

No.26 October 1933



# THE IRON DUKE

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

# THE IRON DUKE



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

VOL. IX.

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1st BATTALION GROUP, NOWSHERA, 1883.



(Standing) Qr.-Mr. Ames, Lt. De Gex, Lt. Harris, Surg.-Major Malloy, Lt. Campbell, Pay-Mr. Dring, Major Waller, Lt. Gore, Lt. Marshall  
Lt. Hayden, Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, Lt. Anderson.

(Sitting) Lt. Saunders, Surgeon-Major Scott, Major Fenn, Col. Castle, Major Bally, Capt. Jenkins.  
(On floor) Capt. Curran, Lt. Crommelin, Lt. Buist, Lt. Bruce, Lt. Smithe, Lt. Le Marchant, Lt. Matthews.

# THE IRON DUKE

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## EDITORIAL.

OUR readers will be very sorry to hear of the illness of the Colonel of the Regiment. Sir Herbert and Lady Belfield spent some weeks in Bath recently, and it was thought that the cure there had been of benefit to Sir Herbert. We very much regret to say, however, that since their return to London he has had to "lie up," and as we go to press, the news of his health is not at all good. We hope that when these words are in print there will be better news of Sir Herbert's health.

After many successes, the 1st Battalion Transport were beaten by the Grenadier Guards in the Infantry Transport Cup last June. There was very little difference in the marks.

We congratulate the 2nd Battalion hockey team on winning the Jubbulpore Brigade Hockey Cup, and wish the rugby and association teams success in the Calcutta and Rover Cups in the coming season.

The photograph of a group of officers of the 1st Battalion, taken at Nowshera fifty years ago, which appears as frontispiece in this number, is of special interest on account of the pending move of the 2nd Battalion to that station early next year. We are indebted to Colonel A. A. Curran for the loan of the original photograph.

This summer the Territorial Battalions went to camp at Beverley in two parts, the 4th and 7th going first. The weather on the whole was very good, and the camp was a great success.

We offer our congratulations to Colonel A. A. Aykroyd, commanding 4th Battalion, on his promotion to a brevet-colonelcy.

We also offer our congratulations to all concerned on the proposal to organise a re-union dinner and Old Comrades' Association of ex-members of the 10th Service Battalion. Details of this scheme appear on page 191. We wish them the greatest success in their venture, which we hope will prosper in the way it deserves.

In this number we print the first of a series of articles on Rugby Football for Beginners by Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull. We feel that these articles will be of interest to all lovers of the game, as well as to those who are starting to play it; and we are very fortunate to have such a renowned exponent giving his advice and help.

Major Owen Price has relinquished the sub-editorship of the 1st Battalion on his posting to the 2nd Battalion in India. We cannot let this occasion pass without expressing our thanks to him for his work in this capacity; he has held the post since the first number of THE IRON DUKE, and no doubt is glad to be relieved of a job that is by no means a sinecure. We hope he will continue to contribute the clever and witty articles and poems that have been such a feature of the Magazine.

## 1st BATTALION NEWS.

**T**HE Battalion is once more in the throes of brigade training. These evolutions possess a pleasing air of novelty this year, as that time-worn favourite the Basingstoke Canal seems to have been supplanted. It is over the river Wey that we laboriously erect our kapok bridges, while the inevitable dawn attack is now directed at Oxney Farm instead of the rival agricultural establishment on Ball Hill.

The Aldershot Show was held in glorious weather at the end of June. The Transport secured second place in the infantry transport competition, an event which was very closely marked, and the final result came as a surprise to many.

The major part of July was spent by the Battalion at Bisley, marking and performing other range duties for the A.R.A. and N.R.A. meeting. A unique experience, and one that led all ranks to the interesting discovery that real marksmanship and sartorial atrocity must necessarily go hand in hand. We were glad to see Lt. Bray and Captain Huffam, who came and spent a few days with us at Bisley. The latter, who is rejoining the Battalion shortly, had come to see the teams from Sierra Leone, in which colony he has been serving with the R.W.A.F.F. for the last five years.

The Regiment suffers a loss in the transfer of Captain Hiddingh to the 14th/20th Hussars. Those of us who were with the 2nd Battalion in 1928 will remember how much his keenness contributed towards the winning of the Malayan polo championship by the 2nd Battalion.

### THE ALDERSHOT SHOW.

The Aldershot Show was held in Rushmoor Arena from 28th June to 1st July and was favoured with beautiful weather. Last year we won the Farnborough Cup for the best infantry unit; this year we were not so lucky and only managed to finish fourth. This was mainly due to the fact that our chargers when asked to jump in public are invariably affected with acute stage fright, and refuse to give their best or anything like their best. We congratulate the Northamptonshire Regiment on winning the cup. Five classes count to winning the Farnborough Cup. In the first of these, the Duke of Connaught's Cup for teams of seven mounted officers, we again showed a great improvement and this year managed to secure a place, finishing seventh, the first seven teams counting points towards the Farnborough Cup. In the handy hunter competition and the officers' charger class we again, for reasons stated previously, failed to gain a point. Matched pairs of light draft horses came next, and in this class we secured second and third places, being beaten by a very good pair from the Devon Regiment. This is the first time that "Betty" has ever been beaten. We hope that next year she will stage a "come-back."

On the final day came the infantry transport competition which we had great hopes of winning for the third time running. However this was not to be, and we had to be content with second place, being beaten by the Grenadier Guards. Although defeated in this competition great credit is due to Sgt. James and the men of the Transport, every one of whom did his utmost and produced a really fine turnout. We hope that next year will see them again successful.

### VISIT TO H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

Early in June Lt.-Col. Rusbridger received from Captain R. M. King, D.S.O., R.N., an invitation for a party of officers, non-commissioned officers and men to visit H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the party, which consisted of Lt.-Col. Rusbridger, Bt. Lt.-Col. Ozanne, Major Price, Captains Lawlor and O'Connor, R.S.M. Smith and twenty N.C.O.'s and men, travelled to Portsmouth on 28th June. Here

they were met by representatives of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* and, together with students of the Imperial Defence College, conveyed to the ship.

A series of demonstrations had been arranged. These consisted of attacks on the ship by fighter aircraft, torpedo carrying aircraft, destroyers and a submarine, and the firing of the 13.5-inch and 6-inch guns of H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. In the intervals the party was conducted in groups all over the ship.

It was an extremely interesting and enjoyable day. Our thanks are due to Captain King and all ranks H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, not only for their kindness in inviting us, but for the really wonderful hospitality extended to us while on board.

(A photograph appears opposite page 168.)

### OFFICERS' MESS.

As a result of training, Tattoo and suchlike summer entertainments, life in the Mess has not been very exciting of late. We have had visits from the Ionides cricket eleven and other "Ball Chasers," and also from six naval officers from the Royal Naval Staff College, Greenwich.

There have also been a few more promotions, and we take this opportunity of congratulating Captains W. A. Woods and A. G. Hiddings on elevating a third star. Unfortunately the last named has decided that he requires a horse to carry the extra weight of his third star and has transferred to the 14th/20th Hussars, whom he will join at Risalpur at the end of this year. Meanwhile he is attached to the 7th Hussars at Aldershot and so will be near at hand for a few more months.

Another to desert us thus summarily is 2nd Lt. W. H. Summers, who has decided to go to the R.A.S.C. He is now on probation at the R.A.S.C. Training Centre in Aldershot. Our third loss in the quarter, but fortunately only a temporary one this time, is Lt. H. G. P. Miles. He is now settled in Barbados as staff officer to the Local Forces and apparently enjoying himself enormously. We take this opportunity of thanking him for gifts to the Mess of a silver finger bowl and a Regimental rugger diary bound in scarlet.

We are now rather short of officers with all these departures, and this will be made worse when Major Price and Captain O'Connor leave at the end of September to join the 2nd Battalion, and when Lt.-Col. Ozanne has assumed his new appointment as Chief Instructor at Hythe just before that time.

It is pleasant after this list of departures to be enabled as we go to press to congratulate Captain and Mrs. Grimley on the arrival of twin daughters.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

To those not interested in training, there are no events of any importance to report. Our main activities have been finding the Regimental bus and investigating its contents while in the "blue."

Social activities have been at a standstill owing to a not unpleasant sojourn in camp, and that most uncomfortable period during which proposed brigade exercises have been commenced but not always finished.

An interesting shoot with the officers took place at the rifle meeting, but the result is reported elsewhere. They forgot to mention that our worthy Bandmaster won the spoon. Incidentally the cup returned to Q.M.S. Norman with S.I.M. Burgoyne as runner-up.

Movements have been few. Sgt. Beadnell has left to take up an appointment with the Malay Volunteer Force. We wish him a happy and successful tour.

### DRUMS.

The Drums once more took part in the Aldershot Tattoo. This was a valuable and interesting experience for the young drummers and boys who were taking part in their first Tattoo.



During the Tattoo period we found time to play several games of cricket, fixtures being arranged with the Band and Drums of the Devons and the Green Howards. Whilst on the subject of cricket, we would like to congratulate Dmr. Wilson on his fine performances this season with the Battalion 1st XI.

The Drums played at Wellington College on their speech day, when they accompanied the guard of honour mounted by the Wellington College O.T.C. for H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.

We accompanied the Battalion to Bisley, and though we did our full share of marking we were able to play Retreat in camp on several occasions. On one occasion we played, by request, in the N.R.A. camp, and our efforts seem to have been greatly appreciated by our audience, which was a civilian one.

The annual bugle competitions take place in September, when the following silver bugles are competed for:—Lt.-Col. Thorold's bugle, Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer's bugle, Messrs. Hawkes' bugle.

We offer our congratulations to the following:—Drms. Clarke, Gill and Cutler on representing the Battalion at the A.R.A. Central Meeting; L/Cpl. Boon, Drms. Wilson, Smith, Nobbs, Bean, Cutler, Boys Turner and Short on their fine performances in athletics; and Cpl. Menzies on his promotion. We wish him the best of luck.

### RIFLE CLUB.

**THE BATTALION MEETING.**—The Battalion Meeting was held immediately after the annual weapon training course and lasted one day and a half. The programme, similar to last year, was based on the events in the Command Meeting, and consisted of six team and two individual matches. The results were as follows:—Battalion Individual Rifle Championship.—1st, Pte. Hornsey; 2nd, Q.M.S. Norman; 3rd, S.I.M. Burgoyne. L.A. Individual Match.—1st, Drum-Major Goodwin; 2nd, Cpl. Blakeley; 3rd, L/Sgt. Bickerton. Team Matches.—Winning teams, fire and movement, "H.Q." Wing Employed; rapid fire match, "H.Q." Wing Employed; young soldiers' match, "B" Company; the company match, "D" Company; falling plates, the Band; A.A.L.A. match, "A" Company, No. 1 team.

The Maples Cup for inter-company L.A. competition was fired for concurrently with the individual L.A. match, the combined scores of the six individuals firing in each company deciding the result. The winning team was "B" Company.

The meeting was concluded with the officers v. sergeants match, when all available competitors were forced into the firing line, and the sergeants' team, equal in numbers to the officers', was drawn for after the shoot. The result was a win for the officers by the narrow margin of some five points.

**THE COMMAND MEETING.**—The Battalion made every possible individual and team entry and put in some hard practice, but, sad to say, the results were disappointing, and few individuals or teams came up to scratch on the day. The best efforts put up by the Battalion were:—Individual rifle match (officers), 5th, Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull; (W.O.'s and sergeants), 3rd, S.I.M. Burgoyne—two very creditable performances. Cpl. Phillip failed to retain the cup he won in Match No. 7 (corporals) last year, and the next best results were Q.M.S. Norman, 9th in the W.O.'s and sergeants' class, Pte. Winterbottom, 19th in the privates' class, and Pte. Round, 16th in the young soldiers. The best effort in team matches was that put up by the W.O.'s and sergeants in Match 13, when a team consisting of Q.M.S. Norman, C.S.M. Coates, S.I.M. Burgoyne, Sgt. Ward, Dr.-Major Goodwin and L/Sgt. Sutherland obtained fourth place out of twenty-seven.

**THE A.R.A. MEETING.**—The following team was chosen to represent the Battalion at Bisley this year:—Rifle. Class A.—Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull, Q.M.S. Norman, C.S.M. Coates, S.I.M. Burgoyne, Dr.-Major Goodwin, L/Sgt. Sutherland. Class B.—Cpl. Phillip, Ptes. Hornsey, Weatherall, Pointer. Class C (Young Soldiers).—Ptes. Draper, Round,

Gill and Cutler. L.A. Pairs.—Dr.-Major Goodwin and L/Sgt. Bickerton, Cpl. Phillip and L/Cpl. Harrowing, Cpl. Blakeley and Cpl. Stork.

In the individual championships the best effort was that of Lt. Faithfull, who made the useful score of 119 in the Roberts Cup; this placed him very high in the list. Q.M.S. Norman also made a good score of 113. These two and Cpl. Phillip succeeded in getting into the Army Hundred; an achievement upon which they are to be heartily congratulated. Some mention must here be made of the young soldiers in the team. They all shot very well throughout the meeting and as only one of them had fired at Bisley before, the result was still more creditable and promises well for the future. In the team events the Battalion did as well as previous form had led one to hope, but the opposition was too tough to get us in the prize lists.

THE N.R.A. MEETING.—Q.M.S. Norman, C.S.M. Coates and S.I.M. Burgoyne all fired in the Services competitions, and teams were entered for the Cheylesmore, Hamilton Leigh, Roberts and L.A. cups; whilst Lt. Faithfull, besides entering for these matches, shot in a number of competitions during the second week of the meeting. The teams again were not sufficiently strong to rake in any shekels, but the individuals, Lt. Faithfull in particular, obtained some prize money here and there.

In concluding these notes mention must be made of the other matches fired during the season. On 3rd May the team visited the R.M.C. and were beaten somewhat easily under King George conditions. The next match fired was a Roberts open competition at the Beds and Herts Regimental Meeting. The Battalion finished sixth out of fifteen teams; and again at the R.A.S.C. Meeting, in a similar event, the team was fourth out of eight entries. On 8th June we were entertained by Wellington College at Bisley, and shooting under Ashburton conditions were beaten by 26 points with a team of eight, but, as last year, the school had the advantage of slings and wind gauges, whilst the Battalion shot under Service conditions.



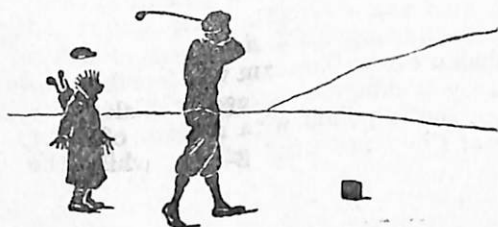
### CRICKET.

We have been extremely lucky in having excellent weather for nearly all our matches this season. As is usual here, however, considerable difficulty has been experienced in trying to fit matches into a period that is already crowded with such things as training, Bisley, rifle meetings, etc.

In the half-day matches with other units our side has done quite well. In the big matches we have opposed strong club sides and have not been quite strong enough, being beaten by the Incogniti, the Harrow Wanderers and the Yorkshire Gentlemen. Against the last side we combined with the Green Howards to produce a team from the Yorkshire Regiments of the Command. We again had another very enjoyable match with Tubby Ionides' XI. After being 87 behind on the first innings our batting for once came off, and we were able to declare at 300 for 6, eventually winning the game with a quarter of an hour to spare.

The most pleasing feature of the whole season has been the bowling of Drummer Wilson. This is the first year he has played for the Regiment and he has always bowled extremely well, his excellent length keeping the best of the opposing batsmen quiet for long periods. Pte. Dearnley has also bowled well, whilst we were very glad to have the assistance of Sgt. R. A. Smith from the 2nd Battalion in the most important matches, in which he played well. L/Cpl. Upjohn, a forcing left-hand bat, has played several excellent innings, whilst Sgt. Roberts, L/Cpls. Connolly and Lonsdale and Pte. Milton have also done well on occasions. The most disappointing feature of the season has been our fielding. Quite ordinary catches must have cost the side nearly 300 runs in the important matches. It is, of course, quite impossible to hope to dismiss really good club bats for a moderate total if reasonable chances are not taken. Next season we must resort to a little fielding practice. We have on the whole been handicapped by seldom being able to field a full side, and there is little doubt that it is better to fit the main matches into a week, if this can be managed, as there is then more chance of having the whole side together.

### GOLF.



The competition for the silver putter and its wooden brother was held at Worplesdon on Monday, 12th June, in perfect weather. Entry for the silver putter was restricted to those with handicaps of 18 and under, and produced as competitors Colonel Ozanne (2), Major Price (18), Capt. O'Connor (18), Lt. Taylor (6) and 2nd Lt. Cousins (9); Capts. Grimley and Lawlor, and Lts. Faithfull and Carroll, all playing from 24, competed for

the wooden putter. The conditions were 36 holes against bogey.

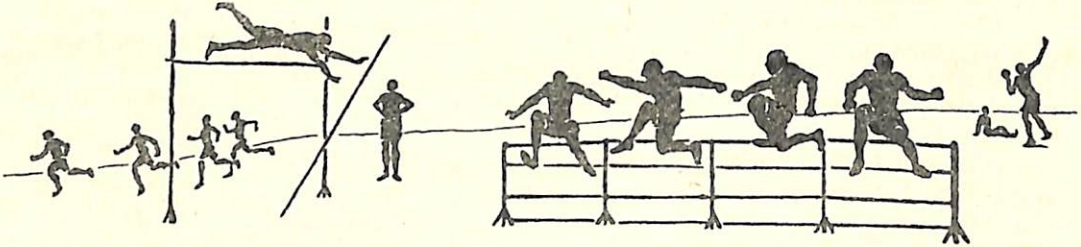
After the morning round we were almost unanimous in the opinion that the immediate surroundings of the various holes were amazingly attractive. Faithfull, having exhausted his own and half his partners' supply of balls, succumbed after 18 holes. Colonel Ozanne, on the other hand, required only 33 strokes to break the first nine holes into submission. Fortunately for the remainder he did not quite maintain this standard, but even so he finished the first round all square on bogey, his nearest rivals being Cousins with 1 down and Taylor with 7 down.

As is usual on such occasions, we lunched well but very unwisely. Even a glass of Kummel before starting again did not suffice to make us keep our heads down, and the result was only to be expected. Colonel Ozanne returned 5 down, Cousins staggered in with 8 down, Harker Taylor, wilting visibly under the strain, was 13 down, while Major Price claims to be 35 down, a claim which, unfortunately, was never substantiated.

Meanwhile the wooden putter was being fought for in the traditional atmosphere of acute tension and nerve-shattering strain. Conflicting reports came through to H.Q. (situated outside the club house drinking gin), but it transpired eventually that Grimley and Carroll, last year's winners, had tied with 14 down. There is no legislation for ties in this competition, so they were pushed out again to play the fourth, a very tricky short hole uphill. An admiring but critical gallery watched from the side of the green. In an atmosphere charged with whatever atmospheres are charged with on such occasions, Grimley made a perfect iron shot to the middle of the green. One could almost hear the crash of Carroll's jaw getting into position as he teed up after seeing this shot. His ball started with the best of intentions, but, apparently shaken by the sight of its opponent

already on the green, it faded out into a near-by tree. A noble effort at recovery by Carroll proved unavailing, Grimley getting a steady three.

So ended a particularly pleasant day, with two new names to be added to those who have already made their mark in 1st Battalion golf.



### ATHLETICS.

The following were the results of the Battalion individual athletic competition for the Victor Ludorum Cup held on No. 4 sports ground on 14th and 15th August, 1933:—

100 Yards.—1st, L/Cpl. Clegg ("C"); 2nd, Pte. Swaine ("H.Q."); 3rd, L/Cpl. Quirk ("D").  
 220 Yards.—1st, L/Cpl. Clegg ("C"); 2nd, Pte. Swaine ("H.Q."); 3rd, Pte. Elliott ("C").  
 440 Yards.—1st, Pte. Elliott ("C"); 2nd, Pte. Lyons ("A"); 3rd, Pte. Kendall ("B").  
 880 Yards.—1st, Pte. Johnson ("H.Q."); 2nd, Pte. Bagshaw ("H.Q."); 3rd, Cpl. Shepley ("A").  
 One Mile.—1st, Pte. Johnson ("H.Q."); 2nd, Pte. Tompkins ("A"); 3rd, Pte. Bagshaw ("H.Q.").  
 Hurdles.—1st, Pte. Johnson ("H.Q."); 2nd, Dr. Smith ("H.Q."); 3rd, Pte. Rumboll ("D").  
 High Jump.—1st, Bds. Burt ("H.Q."); 2nd, Pte. Swaine ("H.Q."); 3rd, L/Cpl. Clegg ("C").  
 Long Jump.—1st, Bds. Burt ("H.Q."); 2nd, Pte. Swaine ("H.Q."); 3rd, L/Cpl. Clegg ("C").  
 Pole Jump.—1st, Pte. Wood ("B"); 2nd, L/Cpl. Boon ("H.Q."); 3rd, Bds. Burt ("H.Q.").  
 Discus.—1st, Pte. Dowas ("B"); 2nd, L/Cpl. Clegg ("C"); 3rd, Cpl. Reed ("A").  
 Javelin.—1st, Pte. Milner ("B"); 2nd, Pte. Bailey ("B"); 3rd, Pte. Lyons ("A").  
 Hammer.—1st, L/Cpl. Annesley ("B"); 2nd, Dmr. Nobbs ("H.Q."); 3rd, Pte. Lyons ("H.Q.").  
 Shot.—1st, L/Cpl. Annesley ("B"); 2nd, Pte. Rumboll ("D"); 3rd, Pte. Dowas ("B").  
 Sergeants' Race.—1st, R.S.M. E. Smith. Victor Ludorum Cup.—1st, L/Cpl. Clegg, 10 pts.; 2nd, Bds. Burt, 7; 3rd (tie), Pte. Johnson and L/Cpl. Annesley, 6.  
 Boys' Individuals.—100 Yards.—1st, Turner; 2nd, Hatton; 3rd, Smith. 220 Yards.—1st, Turner; 2nd, Hatton; 3rd, Smith. 440 Yards.—1st, Smith; 2nd, Hatton; 3rd, Turner. 880 Yards.—1st, Turner; 2nd, Hatton; 3rd, Banks. High Jump.—1st, Short; 2nd, Smith; 3rd, Wallis. Long Jump.—1st, Hatton; 2nd, Wallis; 3rd, Smith.

INTER-COMPANY CHAMPIONSHIP, held on No. 8 ground on Monday, 24th, and Wednesday, 26th April, 1933. Results:—

440 Yards Relay.—1st, "D" Company; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing; 3rd, "B" Company (winning team: Pte. Rumboll, Sgt. Roberts, Pte. Bentley and 2nd Lt. Summers).  
 880 Yards Relay.—1st, "D" Company; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing; 3rd, "C" Company (winning team: Pte. Rumboll, C.S.M. Parks, Pte. Bentley, 2nd Lt. Summers).  
 One Mile Relay.—1st, "B" Company; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing; 3rd, "D" Company (winning team: Pte. Bailey, L/Cpl. Upjohn, L/Cpl. Lonsdale and 2nd Lt. Laing).  
 Two Mile Relay.—1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, "B" Company; 3rd, "D" Company (winning team: Pte. Shevels, Bds. Glew, Pte. Coles and Pte. Bagshaw).  
 Three Mile Team Race.—1st, "A" Company; 2nd, "C" (M.G.); 3rd, "H.Q." Wing; 4th, "B" Company.  
 480 Yards Hurdles Relay.—1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, "D" Company; 3rd, "A" Company (winning team: Dmr. Miles, L/Cpl. Boon, Dmr. Smith, and Dr. Heaney).  
 One Mile Team Race.—1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, "A" Company; 3rd, "C" (M.G.) (winning team: Pte. Bagshaw, Pte. Johnson, Pte. Glew and Pte. Myers).  
 Long Jump.—1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, "C" (M.G.); 3rd, "B" Company (winning team: Pte. Swaine, Pte. Hornsey, Pte. Horton and Pte. Jones).  
 High Jump.—1st, "D" Company and "C" (M.G.); 3rd, "H.Q." Wing and "A" Company, distance 18ft. 9ins. (winning teams: "D" Company, 2nd Lt. Summers, Pte. Bentley, Pte. Mulholland, C.S.M. Parks), "D" Company, Lt. Sir Nugent Everard, Bt., L/Cpl. Clegg, L/Cpl. Thompson and Pte. Chew).  
 Pole Jump.—1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, "A" Company; 3rd, "B" Company (winning team: Bds. Burt, Dmr. Heaney, Dmr. Major Goodwin and Pte. Brewer).  
 Hammer.—1st, "B" Company; 2nd, "A" Company; 3rd, "H.Q." Wing (distance 243ft; winning team: L/Cpl. Humpish, Pte. Gibson, Sgt. Ward and L/Cpl. Annesley).  
 Javelin.—1st, "B" Company; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing; 3rd, "A" Company, distance 429ft. 9ins. (winning team: Pte. Colbeck, Pte. Milner, Pte. Bailey and L/Cpl. Wright).  
 Discus.—1st, "B" Company; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing; 3rd, "C" (M.G.), distance 332ft. 9ins (winning

team : L/Cpl. Humpish, L/Cpl. Upjohn, Pte. Colbeck and 2nd Lt. Laing). Shot.—1st, "B" Company ; 2nd "H.Q." Wing ; 3rd, "C" (M.G.) Company, distance 127ft. 1½ins. (winning team : Pte. Wood, Pte. Dowas, Sgt. Ward and L/Cpl. Annesley). Tug-of-War.—1st, "C" (M.G.) Company ; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing ; 3rd, "B" Company and "A" Company (winning team : Pte. Elliott, Pte. Corker, Cpl. Teal, L/Cpl. Elliott, Pte. Johnson, Pte. Cordell, L/Cpl. Cox, Pte. Libby, Pte. Parker and Pte. Yarnell ; coach, C.O.M.S. Stannard). Result. Inter-Company Championship.—1st, "H.Q." Wing, 60 pts. ; 2nd, "B" Company, 47 ; 3rd, "C" (M.G.) ; 43 ; 4th, "A" Company, 39 ; 5th, "D" Company, 34.

BRIGADE SPORTS.—Once again, for the second year in succession, we won the Brigade Cup for athletics.

Final Placings.—1st, 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regt., 92 points ; 2nd, 1st Bn. The Royal Scots, 82 ; 3rd, 1st Bn. The Welch Regt., 63 ; 4th, 2nd Bn. The Northamptonshire Regt., 57.

COMMAND INTER-UNIT TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS.—We were not placed so high as last year. Out of twenty-six teams, we finished equal fifth. Our sprint teams did very well winning the 440 yards and 880 yards relays. The pole jumpers showed great promise for next year. The remainder of our athletes, although in some cases showing an improvement on last year's form, were, on the whole, disappointing. Final Placings.—1st, 1st Ox. & Bucks L.I., 85 points ; 2nd, 2nd R.E.'s, 78 ; 3rd, Q.O.R.W. Kent Regt., 49 ; 4th, 2nd T. Tank Corps, 43 ; 5th, 1st D.W.R., 37 ; 2nd Beds and Herts Regt., 37.

2nd Lt. W. H. Summers retained his Army 100 yards championship, winning in good style in 10 secs. L/Cpl. Clegg gained a standard medal for the 220 yards and was unlucky not to get into the final. 2nd Lt. Summers was placed equal first in the Inter-Services Championships with Flying Officer Sweeney, R.A.F., in the time of 10 1/5secs. 2nd Lt. Summers ran in the A.A.A. sports at the White City, but was beaten by inches for second place in the semi-final. 2nd Lt. Summers was selected as a reserve to represent Great Britain against France, unfortunately he did not run.

The following represented the Aldershot Command at some time or other during the season :—100 yards and 220 yards, 2nd Lt. Summers, L/Cpl. Clegg, L/Cpl. Upjohn, Pte. Swaine ; 880 yards, 2nd Lt. G. Laing, Cpl. Jackson ; long jump, Pte. Swaine.

