subject inside out, both historically and topographically; but she carries her learning lightly, and suggests rather than describes. For instance, the first scenes are set on the moorland, at the little lonely Moorcock Inn, or at one small mill in the Ire valley; as time goes on, the background gradually changes, and we are made aware, through the conversation of the characters, of such things as the growth of the big towns, the spread of universal education, the coming of the free library, or the increasing luxury of the big houses built by prosperous mill-owners. The Yorkshire dialect is never obtrusive, but just sufficiently rendered to give the true atmosphere, and indicate that typical West Riding mixture of social classes in one family; where members who "rose to the top" used (except for temporary lapses during excitement) a more polished speech, whilst often their near relatives still talked broad Yorkshire.

In the first part of the drama the chief persons are old Will Oldroyd, who is murdered by the Luddites; Enoch Smith, the maker of the first mechanical "cropping" machines; the murderers, George Mellor, Tom Thorpe, Joe Bamforth (who was really innocent, but chose to die with his companions), and Ben Walker, who turned King's evidence; and Mr. Stancliffe, the magistrate. In the last act the hero is young David Oldroyd, in whom the blood of all these (except the treacherous Walker) is mingled. He loves the West Riding—"the hills and moors and the winds and the steep valleys and the cold rocky streams, and the curlews and the heather, and the funny little country mills, and the rows of lights at night in the big town mills, and the way the people talk, and the Yorkshire character"; but it is not until his father's firm fails, and Oldroyd's of Syke Mill are going out of business for the first time for a hundred and twenty years, and going to live in the South, that he realises how much the tradition means to him, and how deep in the soil of the Ire valley his roots have struck. He knows that by blood he belongs to both groups, employers and operatives, who have been in bitter conflict so often, and as it seems to him, so needlessly; and he hates to run away in the middle of the fight and leave them to it. The last chapter, called "End or Beginning," is an account of the lad's musings, his porings over the local histories, and his mental struggles; this part of the book is the culmination, as it were, of all the dramatic events that have gone before, and is very well done. David

is an attractive figure, with the independence and forcefulness of the Oldroyds, the compassionate nature of the Bamforths, and the enlightenment of the youth of to-day; with not more priggishness than is natural to his youth. In the end he decides to stick to the woollen industry. He has a thousand pounds of his own. At the last moment he jumps from the train that is slowly moving off, carrying his family to Hampshire; and we are left hoping that he will make a new beginning in the story of the Oldroyds, and the textile industry in Yorkshire.

"MIDDLEBROW."

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTE, No. 508, November, 1932.—This number consists mainly of naval and aircraft articles. Army training in 1932 is reviewed by Capt. J. R. Kennedy. Lt. O. L. Jones, The Cheshire Regiment, under the heading of "The County Regiment and the Depot," discusses a scheme for reducing infantry depots to a sort of regimental headquarters with only one regular officer, recruits being trained in the home battalion, thus economising training staffs, and bringing the home battalion up to strength. "An Ex-Regimental Officer" continues the discussion of infantry re-organisation which has appeared in previous issues. There is also a very clear and enlightening article on the difficult monetary situation by Major F. Geidt, entitled "Inflation, Deflation, and Bimetallism."

THE INVESTIGATOR, published monthly, price 1/-.—We have received a complimentary copy of the first number of this journal, which is a publication devoted to the exposure and countering of the methods of Bolshevism, to which, in the opinion of the journal, a large proportion of the trouble and depression in the world to-day is directly due. It contains articles, mostly unsigned, from various parts of the world.

THE IMPERIAL CLUB MAGAZINE, No. 9, Christmas, 1932.—This number of "the House Organ of Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes" contains a varied amount of news from Headquarters, the Naval Canteen, the Home District, and many stations abroad; there is a women's corner, a cross-word puzzle, and some short stories. It is fully illustrated throughout, the photographs accompanying "News from Overseas" being particularly interesting.

EDITOR.

Correspondence.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

21 Eaton Road, Ilkley,
Oct. 1st, 1932.

DEAR COLONEL,

The following may be of interest to you for the next magazine, with reference to the frontispiece of No. 23 recording an incident in the Crimean War:—

Whilst I was an instructor at Sandhurst, the Editor of the R.M.C. Magazine asked officers to send him any interesting pictures in colour of incidents from past wars. I asked the 1st Battalion for the loan of the picture of this incident of the Crimean War and also of the other incident—viz., a man of the 33rd Regiment captured, and turning on his escort and killing them and then escaping. I submitted both these pictures, and out of a great many submitted by other regiments both of ours were chosen and were placed as frontispieces in two subsequent numbers of the R.M.C. Magazine; both were coloured and were printed by Messrs. Gale & Polden.