The following were awarded athletic colours for the season 1933 :—2nd Lt. W. H. Summers, 2nd Lt. G. Laing, Bdsmn. Burt, Pte. Swaine, Pte. Rumboll, Pte. Bagshawe, L/Cpl. Clegg, Cpl. Jackson, Sgt. Ashmore, L/Cpl. Boon, Pte. Wood, Pte. Tompkins, Pte. Greenwood, Bdsmn. Glew, Pte. Johnson, L/Cpl. Humpish.

The Boys won the enlisted boys' Command inter-unit 440 yards relay cup.

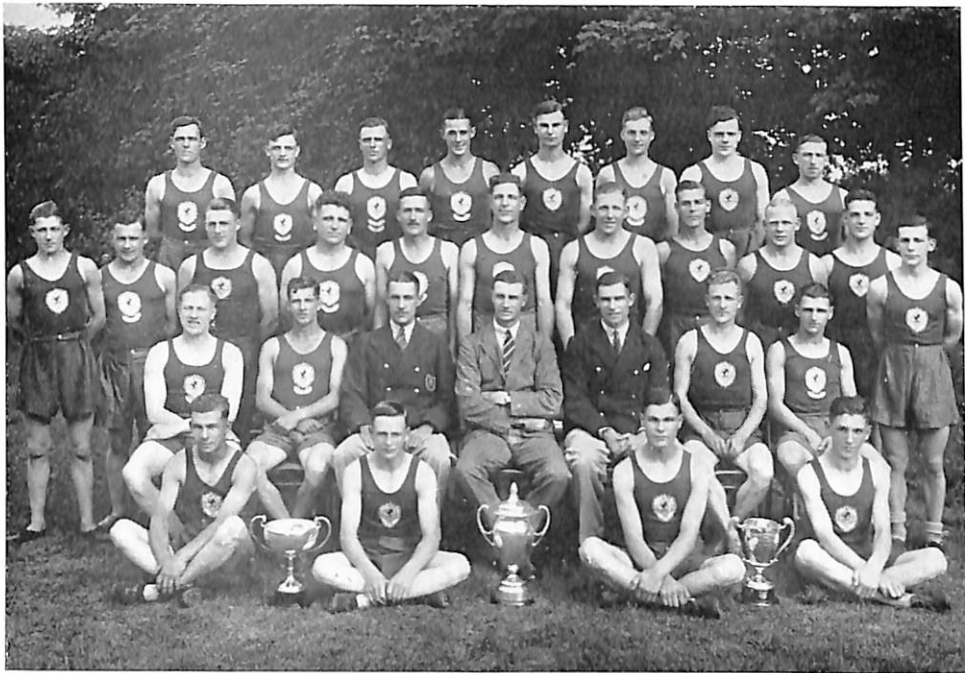
## 2nd BATTALION NEWS.

THIS hot weather the elements have certainly been kind to us. Usually in Kamptee during the months of April, May and June the sky is always cloudless and the sun boiling hot. But this year there have been showers of rain every few days, which have helped to keep the temperature down and the grass and trees from getting as brown and dried up as usual. All this has helped to keep us fitter in body and mind. As is usual in Kamptee, the chief trouble has been to find congenial recreation. "Two bob a day" does not allow of many trips to Nagpur, and even when one gets there the only diversion is the "Talkies." However we have managed to keep contented and well on hard work and plenty of exercise.

Unfortunately, as far as games are concerned, the Battalion has been rather dispersed. A large detachment of those recommended for the hills by the Medical Officer went to Mount Abu in Rajputana in April. The boys all went to Purandhar and the married families to Purandhar and Pachmarhi ; and of course there is always a detachment of about 70 in Fort Sitabuldi. This makes it difficult to hold competitions in games,



Officers of H.M.S. "Iron Duke" and of the 1st Battalion on board H.M.S. "Iron Duke" (see p. 163).  
(By courtesy of "Universal Talking News.")

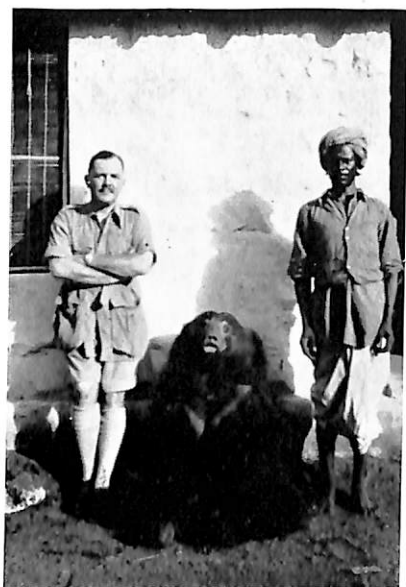


#### 1st BATTALION ATHLETIC TEAM, 1933.

Back row (left to right).—Pte. RUMBOLL, Pte. BAGSHAWE, Bds. BURT, Pte. TOMKINS, Pte. PAGE, Pte. GREENWOOD, L/Cpl. QUIRK, Pte. JOHNSON.  
Second row.—Pte. BEEVERS, Pte. WOOD, Pte. DOWAS, L. Cpl. ANNESLEY, Bds. GLUE, L/Cpl. BOON, L/Cpl. UPJOHN, Dmr. SMITH, Pte. ELLIOTT, Pte. TUNSTALL, Pte. MILNER.  
Third row (sitting).—L. Cpl. CLEGG, Cpl. JACKSON, 2nd Lt. W. H. SUMMERS, Major R. O'D. CAREY, 2nd Lt. G. LAING, Dr.-Major GOODWIN, Pte. SWAINE.  
Sitting on ground.—Boy TURNER, A.C. Enlisted Boys' Inter-Unit Relay Race Cup; Boy SHORT, Army 100 Yards Championship Cup; Boy HATTON, 2nd Infantry Brigade Athletic Challenge Cup; Boy SMITH.



**"DRUMS," 2nd BATTALION.** Winners of Platoon Flag Hockey Competition, 1933-34.  
 Left to right, standing.—BLAND, HOPPER, DEAN, CROSSLAND, GALLAGHER, ROBINSON: Sitting—MYERS, REILLY,  
 Lt. CUMBERLEGE, WOND and HOLLOWAY.



**Sloth Bear.** Height 5ft. 10½ins.



**Panther.** 7ft. 5ins. between pegs.

Both shot by Major Kavanagh, Berar, India, June, 1933 (see p. 170).

but we managed to get on well with the inter-platoon competitions, and the hockey, billiards, soccer and rugby have been completed in that order. Many of the games were keen and close and we hope that by revealing new talent they will have helped us in forming our company and battalion teams later in the year. The results are all given in detail elsewhere.

The Battalion hockey team put up a fine performance in winning the Jubbulpore Brigade Hockey Cup. We must admit that when they went away we did not think that they were so good, but they covered themselves with glory and completely refuted our judgment. The soccer team were not so successful in their first venture, as they were knocked out in the first round of the I.F.A. Shield by the Calcutta F.C., but we have great hopes of better success in the Rovers Cup, in which competition we have been in the final on three occasions.

To turn to the duller subject of work, the time has been mostly spent in preparing for and firing the annual weapon training course, and some highly satisfactory results have been obtained.

Now, of course, the monsoon has broken in earnest and the place is a sea of mud and water. Rugger is in full swing and the Battalion team is busy getting in trim for the big competitions. We congratulate them on their fine victories over Bombay Gymkhana and the "Hammers," both strong teams, by 10—5 and 8—nil respectively, and we expect great things of them when they go to Calcutta.

### OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the death of No. 4610305 Pte. E. Lee, who died of syncope. We can say that we have lost a good sportsman, sticker and trier. All ranks extend their deepest sympathy with his relatives.

### MOUNT ABU DETACHMENT.

This year the more fortunate members of the Battalion were sent to Mount Abu in Rajputana for the hot weather. It is a beautiful little place situated in a basin between high rocky hills and about 4,500 feet above sea level.

Our Detachment consisted of Lts. Fallon and Reynolds, 120 men odd and 12 families. The remainder of the Sanitarium was made up of 40 men of the Essex Regiment and all their battalion families.

The programme consisted of work in the morning and some form of sport in the evening. In this matter we were sadly handicapped by having to share the only available ground belonging to the Club with six other sides. Hockey was our chief game, and our first team succeeded in beating all local opposition, and even went further afield to Abu Road where we just managed to beat a strong B.B. & C.I. Railway side. Mention must be made of our opponents' hospitality, which was enjoyed by all our team.

In cricket, the Sanitarium side managed to beat all the local teams. A few of the "Dukes"—namely, Lt. Reynolds (capt.) and Ptes. Day, Spikings and Whitehurst, played for the Rajputana Club XI. in their outside matches during the season. Soccer was a difficulty, but through the kindness of Major Tarbotton and the Lawrence School we were able to borrow their hockey pitch, where we won a "9" aside competition.

In social activities the "Dukes" took control of the place. A dance every week with our own Band—two big dances: the Waterloo ball given by the N.C.O.'s, and an all ranks given by H.H. The Jamsahib of Nawangor, both with the Jodhpur State Band.

A very good little concert party under Dmr. Shaw was a great success and was much appreciated by the club members and schools, to whom they gave shows gratis.

We held a King's Birthday Parade, the first there for some years, which was attended by the whole station, the salute being taken by Lt.-Col. Ogilvie, Agent-General to Rajputana, who spoke highly of the good turn-out and drill of the men.



We also ran a successful sports meeting, the prizes being given by the Thakir Sahib of Limbdi. And in the local swimming sports Pte. Hamilton was only just beaten into second place for the Limbdi Cup, while in the other events the "Dukes" cleared the board.

As far as officers are concerned, it is a first class spot—a good club, golf, tennis, dances and, above all, good club members! One shot a panther and the other found congenial employment at the Residencies.

Before closing, mention must be made of Capt. Andrew, the Essex Regiment, the Commandant, who made our stay up there such a pleasant one; also the generosity of the Indian Princes in helping us with our sports funds.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

We concluded our last notes in a somewhat pessimistic vein in anticipation of a grilling hot weather, as those who had spent the previous year here had told us that the temperature seldom dropped below 120 degrees in the shade and life was only just possible. However, this much dreaded hot weather never arrived. We think from the tales we hear from home of heat waves and from the pictures in the illustrated weekly papers of ladies in their attenuated bathing dresses, that it must have gone to England instead. The weather all through May and June, although not pleasant, was at least bearable.

Several of our members tried their luck on "Shikar" among the wild animals of the neighbouring jungles during the hot weather months. The Central Provinces enjoy the reputation of being one of the best districts in India for big game, and although no one managed to secure a tiger, some were very successful in other respects. Lt.-Col. Cox, in only a short fortnight's shoot in the Chanda district, secured two fine specimens of the Central Indian sloth bear, also a good chital. Major Kavanagh and Major Fraser chose Chikalda in Berar as their base, and had a very successful shoot. Major Kavanagh's total bag consisted of three panther, one of which measured 7ft. 5ins. between pegs, four boar (shot chiefly for the benefit of the beaters), four red dog, one chital, 27 peacock and numerous jungle fowl and a very large bear measuring 5ft. 7ins. in height. Major Kavanagh had some exciting moments with this bear, coming upon it suddenly at close quarters when out after jungle fowl with a shot gun. Luckily his shikari was wide awake and quickly handed him his rifle, and one good shot dispatched the bear. Lt. Lauder, shooting in Balaghat, secured three panthers, one bison, two sambhur, two nilghi and one chital, and news comes from Mount Abu that Lt. Fallon has also shot a panther.

We were unfortunate in being unable to keep polo going during the hot weather, as there were not enough players left behind in the station. But we hope to start again as soon as the monsoon is over and get in good trim during the cold weather for our move to Nowshera, where better class polo can be obtained.

We had a series of keenly contested games of hockey against the sergeants, which provided great amusement for those who were unable to get away on leave. The team consisted entirely of officers, and we are proud to be able to say that we won on each occasion; but the games were hard and close and we all thoroughly enjoyed them.

We heartily congratulate Lt. Bunbury on his marriage, which took place in Eastbourne last spring, and we look forward very much to welcoming him and his bride to Kamptee in the near future.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

We find we have very little to send to press, since owing to our families being away at the various hill stations, our entertainments have been very few and far between. We have had two or three hockey matches with the officers, in which they have shown us the way to go home, proving too fast for our old war horses. Perhaps we can put our defeats down to the continual changing of our team, for it seemed all were anxious to

represent the Mess and retrieve the honours of the previous match. But, as already stated, we suffered defeat each time and must congratulate the officers on their successive victories.

In conclusion, we must congratulate C.S.M.'s Clarke, Slane, Clinch, C.Q.M.S. Browne and Broadbent on being awarded the long service and good conduct medals. It all goes to prove that old soldiers never die.

### CORPORALS' MESS.

Owing to the hot weather and now that the rainy season has arrived nothing of outstanding importance has occurred in the Mess. The annual billiard handicap was played off, and resulted in a win for Cpl. Millor, with the redoubtable "Studs" (Sullivan) a worthy runner-up. The cue for the highest break was won by Cpl. Millor with a break of 47.

A challenge to the Sergeants' Mess has been sent and accepted for the 11th August, when we hope to give them a good game and an enjoyable evening. A dance has been arranged for the end of August on the return of the married families from their various summer residences. In conclusion, we offer our congratulations to the following members on their promotion to corporal: Cpls. Brannon, Jumps, Wood, White, Solari, Smith, Iggo and last, but by no means least, our prize celebrity, Cpl. Simpson.

### COMPANY NOTES.

"A" COMPANY.—Like everything else at Kamptee, news is scarce, and unfortunately the Editor will not permit the use of headlines, but this has been said before.

During May and June we were in Fort Sitabuldi under the command of Captain Sayers, since Major Kavanagh had gone on two months' big game shooting in Berar.

On turning to the Company sports, we congratulate the hockey team on winning the shield from "H.Q." Wing, who have held it for the last two years. It was a great game and called for the best on both sides. With Lt. Moran in charge, our rugger team has improved beyond recognition and we hope to do great things in the company rugger competition.

All ranks have now settled down to musketry and a determination to win the Scissors Cup competition for the best figure of merit in the annual course.

Major Kavanagh, as the result of giving a Dublin Hospitals Sweep ticket to the platoon having the best figure of merit in the Company, is spending many a sleepless night wondering what will happen if one of his platoons win £30,000.

"B" COMPANY.—At the time of going to press we are once again in the Fort, but this year we have been fortunate in coming here after the hot weather. Most of us have been able to get away to the hills for a few weeks. But our Company Commander is the luckiest in commanding the Hill Sanitarium at Wellington; we hope that he is enjoying himself.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to C.S.M. Clinch on being awarded the long service and good conduct medal after eighteen years' service. We are losing, with much regret, 2nd Lt. W. A. Waller, who is going to the "D" (M.G.) Company. We wish him the best of luck in his new company. We are all very pleased to welcome back Sgt. Love to his old company after a short tour of duty at the Depot.

"C" COMPANY.—Nothing of great importance has occurred since our last notes. About the most exciting event was the basket ball competition which No. 12 Platoon almost won.

We are at present carrying out our annual weapon training course and anticipate some good results. We hope also to find some new talent for the company shooting

team. We have twenty-nine of the Company at the hills; we hope they have had a good time and do not grow too fat to wear their equipment.

As regards sport, unfortunately we are not shining in any branch. In the Platoon Flag competition all platoons were eliminated very early in hockey and soccer. Our hopes are now concentrated on No. 11 Platoon to do well in rugby.

The following changes have taken place during the last few months:—Sgts. Smith and Ashmore to the Home Establishment and Cpl. Simpson to Headquarter Wing. We hope they all prosper in their new sphere of life. Cpl. Simpson's moustache appears to have improved in style since he left us and we hear that he uses a special cosmetic for it (rifle oil).

We have had a hard job to find our C.Q.M.S. these last few days. He has taken up the scientific game of golf, and we often find him practising with a sweeping brush and a hockey ball trying to hole out in one into a wash bowl. Unfortunately he leaves us early this trooping season for the Depot. We wish him every success during his stay there. Finally, we congratulate L/Cpls. Harris, King, Leggatt and McGowan on their appointments.

"D" (M.G) COMPANY.—The quarter under review has proved to be a fairly strenuous one, for individual training has been in full swing.

The weather clerk has been very kind this year, giving us quite cool clear mornings for firing the A.M.G.C., and we must congratulate ourselves on the splendid results obtained.

Our young hands have proved themselves better shots than last year's turnover, and there has been a marked improvement in our old hands. We take the opportunity of congratulating Pte. Courtney on proving to be the best shot amongst the lance-corporals and privates of the Company.

Now to the realms of sport. The Platoon Flag competition is in full swing. No. 13 Platoon managed to reach the semi-finals of the soccer, billiards and hockey when they came upon more experienced opponents. They are in the final of the rugger after eliminating No. 15 Platoon, and go on to meet No. 14 Platoon in an all "D" Company final. No. 14 Platoon are doing well and had some hard luck in the soccer, going down when we expected them to pull through. Once again we must congratulate No. 15 Platoon on winning the soccer for the second year in succession, so it seems we are going to see our three platoons heading the Battalion.

HEADQUARTER WING. NO. 18 PLATOON.—Having been informed on good authority (the Company clerk) that all groups have forwarded notes to the Editor, we have decided not to be outdone. Although our group consists mainly of veterans, I think we can claim to have put up quite a good performance as far as sport is concerned. Although in the Platoon Flag rugby, soccer and hockey competitions we were knocked out in the early stages, at billiards we proved that brains and experience will tell in the long run, and we won the final by a comfortable margin. We have also won the inter-group athletic cup, again proving that the outsider sometimes romps home first. We not only surprised the critics but ourselves as well, when our team of so-called "Old Crocks" came in second in the cross-country run, beating the Band and Drums.

Very shortly we expect to lose a few of our distinguished members, including our C.Q.M.S. Percy Hemblys, who goes on a vocational training course in poultry farming. We also lose Pte. Hamilton, one of the Battalion boxers and rugger players, whose services in all forms of sport will be greatly missed.

DRUMS.—Having been called upon to produce some notes, we will do our best, but are afraid they will be short and sweet as there is very little to report. At the moment we are busy knocking into shape our new hands, and at last our results are encouraging.

In the realms of sport we have met with some success, having beaten the Band 2—1

in the final of the Platoon Flag hockey competition, in a replay. We also reached the final of the soccer and lost 2—0 to No. 15 Platoon.

Our boys are still at Purandhar, but we expect them back any time now. According to reports they have done very well at sport, especially boxing.

**BAND.**—As usual this year, all our young hands and boys are away at the hills (Purandhar), but we have still battled on, with the old crocks keeping the flag flying.

In spite of our average number being twenty, we have so far done very well as regards the Platoon Flag competition, being runners-up in the hockey and billiards.

Mention must be made of the keen interest taken in sport by our boys at Purandhar. In a boxing tournament, held on the basket ball ground, our boys competed against the Royal Fusiliers from Ahmednagar. Boys Grammar, Waters and Tompkins put up a good display of clean boxing and in almost every case were congratulated on their plucky fighting. Bdmn. Thompson, who fought L/Cpl. Cullen of the K.O.S.B.'s, put up an exceptionally plucky fight, but was unfortunate to lose on points. Bdsm. Pratt, who won the final of the men's feather-weight, beat a more experienced boxer in Pte. Meridew, a company boxer of the K.O.S.B.'s. Out of the thirteen entries we won four finals, which made us the winners of the tournament.

**SIGNAL SECTION.**—Since the inauguration of THE IRON DUKE we have patiently waited for some literary genius to blossom forth with a few notes on happenings in the Signal Section. Here is the first effort.

In the Platoon Flag competition we have met with sad reverses. We were dismissed from the hockey by No. 19 Platoon after three replays. In the soccer we clashed with No. 15 Platoon and ceased to have any further interest. At billiards we went a stage further and eventually came up against No. 11 Platoon who put "paid" to our account. At the time of writing we are still in the rugby and hope to better our previous efforts. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Pratt, Keable and L/Cpl. "Bonce" Jackson, who were ably supported by the rest, we overwhelmed No. 1 Platoon in a replay 24—nil, the previous score being 0—0. We have also won the inter-group shooting shield, having 28 marksmen out of a total of 38.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Our prospects for the coming ruggar season appear to be exceedingly bright. Three Battalion trials have been played, and each of them showed that we have excellent material. Unfortunately Pte. Moss, our star performer, broke his wrist and it is very doubtful whether he will be able to play again this year.

We have had great difficulty in arranging matches at Kamptee, and both the Royal Artillery at Jubbulpore and the Bombay Gymkhana were unable to come up, and we have been forced to travel to Bombay to play two games before the tournaments start. These we succeeded in winning, and the Bombay papers gave our team very encouraging "write-ups" in consequence. Our old opponents, the Bombay Gymkhana, treated us to their usual lavish hospitality during our short visit to Bombay.

We have entered for the All India and Calcutta Cup, and in addition, a new tournament—The Presidency and Assam Cup—which is open only to Regimental and Auxiliary Force sides. This tournament is to be played at Calcutta.



#### MAC'S LATEST.—HEARD ON DEFAULTER'S PARADE.

Pte. McCScotty: "Please, Sergeant, I am down for linesman at soccer to-day."

Provost Sergeant: "You are also down to answer your name."

McCScotty: "I have got someone to answer for me, Sergeant."

(Collapse of the defaulters.)

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.



During the hot weather, opportunity was again taken of playing off the Platoon Flag competition. As in the past, the games throughout were of a high standard and great enthusiasm was displayed.

In the later matches games were so close that many replays occurred. The final game was contested by Nos. 15 and 19 Platoons. After extra time no advantage had been gained by either side, but in the replay No. 15 Platoon carried off the honours. Both sides deserved great credit—No. 15 Platoon for winning the competition for the second year in succession, and No. 19 for the tenacity they showed before being finally defeated.

A number of Battalion trial games were played during June and July, with the intention of selecting a side to represent our hopes in the I.F.A. Shield competition at Calcutta. The form shown was disappointing, but this is mainly due to the fault of there being no outside local teams against whom our real strength could be tested.

A final selection of the Battalion side proved almost identical with the team that played in the Rovers Cup competition at Bombay last year; Ptes. Wray and Hardy being brought in to replace Ptes. Sullivan and Colgrave who have proceeded home.

It was appreciated that the I.F.A. Shield was the most difficult competition, but we had, remembering our success at Bombay last year, expected the team to do something noteworthy in the shield. It was a great blow to expectations to learn that in the opening match the Battalion were defeated by 2—1 by Calcutta F.C. Calcutta have a high reputation in the shield and we must not therefore let this discourage us in any way.

When these notes are in print the Battalion will be again competing in the Rover's Cup at Bombay. Our record in this competition is very encouraging. During the past four years the Battalion has thrice reached the final and once the semi-final. As this will be the last opportunity for many years, before going north, it is hoped that the team will go one better than their previous successes and win the competition outright.

The following have been awarded their caps for the season 1932-33 :—L/Cpl. Holden, Ptes. Wootten, Rowley, Deighton, Vickers, Craven, Hartley, Cpl. Curran and Pte. Coxon.

## A LEAF FROM A MALARIA MAN'S DIARY.

"During my inspection of the officers' bungalows I found Capt. Sayers well oiled."

This, after a hurried cross-examination of the man concerned, proved to mean that the well was well oiled.

## THE READY RETORT.

Guard Commander (to sentry): "Are you glued to your beat, sentry?"

Sentry: "No, Sergeant, I am saving boot leather."

Guard Commander (quarter of an hour later): "I thought you was saving boot leather, sentry?"

Sentry: "I just thought on, I'd borrowed 'em, Sergeant."

ANON.

### HOCKEY.

The outstanding item of our hockey news is the Battalion team's success in winning the 10th Jubbulpore Infantry Brigade inter-unit hockey shield.

On the 11th May our team went to Jubbulpore to play in the tournament, and were put up by the Signal Training Centre, who looked after us extraordinarily well. We beat our first opponents, the 23rd Field Brigade R.A., by 3—2 after an excellent game. We then went on to beat the Signal Training Centre by 3—0 in the final. In this game O'Grady gave a magnificent display at full back; other outstanding players being Boardman, Holloway and Sullivan. It is interesting to note in connection with this match how impressed our opponents were by our stick work. This we mainly attribute to our rough Kamptee grounds, which we shall not be sorry to exchange for those at Nowshera, which we hear are very good. L/Sgt. R. Caulfield captained the team.

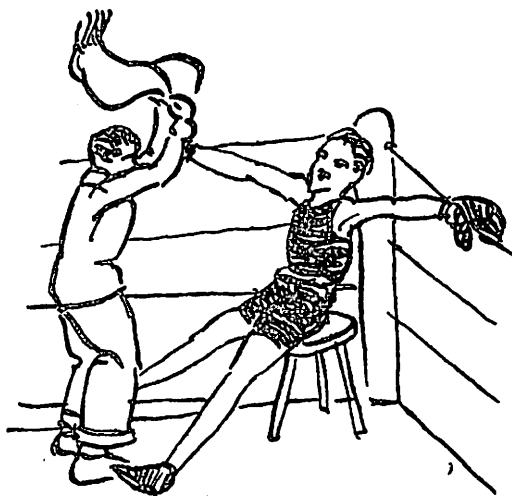


On our return we started the Platoon Flag competition, which was remarkable for the enthusiasm it aroused throughout the Battalion. Once again the Band and Drums met in the final, the Drums just getting through by 2—1 after extra time.

A very pleasant feature of this hot weather has been the fortnightly match between the officers and sergeants, in which much talent has revealed itself.

### BOXING.

**INTER - COMPANY BOXING TEAM COMPETITION.**—This year this competition has been run upon a different system to that of previous years. Each company entered a team consisting of one catch-weight, one middle, two welters, two light, one feather and one bantam, but instead of the teams boxing each other on a knock-out system each weight was run as an individual competition; two points being awarded to the company of a winner and one to that of a loser. Some very keen and close fighting resulted in a win for "B" Company against "H.Q." Wing, with "D" (M.G.) Company only one point behind them. The Commanding Officer presented the shield to the winning company and medals to the individual winners. "B" Company have always been a very keen boxing company and have won the shield on several occasions. We congratulate them on their further success.



Pte. Scott, the winner of the catch-weight class, left for Bombay pending embarkation to the U.K. Scott has represented the Battalion for many years in the heavy-weight classes with great success, and it will be very difficult to fill his place.

Results of the finals of the competition are given below:—Bantam, Pte. Barker, "D" (M.G.), w.o. Pte. Archdale, "A" Company; feathers, L/Cpl. Barron, "H.Q.," beat Pte. Joyce, "A" Company; first lights, Pte. Richardson "B," k.o. Bdm. Rowlands,

"H.Q.;" second lights, Pte. Brittan, "B," beat Pte. White, "C" Company; first welters, L/Cpl. O'Shea, "B," k.o. Pte. Pickles, "D"; second welters, Pte. Farnell, "B," beat L/Cpl. Norton, "H.Q.;" middles, Pte. Hamilton, "H.Q.," beat Pte. Day, "A" Company; catch-weights, Scott, "D," beat Pte. Shevells, "A" Company.

### GOLF.

The royal and ancient game has taken us by storm. Subalterns are buying superb sets of steel-shafted clubs, and having nails put into their shoes, several have bought books on the subject, and every day the links at Kamptee or Nagpur are crowded with earnest novices. Some rely on sheer strength and eye, disdaining to apply book-learning to the game, while others conscientiously try to model their play on Mitchell or Vardon. One sees their lips move as in prayer as they swing: "Slow back, left arm straight, eye on the ball;" but usually the brute strength brigade get better results.

The ante-room is the scene of intense activity reminiscent of a busy day on the Stock Exchange, and the whole atmosphere exudes golf. Bets are made at the rate of three a minute, challenges are broadcast and accepted, and above all rises the voice of the stranger within our gates, guar-antee-ing that he will outdrive anybody.

The objects of our deepest scorn are those snakes who treat the game as an excuse to consort with the lovelies of Nagpur. However, these hypocrites are beginning to realise that the game is worth more than the candle—for ye cannot serve golf and woman, and most of them have chosen the straight and narrow of the fairway rather than the long grass of the rough.

No account of our golfing activities would be complete without recalling the classic occasion when two of our Irish players arrived near the brown of the last hole. The score was all square, and vast sums and reputations were at stake. "Look out D—" "Fore." "Och, you — liar, meself Oime after seeing you take at least foive already."

### DEPOT NEWS.

**T**HE rush of activities during the spring has been followed by a quieter period, albeit one sprinkled fairly liberally with events of importance to the Depot.

In May we tried our hands at boxing the Territorial Army, by invitation of Lt.-Col. Armistead, against the 6th Bn. West Yorkshire Regiment at Bradford. It was a very pleasant meeting and provided good experience, but they were too good for us.

On the 25th of the month we held the West Riding Area inter-Depot boxing competition for the cup presented by the Medical Officer, Captain Lindsay Clark. The 4th Battalion drill hall in Prescott Street was kindly lent by Lt.-Col. Aykroyd. Of the four Depots, two, who share the Pontefract Barracks, the K.O.Y.L.I. and the York and Lancaster Regiments, fought off a few days before, the result being a win for the York and Lancaster Depot. We saw therefore a triangular contest at Halifax between the West Yorkshire Depot, the York and Lancaster Depot, and ourselves. The fighting was very keen, resulting in a win in every contest but one for the Dukes. A wonderful performance, due largely to the great fitness and staying power of the recruits, for which much credit is due to Sgt. Churn and his P.T. staff. In the absence on leave of Major-General Jackson, Commanding the West Riding Area, Colonel Burnett, who has just taken over command of the 147th Brigade T.A., gave away the prizes.

A number of friends were entertained in the Mess before the boxing, and they and the public gave the meeting very valued support, the hall being filled almost to its seating capacity. Large detachments arrived from the other Depots by motor-coach. The Band of the 4th Battalion played selections during the evening.



LT.-COLONEL M. N. COX, M.C., Commanding 2nd Battalion.





THE REGIMENTAL DINNER CLUB, LADIES' TEA.  
Park Lane Hotel, 19th May, 1933.

After really phenomenal weather from the earliest days of March, 24th June, on which Waterloo Day was to be celebrated, opened warm and fine, but at 3 p.m., when the annual sports were timed to begin, steady rain began, and it poured for most of the afternoon and evening. However many friends of all ranks turned up and braved the weather. The Band of the 6th Battalion came all the way from Skipton, resplendent in scarlet tunics, and played excellent selections in spite of the rain. We were very fortunate in having, not only the Brigade Commander 147th Brigade, Colonel Burnett, but also three of the four Commanding Officers of the Territorial Battalions. All of them took part with some effect in the officers' race. In the track events there were some very close finishes; the shield was won by February Squad, who, with the valuable assistance of Sgt. Kennedy, their squad instructor, triumphed by one point. Much amusement was caused by the efforts of squad N.C.O.'s to get their blindfold flocks' who wore comic masks, into a sort of sheep-pen which was erected in different positions on the green. One N.C.O. was heard to remark *sotto voce* that sheep would have been more manageable as he knew they had brains! Mrs. Whitaker very kindly gave away the prizes.

This year four of the Depot officers took part in the annual Territorial camp at Beverley. Lt. Wathen, as staff captain, opened up the camp, followed by Lt. R. G. Turner, as cadre officer, and by Major Whitaker and Captain Hodgson alternately as brigade majors. The weather was good and all voted the camp very pleasant. Depot officers enjoyed a very excellent lunch as guests of the 4th and 6th Battalions on the occasions of visitors' day, and were later entertained to dinner by Colonel Spencer and the 6th Battalion officers.

On 1st August an open boxing meeting was held—open in two senses, in that it was held at 8 p.m. on a perfect evening on the edge of the Depot lawn, and was also open to outside entrants. May Squad were the victors, and an excellent fight was witnessed between members of the 4th Battalion and also a very hard exhibition fight between two of the Depot staff.

The Mayor of Halifax, Alderman W. Crabtree, and Mr. Gledhill, M.P., and others once again gave us their support and the pleasure of their company at supper in the Mess. The refereeing was ably carried out by General Sugden, who has so many times helped us in this way. Quite a large crowd came into barracks and appeared to appreciate the evening's boxing to the full.

During the period a visit was organised to the York Tattoo. Nearly a hundred recruits and others were taken over by motor-coach under the R.S.M., and enjoyed the show immensely. The next morning was observed as a holiday.

The fortnightly "all ranks" dances, which have been held regularly, have been a great success. A small charge is made for admission, the N.A.A.F.I. organise the catering, and usually the expenses of the evening are covered. A natural falling-off in the attendance during the summer however has decided us to discontinue them until September, when they will doubtless again become a popular feature of Depot life.

PIGGERIES.—Forty-five strong and proud in the possession of two new families, the piggeries continue to flourish. Mr. Sturman has had some anxious days, due to the noise of firing on the thirty yards range, but has been induced to smile again by the provision of a new pigs' Lido in which his valuable charges can sun-bathe.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Since the last edition went to press we have been delighted to welcome Colonel J. C. Burnett and Mrs. Burnett amongst us. We say amongst us, but this is an inaccuracy, as they have elected to live at Barkston Ash. However, thanks to the speed of modern transport, we have been able to see quite a lot of them and of Miss Burnett. Colonel Burnett has of course commanded the Depot, and consequently has many friends in and

around Halifax. We wish him every happiness in his new appointment as Commander 147th Brigade.

Although Lt. and Mrs. Orr were reported in the last edition as coming to Halifax, their first visit was very short, culminating in a return to Aldershot for the P.T. course. They are however now with us, having returned in time to go some way in the mixed doubles of the Halifax open tennis tournament. Lt. R. G. Turner, our late Sub-Editor, saw fit to leave us after Waterloo Day, and has kept out of sight ever since. It is rumoured that he is learning how to sign his name as a staff officer in York. His time at the Depot is over very shortly and we shall be sorry to lose him to the 1st Battalion at Aldershot. Captain Hodgson, the P.M.C., has also nearly completed his tour at Halifax. He is keen to go East to compare the rigours of Frontier work to the delights of the Depot and of camping with the Territorial Army. We wish him every success and we are very sorry to lose him.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Saturday, 24th June, saw us, in spite of indifferent weather, with an exceptionally large gathering of ex-Mess members, 250 having accepted our invitation to an enjoyable tea. Our caterers on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. G. Flather, who will be remembered by many who have passed this way. During the evening a very successful dance was held in the gymnasium at which many old friends were present. Some officers, Territorial and otherwise, and their wives were guests of the evening. Major Whitaker gave prizes for spot dancing and kindly judged the winners.

On the following Wednesday we held our annual outing to Blackpool, and helped with a full share of sunshine, the day was a pronounced success. There were no casualties. We again take off our hats to Sgt. Cubitt for the way he beat all comers in our recent billiards tournament. By the time these notes are in print, Sgt. Simcox will have left us to rejoin the 1st Battalion, and we wish to take this opportunity of wishing him good fortune. Many a visitor will miss "old Joe" of the "sandpaper" voice, and we hope that the change of air will restore that voice, which we know to have been lost on the barrack square here.

### SPORT.

CRICKET.—A very successful season. Of 15 games played we have won 8 and lost 7. The weather has been extremely kind to us for only three games have been cancelled, a record for this part of the country.

During the latter part of the season the team has been weakened by the absence of Lts. Wathen and Turner and by the departure of Cpls. Richmond and Shepley and Pte. Pearce. The gaps thus caused have been ably filled however by more than "dark horses." This was very apparent when Leeds Allerton, formidable opponents, visited us last month and suffered a totally unexpected and heavy defeat.

There have been several very close finishes recently, notably when we won a very exciting game against the Inland Revenue by one run.

The most consistent batsmen have been Ptes. Bower, Stuart, Pearce, Lt. Wathen and L/Cpl. Stringer. The most successful bowlers, Cpls. Cooper and Richmond and Pte. Westgart.

May 1934 prove as successful and pleasant a season as this has been.

BOXING.—The last three months have seen considerable activity on the part of our boxers. There have been two inter-squad competitions, won respectively by the January and May squads, and the West Riding Area inter-Depot competition, when we retained the cup presented last year by Capt. Lindsay-Clark. A few days prior to this meeting we were fortunate enough to fight the 6th Battalion, The West Yorkshire Regiment at Bradford where we were heavily defeated. However, the team gained valuable experience and spent a most enjoyable evening.

In the inter-Depot competition the team fought extremely well, obtaining 19 of a possible 20 points, the Depot York and Lancaster Regiment being runners-up with 14 points.

### REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

As the result of our appeal in the last two issues of THE IRON DUKE, we have received gifts of a few new exhibits, but we have room for plenty more. We particularly require old uniforms, head dresses, badges, medals and war trophies—such as shell cases, etc.

We offer our thanks for the following gifts:—

Ex-R.Q.M.S. Shearing.—One German automatic pistol.

Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench.—Khaki helmet, white helmet (South African War period).

Mr. Wilson.—Pistol and pouch.

Col. J. C. Burnett.—Head dress German Hussar, two German bayonets and scabbards with frogs, German infantryman's great coat, sniper's helmet and breastplate, Uhlan officer's sword.

Mr. E. James.—Cartridges as used by French colonial troops during the Great War.

Mrs. Watson.—War grave cross of the late Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall, killed in action whilst commanding the 2nd Battalion, which has been placed alongside the cross from Rheninghelst, Belgium, showing names of officers and other ranks killed at Mons and Hill 60.

Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden.—Special constable's truncheon which was presented to him by the Chief Constable of Wolverhampton, 1911.

Mr. R. Lowe.—German automatic pistol captured by donor at Paschendaele, October, 1917.

Ex-R.Q.M.S. A. W. Steele.—British infantry officer's sword and scabbard, Turkish officer's sword, Gurkha's kukri, rifle bolt and bayonet taken from an Afghan at Fort Spin Baldock, 1919.

All presentations or donations should be addressed to The Officer Commanding, Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax, Yorkshire. These will be duly acknowledged and recorded in the Museum accession book with the names of the donors.

### 4th BATTALION NEWS.

ON 28th May we held our annual open air parade service on Savile Park. The Right Rev. Bishop Frodsham, D.D., Vicar of Halifax, conducted the service, which was also attended by *personnel* from the Depot, members of the 4th Battalion, Old Comrades' Association, Halifax Branch of the British Legion, and Old Contemptibles' Association, and a detachment of the St. John Ambulance Association. After the service, the parade marched through the town to the Drill Hall.

In an address, Bishop Frodsham spoke as follows:—

Officers and Men,—The great quality demanded from a soldier is courage. It needed courage to face the actualities of war. I am not so certain that it does not demand greater moral courage to be a soldier at a time when the whole country earnestly desires peace. During the war it often required moral courage from a man whose duty it was to remain in England at a civil employment when the community expected every able-bodied man to enlist. A conscientious objector not infrequently showed moral courage in standing by his principles. Now the balance has changed, and it requires some courage to be a Territorial soldier, and even for a padre to conduct a drumhead parade.

It is not because it is wrong to be a soldier, nor is it wrong to desire peace on earth and goodwill among men. But the unthinking part of the British community, because war is a dreadful calamity, imagines that every soldier must be in love with war. Nothing is farther from the case. A second great war in Europe was averted when General Harington told Mustapha Kemal that he would resist with all the forces at his disposal the invasion of Macedonia. This threat to protect Macedonia preserved

peace. There are old comrades of my own present. To them I appeal. Do you doubt, comrades, that the British Army preserved this country from invasion in 1914 and after? Did you not hate war all the time you were serving? Did you not hate still more the thought of English women and girls being subjected to the horrors of invasion? Did you not dream of a war to end war?

A soldier, every English soldier, desires above all things to prevent war. The British Army is organised with the deliberate intention of promoting peace and of preventing cruel aggression everywhere possible. The motto of the old Volunteers, "Defence not Defiance," might be taken for the motto of the whole Army to-day. All England is at one in desiring peace. They differ on the best method of promoting and maintaining peace. That is all.

Quite apart from the duty of defending their country, the Territorial Army particularly stands for another matter of conscience. There is no greater weakness in any country than that the young manhood of the country should grow up slack and selfish, desirous of self-gratification and incapable of united action for the common weal. In Australia and in England I have consistently advocated military training not because I am a militarist, but because I know the good effect it has on the character and physique of young men and lads. It is far better than watching football and cricket matches, although love of sport is a good enough thing in its way. The appearance of the men on parade to-day is an object lesson to all who have eyes to see what training can do for self-respect, dependability and improved physique.

The fact that this parade service should be held at all is significant. Those who speak glibly about military service being contrary to Christianity assume much they cannot prove. There can be little doubt that aggressive militarism is contrary to the teaching of Christianity, but the military profession, pledged to support order and good government, is spoken of with respect throughout the New Testament. And what is true of the profession is true also of the individual. It was a Roman soldier whose faith was commended by our Lord.

Courage in the discharge of duty, obedience to authority, discipline, comradeship and readiness to sacrifice even life for the public welfare—these constitute a common ground upon which men can stand as soldiers and as Christians. A man is no worse a soldier because he is a Christian; he may be a better Christian because he is a soldier.

Now that annual camp training is completed, we can look back on the past few months with a feeling of satisfaction, albeit with a feeling of relief, at the passing of an exceptionally busy period. Recruiting during these months has been well up to the average, more than 70 recruits having been attested. All companies have carried out tactical exercises with and without troops. Evening classes have been held for the transport *personnel*, rangetakers, and regimental signallers, in addition to the ordinary drills and training. All available week-ends have been spent on the ranges in the firing of the annual musketry course, which was completed on 5th August, only seven other ranks failing to fire. Drills also have been very well attended, everyone appearing anxious to qualify for the proficiency grant before proceeding to camp. There seems to be little doubt that the fact of a camp being held gave more enthusiasm and an added keenness to all ranks, and it is to be hoped that the situation that existed in 1932 as regards the annual camps of the Territorial Army will never recur.

At the commencement of camp the Battalion mustered 16 officers and 521 other ranks; 15 officers and 452 other ranks attended. The Westwood at Beverley makes an ideal camping site, being splendidly situated on a gentle slope overlooking the town and surrounding countryside. Although the weather could have been better during the first week, no inconvenience was caused except perhaps in the Battalion orderly room, where, during the heavy showers, work had to cease, as the marquee leaked very badly. Glorious weather was experienced during the last eight days, however, and sun-bathing became a favourite pastime among the troops. Work was comparatively easy, consisting mainly of platoon and company training. During the second week a night scheme was carried out. This was a new experience for the majority and proved very interesting. The Westwood being "free" land, the natives of Beverley took every advantage of their rights. Hundreds of people visited the camp daily and the embarrassing suddenness of the rain storms during the first week caused great excitement, especially to the fair sex, who had perforce to take shelter in the tents. The Band and Drums also proved a great attraction to the population of Beverley when playing at Mess and at guard mounting and when beating Retreat. They also fulfilled engagements at York and Hull and twice performed in Beverley Market Square. In every case they were well received by appreciative audiences. Various organised parties proceeded from camp

to York to see the Northern Command Military Tattoo. These performances were much enjoyed by all who witnessed them.

The benefit gained through the holding of evening classes for regimental signallers was proved when at the annual classification held in camp, 32 signallers were put forward for classification and all passed the test, with an average of over 99 per cent. We had hopes of winning the Dartmouth Cup, but this is hardly possible this year. We shall, however, continue our efforts in this direction. The range-takers were not quite so successful; although they worked very satisfactorily, they failed to pass the classification test.

We are happy to record that the Battalion was successful in winning the Sugden Trophy (Brigade light automatic competition), but we failed to hold the Brigade Transport Cup, which we have loaned to the 7th Battalion.

Although no Battalion sports were held in camp this year, the football shield and cross country shield were competed for. The former was won by "D" Company (Halifax) and the latter by "C" Company (Cleckheaton). Many cricket matches were played. The officers beat the sergeants by 164 runs and very generously offered to let the sergeants have a second innings! Officers lost to remainder of Battalion. The Battalion lost to the Depot East Yorkshire Regiment. Inter-company matches were also held with varying results.

The middle Sunday was, as usual, "Visitors' Day," some 200 guests of officers and other ranks paying a visit to the camp from Halifax and district. The guests of the officers included Major-Gen. C. H. Jackson (Div. Comdr.) and Mrs. Jackson, the Mayor and Mayoress of Halifax (Alderman Wm. Crabtree and Miss Pollard), Mr. Gilbert Gledhill, M.P., and Mrs. Gledhill, Lt.-Col. G. K. Sullivan (Sec. W.R. T.A. Association) and Mrs. Sullivan, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden (Hon. Colonel) and Mrs. Sugden, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. L. Mowat. The Sergeants' Mess catered for some 160 visitors in their usual generous style, and it is certain that everyone spent a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Generally speaking, the annual camp this year can be recorded as being one of the most successful since the war. The natives of Beverley were very sociable and appeared glad to have the troops in the town. There is no doubt that this feeling of good fellowship did much towards making the camp a happy one.

We are sorry to report that during July Lts. T. A. Hoyle and J. M. S. Sykes have been compelled for business reasons to resign from the active list and have been transferred to the Territorial Army Reserve of Officers. The following are also notified:—2nd Lt. H. S. Heaton, gazetted 24th June. Captain W. S. F. Tetlow has taken over the command of "H.Q." Wing on promotion.

The following competitions have taken place during the period covered by these notes:—Battalion annual Shoot fired at Bradshaw, July 1st:—(a) Officers' Cup Competition.—1st, Colonel H. H. Aykroyd. (b) Permanent Staff Competition.—1st, Sgt. S. Code. (c) Sergeants' Cup Competition.—1st, Sgt. C. Scott, "B" Company; 2nd, Q.M.S. G. T. Miller, "H.Q." Wing. The "wooden spoon" was carried off by Sgt. F. Greenwood (cook sergeant), who should be able to make good use of such an implement. (d) Battalion Championship. 300 Yards Slow.—Sgt. C. Scott, "B" Company, and C.S.M. P. Naylor, "A" Company, tie. 300 Yards Rapid.—Q.M.S. G. T. Miller, "H.Q." Wing, and Sgt. C. Gledhill, "A" Company, tie. 500 Yards Slow.—1st, Sgt. S. Dyble, "B" Company; 2nd, Cpl. J. C. Bryan, "B" Company. (e) Championship.—1st, Sgt. C. Scott, "B" Company; 2nd, Q.M.S. G. T. Miller, "H.Q." Wing. (f) Recruits' Competition.—1st, Pte. J. Greenwood, "B" Company; 2nd, Pte. A. Pearson, "C" Company. Davis Bowl Competition, fired at Bradshaw 5th August.—1st, "B" Company (Brighouse); 2nd, "C" Company (Cleckheaton). Mackintosh Cup Competition, held in Camp.—Won by "A" Company (Sowerby Bridge). Savile Bowl Competition (Company Drill), held in Camp.—1st, "C" Company; 2nd, "B" Company. Company Lines Competition (Camp) was won by "A" Company.

## 5th BATTALION NEWS.

OUR camp on the Westwood, Beverley, has come and gone, and has been voted by nearly everyone the most enjoyable for years even though it was not a seaside camp.

We were pleased to have Major Price and Lt. Faithfull with us for the first week, this being the first time we had the pleasure of meeting the former.

The Colonel rather defied the weather and ordered grey-back shirts and rank armlets for the whole Battalion in anticipation of shirt sleeve parades ; his foresight proved to be fully justified and greatly added to the comfort of the Battalion.

Every camp has its drawbacks, the main snag at Beverley being the civilians wandering about ; evidently the Westwood has been " common land " for hundreds of years, and the people are very jealous of their rights ; anyhow, they came with children and sandwiches and litter.

Every man in the Battalion had the opportunity of visiting Bridlington by motor-bus, and nearly everyone went, it is surprising how many had never seen the sea before, but then we had 118 recruits in camp.

Regimental sports were held on the middle Saturday, and we entertained many guests on the Sunday. The Old Comrades' Association came in force in a char-a-banc and enjoyed the outing.

The training has been much simpler this year and much more has been learnt. No schemes have exceeded those for a company at war strength.

We also greatly appreciated the help given by the staff College officers attached, Captain Dykes, R.E., and Captain Howman, 20th Burma Rifles.

The drill trophy, the Hirst Challenge Bowl, was won by " C " Company (Captain D. H. Hirst) after a keen competition ; the Raynor Cup for Lewis gun by " B " Company (Captain J. L. Pott).

The " Fallen Heroes' Memorial Parade " was held in Greenhead Park on Sunday, 21st May, and was perhaps the largest parade of its kind we have had ; all the public bodies and ex-service associations were well represented.

On Sunday, 13th August, the Band gave a programme of music in Greenhead Park ; the Drums also beat " Retreat " in the evening.

We welcome 2nd Lts. G. P. Norton and W. P. Thornton to the Battalion, and hope their service with us will be a long and happy one.

## 6th BATTALION NEWS.

THE annual camp was held at Beverley, Yorks, from 23rd July to 6th August, the 5th Battalion being with us, the 4th and 7th having been in the previous two weeks.

Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer was in command of the Battalion, with Major T. P. Brighthouse as second in command. The strength of the Battalion in camp on the second week was 14 officers and 402 other ranks, 15 having left after eight days and 51 arriving for the second week. Splendid weather prevailed the whole of the time, with the exception of one day, and the men thoroughly enjoyed the camp. The work during camp was mostly company training, but one night exercise was carried out, and the work done was very instructive.

The Battalion sports were held on Sunday, 30th July, and proved a very great success and were very much appreciated, the joint secretaries being Major E. H. Llewellyn and Capt. and Adj. R. H. D. Bolton.

The principal events resulted as follows :—100 Yards.—1st, Burbridge ; 2nd, Miller ; 3rd, Peel. High Jump.—1st, Cpl. Wilson ; 2nd, Pte. Catton. Tug-of-War.—Won by " B " Company. Quarter Mile.—1st, Peel ; 2nd, Whitehead ; 3rd, Cpl. Eddison. Long

Jump.—1st, Cpl. Wilson ; 2nd, Cpl. Mattison. Sack Race.—1st, Holmes ; 2nd, Gill ; 3rd, Catton. Parade Race.—1st, Cpl. Mooney ; 2nd, Drm.-Major Dunn ; 3rd, Cpl. Ward. Sergeants' Race.—1st, Drm.-Major Dunn ; 2nd, C.S.M. Richardson ; 3rd, Sgt. Swindlehurst. Old Comrades.—1st, Norton ; 2nd, Dodsworth ; 3rd, Chew. Officers' Race.—Colonel Burnett. The prizes were afterwards presented by Mrs. Burnett. Other inter-company competitions resulted as follows :—Sports cup, " A," " D " and " H.Q." Wing (tied) ; football cup, " B " Company ; cleanest lines, " A " Company ; Birkbeck cup, " C " (M.G.) Company ; best recruit in each company, Pte. Hobson, " A," Pte. Ratcliffe, " B," Pte. Hawkins, " C " (M.G.), Pte. Catton, " D." The drill shield was won by " B " Company, Bingley.

A most successful open air service was held at Skipton on Sunday, 2nd July, when over 300 officers and other ranks attended. The Battalion, commanded by Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer and headed by the Band and Drums in their new scarlet, marched to Sandylands. The Colours were carried by 2nd Lts. R. M. Bateman and T. H. Kinder. The service was conducted by the Rev. Wightman of the Parish Church, assisted by the Rev. Chappell, Vicar of Christ Church. A large number of guests were invited, among whom was the Chairman of the Skipton Urban District Council (Counc. J. Daly), who is an ex-sergeant of the Battalion. On conclusion of the parade medals were presented by Lt.-Col. Spencer as follows :—A/R.S.M. H. Hardisty, Long Service and Good Conduct (Regulars) ; Territorial Efficiency Medals to C.S.M. H. J. Lawson, C.Q.M.S. A. Farrar, Sgt. J. E. Bridge, Sgt. G. W. Roper, Sgt. A. Chadwick, Pte. T. S. Beard, Bdm. S. Mooney, Bdm. G. Lister. The salute at the march past was taken by Col. N. B. Chaffers.

## 7th BATTALION NEWS.

WITH what relief does the Battalion chronicler look back on a period where all has gone well and which we can all remember with pleasure, a period in which instead of reporting a wet camp, or worse still, no camp at all, he can report how we were nearly melted away by the sun !

To begin at the beginning, we have to admit that the rush of recruits we hoped for this spring did not arrive, and our strength is lower than it has been for many years. " C " and " D " Companies both went to camp under strength for the first time since 1920.

Our pre-camp training was carried through very smoothly, with no ambitious schemes. Each company was allotted a week-end on the range, and without exception enjoyed glorious weather—an unequalled record for Deerhill.

We had the pleasure of welcoming in May our new Brigade Commander, Colonel Burnett, and a few weeks later we met him again at Mossley, when all the officers and N.C.O.'s improved their acquaintance with the principles of war (seven of them, if our memory serves us rightly).

On 11th-12th June company commanders indulged in the usual T.E.W.T. on the camp site with the object of learning something of the lie of the land before camp.

A few changes in *personnel* occurred before camp. Mr. Rothwell, who has been with us some seven years, found the claims of business too pressing and resigned, to the great regret of everyone. In his place we welcome 2nd Lt. P. E. Hirst, who has gone to " B " Company. R.S.M. Harrison's health has not improved and he has therefore been reposted to the 1st Battalion, while C.S.M. Jowett has been promoted R.S.M. in his place. R.Q.M.S. Hadfield has also resigned and C.S.M. Smith has been promoted R.Q.M.S. During camp a presentation was made in the Sergeants' Mess to R.Q.M.S. Hadfield in recognition of his 25 years' service.

Camp this year was for two battalions together only, and we were allotted the earlier



period. On 9th July therefore we moved by train to Beverley, 13 officers and 413 other ranks, and found ourselves joining with the 4th Battalion on a delightful stretch of common land overlooking the town of Beverley.

The full significance of the expression "common land" was immediately brought home to us. All the population of Beverley, and some considerable part of that of Hull, was on the camp ground, displaying the utmost interest in all our domestic details. A shower brought some of them to shelter in the Officers' Mess, and rumour has it that the privacy of the Q.M. was even more rudely disturbed.

During the first week there were occasional—sometimes heavy—showers, and on one day we were reduced by the threat rather than the actuality of rain to a wet weather programme which consisted of watching some new military films at the local cinema. Lt. Turner, whom we were very pleased to have living with us, did the talkie business, but without the correct accent. But however it rained the ground never became wet—apparently the subsoil of the district is blotting paper.

The first week's training was fairly elementary and calls for no special comment, except that one night officers and N.C.O.'s did night training. We proved so proficient in taking bearings by night that the operation bore a very great resemblance to a cross country race.

Before the second week we were reinforced by Captain Waite, Capt. Niven, Lt. Stratton and Lt. Whipp—just in time to go with the rest of the officers to the Tattoo in York.

The middle Sunday was a very great success. It began with a most impressive service in the Minster. On our return to camp numerous visitors began to arrive, the catering capacity of both the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes was taxed to the utmost, and in the afternoon we had some excellent sports attended by an incredible crowd of spectators (thanks to the common land!). We must congratulate "H.Q." Company on breaking "B" Company's long sequence of success in these sports. Among the other 10,000 or so spectators we were very glad to see our Honorary Colonel, Colonel Mellor, General Jackson, Brig.-Gen. Sugden, Col. Rhodes and Col. Burnett.

One of the features of camp, greatly appreciated both by the troops and by the local spectators, was the new scarlet uniform of our Band and Drums.

The second week was spent in company training and a little battalion training, chiefly in defence schemes. The weather became exceedingly hot and we think the troops realised that a defence scheme was just the right thing for the conditions! The G.O.C.-in-C. saw us at training one day, but an expected visit from the War Office was postponed.