I purchased some and presented them to the boys' room of the 1st Battalion and the Drummers' room, and gave other copies to brother officers. I simply mention this as I feel sure Messrs. Gale & Polden would still be able to supply these copies should any one of the Regiment require them.

Hoping this may be of interest to you and apologising for taking up your time.

I am, yours very sincerely,

R. H. D. BOLTON.

[We are most grateful to Capt. Bolton for bringing the matter to our notice, and as will be seen from our frontispiece we have been able to profit by his information.—EDITOR.]

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals:—*The Covenanter* (Sept., Nov.); *The Tiger & Sphinx* (Sept., Nov.); *The Dragon* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Snapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Bugle* (Sept., Dec.); *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (Oct., Dec.); *The St. George's Gazette* (August, Sept., Oct., Nov.); *The Tiger & Rose* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Light Bob* (Oct.); *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Oct., Dec.); *The Britannia* (Oct.); *Ca-Ira* (Sept., Dec.); *The Lion & The Rose* (Nov.); *The K.S.L.I. Regimental Gazette* (Dec.); *The East Lancashire Regimental Gazette* (Nov.); *The Sapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *Links* (Dec.); *Our Empire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.); *The Journal of The Society of Army Historical Research* (July, Oct.); *The Imperial Club Magazine* (Dec.); *Owl Pie* (Dec.).

War Office Notes.

GILL MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS AT BRIGHTON COLLEGE FOR SONS OF ARMY OFFICERS.

November, 1932.

Certain important changes have been made affecting the Gill Memorial Scholarship and Exhibitions which are offered annually for competition among the sons of Army officers:—

- (1) Whereas in previous years one scholarship and one or two exhibitions were offered, one or two scholarships and two exhibitions are now offered.
- (2) The awards will in future be made on the results of the common entrance examination; candidates will not be required to take the scholarship examination at Brighton College.
- (3) The age limit for the examination has been raised from 14 years to 14 years and three months.

Candidates will take the ordinary June common entrance examination at their own preparatory schools. Admission to compete for the scholarships and exhibitions is by nomination, and candidates must be:—

- (1) Under the age of 14 years and three months on June 1st, 1933, and
- (2) the sons of officers who hold or have held His Majesty's commission in the Regular Army, or, failing such candidates, the sons of officers who hold or have held His Majesty's commission in the Reserve or Auxiliary Military Forces.

The annual value of a Gill Memorial scholarship is £81 and of an exhibition £60, thus reducing the amount payable by a parent or guardian to approximately £77 and £98 respectively, inclusive of necessary extras. Scholarships and exhibitions are tenable for three years, but the period may, on the recommendation of the headmaster, be extended to four years.

Successful candidates will enter Brighton College at the end of the summer holiday.

Applications for nomination by the War Office (accompanied by birth certificate and certificates of conduct covering the previous two years) should reach the Under-Secretary of State (C.1), The War Office, London, S.W.1, not later than April 30th, 1933.

Notices.

LADY GROVERS HOSPITAL FUND FOR OFFICERS' FAMILIES.

Attention is drawn to Lady Grovers Hospital Fund for Officers' Families, which does not seem to be universally known.

It is in the nature of an insurance and assists officers to procure nursing benefits in Great Britain and Ireland for their wives and children. Grants are given up to five guineas a week (after the first week) for actual expenses.

Annual subscriptions (captain and under), £1 7s. 6d.; (majors and over), £1 11s. 6d.; widows and unmarried daughters, £1 1s. 0d.

Secretary, Miss Wymer, 13 Longridge Road, S.W.5.

BLIND EX-SERVICE MEN'S FUND.

An important development in the administration of the Blind Ex-Service Men's Fund is mentioned in the 63rd annual report of the National Institute for the Blind.

Hitherto the fund has been run solely by the National Institute, but, in view of offers of support by the British Legion and St. Dunstan's, arrangements have now been made to place it under the management of a special committee. This will consist of Capt. Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C. (life chairman) and representatives of the British Legion, St. Dunstan's, and the National Institute's Executive Council.

The National Institute for the Blind, 224-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

LORD PLUMER'S MEMORIAL FUND.