On one day, by various financial adjustments—including a contribution of 6d. per man—all the Battalion was taken for the afternoon to Bridlington where, after a march along the front, a very jolly time was spent bathing. One humorist apparently thought the march on the front rather long, and announced that it was the first time he had ever paid 6d. to go on a route march! Another experienced soldier remarked as the buses neared camp that the parade wasn't over yet, because the Brigadier and the C.O. had not yet had them on parade to tell them how much they had enjoyed themselves!

The end came all too soon, and it was with general reluctance that we marched out at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday, 23rd July, leaving our camp to the 5th Battalion, who were to come in a few hours later. For the first time we wished we could transfer for the next fortnight to one of the other Battalions!

Our recruits celebrated 12th August, like all the best people, by going shooting on the moors—and shot exceeding well.

We have to welcome C.S.M. Thompson of the Coldstream Guards who has reported since camp to replace C.S.M. Jowett at Mossley.

**H.M.S. IRON DUKE.**

Portsmouth,

August, 1933.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We have had quite an interesting and strenuous time since our last letter.

On 6th June we hoisted the flag of Rear-Admiral N. F. Lawrence, D.S.O. (Rear-Admiral Submarines) and sailed for northern waters via the west coast. On the way we carried out extensive exercises with submarines of the 5th and 6th Flotillas and destroyers of the Anti-Submarine Flotilla from Portland. On the night of 8th June we anchored in Belfast Lough, reaching Oban the following evening. During our stay there we took the opportunity of holding the annual competition for the "IRON DUKE" banner which was presented to the ship by the officers of the 1st Battalion of the Regiment. This was arranged to embrace every form of activity in which the sailor may be called upon to take part, both in peace and war. Points were awarded for the cleanest mess deck, rifle shooting, gun drill, boat pulling and sailing, and landing an emergency platoon. The competition aroused the greatest enthusiasm and all events were keenly contested. The issue was in doubt until the end of the very last event, when the foreclemen were declared the winners by the very narrowest of margins.

Our stay at Oban was a pleasant change from the somewhat monotonous routine of Portland, and provided plenty of opportunities for various forms of sport, such as rifle shooting, football, sailing, fishing, tennis and golf. The ship's company gave a very successful dance ashore on the last evening of our visit.

On 23rd June we sailed for Portsmouth, carrying out further submarine exercises *en route*, arriving Spithead on the 25th, and the following day we disembarked the Admiral and his staff.

Three days later we gave a demonstration for the benefit of the officers of all three Services studying at the Imperial Defence College. The programme included every branch of naval warfare, full calibre firings from the 13.5in. turrets and 6in. batteries, torpedo attacks by destroyers, submarines and torpedo bombing aircraft. and machine gun attacks by fighter aircraft.

On this occasion we had the great pleasure of welcoming Colonel Rusbridger, together with four of his officers and twenty other ranks of the 1st Battalion, who came on board to witness the demonstration. This is the first opportunity we have had during this commission of making the acquaintance of the Regiment and we hope they will pay us many more visits.

The demonstration shoot was followed by a quiet fortnight at Portsmouth, during which a few of the officers and men went to Bisley to compete in the annual rifle meeting. The *Iron Duke's* Royal Marines were presented with the Mercer and Emperor of India Cups which they had won earlier on in the year at Portland for rifle shooting, and Commissioned Gunner W. Barber, R.N., carried off the Cortis Cup.

On the 17th July we sailed once more for Portland to carry out our heaviest firing programme of the year, the annual Gunnery School shoot for officers qualifying. The programme was rather interfered with by fog, but in the end we managed to get off all our rounds—2,178 of all calibres—in two and a half days. This we believe to be a record for a single ship.

We are now in dry dock, giving summer leave, for which the weather up to date has been most kind.

With all good wishes to the Regiment,

We are, yours sincerely,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

## REGIMENTAL DINNER AND LADIES' TEA.

OUR Regimental gatherings were again held at the same places: the tea at the Park Lane Hotel, and the Army and Navy Club for the dinner. These meetings took place this year on Friday, 19th May. The Regimental Committees were held in the Park Lane Hotel before the tea in a room kindly supplied for that purpose by the management.

There were present:—Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield (in the chair), Brig.-Gen. Turner, Lt.-Colonels Rusbridger, Trench and Wellesley, and Major Whitaker. Brig.-Gen. Sugden, Colonel Burnett and Major Ince were unavoidably absent.

The Chairman first called upon the Editor of THE IRON DUKE to make his report for the year. Lt.-Col. Trench opened his report by stating that the last three numbers of THE IRON DUKE had run to eighty pages each, although last year he had stated that readers must not expect such large issues to continue. However, the amount of copy received had been so great that he had been unable to carry out his intention without cutting out a lot of matter it was desirable to include. It must be remembered that the original contract with the printers was for sixty-four pages. As General Turner would point out, the present state of the finances of the Magazine made it imperative to keep down its size, and No. 25, which was just about to be issued, had been reduced to seventy-six pages, not without difficulty and the holding over of several articles, which he would have liked to have included. He thought that the Magazine was catering fairly well for all our readers now, with such series as "Notable Family Records," "Our Celebrities," and a very much increased "Personalia," which, with the help of Captain Miller, he hoped to keep up, although it could not be expected to run to five pages, as it did in No. 25. Light articles were still and always would be the chief difficulty. There were one or two regular contributors in this line, such as Major Owen (who he hoped would still continue to give his support, although he had retired), Major Price and "Bobbie" Turner, and he was pleased to say that there was now a new humorist in Captain Learoyd. He hoped Colonel Burnett would find time to continue his cartoons which were such a feature of the Magazine.

The Chairman then asked General Turner to make his report as Treasurer and Business Manager. He reported that the Magazine, although still in a perfectly sound financial position, had not such a big balance as last year. This he explained as due to three causes:—First, the increased expenditure on the issue of the Magazine itself, as referred to by Colonel Trench; secondly, the drop in the receipts for advertisements; and thirdly, the money spent on the scheme referred to by Colonel Trench, at last year's committee meeting, of compiling the records of the Officers of the Regiment from 1881. The first accounted for £36, the second for £25 and the third for £15, making a total of £76, as against a drop in our balance during the year of £58. Both he and the Editor were going into the matter very thoroughly, and although the actual size of the Magazine might be slightly curtailed, he did not think the readers would have anything to complain of. He did not think there was anything else of interest to report.

General Turner was then called upon to give his report as Secretary of the Dinner Club. He reported that there would be no levy again this year for the dinner, and owing to arrangements made as to the price, he trusted that this state of affairs had come to stay. He then said it would be remembered that last year he had handed in his resignation and Captain Miller had been appointed in his stead, but unfortunately the state of Captain Miller's health had prevented him from taking over the work. This year he again was handing in his resignation and was pleased to say that Colonel Wellesley had consented to take over the Secretaryship of the Dinner Club. (Colonel Wellesley was unanimously elected as Secretary.)

General Turner then, at the request of the Chairman, proceeded to make his report on the affairs of the D.W.R. Retired Officers' Fund, the accounts of which will appear

in the October issue of *THE IRON DUKE*. He stated that the objects of the Fund which were set down for help when it was started had now all been dealt with, except the annual subscription of £5 to the Royal Homes for Widows and Daughters of deceased Officers. The 2nd Battalion had promised a subscription during the time Miss Simner, whose father served in the 76th Regiment, was an inmate of the Homes. He would propose that the Fund in future paid half this subscription. Another thing that he would like to ask the Committee to agree to was some help in the scheme that Colonel Trench and he had started for the compiling of the Record of Officers of the Regiment from 1881 to 1914 and which had up to date been paid for entirely by *THE IRON DUKE*. The last thing that he had to propose for this Fund was that they should pay half of the purchase money of a picture of two MacDonald Highlanders, if the 2nd Battalion agreed to pay the other half; this being one of the rules of the Fund that only objects supported by the serving officers should be assisted. The Committee then proceeded to discuss grants, and unanimously agreed to the following:—(1) To pay half the annual subscription to the Royal Homes, (2) to pay £5 this year and £5 in 1934 to the compilation of the Record of Officers of the Regiment, (3) to pay half the purchase price of the picture of the MacDonald Highlanders, for which the painter, Colonel MacDonald, asked six guineas.

Major Ince, although absent, had sent a message to say that he had nothing further to report as to the affairs of the Memorial Chapel.

The collection and binding of the United Service Institute and Army Historical Research Journal at the Depot was discussed, and it was decided to discontinue their collection. The Depot Museum was also discussed, and Major Whitaker made a statement as to what had been done and also what he hoped would be done by members of the Regiment in sending suitable articles to put in the Museum. This closed the proceedings of the committees, and an adjournment to the tea room was made.

Here eventually 81 sat down to tea, another advance in numbers, though only a small one, as last year the number was 78. The following were present:—

Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert and Lady Belfield, Mrs. McConnel, Mrs. Franklyn, Capt. F. R. Armitage, Capt. and Mrs. R. H. D. Bolton, Mrs. R. N. Bray, Mr. R. N. H. C. Bray, Major and Mrs. R. O'D. Carey, Mrs. Carroll, Mr. T. St. G. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dalrymple, Mrs. F. J. De Gex, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. T. Faithful, Mrs. St. J. T. Faulkner, Mrs. D. Firth, Mr. R. M. Firth, Capt. and Mrs. V. C. Green, Capt. C. W. G. Grimley, Mr. and Mrs. C. I. E. Haslock, Mrs. R. K. Healing, Lady Henniker, Miss Henniker, Col. and Mrs. L. Herapath, Mr. Herapath, Col. and Mrs. E. N. F. Hitchins, Miss Horsfall, Miss Ann Horsfall, Major and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince, Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins, Mrs. J. V. Kirkland, Capt. and Mrs. J. H. C. Lawlor, Mrs. R. Maffett, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. P. Miles, Mrs. Miles, Capt. and Mrs. S. Naylor, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Officer, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. B. Orr, Major R. H. W. Owen, Lt.-Col. W. M. Ozanne, Capt. D. Paton, Col. and Mrs. C. J. Pickering, Major and Mrs. O. Price, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. S. W. Rusbridger, Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Scott, Mrs. H. P. Travers, Hon. Mrs. Bazley-White, Mrs. Stewart Trench, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. P. A. Turner, Miss Turner, Mr. R. G. Turner, Col. and Mrs. H. K. Umfreville, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. G. Wathen, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Whitaker, Major N. R. Whitaker.

All those who attended the dinner again enjoyed the hospitality of the Army and Navy Club, having been made honorary members of the Club for the day of the dinner. We were again very pleased to have the Duke of Wellington as our guest, and, in addition we had the Dean of York amongst us. He has official charge of our war memorial chape, in the Minster, and takes a great interest in everything concerning it. It is hoped that he enjoyed the dinner and meeting with the members of the Regiment as much as they did meeting him. We sat down 70 strong, exactly the same as last year. The Club chef again lived up to his reputation, and gave us a very good dinner.

After His Majesty's health had been drunk, Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield rose to make the one speech of the evening

After reading telegrams of good wishes from the 2nd and 5th Battalions the Chairman said that the most prominent feature of the past twelve months was the manner in which the Territorial Battalions faced the difficulties of training on a very reduced grant. Without pay or allowances they trained in voluntary camps extending over various periods. But

this was rendered possible only by the assistance of those who placed grounds and buildings at their disposal, and he especially mentioned Rossall School in the case of the 6th Battalion.

Our allied Regiment in Canada had been similarly hampered by lack of funds, and had made similar efforts.

After referring to the recent changes in command of the 1st, 2nd and 6th Battalions, Sir Herbert Belfield expressed particular satisfaction in the appointment of Colonel Burnett to command the 147th Infantry Brigade, and in the extension of his time as Honorary Colonel of the 7th Battalion of Colonel Mellor. A satisfactory feature of these appointments is that they have all gone in the Regiment. He then referred to the election of Sgt. Laming, of the 7th Battalion, as Mayor of Mossley, and his escort on Mayor's Sunday consisting largely of his own Battalion in which he had served for so many years.

The restriction placed on the 2nd Battalion by an order emanating from the King that no more than two colours might ever be carried on a ceremonial parade was then mentioned, the Colonel saying that this could not be accepted without protest, that the whole question was being enquired into, and it was hoped to make out a strong case for the retention of the distinction enjoyed by the 2nd Battalion since the early days of last century of carrying four colours on ceremonial parades.

He then referred to the inspection reports of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, saying that they were highly satisfactory. Whether in the field, in barracks or in sport they excelled. The 1st Battalion had, as a matter of course, gained the Farnborough Cup for the best infantry transport; the 2nd had only two third-class shots and eight men without educational certificates, and by careful management had reduced sickness during the last hot weather at Kamptee to an exceptionally low figure.

The 2nd Battalion elephant, as representing an animal with some "go" in him and meaning business—not the so-called heraldic elephant one often sees—now finds a place of honour on one of the battle-honour panels in the Great Hall of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

The chairman then thanked Mr. Clarke for what he is doing in regard to our Memorial Chapel in York Minster; and then referred to the diversity of colours to be found in the regimental ribbons, which are generally used in the Christmas cards of the various battalions, and suggested that some reliable firm in the Halifax-Huddersfield neighbourhood should be appointed the agent for dealing with Regimental ties, ribbons and such-like.

Last September we suffered a loss in the death of Princess Lobanov Rostovsky, who during the war, while Miss Violette Trench, had been unwearingly in the despatch of comforts to the 2nd Battalion, among whom her memory must long be cherished. Colonel Rivett-Carnac, an old soldier of the Regiment, died in Vancouver last autumn. And in January of this year Colonel Wayman, who had commanded our 3rd Battalion, passed away. Anything which concerned the Regiment enlisted his sympathy and support, and it is mainly due to him that the surplus of the officers' fund of the 3rd Battalion was transferred to the Minster account, we were thereby put in a position to erect the western screen of our Chapel.

Referring to sport, Sir Herbert said it had been a great year. The 1st Battalion opened it by being at the head in the Brigade sports, following this by being third in the Aldershot athletic meeting, and putting the crowning touch by winning the Command Rugby Cup and then the Army Rugby Cup. He heartily congratulated Mr. Miles and his team.

The 2nd Battalion seem to have wrung all possible out of Kamptee in the way of games. The rugby team was beaten by one point in the semi-final of the Calcutta Rugby Tournament, while its association team was for the third year in the final of the Rovers Cup Tournament.

The 7th Battalion distinguished itself in cross-country running, and we must all welcome the victory of one of our home towns, Huddersfield, in winning the Rugby League Cup.

After saying that Colonel Wellesley had kindly consented to take over the Dinner Club from Brig.-General Turner, the Chairman thanked the Duke of Wellington for his attendance, and his continued interest in our welfare, and said that it gave all real pleasure to welcome the Dean of York at this year's dinner. The following members were present :—

Lt.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, Major-General Sir Frederick Landon, Brig.-Generals R. E. Sugden, P. A. Turner and W. M. Watson ; Colonels R. H. Goldthorp, E. N. F. Hitchins, C. J. Pickering and P. R. Simner ; Lt.-Colonels B. J. Barton, F. A. Hayden, R. K. Healing, L. Herapath, K. MacLeod, R. E. Maffett, W. G. Officer, W. M. Ozanne, G. S. W. Rusbridger, M. V. le P. Trench, F. H. B. Wellesley and W. E. White ; Majors R. O'D. Carey, St. J. T. Faulkner, E. R. Houghton, C. W. G. Ince, R. H. W. Owen, O. Price, and N. R. Whitaker ; Captains L. C. Abye, F. R. Armitage, G. P. Bennett, G. H. Beyfus, R. D. H. Bolton, D. W. L. Daniels, V. C. Green, C. W. G. Grimley, F. Hemming, W. Hodgson, A. W. H. Lawless, J. H. C. Lawlor, J. A. Lennon, S. Naylor, C. A. O'Connor, H. K. O'Kelly, D. Paton, R. A. Scott, B. W. Webb-Carter, J. A. Whitaker, and W. A. Woods ; Lieutenants H. C. Bladen, R. N. H. C. Bray, T. St. G. Carroll, P. G. L. Cousens, J. H. Dalrymple, M. M. Davie, C. K. T. Faithfull, J. E. Frankis, H. M. Hands, C. I. E. Haslock, G. Laing, A. H. P. Laurence, T. V. Laverack, J. F. Maffett, H. G. P. Miles, C. W. B. Orr, C. L. Troop, R. G. Turner, and A. H. G. Wathen. Guests, the Duke of Wellington and the Dean of York.

## OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

### THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

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

THE October issue of THE IRON DUKE being the first one after the close of the annual accounts, the Committee, as usual, desire to give a *précis* of a few of the activities of the Association for the year ended 30th June, 1933.

The net income for the year was £1,076 14s. 7d., and expenditure £874 14s. 6d., in comparison with £1,094 13s. 10d. and £708 6s. 11d. respectively for the previous one ; grants to individuals being the chief cause of increase in expenditure—£344 15s. 5d., against £211 1s. 1d. for previous year, the net profit on the year's working being £202 0s. 1d.

During the year under review there were 350 applications for assistance, against 272 for the previous year, 12 being for loans and the remainder for grants. Of the former, six were granted to an aggregate of £35 9s. 0d., the balance being rejected as not being able to furnish sufficient guarantees for the repayment, or as having made requests for too large an amount. Grants were made from the 1st and 2nd Battalions' Fund to 181 applicants to an aggregate of £288 8s. 11d. (£168 1s. 10d.) ; 3rd Battalion Fund—25 were assisted to an aggregate of £19 2s. 2d. (£17 14s. 9d.) ; 9th Battalion Fund—eight assisted to a total of £27 1s. 4d. (£9 0s. 0d.) ; 10th Battalion Fund—five assisted to a total of £10 3s. 0d. (£16 4s. 6d.) ; and one was assisted from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund, £5. This latter item not being included in the total of grants as shown in the second paragraph above. The amounts shown in brackets being those of the previous year. Of the balance 34 were referred to Territorial Battalions, six assisted from other sources, 24 were not members, 13 were not recommended and eight cases were in course of investigations, 41 others did not reply to queries, etc.

One widow has been granted a pension from the Transvaal War Fund (extension) by the Committee of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, and another has been admitted to the Royal Cambridge Home for Soldiers' Widows.

During the year one of our pensions was surrendered by one of our pensioners, voluntarily, on his being granted an old age pension. One new pension has been granted to the widow of an ex-private.

The Committee of the Aldershot Command Tattoo granted to our Fund £25 out of the profits for the year 1932.

Clothing has been issued to 22 men or for their wives and children. More could

have been given had the Committee received more. Boots especially are needed. The Committee has purchased clothing and boots in some cases, but these have been dealt with under the heading of "Grants." Gifts in kind would be most gratefully accepted. In addition to those to whom acknowledgments have already been made in Nos. 23, 24 and 25 issues of THE IRON DUKE, the Committee have to thank the following for additional gifts:—Colonel C. J. Pickering, Lt. T. St. G. Carroll, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench and Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner.

The annual dinner of the Old Comrades' Association will be held at Collinson's Café, Crown Street, Halifax, on Saturday, the 28th October, 1933, at 7 p.m. The general meeting will be held in the Sergeants' Mess of the Depot at 5.30 p.m.

#### 4th BATTALION.

A pleasing feature of the work of the Association during the present summer has been the gradual absorption of the unemployed ex-service man into the ranks of the employed. Halifax being a town of many trades is better placed than many of her neighbours, and the slight revival of industry has enabled the Association to place many men at work. It follows that the calls upon the O.C.A. have been fewer this summer than for many years past. As the local United Service Fund Committee is having a similar experience, it appears there is reason to hope that if the industrial revival continues the task of placing most of the ex-service men who are unemployed is going to be much easier.

The children of the Old Comrades have again received the attention of the Committee. There has been constant communication with the Association and the local education committee, dealing with meals, clothing and schooling. It was exceedingly pleasing to read an extract from the letter of a local schoolmaster concerning the lame son of an old comrade. He states, "Since your Association took an interest in this lad his attendance has been excellent and he has applied himself to his studies with vigour."

The Association was represented at the Battalion church parade held on Skircoat Moor on 28th May when about eighty members paraded under the command of Colonel Mowat. On arriving at the drill hall after the service the members of the O.C.A. were addressed by Colonel Burnett, who has recently taken command of the 147th Brigade. He expressed his pride at their presence, his pleasure at their devotion to their old Battalion, and his remarks, as one old soldier to others, made a deep impression on all present. All on parade were more than gratified at the great interest Colonel Burnett showed at their presence, and the Colonel can rest assured his remarks will be treasured by each member. The members of the 4th O.C.A. wish him every success during his command of the Brigade.

The usefulness of the Committee has manifested itself in a new light this summer. Each member represents some different trade or profession, and it is surprising what amount of help and advice can be given when members are keen to do their bit, and that has been the keynote of the work of the Association during the whole of its career.

An old comrade had to go some distance away for employment and to go quickly. Being out of work his affairs were in a neglected state and he left behind a wife to manage things as best she could. The house in Halifax was being bought through the local building society and the instalments being in arrears, it appeared the couple would lose everything. At this stage the Committee took hold and a member, who is on the staff of the local building society, together with the treasurer, Major Learoyd, brought the affair to a successful conclusion. The woman was able to join her husband in his new sphere minus financial troubles, and with a nice little sum from the Treasurer—the surplus from a sale which in proper hands had been most successful.

### 6th BATTALION.

There is little doing as regards the O.C.A., but a good number attend any function of the unit that may be going, and it is pleasant to see the interest the old members are taking in the new.

A visit was paid by the Old Comrades to camp at Beverley on the 30th July and a pleasant time was spent. A number took part in the old comrades' race and the first prize was taken by ex-R.Q.M.S. J. Norton, C.S.M. Dodsworth being second and Cpl. Chew third.

I would point out that the year expires on the 30th September and a large number of subscriptions are due, and I shall be glad to receive any so as to straighten the books.

The annual meeting and dinner will be held at Skipton on the last Saturday in November and due notice will be sent to all.

### 10th BATTALION.

By the time these notes appear it is possible—indeed probable—that a new Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association will have been formed—in connection with the 10th (Service) Battalion. This unit was raised in 1914 and attracted officers and recruits not only from the West Riding but from many other parts of the country. Going overseas in 1915 as an integral part of the 69th Brigade, 23rd Division (Major-General Sir J. M. Babington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.), it saw considerable fighting in France (Loos, the Somme, etc.) and Belgium (Ypres Salient—including the Messines Battle) before being ordered to Italy towards the end of 1917. It remained a constituent of the 10th Italian Army Corps (commanded by Lt.-General Sir J. M. Babington) until the various armistices were signed almost a year after its arrival in Italy.

Since demobilisation nothing has been attempted in the way of a re-union of former members of the Battalion, but recently a few ex-10th men met in Bradford under the chairmanship of Lt. E. Lumb and decided to embark upon what, after the lapse of 15 years, can only be regarded as a courageous venture—to organise a re-union dinner and an Old Comrades' Association.

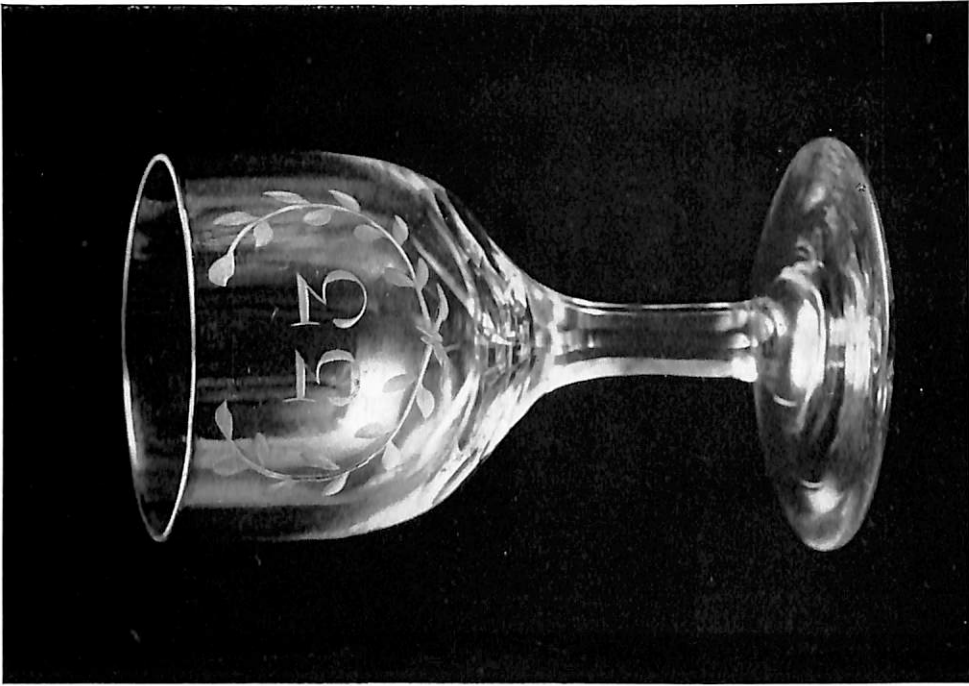
The initial difficulty, of course, was to get into touch with former officers and men of the Battalion, but, by dint of enthusiastic personal canvassing and enquiring by some, letter writing by others and press publicity, the names and addresses of nearly 200 ex-officers and men were secured, and at a general meeting held in Bradford on 14th September it was decided to go ahead with both the projects Lt. Lumb and his colleagues had in view.

Major R. Hawar Gill, who was second-in-command of the 10th Battalion when Lt.-Colonel S. S. Hayne was the commanding officer, was approached with a request that he should preside at the dinner. He immediately accepted, and communication with as many other officers as possible resulted in a number of them indicating their intention of being present. Amongst them was Major W. N. Town. The other ranks, too, gave every encouragement to the Committee responsible for arranging the details of the function, and it was anticipated that on 28th October—the date upon which the re-union dinner was fixed to be held (it being the 15th anniversary of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, the last engagement in which the Battalion took part)—there would be a highly successful gathering of ex-10th officers and men.

Mr. G. R. Goodchild, of 991 Leeds Road, Thornbury, Bradford, who is discharging the secretarial duties *pro tem*, states that a special report of the dinner will be forwarded for inclusion in the next issue of THE IRON DUKE, and adds that he would be most pleased if any officers and men with whom he has not yet communicated in connection with the function would write to him immediately, either to indicate their intention of attending the dinner or of giving encouragement to the projected Old Comrades' Association.

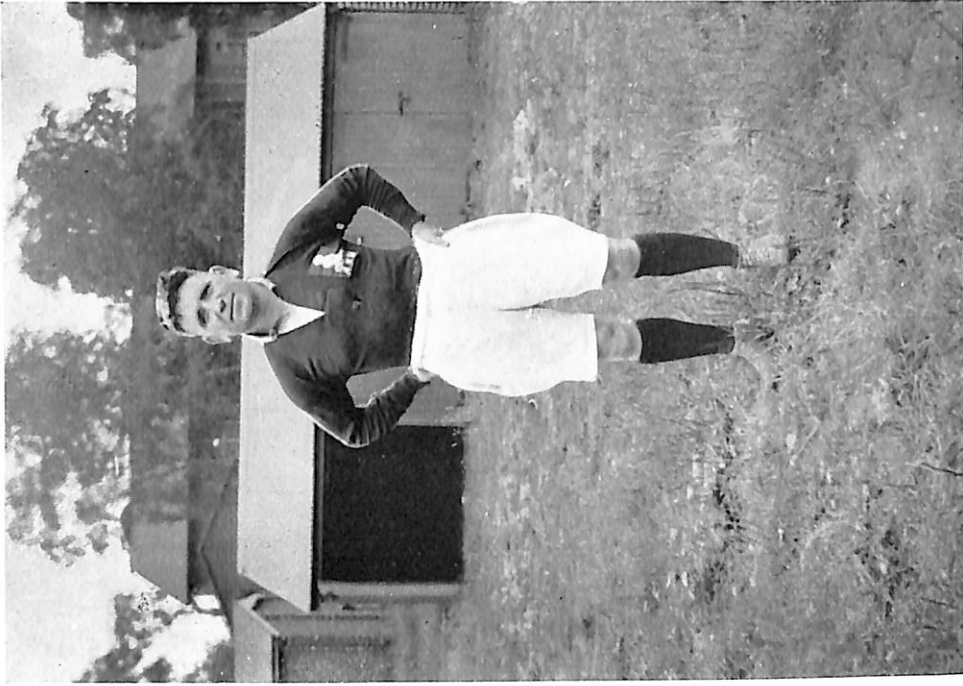






**33rd Wine Glass.**

The original is in the possession of Miss Linnard Guthrie, who believes that it belonged to Major Guthrie, as he is her only connection with The 33rd. Can any reader remember these glasses in the Officers' Mess?



**L/Cpl. Annesley, 1st Battalion (see page 206).**

**THE RICHARDS FAMILY.**



**L/Cpl. T. E. Richards,**  
2nd Battalion.



**L/Cpl. W. F. Richards.**  
2nd Battalion  
(killed in action)



**C.S.M. A. W. Richards,**  
2nd Battalion.



**L/Cpl. G. A. Richards,**  
9th Battalion.



**Sgt. J. E. Richards,**  
1st Battalion.



**Pte. C. R. Richards.**  
3rd Reserve Battalion

## THE WAR MEMORIAL PENSION FUND. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd BATTALIONS.)

The 1931 accounts were published in the October issue of last year. Since then there has been no change in our pensioners, who are still Mr. J. B. Pearce, Mr. D. O'Shea and Mr. T. Earnshaw, and the year's expenditure is very similar to that of 1931. The credit balance is slightly larger, being £5 14s. 10d.

| RECEIPTS.                    | £         | s. | d. | EXPENDITURE.                    | £         | s. | d. |
|------------------------------|-----------|----|----|---------------------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Balance brought forward, 1st |           |    |    | Paid out in pensions ...        | 65        | 0  | 0  |
| January, 1932 ...            | 4         | 12 | 8  | Typing, stationery, etc. ...    | 2         | 13 | 0  |
| Income from 3½ per cent.     |           |    |    | Printing statement ...          |           | 10 | 0  |
| Conversion Loan ...          | 69        | 5  | 2  | Credit balance, 31st Dec., 1932 | 5         | 14 | 10 |
|                              | £73 17 10 |    |    |                                 | £73 17 10 |    |    |

P. A. TURNER, Brig.-General,  
i/c War Memorial Pension Fund.

## Notable Family Records in the Regiment.

### No. 3.—RICHARDS.

The record of the Richards family covers one generation, six brothers having served in the Regiment, with a total service of 66 years; all but the youngest, who was too young, served in the Great War. All except the youngest gained promotion also. Their names and service are as follows:—

**L/Cpl. T. E. Richards** joined the 2nd Battalion in 1900, and served with it in India and the Great War as a bandsman and stretcher bearer. He was gassed and had concussion at Hill 60, and was discharged in March, 1915. He was known as "Jerry" in the 2nd Battalion. He is now in the G.P.O. in London.

**L/Cpl. W. F. Richards** joined the 2nd Battalion in 1900, and served with it in India and the Great War. He was killed in action at Ypres on 11th November, 1914.

**Sgt.-Major A. W. Richards** joined the 2nd Battalion in 1909, and served with it in England and the Great War. He was wounded in the first battle of the Somme in 1916, and was invalided to England. He was discharged after the Armistice. His nickname in the Battalion was also "Jerry." He is now working with the L.M.S. Railway at St. Pancras, London.

**L/Cpl. G. A. Richards** joined the 9th Battalion in 1914, and served with it throughout the Great War, being gassed on one occasion. He was discharged after the Armistice, and is now working with the L.M.S. Railway at St. Pancras, London.

**Sgt. J. E. Richards** joined the 1st Battalion in 1908, and served with it in India. He saw active service in Mesopotamia, and then transferred to the Military Grass Farms in India. He retired from the latter in 1931, and is now in the Corps of Commissionaires in London.

**Pte. C. R. Richards** joined the 3rd Reserve Battalion in 1917, but was too young to serve in the war. He was invalided in 1918, and is now working at Stonnards in London.

Unlike the majority of the members of the Regiment the Richardses are not Yorkshiremen but Londoners, or as they proudly call themselves, "Cockneys."

(Next number: **The Waller Family.**)

## ODE TO KNELLER HALL.

*Designed to be set up to music either as a dirge, a tone-poem, a patriotic suite, or an operetta.*

## OVERTURE.

*Allegretto.*

Time-honoured Towers, whence Kneller's shade  
Looks out across the turf of Twickenham,  
And sees the serried ranks arrayed,  
And wonders what these antics mean,  
These muddled idiots prostrate on the green,  
With other idiots kickin' 'em !  
My muse and I were both  
Extremely loth  
To pipe our rude uneducated lays  
In precincts so august ;  
But since our lyre's tuned to sing your praise,  
You'll pardon us, we trust ;  
And, if at times our tone's a trifle flat,  
That's that.

## RECITATIF.

*Adagio con cabbagio dolce far niente.*

O shrine of music, sweet melodious spot,  
Remote, secure from war's discordant brood,  
Where saxophones are not,  
Or, if they be, appropriately subdued ;  
Here Mars yields up his sceptre to Euterpe,  
Here, where the very sparrows, when they're  
chirpy,  
Must chirp in unison or hold their tongues :  
Here, where impassioned cats—who break the  
rest  
In regions not so richly blest  
Of virtuous maiden ladies and alarm 'em—I  
Believe are taught to exercise their lungs  
In strict accordance with the laws of  
harmony.

## CHORALE.

*Vivace, Sforzando, Fortissimo.*

Your trombones urge the warrior to the fray ;  
Your oboes hush to sleep at close of day ;  
Your clarinets incite the bashful lover  
Engagement rings to try on ;  
Your stirring roll of drums  
Herald the rousing of the British Lion,  
And foemen shouting, " Crikey, here he  
comes ! "  
Hastily dash for cover.

## ARIA.

*Appassionato, ma non troppo.*

A Liebeslied or so from Brahms  
Will soothe the Colonel, when he's fussy,  
Empurpled generals own the charms  
Of Coleridge-Taylor and Debussy,  
While if your Sergeant-Major's ratty,  
Melt him with excerpts from Scarlatti.

If through some minor oversight,  
You lose your pass and have to stop in,  
You'll get it back before the night  
By a judicious use of Chopin ;  
The hardest corporal becomes more human  
Confronted with a symphony of Schumann.

When cash is scarce, financial problems pressing,  
UnRavel them with golden notes from Spohr,  
And Verdi-grease provides the perfect dressing  
When boots feel full of feet and tootsies sore ;  
For self-indulgence in the wet canteen I  
Prescribe a dose of salts and Boccarini.

## ENVOI.

*Sostenuto con brio moderato tomato.*

Farewell, abode of fugue and counterpoint,  
May fortune prosper you full many a year ;  
And though the times are sadly out of joint  
And Britain's cupboard bare,  
Those great names you revere, Beethoven's,  
Bach's,  
And Handel's, from economy's dread axe  
Will sure her faithful votaries defend ; though  
Temples and talkies topple in the dust,  
Though e'en the B.B.C. goes bust,  
Your trumpets still shall sound  
Our listening Empire round  
In one long, glorious and sustained crescendo.

O. P.

*(Reprinted by the courtesy of the Editor, The Military Musician.)*

## THE OPTIMIST.

According to a newspaper report, a young soldier of eighteen has been arrested for trying to rob a quarter-master-sergeant. He should not have done that, of course, but his wonderful optimism is something to be admired.

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

*(Continued from page 121, No. 25, June, 1933.)*

Friday, May 15th, 1931.—Up at 5.30 a.m. and left at 6.30, after a cup of tea, to climb a mountain towards Namwera, whence we could get a view of the lower part of Lake Nyassa from "Hilltop."

We had to cross the Shire river quite close to the hotel by a pontoon, close to a pretty clock tower. It was a rotten approach and a worse pontoon, so I decided to let the natives push the car on to it and off. We got on all right, but coming off, the runways were arranged crookedly and steeply, and the car gathered velocity and fairly took charge. The pontoon had no sides and I was endeavouring to steer the car by my hand on the steering wheel through the window. I was pushed into the water under the bank and sank up to my waist in the vilest, slimy water, which simply reeked with the putridly offensive smell of crocodiles.

There were some 30 or so native prisoners on the pontoon crossing the river to cut grass for thatching, and they set up an appalling noise and hullabaloo, and started to haul me out. I begged them to go slow as my back was so painful, but they paid no attention to me, but got me out with all my limbs still attached to me and no damage beyond a ducking. I simply dote on convicts now!

On mentioning my experience on our return to the hotel and elsewhere, I was told that my escape was miraculous, and that only the noise set up by the convicts on purpose, and the splash of the off front wheel also going into the water, saved me, and they all said that the Shire river is about the limit as regards the number of crocodiles, and that constant toll is taken of limbs of girls who come down to this bank for water.

They doubt if anyone could repeat my adventure at this bank with impunity.

Crocodiles, I have always read, have a habit of pulling you under, and storing you in their "lair" under the bank until they think you are fit for consumption; and the awful smell of this water gave me to realise afterwards that this is actually the case.

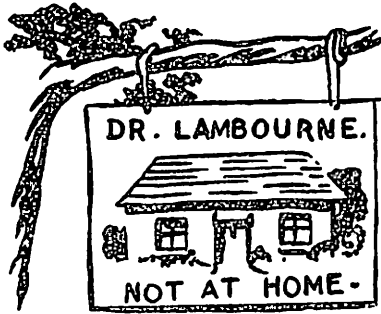
Luckily for me, I think, I never gave the brutes a single thought whilst I was in the water, but for days afterwards I felt terribly morbid at certain times when recalling the adventure.

I thank God, and ever shall, for my wonderful deliverance from a loathsome and horrible death.

The natives got our wheel out of the slime as if the car had been no weight at all, and, having distributed my flannel trousers, shoes, and socks over the bonnet of the radiator to dry, we resumed our journey: I, clad merely in a flannel cricket shirt, which, though perhaps slightly immodest, was delightfully cool, the only snag was that the clutch, accelerator, and foot brake got rather hot to the bare feet as the morning warmed up. However, we had come all this way to see Lake Nyassa, and see it we did. After about four miles journeying we began to climb and wind for nine miles, practically the whole way on second, speeding towards Namwera. A fine, broad road, with a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other and frequent little bridges. As one turned and twisted sometimes the cliff and the precipice changed sides, but there was no danger as long as one drove dead slow and with caution, and sounded the hooter at the curves.

Saw many baboons and monkeys, but nothing else, although a man the day previously met three lions and narrowly missed driving into the third one at 9 a.m., which was later in the day than when we passed the same spot.

From 11 to 14 miles from the Shire river we kept getting glimpses of Lake Nyassa—beautiful, and surrounded with blue mountains. We also got a view of Scow Rock, where the Chief Jelitza, of whom more anon, lives, and also near by, a Commander Haines (R.N.). On the way up we passed a side road leading up the mountain to a Dr. Lambourne's house. At the cross roads was a sign, something like this, hung on a tree, to save visitors taking the climb to his house for no purpose.



About 9.30 a.m. we turned and halted, looking over the lake, and had breakfast—tea and grilled chicken, bread and butter. Also found we had a puncture and changed wheels.

Then back to the hotel at Ft. Johnston, packed the car, paid our hotel bill, and left at 12.30 p.m. for Zomba. We got back to Zomba in good time over this excellent stretch of road, at an average of 30 to 35 miles per hour, bought provisions, and camped in our old forest plantation and had a capital night's rest. It had poured with rain the night before.

Only one incident occurred just outside Ft. Johnston, when a native stopped us by standing in the middle of the road. We hoped he was about to warn us of the vicinity of the wild elephants. All he wanted was a lift for himself into Blantyre—and we with our load! Infernal cheek, and I think he must have been mad, or drunk, or both.

Saturday, May 16th.—Rose again at 5.30 a.m., had breakfast, and left Zomba at 8 a.m., reaching Blantyre—a good run on a good road—at 10 a.m. Somehow we short-circuited Limbe and passed round the outside. We stopped, got coffee and tea (both Mlange estates production and very good), and camped at our old spot on the Naperi estate. Again we met with great kindness and our nearest neighbour gave us a lovely midday dinner and five beautiful grass mats, some of them 15ft. long by 5ft. broad. They are splendidly made and very light and easily folded up and stored under the tent on the top of the car.

Sunday, May 17th.—Rested at Blantyre and had midday dinner as mentioned. Two other guests besides us three. The faithful George washed and ironed all our dirty clothes.

Blantyre is the commercial town of Nyassaland and is the terminus of the railway from Beira. Zomba is the capital and the seat of Government. Nyassaland is a Protectorate, and apart from a few large businesses like the I.T.C. and the tea and coffee estates at Mlange (tea and coffee both excellent at 1s. 5d. per lb.), there are few white private enterprises other than stores outside the towns. The officials are for the most part chiefly existent for the "Protectorate" over the natives.

Many boys brought their "stupas" to us and asked for employment. These books showed that their monthly wages were 6s. on an average, though a cook boy gets 15s. to £1. No wonder that they come south to work in Salisbury for higher wages. Most of our own servants are Nyassa boys and they are far more intelligent and trustworthy than our own particular native of this country, "the Mashona," being the lowest of the low and despised by every other native tribe in Africa.

We are now in Central Africa.

There are some very powerful native chiefs in Nyassaland, mostly Musselmen, and clad as such. One such is a leper and another a Jelitza—mentioned previously. In 1895 (I hope my date is right) he became truculent and Sikh troops had to be sent up to deal with him. He boiled five of them alive, and made the rest strengthen his stronghold. He is now a pensioner of the Government.

They all have to come in and do homage at Ft. Johnston and there is one powerful

chieftainess who dresses like a man, but wears a veil down her back to show that she is a lady. She brings her own private band with her and camps just past the hotel on these occasions. She cannot turn over in her sleep or move without the band playing, and the residents of Ft. Johnston are pleased when she has returned home.

Shortly before our arrival a native lady came into Ft. Johnston for medical attention and was safely delivered of a male child complete with horns and tail. It was, of course, not expected to live, but did so, and the lady returned with it to the kraal highly delighted. She calls everyone in when the little chap wags his tail, and it is predicted it will make a swagger witch doctor one day.

Monday, May 18th.—Left Naperi at 10 a.m., sounding our hooter in parting salute, being waved by our late hostess of the Sunday dinner with a huge white tablecloth.

Shopped, bought curios, and took on petrol, finally leaving Blantyre at 11.30 a.m., and arrived at the Nyassaland Customs and police post near Mwanza river at 4 p.m.

Here we found the officer in the throes of malarial fever, but he came out to see us and kindly agreed to let us use the thatched shed we had used on our way up country, and even offered us a house, but we declined. I gave the native policeman who had assisted us on both passings a tip, and in return he presented us with eggs, bananas, and sweet potatoes, which we thought was rather touching.

Tuesday, May 19th.—Up at 5 a.m. for a change and as we had not had to unpack the tent, got away in the mist at 6.30 a.m.

Another car containing three European males and a native chauffeur passed us at Mwanza.

(To be continued).

L. R. A.

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

(Continued from page 130, No. 25, June, 1933.)

Fredericton, 8th January, 1846.—Here we have sometimes a bright sun and a blue sky, but then there is a cutting wind that penetrates and freezes the very marrow of one's bones. As I go to parade in the morning the cold makes my eyes water and my eyelashes are immediately glued together by the moisture freezing into lumps of ice. Just imagine the sensation of waking in the morning and feeling something cold to one's face and finding a lump of ice where one's breath had frozen on the blankets in the night.

We have had an uninterruptedly severe winter without the usual January thaw to diminish the quantity of snow which is now inconveniently great; so much so that two days ago an immense barn near our barracks gave way under the weight of snow on the roof and the whole building came down with a crash, destroying both walls and roof and everything within it.

The principal topic of conversation here is, of course, the policy of the American Government and the chances of war. I think war is certain, but the more general opinion is that matters will be arranged amicably somehow. I cannot see how it is to be done. Polk has declared himself against both negotiation and arbitration; he is however, but the mouthpiece of the great Democratic party; General Cass, who is a much more influential man, follows on the same side; Quincy Adams, to the astonishment of everyone, makes a violent speech proposing to give the year's notice and *in the meantime* to occupy the territory; another honourable member proposes that Great Britain should have the year's notice to quit, not only Oregon, but the Canadas, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Jamaica as well!!

In short, the Democratic party has the upper hand and it is vain for sensible men like Calhoun or Webster to attempt to stem the current of the popular will. The former told them plainly that if they go to war with England they would have no navy at all



at the end of three months. The tone of speeches has been more moderate lately and there is a rumour that some document has been discovered that shows that England has *some* claim to Oregon; that is all humbug, but they may possibly have discovered that war cannot be carried on without money, and that it is easier for Congress to vote a loan than it is for them to find capitalists willing to lend the money. I agree with you that war will not commence for some time, but our naval preparations are going on apace; though I see no steps taken to strengthen the provinces, except that new percussion firelocks are being sent out to us, which I am delighted to hear, as our old muskets are nearly unserviceable. We want men, however, and barracks to put them into. We are now above sixty men below the establishment of the six service companies and the depot is recruiting so slowly that they cannot supply us.

There will be no fighting here unless the Yankees try to destroy St. John, but in the country between Lakes Erie and Ontario will be the struggle and we must protect the Welland canal at all risks to keep open the communication between the upper and lower lakes. Vessels of 400 tons can pass through that canal and it is the only passage for the Yankees also, so that it would be a great object for them to obtain possession of it.

On Lake Ontario our steam force is superior to the American and we have a fine line of available mail packets, but on the upper lakes they far outnumber us, I should think as much as six or seven to one, and much larger vessels. Some of their steamers that run between Buffalo and Chicago could hold near 1,000 men for a short passage.

Our Engineer officers were on the lookout last summer along the frontier and I met one who was examining the new fortress at Black Rock, near Buffalo, which is being built there. They were evidently collecting information so that we may know with certainty what force can be quickly brought to oppose us.

Quebec has been very greatly strengthened and the fortifications are watched with such jealous care that the officers living in the Citadel are not allowed to walk about and make themselves acquainted with the defences!

St. John, New Brunswick, 13th May, 1846.—I have little to tell you just now, except that I am in a state of considerable annoyance and uncertainty as to whether I am to go to the Depot or not. Another captain is coming out with the draft and we are already complete. The rule is that he who has been longest abroad should go, and I am that unhappy individual, so, unless some good turn of luck should save me, I shall find myself wending my melancholy way to Clonmel about the end of next month. I shall lose my grenadier company, my summer's fishing and the society of a good pleasant set of brother officers.

It looks now as if there will be no war with America, as since they have found that John Bull is in earnest they have much abated their pretentious and swaggering tone, and I fear that Lord Aberdeen's policy is so conciliatory that he will give up our claim to the line of the Columbia rather than go to war.

The Duke has refused our application for new arms and accoutrements on the ground that we are likely to go home next year!

Fredericton, 29th May, 1846.—The Colonel is ill, as usual, so that I am in command, but we are very quiet and have little to do generally. We had a grand parade and gave a great dinner on the 25th, the Queen's birthday, and yesterday the Militia turned out for the Governor's inspection, but it was a miserable affair. They have no clothing and most of them are much too independent to obey any orders, besides, the greater part of them are little miserable wretches, incapable of marching or undergoing any fatigue. These are the City Militia, but I am told the country regiments are much finer, and I believe it, because the lumberers are generally large athletic men and of great endurance.

I am sorry a large draft is coming out here as most of the Irish repealing blackguards will run away to the States and we have the trouble of catching them and afterwards trying them and transporting them.

The war between America and Mexico is the most interesting topic now and we are

anxiously waiting to hear the fate of General Taylor's army before Matamoros. The reports are contradictory, but it is believed that a battle has been fought, though no dispatches had been received from General Taylor, which looks as if he had been beaten and perhaps taken. The latest authentic accounts state that he was in a bend of the Rio Grande opposite Matamoros, intending to take it, but an army of Mexicans suddenly appeared in his rear, cutting off his communications with Port Isabel, where all his supplies were left in charge of 300 men. If he has not succeeded in fighting his way through he has probably had to surrender, as he had only eight days' provisions left and was placed between two fires.

A large army of Volunteers had been called for in Louisiana, to go to General Taylor's aid, but only 600 men could be obtained because former Volunteers had never been paid for their services. The first vessel with these Volunteers was stranded on the coast and no more will now go, so it looks as if the General was in an awkward fix. But it is very difficult to know what to believe amongst the many contradictory reports in the American papers.

[The only book I have that gives any account of the war with Mexico is General Ulysses S. Grant's Memoirs, from this I gather that:—

About the middle of March, 1846, General Taylor advanced to the Rio Grande and encamped opposite Matamoros. His base was at Port Isabel, 25 miles away at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Mexican guerilla bands harassed his camp and line of communications, and prevented the passage of supplies. General Taylor built a fort opposite Matamoros and, leaving a small garrison in it, fell back to Port Isabel. Reinforced there he returned to Matamoros to relieve his garrison at the fort there. The Mexicans opposed him half-heartedly and, after two small actions at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, retired, and General Taylor occupied Matamoros, where he waited for reinforcements. His force at no time during these operations exceeded 3,000 men.—W. St. P. B.]

Fredericton, 26th June, 1846.—The draft under Captain Winington has arrived but there is no order come for a captain to be sent home. The Colonel should apply for me to be sent to the Depot, but I doubt whether he will do it until he gets a wiggling from the Horse Guards for keeping seven captains abroad, and at present he cannot do it because he is confined to his bed by rheumatism at a place called the Ristook, about 110 miles from here. He went to Woodstock and the Grand Falls for a change of air after an illness and has had a relapse, so now it is quite uncertain when he may return here. Luckily there is an officer with him, but I cannot get any information from either of them and they will not answer any letters. I fear these constant severe attacks have shaken the Colonel's mind as well as his body; he was very queer at times and certainly deranged during part of his last illness. I am very anxious he should go home on leave, as the gaiety of London might cure him, but if he remains another winter in this country I fear he is likely to commit suicide.

All the regiments for home before us are now under orders, so we may confidently expect to land in England in the winter of 1847 or the spring of 1848.

Fredericton, 28th August, 1846.—I have been kept in a most uncomfortable and needless state of suspense for some months past. I remonstrated in vain against being deprived of my grenadier company; the Colonel told me I should have to go whenever a captain was ordered home, and, moreover, he had offered and given my company to Captain Williamson. As it was settled that I was to go home, I thought I might as well consult my own convenience in some measure and go while the weather continued fine and favourable, so I applied in writing to the Colonel to obtain the necessary authority from Halifax for my being furnished with a passage home. He refuses to forward my application and says he will send no one home until he gets a direct order to that effect. The poor little man is confined to his bed and has got the "vis inertiae" strong upon him. He will do nothing, but puts off all business with some excuse or other, while I have all the orderly room and parade duties thrust upon me. As I am to go, I am anxious to get away before the cold weather sets in and while steamers are going to Boston, which is my best and cheapest way home.

[There are no further letters from New Brunswick, but I find that Capt. Bunbury joined the Depot at Mullingar on the 24th October, 1846, moved with it to Stirling Castle in May, 1847, and remained with it there until January, 1848. He joined the Regiment at Edinburgh on its return from New Brunswick in May, and remained with it till the 1st January, 1849, when he was appointed A.A.G. at Dublin. There are no letters during this period, but to his time in Ireland belongs a story I remember his telling when I was a boy.

There were at that time no manœuvres, but their place was taken by an occasional "field day." The days of tactical schemes, of special and general ideas, had not yet dawned; the General formed his plan on the spot and sent verbal orders to the troops concerned by members of his staff. On one of these field days a certain general was reminded by one of his staff that he had omitted to give any orders for the Artillery. "The Artillery?" was the reply, "The artillery? oh, damn the Artillery, send 'em home."

In March, 1849, he was appointed A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Napier, and went with him to India.—W.St.P.B.]

*(To be continued.)*

## Fort Gawilgarh, Chikalda.

THE Hon. Major-General Wellesley on 15th December, 1803, began his official dispatch to the Marquess of Wellesley by saying:—"After the battle of Argaum I determined to lose no time in commencing the siege of Gawilgarh."

One hundred and three years later, after leaving Argaum Barracks, we lost no time in exploring the ruins of Fort Gawilgarh, and in admiring the spirit of the men who reduced that formidable fort against immense natural difficulties, so ending the Mahratta War.

The Fort is situated on a very high spur of the Satpura range about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Chikalda. It then consisted of one complete inner fort facing south, where the rock is most steep, and an outer fort, which covers the inner to the north and north-west.

Most of this is now in a state of complete ruin except for the five gateways and the remains of a beautiful mosque, but enough is left to show one what formidable difficulties Major-General Wellesley's troops had to contend with.

On 7th December, 1803, Major-General Wellesley marched from Ellichirpur to Deogaon below the southern face of the Fort, sending Colonel Stevenson and his division by a route about fifty miles in length through the hills in order to attack the Fort from the north. From the 7th to the 12th Colonel Stevenson's troops suffered great hardships, dragging heavy ordnance and stores by hand over roads which the troops made themselves for the occasion.

On the 12th Stevenson occupied Labrada, a now deserted village between Chilkada and Gawilgarh, and on the night of the 12th he erected his two batteries opposite the north face of the Fort, while Wellesley's division erected one on the southern side.

By dint of firing these batteries all day 13th and 14th December, practicable breaches had been made in the northern wall.

The attack was delivered on the morning of 15th December, but attempts to storm the Delhi gate proved ineffectual.

A place was then found where it was possible to scale the wall. Captain Campbell and his light company fixed the ladders and escalated it and thus opened the Delhi gate to the main body, and after a brief resistance the Fort was in possession of Wellesley's troops.

S. K.

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### HOWLERS.

My father was a sergeant in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and my mother wants to join the same Regiment.

The Rock of Gibraltar was taken to Spain by the British in 1704.

While Mary Queen of Scots was in France, a son was born to her in England without her knowledge.

**FORT GAWILGARH.**



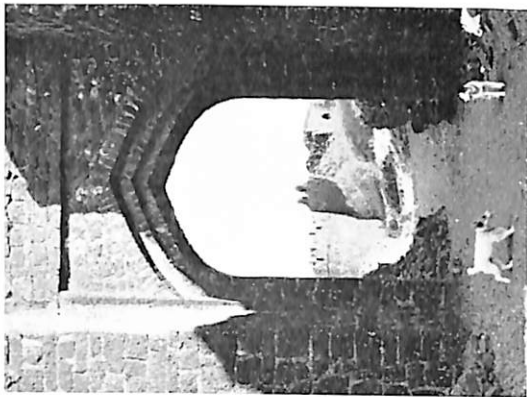
**Ruins of Fort Gawilgarh on the Satpura Hills, showing Col. Stevenson's route via north face of Fort.**



**Outer Wall of Fort.**



**Bensin Tree under which Duke of Wellington encamped during capture of Fort.**



**Outer Gate of Fort.**



**Pte. HENRY TANDEY, V.C., D.C.M., M.M.**

*[Kindly loaned by Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., Bradford].*

**Decorations and Medals for Distinguished War Service.**

PART II. (Continued from p. 133, No. 25, June, 1933.)

OUR REGIMENTAL V.C.'s.

Humb. 31067.

14773



## SECOND SUPPLEMENT

TO

**The London Gazette***Of FRIDAY, the 13th of DECEMBER, 1918.***Published by Authority.**

\* \* \* \* \*

SATURDAY, 14th DECEMBER, 1918.

*War Office,*  
14th December, 1918.

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

\* \* \* \* \*  
No. 34506 Pte. Henry Tandey, D.C.M., M.M., 5th Bn., W. Rid. R. (T.F.) (Leamington).