We have been asked to print the following letter which appeared in the *Times* of Nov. 15th, 1932:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—There is a general feeling among friends of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Plumer that his great services to his country should be recognised by some appropriate memorial. A number of suggestions have been made—none of them in itself of a very costly character—and it is thought that several of them should be adopted in order to represent as far as possible what we know to have been Lord Plumer's own special inclinations, and, in particular, his love for his old school.

After consultation with Lady Plumer we suggest that the memorial should consist of the following objects:—

1. The completion of the Warrior's Chapel at Westminster Abbey where Lord Plumer is buried.
2. The foundation of a scholarship at Eton to be held by the descendant of an officer of the Regular Forces of the British Army who died in action or as the result of wounds in the Ypres Salient during the Great War.

3. A memorial tablet in the Cloisters of Eton.

The approval of the Provost and Fellows of Eton has been obtained for the proposals which relate to Eton.

To enable the above to be done, it is proposed to raise the sum of £5,000, and the intention is that they shall be completed in the order named as funds become available. Contributions, which may be general or ear-marked for one special purpose, should be sent to:—Lord Plumer's Memorial Fund, Lloyds Bank, Cox's Branch (Guards), 6 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Cheques should be made out to Lloyds Bank.

We are yours faithfully,

COSMO CANTUAR.
WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE.
C. H. HARINGTON, General.
W. P. PULTENEY, Lt.-Gen.

PROGRAMME OF EX-SERVICE FRIENDS ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINMENTS AT HOMES AND HOSPITALS FOR DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN.

SEASON 1932-1933.

St. David's Home, Castlebar Hill, Ealing, commencing at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays, March 1st, April 5th.
Liverpool Road Hospital, Islington, commencing at 3.30 p.m., Saturdays, Feb. 18th, March 25th.
Lonsdale House, Poynders Road, Clapham, commencing at 8 p.m., Fridays, Feb. 10th, March 17th.
Princess Alice Home, Slough, commencing at 8 p.m., Wednesdays, Feb. 22nd, March 29th.
Gifford House, Roehampton, commencing at 7.45 p.m., Wednesdays, March 8th, April 12th.

We are also providing artists at the monthly teas arranged by the staff of the S.E. London Telephone Service for inmates of the Star and Garter Home, Richmond. The above dates are merely provisional, being subject to "funds permitting." Donations towards the fulfilment of this programme are urgently solicited. St. Andrew's Church House, Wells Street, W.1. Norman Ingall, Hon. Entertainment Secretary.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Association registers only men whose character on discharge is at least "Good." Men desiring any form of Government employment, such as postmen, porters or cleaners in the General Post Office, messengers or porters in War Office or other Government Departments, warders and watchmen in museums, art galleries, and other Government buildings, are entitled to register twelve months prior to discharge or transfer to reserve. In filling Post Office and many other Government vacancies, preference is given in the following categories:—First to Regulars with war service, then to men who served on "Hostilities only" engagements, and lastly to post-war Regulars.

From this it is clear that men who enlisted after Nov. 11th, 1918, will have many years to wait before nomination. Even men in the first category may have to wait from one to three years after discharge, and so all must seek general civil employment whilst waiting.

Those desiring Government employment should request their commanding officer to complete A.F.B.2516 and forward it to the branch of the National Association nearest to their proposed place of residence on discharge, the addresses of which are shown in current Army List Advertiser.

As soon as a man goes on "Discharge Furlough" he should call on the National Association branch and complete his registration for civil employment, bringing any available documents, chits from officers or letters of recommendation which are often most helpful in placing him. Such chits should refer specifically to capabilities which may be useful in civil life. The National Association was recently requested to find "two good spin-bowlers"! Firms often prefer good athletes; care of livestock or experience of gardening, lawn-keeping, carpentry, car cleaning, typewriting may all be useful. With 40,000 sailors, soldiers, and airmen coming annually into a labour market with 3,000,000 unemployed, the difficulty is for each man to "lift himself out of the brown," and to convince the employer he is better than five out of six candidates.

Thirty-six branches of the National Association now have job-finders trained to find out from the men what they can do and from employers what jobs they can fill; further job-finders are appointed whenever funds permit, each appointment costs approximately £200 per annum. The National Association exists to help men, but if "God helps those that help themselves," it's not much good expecting the National Association to be able to help those that don't.

Start right now to pick up something of use to a civil employer; concentrate on collecting helpful chits; save up for the "looking-round" period; find out all you can about civil conditions to-day, so that contact with them to-morrow won't be too great a shock of disappointment, and if there's a chance of going on serving—go on!

A. H. SMYTH,
General Manager, National Association.

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