For most conspicuous bravery and initiative during the capture of the village and the crossings at Marcoing, and the subsequent counter-attack on September 28th, 1918.

When, during the advance on Marcoing, his platoon was held up by machine-gun fire,

he at once crawled forward, located the machine gun, and, with a Lewis gun team, knocked it out.

On arrival at the crossings he restored the plank bridge under a hail of bullets, thus enabling the first crossing to be made at this vital spot.

Later in the evening, during an attack, he, with eight comrades, was surrounded by an overwhelming number of Germans, and though the position was apparently hopeless, he led a bayonet charge through them, fighting so fiercely that 37 of the enemy were driven into the hands of the remainder of his company.

Although twice wounded, he refused to leave till the fight was won.

I was lucky in this article in that, as soon as I had collected the official information for it, I wrote direct to Lt.-Colonel Keith Sykes, commanding the 5th Battalion, and he has supplied the whole of what follows; for which I tender him my most sincere thanks. I will first of all give some extracts from the 62nd (West Riding) Division History by Everard Wyrall, which he sent me. It consists of an account of the day's fighting in which Pte. Tandey won his V.C., and if read in conjunction with the official account on the page before, gives a clear idea of the separate acts for which his V.C. was awarded.

"Little happened until the village of Marcoing was reached, where the 5th Dukes overtook the 2/4th Hants., and with the latter took part in a regular man-hunt for German machine gunners, who having repaired to the attics of some of the houses, opened fire from the windows whenever troops of either battalion showed themselves. This work of cleaning up the village was not, however, allowed to delay the advance, and soon a move eastward was made towards the Canal de St. Quentin. The latter was reached just before 9 a.m., and at once it was obvious that to cross the eastern banks would be a very difficult and dangerous operation. For hostile machine gun and rifle fire, frontal and enfilade, swept all approaches to the canal. The bridges had been destroyed, and the canal bank was very deep, which made the crossing all the more hazardous. But these Yorkshiremen were not to be denied. Lewis gunners were sent off to take up positions in the attics of the houses along the western bank of the canal. These gunners opened a furious fire on the enemy, which somewhat reduced the intensity of the latter's machine gun fire. Then by means of planks the commanders of "B" and "D" Companies of the 5th Dukes succeeded in dribbling their men across to the eastern bank just before 11 a.m. It was here that No. 34506 Pte. Henry Tandey, D.C.M., M.M., of the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment (T.F.) won the Victoria Cross. Later, "A" Company (less one platoon at Battalion Headquarters) and "C" Company (less one platoon and Company Headquarters) crossed the canal. Once across the canal the Duke's quickly pressed forward, but came immediately under very heavy machine gun fire from Marcoing Switch, strongly held by the enemy. Under furious frontal and enfilade fire to which they were now subjected the gallant Duke's could make no headway, and all that could be done, for the time being, was to consolidate their position along the line of the railway.

"As the day wore on the position of the 5th Duke of Wellington's Regiment was becoming precarious. The Battalion was the only unit of the Division east of the canal, and it was evident the enemy was making all preparations to launch a heavy counter attack. Observers posted in the attics of houses along the eastern bank of the canal reported the arrival in Rumilly of enemy reinforcements, brought up in buses. Marcoing Trench also contained large numbers of Germans.

"The 5th Dukes were ordered to attack under a creeping artillery barrage and capture Marcoing Switch and Marcoing Support. The attack was timed for 6.15 p.m. At 6 p.m. the artillery barrage opened on Marcoing Switch, pounding the enemy's positions with every available gun. Five minutes later the barrage lifted to Marcoing Support, the Duke's following close behind. By sheer good fortune the barrage had fallen on the enemy's trenches, only a few minutes before he had timed his own attack on the Duke's, and as the latter pressing their advance stormed Marcoing Switch they found the Germans thrown into great confusion by the bombardment to which they had just been subjected, but still in very superior numbers.

"Then ensued a regular soldiers' battle, a hand-to-hand struggle, in which the 5th Dukes, though considerably outnumbered, never showed to greater advantage. All four companies of the Battalion were weak in numbers, they had also been unable to reorganise since their attack of early morning. In consequence, each company advanced on a one platoon frontage, with another platoon in support, and the remaining two platoons in reserve.

"The right company all told numbered just under ninety officers, N.C.O.'s and men, but even so the attacking force of this company (forty strong) captured its objective with 300 prisoners and nine machine guns, and held on, having been reinforced by the remaining platoons.

"On the left ("A" Company) the leading platoon (strength eighteen only) reached its objective Marcoing Switch. But the platoons in support were in Battalion Reserve on the west side of the canal, and did not reach the attacking platoon up to time. Nevertheless this gallant little band, keeping close on the heels of the barrage, headed straight for a hostile machine gun, which the platoon commander, 2nd Lt. W. J. Lloyd, discovered firing from Marcoing Switch. The gun was quickly captured with one German officer and eight other ranks, hidden in a dugout close by. Continuing its advance the platoon next reached Marcoing Support, in which were many enemy dugouts. But now Lt. Lloyd began to look about him, for he could see none of his Battalion on either flank. A man sent off down the trench to the right reported no British troops on that flank, and the Germans only 100 yards away preparing to counter attack. Another man sent up the trench to the left, had to beat a hasty retreat owing to heavy machine gun fire; he also reported the enemy close at hand. Marcoing Switch, behind the platoon, was likewise seen to be full of Germans. The platoon was surrounded and the situation desperate. So desperate, in fact, that there was only one way out of the difficulty; for the platoon to fight its way through, or die in the attempt. And to the honour of the Regiment, the brave young subaltern decided to fight it out. Ordering his men to get out of the trench, an order which they had rapidly obeyed, Lt. Lloyd next gave them the order to charge the enemy holding the trench in rear. With vigorous

shouts this tiny band rushed upon the Germans, many of whom, terrified by the sight of the furious Yorkshiremen, began taking off their equipment and throwing up their hands in token of surrender. Others of the enemy fled from the trench back towards the canal, where they were either killed or captured. Finally, after the platoon had extricated itself from its precarious position, it was found that thirty-eight prisoners had been taken and many other Germans killed or wounded. The spirit and élan of this single platoon was truly wonderful. One man being wounded, being shot through the leg and through the arm, stoutly refused to have his wounds dressed until the action was over."

For this action at Marcoing the 5th Battalion received the very rare distinction of being specially mentioned by name in the Commander-in-Chief's daily communiqué.

The following are two eye-witness accounts which were handed in to Lt.-Colonel Keith Sykes, who was then Captain and Adjutant of the Battalion.

1. "I was with 34506 Pte. Tandey, H., during the whole of the attack on Marcoing, and also in crossing of the canal. When my platoon was held up he went forward and discovered the Hun M.G., took a Lewis gun team into position allowing the platoon to go forward. On arrival at one of the crossings he placed planks under heavy M.G. fire, so allowing the platoon to cross. During the evening he assisted his platoon commander when the platoon was surrounded, and took several men over in the charge against the Huns in the rear who were firing. Also he was wounded twice, and refused to go back until the action was finished. He assisted his platoon commander in the highest degree possible."

4/10/18.

(Signed) W. J. LLOYD, 2nd Lieutenant.

2. "On 28th September, 1918, during the taking of the crossings over the Canal de St. Quentin at Marcoing, I was No. 1 of the Lewis gun team of my platoon. I witnessed the whole gallantry of Pte. Tandey throughout the day. Under intensely heavy fire he crawled forward in the village when we were being held up by an enemy M.G. and found where it was, and then led myself and comrades with the gun into a house from where we were able to bring Lewis gun fire on the M.G. and knock it out of action. Later when we got to the Crossings and the bridge was down Pte. Tandey, under the fiercest aimed M.G. fire went forward and replaced planks over the bad parts of the bridge to enable us all to cross without the delay which would otherwise have ensued. On the same evening when we made another attack, we were completely surrounded by a huge number of Germans, and we thought the position might be lost, Pte. Tandey, without hesitation, though he was twice wounded very nastily, took the leading part in our bayonet charge on the enemy to get clear. Though absolutely faint he refused to leave us until we had completely finished our job, collected our prisoners and restored the line."

6/10/18.

(Signed) H. LISTER, Private.

I will next quote verbatim from a letter Lt.-Colonel Keith Sykes wrote me when forwarding these accounts.

"I well remember Tandey, and had a great admiration for him, as had all his old comrades of the 5th Battalion. He only served in the Battalion for about six weeks in all, and during that time was awarded the V.C., D.C.M. and M.M. He was a most gallant fellow, and was loved by all with whom he came in contact. When he obtained the V.C. it was wonderful to see how many of his comrades volunteered to give verbatim accounts of his remarkable conduct.

"The first distinction which he won was the D.C.M. during an attack on a system of trenches at Vaulx Vraucourt, from 25th August to 2nd September, 1918. He was in charge of a reserve bombing party, and finding the parties in front temporarily held up, he called on two other men and worked across the open in rear of the enemy, and rushed the post, coming back with 20 prisoners, after killing several of the enemy. His conduct largely contributed to the success and capture of these trenches.

"Ten days afterwards, during an attack at Havrincourt, on 12th September, 1918, he was again a conspicuous hero. He went out under heavy shell fire and carried a badly wounded man in on his back. He went out a second time and, finding three more wounded



men, put them under cover, and fetched a party to bring them in. Next day, during a bombing attack, he volunteered to be leading bomber, and led a party over the open. He made himself responsible for holding the bombing block in the trench, and whilst doing this the post was attacked in strength. The German officer shot at him point blank with his revolver, but missed. Then Tandy led his men against the enemy with bombs and drove them away in confusion. For this engagement he was awarded the M.M.

"His next and last engagement was at Marcoing on 28th September, 1918, where he won the V.C. I well remember on that occasion, as Adjutant, I went round the line after the enemy counter attack, and heard on all sides vivid stories of Tandy's gallantry from his own comrades, all eager to make sure that due notice should be taken of his great deeds.

"In this action he was severely wounded, and never came back to the Battalion in France. Tandy loved the 5th Battalion, and the Battalion loved him. He told me that before he came to this Battalion he felt he never had a chance to distinguish himself, but amongst us Yorkshiremen he felt thoroughly at home, and at once felt the wonderful *esprit de corps* that existed, and he was determined to be a part of it and help it on—and well he did so."

After the war Tandy was presented with a clock and a wallet containing £38 in treasury notes by his old comrades at Huddersfield.

As already stated, I have to thank Lt.-Colonel Keith Sykes for the whole of this article, as well as putting me on to the track of the photograph which appears opposite page 201. In addition I would acknowledge the kindness of Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., Ltd., in giving permission for the reprinting in *THE IRON DUKE* of the portrait of Pte. Tandy, which appeared in the History of the 62nd (West Riding) Division; and also for the loan of the block.

This reminds me that I neglected to acknowledge the similar kindness of Messrs. Edward Mortimer, Ltd., of Regent Street, Halifax, in connection with my last article on Pte. Poulter's V.C.

(To be continued.)

P. A. T.

## No./West Riding/1190.

**A**T the western extremity of Lake Ontario and perched upon a shelf of the Hamilton Mountain overlooking the Lake lies the picturesque town of Grimsby; in one respect it resembles Great Grimsby in that it is near the water, otherwise its principal industry applies not to fishing but to fruit-growing. Here once the Mohawk pitched his tepee and hunted for game, here rang the axe of the Anglo-Saxon pioneer, while within an hour's drive rolls the mighty Niagara. Here too, after nigh on half a century of service under three Sovereigns, have I pitched my tent—or rather my bungalow. Looking over some papers I have found some relics of past services, and among them a "small-book" in the handwriting of that excellent scribe Joe Henry, which records that on the 4th March, 1885, No./West Riding/1190 joined The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In my den hangs a picture, a group, in the centre of which sits Sgt.-Major Charles Hyde, minus the austere aspect that in days long past excited apprehension in the mind of the recalcitrant recruit, while the stalwart colour-sergeants on the flanks are Stonewall Jackson, née Powell, and Larry Bellew; most of the remaining dozen or so have, I believe, answered the last roll-call.

There are no parades to attend now, but sometimes imagination takes me back to the Long Valley, to Bermuda and the common at Halifax, Nova Scotia, under Commanders Tidmarsh, Fenn and Nesbitt; long lines of men in red coats and bearing on their collars the dear old elephant—alas! in the exigencies of travel no elephant remains in my

possession! And so I turn back the pages of recollection beginning with the most recent. The time: one morning in the year 1930; the place: the Headquarters of the Toronto Command; my chief, the A.A.G., said, "Last night I dined with one of your old officers of the West Riding and he has promised to call on us at the office." Shortly afterwards the chief introduced me to this officer and we looked into each other's eyes—we two old West Riding men, each of us more than three-score years—and instantly one envisioned a picture of the old grey stone barracks at Tipperary, where 35 years ago we had trodden the greystone parade ground under "Chinnion" and Tom Gibson, etc.; we two, recruit officer 2nd Lt. H. W. Wood and recruit No./West Riding/1190, a callow youth just "up" from the Depot.

Another page: a few weeks ago my wife received a letter from the widow of poor old Tom Grisdale, "Flash Harry," I think we used to call him.\* She lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and mentioned meeting C/Sgt. and Mrs. Puplett. Looking backwards a score of years, I call to mind that, in company with Larry Bellew and Charley Clayton (Band), I followed the body of Tom Grisdale to rest in Farnborough Cemetery.

And why, since I am some five thousand miles from the Old Country, does my mind revert to the West Riding? The answer is that even at this distance of time and space one is often reminded of it; a few months ago, when joining the Canadian Legion, B.S.L., a weather-beaten farmer who had heard my record read by the secretary claimed a handshake with a brother-in-arms of the Old Dukes.

The year 1913 saw me on a 3,500 mile journey across this continent to Vancouver. Near this city, as the representative of a local newspaper, I interviewed a French-Canadian General, the late Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., from Toronto. Said the General, "Ah! the West Riding—we were with them at Paardeburg. And what are you doing on this side of the continent?" I told him I had long been under promise to bring back to Canada the girl I married in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1889. The final result of this interview was that, notwithstanding I was beyond the normal age for enlistment, I joined the Canadian Permanent Militia, retracing my steps back to Toronto, a journey of some 2,700 miles. Thus, eventually, I became for the second time a W.O.I., and for the second time a pensioner. While in the West I searched for Capt. Hyde without success, and it was only after my flight to Toronto that I learned I had been within a very few miles of his domicile!

And so the tide of recollection recedes. In Aldershot after the Boer War I served again under Colonel F. W. B. Landon, who was then in command of the R.A.S.C.; on the banks of the Tugela just before the battle of Colenso I met my old friend J. J. Walsh, who could not keep out of a scrimmage; later at Pretoria I met the 1st Battalion entraining for another destination under the command of Lt.-Col. Rivett-Carnac, my old company commander (I regret to learn that he has recently passed over), Captain S. C. Umfreville and R.S.M. Kerns; a short period of service with Colonel de Gex completed my service in South Africa.

Back farther into the past. In 1898, while on my way to the Sudan, I called at Malta and was hospitably entertained by R.S.M. Kerns, an excellent soldier, and it has occurred to me that it is a pity some of us did not appreciate fully the softer humanity that lay beneath a somewhat stern exterior. Back, farther still, to Jamaica and service under Captain F. W. B. Landon, then a D.A.A.G., under whose guidance I learned much. Here came into the world my first-born son, and I muse and wonder what I should have thought had I then known that the mite of humanity was to become one of that noble

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\* Mr. J. W. Paling writes:—Thomas S. Grisdale got this nickname owing to his style of clothing and his kind of swagger in his walk. An ancestor of his captured General Le Febre whilst serving with the 10th Hussars in the Peninsula, I think it was at Fuentes D'Onoro. We had two old books in the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Battalion in which an account of the event was entered. Grisdale pointed it out to me and, after he left the Colours and during the time I was serving at the Depot, he took me over to his home in Brighthouse and showed me an oil painting of the General which had been given to his grandfather, or great-grandfather, I am not sure which, by the General after his release.

band known as "the contemptible little army"; and this is where I bade good-bye to the Jamaica detachment of the 2nd Battalion, and, under Captain Landon, assisted in the embarkation of the Jamaica detachment for Barbados to join the Battalion. I cannot forget the kindly words of Captain Suft, my company commander, but I am afraid I took the parting lightly for, to my youthful mind, it was a fine thing to leave the Regiment to go on the "Staff"; alas, it was only in later years that I realized that when one leaves his Regiment he leaves his home and so many friends that he can never meet again; of the officers who, while exacting from the soldier his measure of duty, were after all brothers of one great family, mutually sensible of glorious regimental traditions and of a fraternal feeling that was always present, though sometimes concealed beneath the cloak of discipline. And so I said good-bye to the old Regiment, and to my younger readers I would say, "Do not leave the Regiment of your adoption for another corps unless—unless—you wish to feel like a lost dog!"

As I do not wish to weary my readers I pass by many other pages of recollection, but who will forget the rollicking two years in Bermuda; the great day of the three sets of Colours, the games, the officers' and sergeants' dramatic clubs—the dances. And farther back still to strenuous work in Aldershot (1885-7) where recollection centres chiefly in trying experiences in the Long Valley. And so, back again to Tipperary, but before I lay down my pen I must say how precious are the thoughts of old days with the Regiment. The partner in life who came to me in Halifax 44 years ago is still by my side, and while we have fought our fight and now sit in ease and comfort, still there are times when we go back in recollection to the days of our affiliation with the West Riding, and wonder—had we stayed with the Regiment—what might have been!

H. J.

## Our Celebrities.

L/CPL. J. ANNESLEY, 1st Battalion.

Enlisted in July, 1919, and is not quite sure whether he is an "old soldier" or not. Has served with both Battalions at home and abroad and has represented each at rugger, boxing and putting the shot. Favourite means of keeping his weight down (and the other fellow's): rugby, in fact, with very little encouragement, will get really enthusiastic about the game, both on and off the field.

Has been a regular playing member of the 1st Battalion since coming home from Singapore. Whilst abroad played in the following representative games:—Forces in Palestine v. French Army in Syria, Army in Egypt, United Services (Singapore).

At home played for the Army v. Air Force in 1930. Took part in 19 games for Devonport Services. Since the arrival of the Battalion in Aldershot has played for the Aldershot Command on 14 occasions.

When 17 years of age boxed "light-heavy" for the 2nd Battalion and won the Garrison Championship at Dublin. Has represented the 1st Battalion as "heavy-weight."

To fill in the spare moments he performs with the Battalion athletic team, his job being to get rid of the shot, hammer and discus.

"I'm coming, I'm coming,  
And my head is bending low,  
As I made tracks I got these hacks  
Said "Poor old Joe."

(A photograph of L/Cpl. J. Annesley appears opposite page 192.)

## Simple Dogs.

## IV. ROGER.



Roger's gone a-hunting ;  
 He's nowhere to be seen.  
 He may be in the orchard,  
 He may be on the green.

Roger's gone a-hunting ;  
 The bunnies scatter fast.  
 He never knows which one to chase,  
 So always comes in last.



Roger's gone a-hunting  
 Across the stable yard.  
 But pussy's in the hay loft,  
 And swearing awful hard.

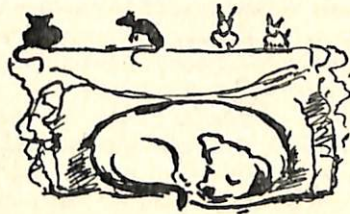


Roger's gone a-hunting ;  
 He's caught a bumble bee.  
 And now he's got a swollen lip  
 And puts the blame on me.



Roger's gone a-hunting ;  
 He's killed a whopping rat.  
 "And *that*," says Roger proudly,  
 "You must admit is *that*."

Roger's gone a-hunting ;  
 I hope it isn't sheep.  
 But I shall never know, because  
 He's hunting in his sleep.



## Rhenoster Kop, 29th November, 1900.

THE account of the fight at Rhenoster Kop on page 32 of the February number of THE IRON DUKE, taken from the History of the 33rd Foot, which I have just seen for the first time, is a very imperfect version of the incidents of the 29th November, 1900.

When, unfortunately, Lt.-Col. Lloyd was killed early in action, the command of the Battalion fell to me as the next senior officer. The Battalion arrived in front of the Boer position after a long march about 7 p.m. on the 28th November. Viljoen, to greet us, fired a single shell, which buried itself harmlessly in the ground about thirty yards from the Mess tent just erected.

We paraded at daybreak next morning for the attack. A prominent kopje was given the Battalion as its objective. This objective was not in the Boer line but on high ground some 200 yards from that line. The distance we had to traverse was approximately 900 yards. Viljoen had chosen his position well. His men were hidden behind boulders of rock which afforded cover from fire effectively. The ground we had to traverse was undulating grass land, very similar to parts of the Sussex Downs, which afforded cover only in the natural furrows of the ground. Colonel Lloyd was in personal command of the Battalion. He decided to lead the first line himself, four companies, and told me to bring on the second line, three companies; "C" Company, Captain Houghton, Lts. Jubb and Liddell, was left to protect the camp.

I realised before moving off that as soon as we descended the first slope, about fifty yards distant, we should lose sight of our objective, and I therefore took the compass bearing of the kopje. When the first line had moved off I followed at an interval of about 120 yards. Even with that interval, owing to the slopes of the ground, I could not at times keep the first line in sight. The companies with me were commanded, from right to left respectively, by Lt. Townsend, Captain Becher and Lt. Exham. After we had advanced some 200 yards the Adjutant, Lt. Tyndall, came back to me, the first line being then hidden from view, and said the Colonel had sent him to say that I was not following in the wake of the first line but was overlapping to the left. I had been leading with my compass in my hand and I said that, although I could not see it, I was confident that I was dead on the given objective. The Adjutant said the C.O. had given him an order for me to conform to the movements of the first line. I accordingly gave the signal "Right incline." The Adjutant rejoined the first line. Shortly afterwards a staff officer, Major Williams, overtook me and said the General had sent him to say that I was off the true line of the objective and was too much to the right. I said I knew I was too much to the right but I had received a definite order to move to the right. In this dilemma I decided to detach the left company of my line, Lt. Exham, to move on the true objective and I continued to follow the first line with the remaining two companies. When eventually the first line came into action on the last rise in front of the Boer position it was 350 yards to the right of the given objective, where Lt. Exham's company had just taken position. I halted the second line, now reduced to two companies, about 80 yards in rear of the first line. About 8.30 a.m. Colonel Lloyd came across to me from the right of the firing line, then hotly engaged. He had evidently decided since writing the memo. to Captain Ackworth at 8 a.m., that the idea of turning the enemy's flank was impracticable, as he made no mention of any such plans to me. I told Colonel Lloyd that I had detached Lt. Exham's company in consequence of the General's message and I pointed out the position of the company, as it was hidden from view by boulders. Until that moment Colonel Lloyd did not know the company was there. Colonel Lloyd approved my action and said he was satisfied that in the circumstances I had done the best thing. After a few minutes' conversation he said he would go and examine Lt. Exham's position, over 300 yards away to the left, and telling me to carry on meanwhile, he walked across with the Adjutant to Lt. Exham's company. I never saw him alive again.

About 9.15 a.m. the Adjutant returned alone and reported that Colonel Lloyd was dead. I asked him how it happened. He said that shortly after the Colonel and he reached Lt. Exham's company, Colonel Lloyd stood up in front of the line and was looking through his binoculars when he was shot and killed on the spot. I reported to the General at once. As the fight developed I noticed an enfilade fire on our right flank and I brought Lt. Townsend's company into action to check it. I showed Lt. Townsend where to align his company and had only just left him when he was shot. He was in the act of signalling his men to lie down when I saw him fall—but the enfilade fire was checked. Lt. Oakes was wounded a few minutes later. The position then was unsatisfactory. There was a big gap between Lt. Exham's company and the rest of the Battalion which I could not fill. The supporting line was reduced to one company, Captain Becher's, and there was no reserve. The half battalion of the Munsters was in action to our right, taking orders direct from the General. I was in direct communication through my signallers the whole day with the headquarter staff, but I received no further orders of any sort. Apparently the General realised that the Battalion was extended beyond its strength and was content so long as it held its ground. There were two field guns in action on our left beyond Lt. Exham's company but not visible to me. About 7 p.m., from the sudden rapid firing of these guns, I knew something was wrong. Next morning the gunner officer in command told me that about 7 p.m. a body of mounted Boers suddenly appeared from behind the rocks and charged like a squadron of cavalry straight for his guns. To his surprise, he found he was unprotected and there was no time to limber up. He had not time to sight in the usual way and so he sighted simply with two fingers and fired as rapidly as possible. Luckily one shell found the Boers, who thereupon wheeled about and left him free to limber up and retire. That was the only charge attempted by either side that day. The firing throughout the day was incessant on both sides and the fight was only brought to a close by the fall of night, about 8 p.m. The Boers retired during the night.

Next morning I measured the distance from the spot where Colonel Lloyd fell, to the rocks from which the shots had evidently been fired. It was exactly 180 yards, and where he stood Colonel Lloyd must have been silhouetted against the skyline to his full height. He was hit by two bullets, one a clean Mauser wound, which would not have been fatal, but the other must have been a sporting rifle explosive bullet, which traversed the abdomen and made a hole the size of a five shilling piece through his aluminium water bottle where it came out. Death must have been instantaneous. The next day, as there was no chaplain available, it was my sad duty to take the service at the funeral of those who had fallen in action. Colonel Lloyd was deservedly popular with all ranks and, moreover, in him I felt I had lost a personal friend.

At Rhenoster the Battalion was very short of senior officers, but all present did well. On the 1st December Sir Arthur Paget asked me to parade the Battalion, and when he came he made a highly complimentary speech on the conduct of the Battalion in the recent action and expressed his satisfaction with the behaviour of all ranks. Shortly afterwards Paget's command was broken up, General Paget returning to England, and the Battalion reverted to duty on the Pretoria, Nylstroom railway line.

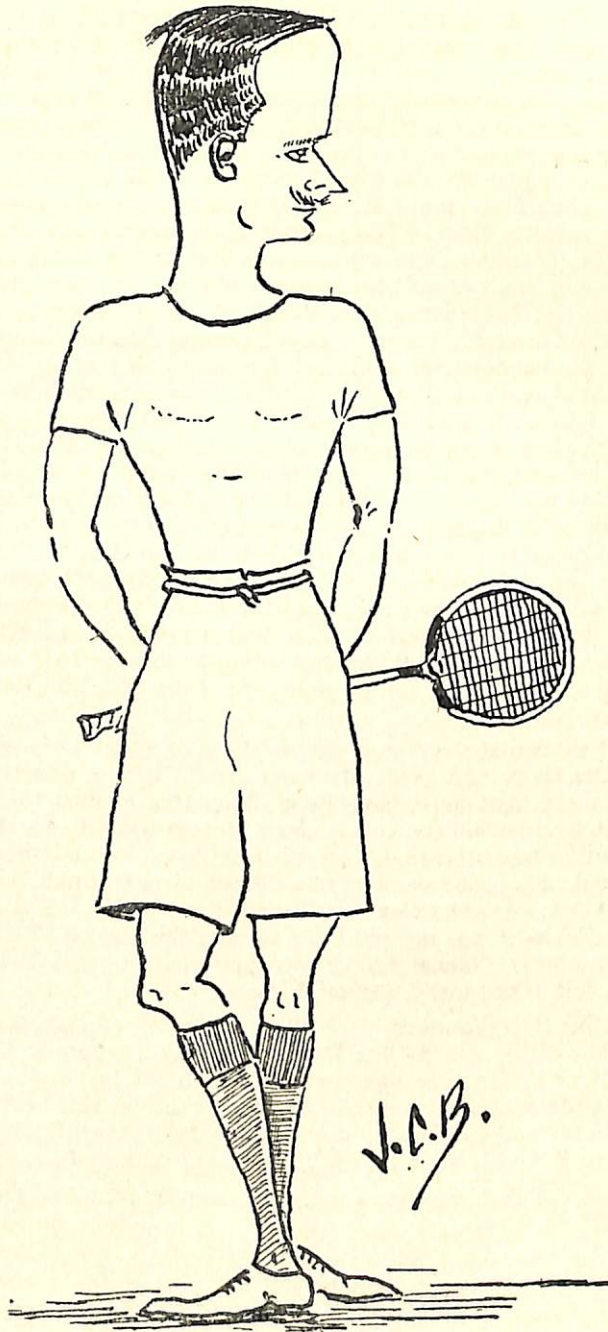
The casualties of the Battalion were relatively heavier than those of any other corps engaged.

F. M. H. M.

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#### STOP PRESS.

At a general meeting of ex-members of the 10th Battalion held at Bradford on 14th September, it was decided to hold the re-union dinner on 28th October, 1933. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution for a 10th (S.) Battalion O.C.A. (see page 191).



C. R. T. C.

## Some Notes on Rugby Football for Beginners.

THE Editor has asked me to write a series of short articles on rugger, which would be useful to those in the Regiment who are thinking of taking up the game. The subject is fairly large, and the difficulty is to know at what point to begin and then where to leave off. There are a large number of remarks which apply equally to all who go on a rugger field ; so I propose to begin with some general notes of use to all beginners, whether they be forwards, halves, three-quarters or full-backs ; and then in the second article, go on to what young forwards should endeavour to learn. Finally, in the third series I shall deal with the subject of play outside the scrum.

Rugger is a game in which, above all things, the team spirit is needed. Every man plays for his side, everything you do should be done to help your team to win, not to make those watching think how clever you, as an individual, are. Work for your side the whole time, never for your own personal glorification.

Remember that brawn in itself is of little use. To the onlooker who knows nothing of the science of the game, rugger appears to be a rough and tumble in which the main asset is to be of large physique. This is far from the case. The whole essence of the game is combined play between the forwards and backs. And for this all players must constantly be thinking and using their wits. Physical strength is undoubtedly an asset, but brains allied to fitness is a far greater one.

Rugger is also a very hard and rough game in which severe knocks are often given and taken. If you are not fit and don't train you can never hope to be a good player. To get fit and keep fit must be the first aim of everyone who wishes to play. This can only be done by constant exercise and practice. Some self-sacrifice is needed ; smoking and drinking within reasonable limits do little harm. Many good players do both, but you will not find any first-class player who does not cut down his daily ration of smokes and drinks during the season.

Because you have been a couple of years with the Regiment does not mean it is too late to start learning the game. Several members of the Battalion team played soccer for two and three seasons before joining in at rugby football. But of course the sooner you begin to play after joining the Regiment the better for yourself ; recruits at the Depot should take every chance of playing and practising that they can get when at Halifax. The younger you start, the longer playing life you will have ; and therefore the more you will learn and the better player you will become.

To learn the game take every opportunity you can get of playing and practising, whether it be with the company novices' league or the Battalion colts. Turn out to every practice you can. And when you play always go " all out " the whole time, play your hardest from the first whistle until " no side " is sounded. One of the first maxims for all players is " Go hard, fall on the ball, tackle low and tackle hard." Do this and you will quite possibly find yourself in the Battalion second XV. Remember that every game and novices' league in the Battalion is watched with a view to finding new players for the first and second XV's. Then again, play wherever you are asked to play. If you have played a couple of games as a forward, don't say you won't play, because in the third game you are put down as a three-quarter. It is a great mistake to specialise in one position when you first start playing. If you fill several positions during your first couple of seasons the more you will learn about the game. The writer began playing when eight years old ; and in the first five years of his rugger did one season as full back, two as scrum half and three as a forward. From then until I ceased playing I was always a forward ; but at various times I played in every position in the pack until my last three or four seasons, when as a county player and international I was in the front row—*i.e.*, I did not specialise in the scrum until I had had several seasons of first-class rugger.

The rules of the game often provide great difficulties to the novice, who probably



makes the mistake of trying to learn them off by heart. My advice is do NOT read the rules your first season or two, or anyhow until you play regularly for the second XV. Play games, as many as you can get, attend all practices you can, and watch any first-class games you can. By the end of your first season you will find you know the main rules, having learnt them instinctively whilst playing and watching. When you can't get a game go and watch a good one; try to do so with a fellow who knows more about the game than you do. Points you don't understand during the match can then be cleared up straight away. The more you ask the more you will learn.

Once you have reached second XV. standard you must read the rules at least three times every season. It is surprising how the minor points of the game slip your memory, unless you are constantly looking up the laws.

Above all things, never think you have learnt all there is to know about rucker. No player has ever learnt all there is to know about rucker. As I said before, I began playing when very young. Furthermore, I played for eighteen years and was still learning new methods of winning matches when I had to give up. And what is more, I am still learning now, though I can only watch.

To conclude this article, I will give a few "Dont's," which apply to all players and which several people in the Regiment who are no longer novices would do well to read and remember:—

1. Don't argue with the referee, your opponents or any of your own side. Keep your mouth shut.

2. Don't lose your temper. Anyone who does will never make a good player.

3. Don't "squeal." Remember that if it is quite fair, and good fun, to tackle an opponent really hard or to remove him off the ball, it is equally fair, and amusing, when he does the same to you. This is a point a lot of players fail to realise.

4. Don't know all there is to be known about the game when you have only been playing a couple of seasons.

5. Don't get fed up and "browned off" when, having made a mistake during the game, you are told afterwards what you should have done. You are all learning and we are only trying to help you to improve your play.

C. K. T. F.

*(To be continued.)*

## With "C" Company 1st Battalion at Paardeburg.

(THE COMPANY COMMANDER'S ACCOUNT.)

ON the night of the 17th February, 1900, we halted on the open veldt after a long day's march. The men lay down to rest as they had stood in the ranks. I was about to follow their example when Tyndall (the Adjutant) came up and said "C" Company was for picquet duty, and to take up a position on the left flank of the Battalion. The N.C.O.'s had difficulty in rousing the men, many of whom were already asleep. I marched the Company about 300 yards into the veldt, it being very dark at the time, and having made the necessary dispositions, sat down to rest against an ant heap.

It was still dark when I was roused by two mounted men approaching from the left rear of the picquet. They turned out to be General Kitchener and a Colonel Gorringer; Kitchener asked me where Colonel Lloyd was (they had known each other in Egypt). I replied that he was with the Battalion, and pointed the direction where I had left it. They then left me and shortly afterwards the Company was ordered to rejoin the Battalion. Colonel Lloyd ordered the Battalion to advance in column of companies, the distance between companies being about thirty yards, with intervals of two paces between files. "B" Company commanded by Captain Siordet, being No. 1, "C" Company No. 2.

After marching for some time a N.C.O. came up to me and said that the men complained that they could not march without water (the last time there had been an opportunity to fill water bottles was the afternoon of the day before.) In Africa the course of a river running across the veldt can be traced by the trees and bushes fringing its banks, and at that moment I saw ahead over the crest of the high ground that we were marching on such a fringe and told the N.C.O. that the men would get water shortly as we were approaching a drift. On the Battalion reaching the edge of the ridge overlooking the river we saw the Boer laager on the opposite bank at a distance of about 1,500 yards.

The Colonel gave the order for the Battalion to form for attack, "B" Company extending to the left flank and "C" Company prolonging to the right of "B" Company in extended formation. The firing line advanced over ground sloping towards the river with no cover of any kind, and soon the fire from the enemy's trenches became so hot that the line halted and lay down, and began independent fire on the Boer trenches, in order to keep down their fire. The advance then began by rushes of about 50 yards or more at a time. Owing to the noise of firing it was useless to blow a whistle as a signal to advance, the only way was to run to the front of the left flank of the Company and wave the right arm as a signal to advance, when the men who had been alongside me got up and followed and the remainder of the Company did likewise. At a distance of about 500 yards from the laager two shells passed over the Company; at the time the men were firing lying down; one shell struck the ground thirty yards in rear of the Company. After one of the rushes I found myself next a Highlander with a beard and heard him mutter, "this is as bad as Mudder" (the Highland Brigade had lost heavily in the fight at Modder river a short time before).

I said to him, "Is this as bad as Modder," and he replied, "It is as bad, if not wuss." After the next rush I found a young Highlander on my left; the bullets were coming along fairly thick, and he drew his bayonet and began making a small heap of sand in front of his head. I asked him if that was any good, and he replied, "it saved my life at Modder." I drew my bayonet and began following his example, but had only just begun digging when a bullet struck the ground close to my right shoulder, shortly followed by another. It suddenly occurred to me that the sun shining on the blade of the bayonet caused it to flash, thus attracting the attention of the enemy, I therefore put the bayonet away and lay still. The shots directed at me ceased, although the fusillade of bullets continued. Mauser bullets passing overhead make a noise similar to the cracking of whips.

When we reached the Boer position they retired over the river, and the men rushed down the bank to the water's edge to slake their thirst. The river banks at the part we attacked were steep and about forty feet high.

Meanwhile the Boers had retreated towards the laager, and I ordered all men of "C" Company to fall in, but could only collect a few, as the Company had lost heavily in the advance and become scattered in the charge on the trenches.

Seeing some Highlanders near, I asked them where their officer was; they said they did not know, so I ordered them to fall in with the men of "C" Company and proceeded to cross the river, which was shallow at this part, with a small island in the middle. We had got as far as the island when I heard someone calling my name and, on looking towards the near bank, saw Colonel Lloyd, who had arrived with the reserve.

He asked me where I was going, and I said that I was following the retiring enemy; he ordered me to bring the men back and occupy a donga with my Company. The Boers had no regular system of entrenchments but had made use of the river bank and dongas to fire from. The shelter of the donga proved useful as the Boers, finding that they were not followed up, returned to the opposite bank and began sniping across the river. We remained under cover until it was too dark for the Boers to see to snipe. I then left the donga with two N.C.O.'s to look for our wounded. The first man we came across was a man belonging to the Yorkshire Regiment; he was terribly wounded and it was

impossible to move him without a stretcher ; seeing a group of men on the right, I went to them and asked if any man belonged to the Yorkshires. A corporal stated that he did and I told him that there was a badly wounded man of his regiment near at hand and took him with me ; he knew the wounded man and I told him that as we were looking for our own wounded I would leave him in charge of the poor fellow. The wounded were collected and taken to the river and placed alongside the Regiment as it was too far to take them to the rear over the ridge. I did not hear until the evening that Siordet had been wounded and on getting back to the river I went to look for him and found C/Sgt. Troup attending to him. Siordet was in a comatose state and Troup told me he was in a very bad way ; he died, poor fellow, early the following morning. When it got light enough to see round, we found we were the only regiment on the river bank, the other regiments having withdrawn over the ridge in rear. I received an order to extend " C " Company along the bank overlooking the river and the men to make cover for themselves by digging rifle pits (shallow pits with a parapet possible for a man to lie in and obtain shelter for his head and shoulders, and to be able to use his rifle over the parapet in front). While lying in the trenches watching the opposite bank, about half a dozen unarmed Boers approached the river with water bags, holding up their hands. We allowed them to fill their bags without interference. Also about fifty yards from the opposite side of the river we saw unarmed Boers moving about as if looking for their dead and wounded, and one group appeared to be burying a man. While this was going on I got an order to retire " C " Company over the ridge in rear, but not to retire in any formation, but the men to stroll back in groups of three and four men at a time, wandering across the ground in a casual way. This was done and the Company got over the crest of the high ground in rear without being fired on. The remainder of the Battalion got over without being interfered with. The reason we were able to retire without being fired on, I afterwards learnt, was that Cronje had sent a messenger under a flag of truce to Lord Roberts to ask for an armistice to collect and bury his dead. This was not granted, but before the return of the envoy the Battalion had got safely over the ridge.

Thus ended the battle of Paardeberg, though siege operations continued until the 27th February, when Cronje surrendered.

The Company lost heavily in the attack and several men had narrow escapes. C/Sgt. Johnstone had his helmet shot through just where the puggaree joins in front, and another man had his water bottle pierced by a bullet.

C/Sgt. Johnstone was recommended for a commission when we arrived at Bloemfontein and was posted to the Leicester Regiment.

E. R. H.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE SUBALTERN'S DIARY.)

Saturday, 17th February, 1900.—About three miles from enemy's strongly entrenched position at Paardeberg.

Sunday, 18th.—Resumed march at 3 a.m. and came into position about 6.30, when the Battalion and Highland Brigade extended for the attack on a ridge overlooking the Boer position, which ran all along the river bank. We had to advance down a sloping plain without a vestige of cover, doing a frontal attack, and were only assisted by two naval guns on our left. The fire was exceedingly hot and our men began to fall right and left. They had had no water since 6 p.m. the night before, and as the whole advance was carried out under a burning sun, without food, the main object of the troops was to get to the river as soon as possible and to drive the enemy out. There were many casualties during this frontal attack. Some of the Black Watch got mixed up with my half company and about forty of us made a final rush of 120 yards and got into the enemy's front position, on the left bank of the Modder, at about 2 p.m., when a general stampede was made to fill water bottles. Some of the men were hit here when filling bottles. We got well into the Boer advanced position and had to sit tight till after dark, being under

the sniping of the enemy in front and the fire of our own second line of attack from behind. During this trying time we lost a number of men killed and wounded. The Colonel (Lloyd) and adjutant turned up in the trenches and stayed for a couple of hours, the former on several occasions standing up and semaphoring with a small flag to stop the second line from firing on us. He proved his bravery on this and many other occasions, but was unfortunately killed later on in the war. After dark we formed a sort of outpost line and gathered as many as possible of our wounded under shelter. About thirty were killed and 140 or so wounded. Siordet was brought in, having been shot about 200 yards from the position, through the abdomen and bladder. Poor fellow, he was quite conscious and resigned, though in great pain, and died the next morning at 10 a.m. de Gex was wounded early in the fight, through the groin, and Greenwood through the right shoulder, after we had reached the position. The whole fight was a terrible experience and most ghastly to witness. I was now put in charge of the Company Siordet had been temporarily commanding, and hoped for better luck than its two previous commanders, one of whom had been wounded and the other killed.

19th.—Retired to a position in rear of where the attack had started from on Sunday. On the way back I had to bury several of the killed, without service of any kind, and sometimes two or three in the one grave.

E. N. T.

## Yo Ho, My Lads, Yo Ho.

I MUST confess I feel rather apologetic about these few notes, but as I have a suspicion that I may be in "bad odour" with "The Editor" (God bless him) for not producing something earlier, I am trusting that possibly anything is better than nothing at all.

In any case, the ramblings that follow hereafter have one merit, if there can be any merit in them, and that is they are not only founded upon fact but are in fact true.

Just before I was appointed Embarkation Staff Officer at Southampton, there was an interview at the War Office with "One of the Ones." He was particularly kind, and an insight was obtained of the heart of this so-called red tape officialdom that was illuminating.

One thing I well remember his saying was: "We want a fellow at Southampton who will apply the regulations with a mellowed humanity; tired, travel-worn women and children, especially, require sympathetic treatment, and we want an officer who can exercise this."

I naturally felt how lucky they were to have got in touch with me, as I happen to be a tiger for mellowed humanity, at the same time prudence made me ask the following question: "Should I run to excesses," I asked, "in this sympathetic treatment of the tired and travel-worn by giving away railway warrants to those not entitled to same, who pays?" His answer was simple and direct: "You," he replied. As some great poet once said, "It's nice to know where you get off." Incidentally, with reference to the issue of railway warrants, as 44,000 troops, etc., were handled, or rather went through this port last trooping season, and no one has yet (touch wood) asked me to pay for a warrant, it just shows how careful somebody must have been.

The departures and arrivals of troopships are fraught with tragedies and humours; each vessel has her different problems, some of them being real facers. The wife of a soldier non-plussed me on the quayside recently by the following question: "Please, Sir, are you the berth control officer?" I replied "Great Scott, No! but how do you spell it?"

There are moments when the work appeals to me in a rather less favourable light than others. It is the custom for the embarkation staff at this port to proceed by launch up the stream to meet the incoming troopships off Calshot or Netley. One cold foggy night last winter we located the vessel about 11 p.m. and instead of the usual companion

ladder up the ship's side we found a nasty-looking rope ladder, which swayed ominously. My R.S.M. was quite nice about it. He said, "You're first, Sir, besides it tests it for the others." Well, there was nothing for it, and despite a bundle of papers in one hand and a greatcoat, "I did my stuff" and shinned up the old ladder. It is advisable on an occasion such as this to look neither up nor down; one finds it such a pleasant surprise to have arrived at the top.

On this particular occasion I found myself approaching the forward deck, which was crowded with troops who appeared interested in my progress, probably speculating on the size of the splash if I fell in. As my head and shoulders reached the ship's rail and came into the glare of a cluster of electric lights, a clear voice arose from the troop deck, "Crikey, lads, it's Nelson!" You readers who know the writer will appreciate the humour of this remark; to those others I should mention that since 1915, owing to a "spot of bother" at Cape Helles, the writer has worn a black patch where his right eye used to be. "Nelson" seemed apt. There was a roar of laughter through the darkness of the night that did one good to hear.

One of the minor tragedies attached to the embarkation of a troopship is the arrival on the quayside of the very young, very new officer. He is recognisable by his lovely new kit and the fact that he will handle his own baggage, much to his own discomfort and the undisguised joy of the troops detailed for this specific job.

Quite recently one of these "fledglings" wrote asking for permission to ship two motor cars and three dogs in a troopship sailing for India. He also said he would like a two-berthed cabin as he had not been married very long. Two-berthed cabins are few and far between in a troopship and Y.O.'s are a long way down the list for luxuries such as these. Undoubtedly one has to ask for things, mostly, in order to obtain them; the whole thing hangs on those two very simple words "Yes" or "No." Sadly enough in this particular case the "Noes" had it.

The actual allotment of first and second-class cabins or berths in a troopship is done by an official from the Board of Trade, that is in so far as embarkation from the United Kingdom goes. From a purely personal point of view, this is undoubtedly a relief; were the berthing left entirely to me, complications might arise, as I am by no means impervious to the calls of beauty or friendship. On the contrary, absolutely. Nevertheless there are moments when an insane desire to berth the right people in the wrong places arises. Lots of fun and laughter might arise in consequence; on the other hand it seems more than a possibility that my bowler hat would require a good brushing in view of its permanent employment in place of the martial headgear at present favoured.

The Board of Trade execute this berthing business extraordinarily well. It doesn't matter who you are or who your "Grandpa" was. The Board of Trade official proceeds in a passionless, unemotional, undeviating manner to fill his ship, with the latest available copy of the Army List as his one and only guide. In other words, seniority of rank is the only guide to form and two-berthed cabins. This system has advantages which may not be apparent to all. Speaking personally, I find that as my service accumulates, I see more clearly the system's good points.

Finally, apropos of what I have just written in the preceding paragraph, I would speak one word to the newly-married subaltern's wife about to embark in a troopship. I have met her many times during my short period at this port and on nearly every occasion we have had a short whimper together because of the berthing arrangements. She, poor soul, invariably expects the cabin of O.C. Troops to share with her dear new husband, but actually is pushed into a cabin with three other women, none of whom she likes. It's a heart-breaker, readers, it really is. If it were left to me they should have O.C. Troop's cabin. As it is, all I can give is advice, and I say to this new wife, "When next you marry, my sweet one, marry a senior officer, it pays hand over fist."

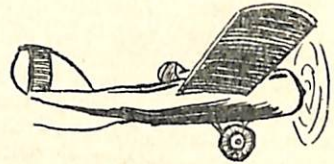
S. N.

THE SOLUTION.

What shall I do to-day?  
 I don't *want* to drive to Brighton.  
 I'm fed up with motoring.



What shall I *do* do-day?  
 I don't *want* to fly to Paris.  
 I'm tired of aeroplanes.



What *shall* I do to-day?  
 I don't *want* to dive to the bottom of  
 the Sea.  
 Submarines bore me stiff.



What shall I do to-day?  
 I don't *want* to listen-in to Moscow.  
 Wireless gives me a pain in the neck.



What shall *I* do to-day?  
 I don't want to drive to Con-  
 stantinople.  
 I don't want to fly to Australia.  
 I don't want to discover Atlantis.  
 I don't want to listen-in to Mars.  
 I know!  
 I'll go out and make mud pies.



NEWOR.

## With the 1st Chinese Regiment, 1898-1902.

ONE of the chief characteristics of the Chinese has always been their intolerance of the foreigner. Diplomatic relations between Great Britain and China were only begun in 1792, and it was not until 1842, when British subjects had been murdered and hostilities had resulted in a treaty favourable to England, that five of the Chinese ports were finally opened to British merchants. At the same time the Island of Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain in perpetuity.

In 1894 anti-Japanese movements on the part of the Chinese led to hostilities resulting in the occupation of Korea by the Japanese. In 1895 China agreed to pay a large indemnity to Japan and also handed over to her Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula. This treaty was however, strongly opposed by France, Germany and Russia, who—jealous of Japan's occupation of this important territory—insisted that she should be given Formosa instead. Japan was not in those days sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of three Great Powers, and though deeply offended had perforce to hand back Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula. In 1898 Germany seized the Port of Kiao-chow and Russia herself leased Port Arthur from China. It was as the direct result of this act that Great Britain obtained a lease of Wei-hai-Wei, and her ally, Japan, began to perfect her fighting forces.



Wei-hai-Wei was a thinly populated area consisting of 285 square miles—*i.e.*, a strip ten miles in width all round a wide bay and including the islands in the bay. The territory was useful to Great Britain chiefly for its position as a "jumping off" ground for the defence of British subjects in the various cities and ports in Northern China. The anti-foreign spirit in China, never long dormant, found expression in the so-called "Boxer" rebellion in 1900, about which more will be said in the narrative which follows.

The First Chinese Regiment began its existence in 1898 with two recruits, enlisted by the C.O., Colonel Hamilton Bower\*, on his way up to Wei-hai-Wei. When it was disbanded in 1906, it was an efficient little force of over 1,200 men. In 1902 a report had been sent in by Captain Watson† (then in temporary command) to the Brigadier commanding Wei-hai-Wei, to the effect that recruits were coming in well, the regiment was already 1,000 strong, and he would like to know to what strength he should accept enlistments. This enquiry was passed on to the War Office, and the reply came, "Continue to enlist until you have enough men to form two battalions." Only a few weeks later a further telegram, "Cease recruiting," was received. No explanation was given for this decision, but it was significant that work on the Fort in the Bay which had already cost over a thousand pounds was suddenly stopped at the same time, and that a defensive treaty with Japan was concluded shortly afterwards. The Chinese Regiment was finally disbanded in 1906, the year after the Treaty of Alliance between Japan and Great Britain was signed.

When, in 1898, Colonel Bower went to Wei-hai-Wei, he was followed very shortly by his Second in Command, Major C. D. Bruce‡ (Duke of Wellington's Regiment), his Adjutant, Captain A. G. Montgomery (Grenadier Guards) and four company officers—Captain W. M. Watson (Duke of Wellington's Regiment), Captain A. S. S. Barnes (Wilt-

\* Now Major-General Sir Hamilton Bower, K.C.B.

† Now Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson.

‡ Now Brig. Gen. C. D. Bruce, C.B.E.

shire Regiment), Lt. (local Captain) W. H. Dent (Yorkshire Regiment), and Lt. (local Captain) C. M. Wood (Northumberland Fusiliers). The last named was the son of Sir Evelyn Wood, at that time Adjutant-General. There were also six sergeants, Cook (Grenadiers), who became sergeant-major, Bunting (Grenadiers), orderly room sergeant; Purdon (Coldstreams), Dunn, Rundle and Ycung, colour-sergeants.

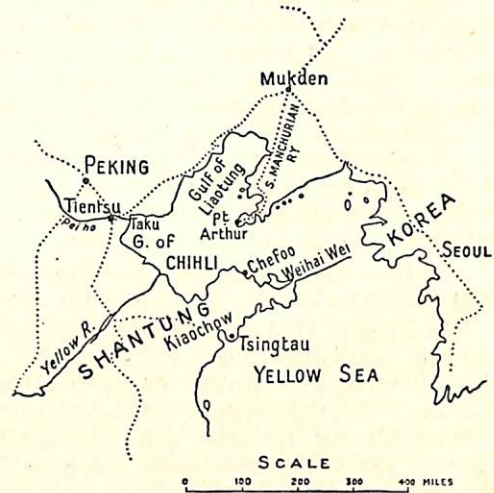
A little later other officers and sergeants were sent, including Lt. Bray§ and Sgt. Brook of the Dukes. Colonel Bower, on his way through Shanghai, had engaged a Chinese-speaking secretary, a Mr. Schaller, of German birth, who helped him in all the negotiations which were necessary in Wei-hai-Wei and also with his work as magistrate there.

It was intended that the regiment should form a defence force for the British Settlement of Wei-hai-Wei (there being no other troops there at that time), and recruiting was only permitted in the area within the leased territory. Actually, however, this rule must often have been infringed, for it could hardly be expected that the exact locality of a recruit's village could be verified in the orderly room.

The only Europeans on the mainland when Colonel Bower arrived were two missionaries, a Frenchman and a member of the Plymouth Brethren, but the island was already occupied by Sappers, building a fort to guard the channel into the bay. This island—Liu Tung—lay opposite and about one mile off one point of the bay, and formed the only channel by which bigger ships could approach the anchorage. Only small boats could come directly into the bay where there was good anchorage for a large number of vessels.

The Chinese Regiment was quartered opposite Liu Tung, near the shore, in tents and huts. Many weeks of drudgery and discomfort were experienced, accentuated by heart-breaking doubts as to the success of the experiment. Gradually, however, anxiety gave place to confidence in the ultimate issue, and some measure of comfort was achieved. Within a year or two contractors from Shanghai arrived on the scene and bungalows sprang up. Later on some excellent barracks were built for the regiment, designed and superintended by the Sappers, the officers' quarters having closed-in glass verandahs. Very shortly Europeans from Shanghai and Hong Kong began to come up for the hot weather. A polo ground was made, and the presence of one or other of the ships of the China Fleet kept life going.

The officers of the Chinese Regiment were not at first conversant with the Chinese language, and recruits could speak no English, therefore each company employed an English-speaking Chinese as interpreter, and through him at first all instructions had to be given. The method would be somewhat as follows: the company (say four or six men at that time) would fall in for parade, the Chinese interpreter pointing to the colour-sergeant would say, "You see this great big white-looking man? Well, when he makes a loud shout you watch very carefully what he does, and you do just the same"; and astonishingly well they did it too. They could mimic actions with exact precision, and although at first the words of command were difficult to them, a man could often, after five or six weeks, himself instruct other recruits. When they were sufficiently



§ The late Brig.-Gen. R. N. Bray, C.M.G., D.S.O.



advanced to be given rifles and taught how to use them, their excitement and pride were intense.

Sgt. Purdon, of No. 4 Company, was an excellent linguist and soon became very proficient in Chinese, to the great satisfaction of his company commander, whose vocabulary remained limited. On one occasion a Chinese sergeant who was getting married asked if Sgt. Purdon and his company officer would honour him at the wedding feast. The colour-sergeant delivered the request, adding that he understood special English food was to be provided. "Find out what sort of food that is," Captain Watson replied. Later in the day Purdon returned, overcome with laughter. "Well, what's up?" asked the captain. "What do you think they've got for you to eat, Sir?" he stuttered, hardly able to speak. "Well, Sir, it's a . . . it's a tin . . . of bully beef, . . . and a *bottle of Enos' fruit salt.*" Captain Watson stayed at home.

The orderly room received recruits at the rate of perhaps four a month at first, but as tales were spread about of the regular pay and good rations, a steady stream of men began to come in. They were quite a different type from the sallow Cantonese Chinaman one usually sees about the world. These were mostly brown, almost red-cheeked men. In spite of the difficulty their language presented to most Englishmen, relations between men and officers were very friendly. They were cheery, kindly, teachable youngsters, simple-hearted and apparently without fear. They came usually from farms and villages in the district, but as time went on undoubtedly many men came from further south, some had already seen service with the Chinese Army, and others had obviously been drilled by the Germans in Kiao Chow.

So the Chinese Regiment was built up. From four men in a company to twelve, from twelve to twenty, until, in 1900, there were 400 men and ten officers.

In April of that year came the first opportunity for active service. A Commission had been appointed to define the boundary of the territory leased by England; Colonel Bower was sent as British Representative (accompanied by Mr. Schaller and Major Penrose, R.E.), in charge of the survey party. The Chinese members of the Commission were the Tao-tai of Chefoo and Captain Lin of their navy, with another civilian. The object of the Commission could not have been clearly explained to the Chinese people, who imagined that they saw in it a threat to their farms and property. How far the Chinese authorities were responsible for this misconception is a matter of conjecture. However that may be, the Commissioners had been hampered in their work and even attacked by peasants armed with every variety of weapon from pitchforks to muzzle-loading guns. A detachment under Captain Periera was immediately sent out to guard the Commission, and, as obstruction increased, Major Bruce, who was in command, decided that the regiment must turn out in force. No. 3 Company, under Captain Dent, formed a reserve camp at Yang chai t'an, No. 4, under Captain Watson, was sent to the extreme edge of the boundary at Tsao-miao-tze, about two miles from the village of Tao t'on, where the Chinese members of the Commission had by now been made (perhaps not unwilling) prisoners. Tsao-miao-tze was a small village, the headman of which did a certain amount of trading with No. 4 Company for provisions. The camp was to one side of the village, with higher ground behind, the site being chosen for its suitability as a training ground rather than its possibilities as a defensive position. Indeed, so little had Colonel Bowen anticipated real hostilities that he had allowed the recruits to come out with the rest of the regiment to continue their training. The remaining companies joined the survey party and were some miles away when, on 5th May, Major Penrose was somewhat severely injured, and Captain Pereira, with a few of his men, were badly knocked about. That evening Colonel Bower sent a note to Captain Watson telling him to look out for himself. So, early the next morning, he and Lt. Bray rode out to scout for signs of trouble, and presently saw a crowd coming from the direction of Tao t'on, and groups hurrying to join them from every side. They galloped back to the camp and told Sgt. Purdon that a mob of some 3,000 Chinese were preparing to attack the

camp. He was instructed to fall in the men and explain to them that they might have to shoot down some of these attacking villagers. Captain Watson and Lt. Bray watched the men's faces, not without speculation, while this was done, for it was the first time they had been called on to fight their own people, but the delighted smiles which broke out on every face as Sgt. Purdon proceeded left no doubt as to their keenness in this emergency.

The company then formed into a crescent, Lt. Bray facing the rising ground with instructions to withhold his fire unless there was a prospect of the mob rushing the camp, which must at all costs be avoided, as such a rush would certainly entail massacre. As well as the usual implements and arms, the Chinese carried (literally, for it had no wheels) a piece of ordnance of a quite remarkable character. Had its destructive powers been equal to the noise and smoke which it emitted, the casualties of our little force would indeed have been enormous. It was placed in the shelter of some bushes, so Captain Watson and Sgt. Purdon each had a few shots into the screen, and presently saw the fearsome instrument, borne out on the shoulders of three men, scuttling along as best they could, with a fourth man in tow, obviously wounded. The mob came within 300 yards of Lt. Bray, who signalled to Captain Watson for instructions. "Blaze away," he was told, and about twenty men were seen to fall, the rest scurrying away, taking their injured with them. When they had apparently dispersed, a smaller crowd suddenly appeared to the south and were seen to be led by the fat old headman of Tzao-miao-tze; Sgt. Purdon fired one warning shot near his feet and they all made off, the old man covering his retreat with an umbrella as a protection against further bullets. That night one of the men asked for permission to go to his village near by, to enquire how his mother fared. Sgt. Purdon thought his request quite genuine, so Captain Watson said he might leave his rifle and uniform in the usual way and take 24 hours' leave. He returned punctually the next day, quite satisfied as to his mother's well-being, but refusing to give any reply to Sgt. Purdon's enquiries as to the numbers of wounded. The camp was now reinforced by No. 2 Company and a hundred Marines under Major Bruce. Captain A. S. S. Barnes describes the situation in his book "On Active Service with the Chinese Regiment." :—

"Leaving the Marines in reserve on the high ground overlooking both villages, he (Major Bruce) proceeded with the two companies to Tao t'on to interview the prisoners (*i.e.*, the two Chinese civilians and Captain Lin) and set them free. He found them most singularly averse to availing themselves of his kindness, although their gaolers had fled. However their coyness was of no avail, for they were ordered to be ready at 10 a.m. next day, to be conducted to Colonel Bower's camp."

The Boundary Commission now brought its work to a conclusion, and returned to Wei-hai-Wei on 18th May. Everything was quiet, but for a further month four camps were kept up at points on the boundary.

"ONLOOKER."

(To be continued)

## Thoughts on Sport.

MY last "thoughts" were mainly taken up with what is generally known as body-line bowling; since I wrote them there has been a very startling change in the opinions of writers in the daily papers and, if we may believe them a similar change in the players themselves, especially our county captains. In a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph* the writer, Mr. Thomas Moulton, states that, with two or three exceptions, captains of counties and their fellow officials are emphatic in their opposition to the use of the leg theory by fast bowlers (another term for body-line bowling). As the M.C.C. have stated in one of their communications to the Australian Board that they propose to invite opinions and suggestions from county clubs and captains as to this class of bowling at the end

of the present season, this change of opinion must have a marked effect on the future history of the contention. Another writer on the subject, Mr. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, writing in the *Morning Post*, says:—" . . . indeed if at any time I have either purposely or by inference justified this type of bowling, or seemed to defend it, I am sorry for it and, after ocular demonstration, with whole-heartedness recant my opinion. It is simply warfare in cricket, it is nothing pleasant ; it does not breed strenuous and fair values ; it is repulsive, like a change from the Knights of Creçy or the Guards at Waterloo to the mechanical and virulently scientific warfare of poison gas, of bombs from the air, of liquid fire." The above leaves no doubt as to this gentleman's opinion, and I cannot but think that it is a very far-fetched one. Even as I write this article a further announcement has appeared in the papers that the two captains of Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire have mutually agreed to bar this class of bowling in their match at Trent Bridge at the beginning of August. Unlike Mr. Robertson Glasgow, on looking over my article on this subject in the last issue of *THE IRON DUKE*, I do not see anything that I want to recant. I saw a bit of body-line bowling in the Varsity match, and my opinion was only strengthened as to the batsman being the deciding factor to a great extent in this class of bowling. If he counters it as Ranji used to, or as Jardine does, he has little or nothing to fear from it ; but if the batsman starts by fearing it, then to these faint-hearted cricketers it becomes a fearful bogey. I cannot help wondering whether the extraordinary change in the expressed opinion of our county cricketers has not some financial interest at the bottom of it. It would undoubtedly be a very great loss to the counties if there was no Australian tour next year.

From all this talk, you might think that there had been hundreds of fatal casualties. " Safety first " is now a well-known catch phrase and most excellent in many walks of life, but does it fit our great national game of cricket ? Even if there is a spice of danger and pain in this fast leg-theory bowling is it to be so greatly deprecated on that account. What about polo, Rugby football and many sports dear to the heart of Englishmen ? If safety first was to be applied to them they would lose their chief charm ; may it not be so with cricket ? I have heard said that Larwood is the only present-day bowler with the necessary accuracy to bowl on the leg stump with anything approaching a certainty of hitting it. Are all other fast bowlers to be debarred from aiming at the leg stump ? I do realise that there are two sides to this, as to practically every question, and for fast bowling purposely directed at the batsman's body with the intention of hitting him I hold no brief, not that even this is any new thing in the history of cricket, as I pointed out in my last article ; but how are you going to prevent it ? It seems to me that fast short bowling might easily be stopped by no-balling deliveries pitching short of an agreed point ; the umpires with the help of a white mark on the side of the pitch could well operate such a rule and this should remove much of the " danger."

However, as the matter is *sub-judice*, I do not think it will serve any useful purpose to discuss the matter further, and before the next issue of *THE IRON DUKE* some decision by the M.C.C. will have been arrived at.

The Varsity and Eton and Harrow again this year did not produce any striking example of the will to win ; all the teams concerned seemed to be taken up more with the desire not to be beaten. The cricket of this particular week is one that attracts so much attention from all cricket lovers, that it does seem a pity that there is so little evidence of this will to win, even if its exploitation would entail certain risks ; for after all it is the essence of all good cricket.

I was looking on at another inter-school match and again could not help being struck by the difference of the style evidently taught by the present-day instructors of youth. In the " good old days " youth was taught that runs were the first and main object of being armed with a bat, and that the better to obtain them at a " proper " rate one must often " jump at them." Watching public school cricket nowadays one cannot believe that the present instructors inculcate the " jumping " theory into their pupils in the

same way that my instructor did to me ; with very few exceptions the boys seemed chained to their creases ! A day as a spectator with the West India team in on a hard wicket would be worth more to the young idea and to cricket of the future than weeks of coaching from a modern " stay at home " coach.

This has been a great year for lawn tennis for England—or, as Captain Wakelam in his broadcasting is so careful to correct himself to—Great Britain. It was not that we won any of the men's championships at Wimbledon, but it was the two great victories of the Davis Cup team, first over America and then over France. This last victory broke France's six years' run of holding the Davis Cup in an exciting final, Great Britain winning by three matches to two. It was a close thing, and on the last day's play France several times looked as though they were going to hold on to the cup. However, Perry in the final match pulled himself together, and eventually beat Merlin by three sets to one. At the end of the first day's play we had won both the singles, Austin beating Merlin and Perry beating Cochet, and from the way the papers talked you would have thought that everything bar the shouting was over. Then France won the doubles match and Cochet defeated Austin, leaving the match all square and one to play. To continue, Perry lost the first set against Merlin, so there was no question of its being a walk-over, in reality it was a very close thing. Why cannot our reporters keep their heads, or perhaps I should say refrain from counting their eggs before they are hatched ? Because we won the first two matches why crow as if we'd won the cup—what fools they would have made us look if France had won the remaining three matches instead of only two and the first set in the third ; as it was I think their untimely boasting made us look sufficiently foolish. The team returned to England with the trophy and received a tremendous ovation at Victoria, which was not to be wondered at, as this is the first time for 21 years that we have won the cup.

I make no apology for my silence as to football in this lot of " Thoughts," as generally they are over full of this particular sport—the very mention, let alone the thought, of rigger in the prevailing heat of the first part of August makes one shiver !

" OLD STAGER."

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

(Continued from page 60, No. 24, February, 1933.)

THE fighting at Karee Siding and capture of Brandfort gave no rest to the M.I.

The western column under Bainbridge had an arduous and hungry task in the re-occupation of Thabanchu and the flanking movement on Winburg with incessant desultory fighting. Altogether they covered 100 miles in 13 days, during nine of which fighting occurred.

The 2nd Battalion M.I. took its full share in these operations. The difficulty in feeding this column was commented on by the C.-in-C. (Lord Roberts) in a congratulatory letter to Sir Ian Hamilton. This letter was read on parade to the troops, who received it with enthusiasm, but one wag was heard to remark : " That's er bit of all right, but it don't fill my empty belly "

The advance guard of the main army (Ross and Henry's M.I.) during this period took part in the more spectacular battles at Zand River and Winburg, which determined the capture of Kroonstadt. The 1st Battalion M.I. had an even more hungry time than the 2nd Battalion, which was all the harder to bear as rations in plenty were available, but for an unfortunate incident. Pushing on from Karee Siding, in constant contact with the enemy, we were held up at Zand River, and the advance guard infantry (Pole-Carew) and the supporting cavalry division had to deploy. The enemy's artillery was

particularly evident during this action and could easily have been captured had the scouts' reports ever reached G.H.Q. and been acted upon. The unfortunate incident was as follows :—

Acting as advance guard to the advance guard, my scouts reported to me that they had seen enemy artillery in movement on some heavily-bushed kopjes parallel to our line of advance about a mile and a half on our right flank. I personally verified this report and distinctly saw guns in position on the kopjes; in fact I got to within 800 yards of the guns without being detected. I reported the matter and was told that had the guns been in the position I pointed out they would never have allowed us to move across their front without opening on us. I ventured to remark that they were awaiting bigger game, and my surmise was amply justified a little later. We had advanced, avoiding these kopjes, about three miles, changing direction so that they were on our right rear, when we were joined by a cavalry brigade, ordered to halt in extended order and await instructions (presumably while the deployment was taking place). The Zand River, fordable almost anywhere by mounted troops, was about a mile to our front and had already been proved to be held in strength at all the drifts. As far as I could ascertain from the cavalry (who were always more fully informed than we were), directly the infantry deployment was accomplished a general advance on the river was to be made simultaneously along the whole front (six-seven miles). Quite suddenly the enemy's guns opened on us and for over an hour we were subjected to the rather nerve-racking ordeal of being shelled at close range, standing to our horses in extended order, totally unable to reply in any form. To those who experienced artillery fire during the late war, this was mere child's play, but at the time of which I am now speaking it was no joke. Considering the circumstances we escaped lightly. I know the casualties were inconsiderable and occurred mostly among the cavalry.

A distinctly comic turn was supplied by my old bulldog (kidnapped by Gatehouse from Bloemfontein). Bully was a great shikarree and discovered a colony of meercats (a kind of African mongoose); he gave a splendid exhibition hunt after one of those active and plucky little animals, which constantly eluded his clumsy rushes in and out amongst the troopers' and horses' legs. All attention was diverted from the shelling; bets and encouragement on the result of the chase were made on all sides, until Bully's pertinacity was rewarded, when the meercat in a last desperate effort turned on its pursuer and seized him by his blunt nose. Bully knew the game and in a second his little victim was tossed high in the air, to be caught in vice-like jaws ere it touched the ground. This was all the more creditable on Bully's part as no human being or horse disliked being under fire more than Bully. He accompanied me in many minor and major operations, and to see that dog take cover and hear him whine and whimper directly we came under fire, was a perpetual source of amusement to us all. Incidentally, for the benefit of dog lovers—and the Dukes were ever such—Bully was with us until after the capture of Pretoria. While on the march he hunted buck and hares, until, tired and sore-footed, he would jump up on the pommel of my saddle and ride the rest of the way. At night he would snuggle down between my old mare and myself for warmth (she, the mare, had been taught to lie down and act as wind screen). I lost Bully at Elandsfontein. It was a case of *cherchez la femme*. Bully met one of the opposite sex there, and despite the fact that five other dogs disputed his rights, he was just applying the *coup de grace* when we were ordered to mount and repel an attack. I feared I had lost him, but some Canadian infantry found him and he duly completed the campaign and was taken to Canada as a regimental pet and was paraded on martial occasions, with his medals and clasps, behind the band.

After a full hour of shelling, we got the welcome order to mount and attack the drifts immediately to our front. It was now past mid-day and we had no rations, and had neither bite nor sup, except the few provident ones who had kept a reserve in their water bottles since the previous evening. I mention this to show how the M.I. "went without."

The attack was successful and we duly crossed the river and had some very stiff fighting in the passage and on the far side, the enemy machine guns being particularly unpleasant. Evidently our left enveloping attack had been successful while we drew the enemy's artillery fire, as during a succession of scrambling attacks on the north bank I passed a farm house and saw some war correspondents enjoying a feed at a table. This was too much for a starving man, and I was in the middle of them in two shakes. The only transportable edible I could see was a fair-sized cake. This I seized and despite protests was out of the window and away in far shorter time than it takes to write these words. That cake was the best I have ever eaten, but went a very short way shared with my immediate companions. If a short digression may be made, I will explain my action.

We, the fighting troops, did not love war correspondents. They were abundantly supplied with money and always bought up all available supplies, when such were to be had. Their reports were, as a rule, most unveracious (I only learnt in the late war that the staff's censorship was the cause of this) and they had a freedom of movement and access to all places, apparently, which was particularly annoying to those who bore the heat and burden of the day, and were denied these privileges.

Our C.O., Watty Ross, was in the seventh heaven of joy on this day. Mounted on his black Arab, he charged positions and pounded the field repeatedly. His Arab was an exception to his breed and a first class lepper. They bore both a charmed life on that day. Just at dusk he came on me and told me we had been ordered to join Curly Hutton's column and cut the railway to the north of Kroonstadt. I asked what about grub for men and horses, and was told "we would have to shift for ourselves." Remonstrance was useless, so I got the Company together, men and horses nearly dead with fatigue and hunger, and we stumbled along through the darkness. A halt was called about midnight. We were detailed for no duty, luckily, but it was bitterly cold and we were dead to the world and ravenous. We found water, of a sort; there was also coarse un-nutritious grass to give the horses something to chew on, but nix for humans. After making what arrangements were possible, I left Gatehouse in charge and, taking my wise arch-thief "Jock Tyers" with me, made my way towards some buildings, obviously H.Q., to see if any possibilities would present themselves. A dim lantern at the door of some outbuilding attracted me, and on approaching it a staff officer called out, "Here, you men, lend a hand to carry these mealies out for the G.O.C.'s horses." Jock Tyers and I each got a bag of mealies on our backs and out we went from the circle of light, but those mealies did not feed the G.O.C.'s horses. Once we were out of earshot, Tyers said, "Ah've a hen for thee and another for mysel'." He had. How he took two hens without a sound right under that staff officer's nose, I can't tell, but he did. Those hens did not go far, but they were something and each horse had at any rate a handful or two of mealies.

We were on the move before dawn. That day and the next was a nightmare, but we did cut the line north of Kroonstadt, only to find it had already been done, and the Boers had blown up the railway bridge over the river, so our "cutting" was abortive.

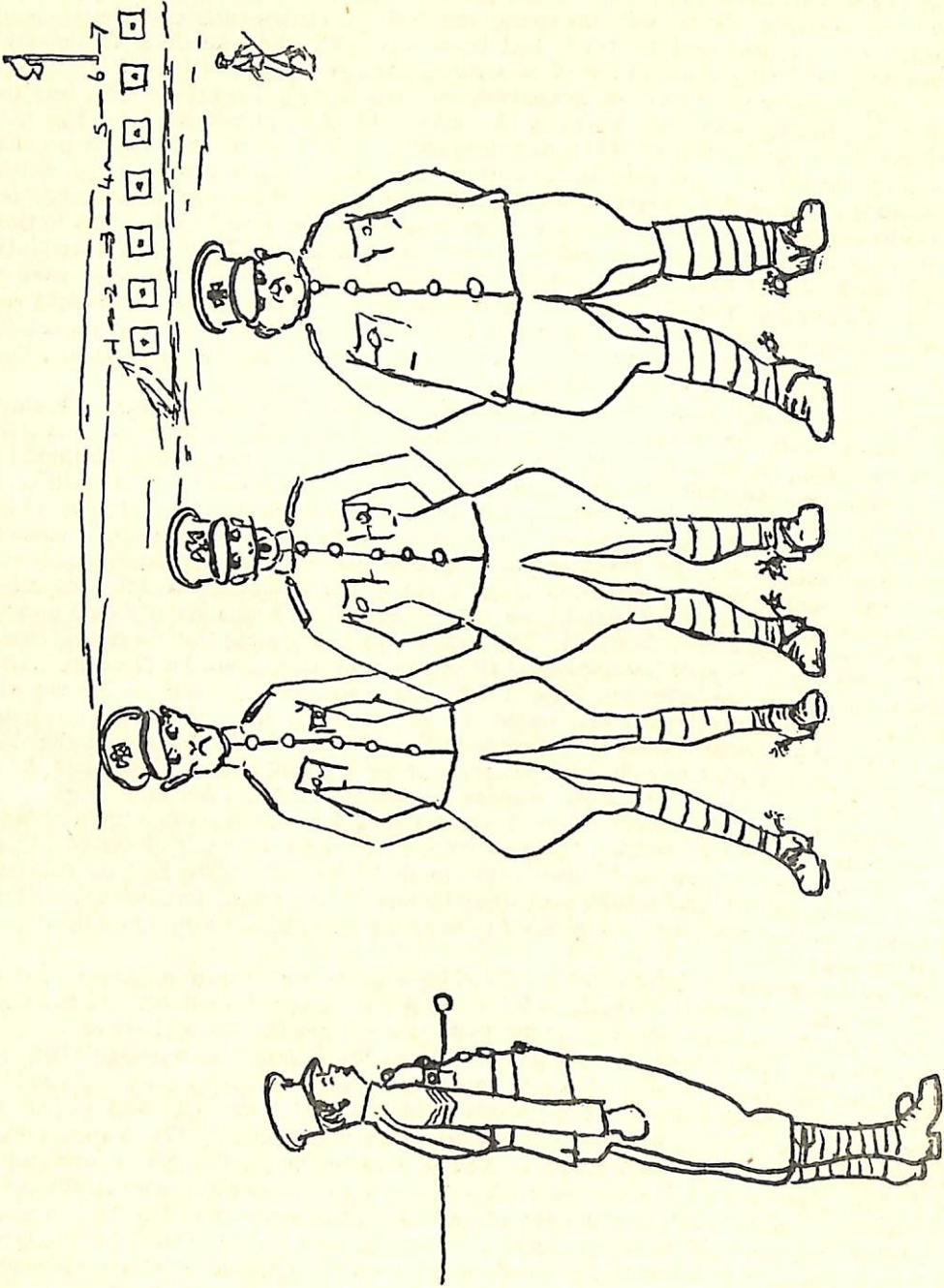
We got into Kroonstadt about 2 p.m. I demanded rations and was told that if I presented myself next morning at 8 a.m., with the prescribed forms duly completed, I should be issued with rations. The Quartermaster, A.S.C., who said this looked the part, but only for a brief moment—constitutional methods went by the board—what I said and did might be misunderstood by the modern soldier, but I got rations and at once. True, there was a bit of a scene next day, but my C.O. backed me up most loyally, and I have no doubt that Quartermaster jumped next time he met starving "I Kornas."

I would ask my readers to remember that at this time we had rarely had a square meal for some months; we were ragged unkempt wolves, fighting incessantly with never a chance to buy anything at a store or shop, dependent on our rare mails for tobacco. No field force canteens existed then. This kind of life arouses the primitive instincts and one soon finds that civilisation is but a veneer.

*(To be continued.)*

H. K. U.

# A Bisley Insult.



Sergeant X (in charge of fatigue party for Clay Pigeon competition at Bisley): "Clay Pigeons-----shun."

## A Game for Sahibs and Rajahs.

THE title needs no explanation, it is one frequently used when speaking of a prominent Indian sport. Let me at once say that there were no Rajahs present, most of these having already arranged to play polo in England at the time to which this refers, and there were no sah . . . , or at least ask the horses!

It was through the invitation of our policemen friends in Nagpur that we were able to avail ourselves of this opportunity, for which we are indeed grateful. It was, I think, Colonel Burnett, who once reminded us that we do not always find ourselves so fortunate in being able to entertain, or be entertained by, policemen. That is as it may be, but let me say that pig-sticking is far more hazardous with policemen than law-breaking without them.

Plentiful and varied was the advice we received from our fellow-members of the Mess, when our intention was announced. As the tales grew, so our fears increased. We learnt, and even reconciled ourselves to it, that the etiquette of the game demanded chasing and spearing a panther or tiger, should one emerge during a hunt. Imagine our horror when into our midst burst a very dishevelled and Jungli figure, only that day returned from his jungle, and well versed in "Shikar," to fling yet another bombshell. He had, apparently, only a few days before, added to his "bag" a *sixty-seven* inch boar, but questioning failed to establish the size of the beast to be a record one. It was a big one, admittedly, rather more than the average pig, he said, but his Indian Shikar book mentioned even bigger ones. These were the animals that we were just off to hunt, armed with only a spear and mounted upon horses none of which stood more than fifteen hands. It was only after we returned that we learnt that some small error had been made. Our "Shikari" had measured this pig between the two extremities, including a foot of curly tail!

I think our courage would have ebbed entirely had we not been constantly reminded that the country over which we were to hunt was "distinctly Leicestershire." But even a study of the *Field* failed to indicate in any way what this implied.

The erection of the camp and the management of the bandobast was carried out by the police, and very ably too. Having settled in, the real business of hunting the boar commenced. To do this one requires a spear or some such weapon of offence, a free hand with which to grasp and wield it (that is of course if one can be spared from the reins), and the quadruped—horse, mule, donkey, or what-you-will, providing it has a ground and safety clearance. The beast must be capable of movement, must do so in the right direction and should be versatile enough to chose its own path of flight with or without control—should the pig turn and charge its pursuer.

Now for the sport experienced. On reflection it seems unwise to relate it. "Fools step in where angels . . ." Suffice it to say that there was some excellent hunting, hard riding, hard walking, and hardest of all the falls; and after the hunt, another hard activity could almost be added.

We know now what Leicestershire must be like. Large stones and rocks, many precipitous nullahs, and an abnormal amount of "Cindi" trees spread about, between which virgin strips of jungle exactly fit. Its inhabitants too, possess high intellect. "O, Admi Soor Hie. Aie Sahib Aie, Yeh Hai!" pointing to a barnyard fowl.

An apology is offered to our policeman friends should they read this and consider it reflects on them. Seriously, we are much indebted to them for giving us the opportunity of such excellent sport, and hope that there will be more of it.

W. A. W.



## Personalia.

WE congratulate 2nd Lt. J. F. Maffett on his gallant attempt to rescue a young girl from the Thames at Bourne End on 27th July, 1933. The girl was bathing with some other children and got out of her depth. 2nd Lt. Maffett was passing with some friends in a canoe, and attracted by cries for help, landed and dived into the water, continuing for 15 minutes. Later he tried at a point higher up the river and after three attempts with great difficulty freed the body from the weeds and brought it to land. He applied artificial respiration until the arrival of a doctor, who pronounced life to be extinct. He was then brought to his father's\* house in Maidenhead suffering from severe exhaustion. 2nd Lt. Maffett received the congratulations of the Army Council and the G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot Command. We print below a copy of a letter sent to the Military Secretary, The War Office, by H.M. Coroner for Bucks:—

Coroner's Office,  
Beaconsfield,  
Bucks,

31st July, 1933.

Sir,

It is with great satisfaction I am able to forward some details of 2nd Lt. John Francis Maffett's bravery in his endeavour to rescue, alive, a poor working class girl who was drowning in the Thames at Little Marlow, Bucks, on Thursday evening last.

At the Coroner's inquest held last Saturday, the 29th inst., on the body of the deceased girl, which was ultimately recovered by 2nd Lt. Maffett from water 15—20 feet deep, repeated diversings occupying some half hour or more in the water, the Court was struck with the determined action of Mr. Maffett which showed the greatest pluck and perseverance and praiseworthiness on his part.

I request that this letter be forwarded to 2nd Lt. Maffett's Commanding Officer, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. I am unaware with which Battalion Mr. Maffett serves.

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR E. W. CHARLESLEY,  
H.M. Coroner for Bucks.

We also offer our congratulations to Captain A. T. N. Evans, late 3rd, 8th and 9th Battalions, on his appointment to Chief Constable of Pembrokeshire.

We hear that Major D. M. Jenkins, late 3rd Battalion, has been appointed a trustee of the 3rd Battalion plate and funds, vice the late Colonel H. H. Wayman. The other trustees are Major N. H. Moore, late 3rd Battalion, and the O.C. Depot (*ex-officio*).

Colonel Raymond Acworth has sent us a little illustrated brochure of his scheme of personally conducted tours by motor car and caravan in Southern, Central and Eastern Africa; it is entitled "Safari in Comfort." Our readers will be able to judge of Colonel Acworth's ability to conduct such tours from his account of a motor car tour into Nyassaland which appears in this and previous issues of THE IRON DUKE. Applications and enquiries should be addressed to Colonel L. R. Acworth, C.B.E., c/o Major E. Quinlan, D.S.O., P.O. Box 451, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

Mr. J. W. Paling writes that Mr. (ex-Sgt.) J. Broadbent, steward of the Singapore Club, paid him a visit a short time ago. He came home on leave by the "round the world" route, via Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Japan, Honolulu, San Francisco, across the States to Niagara and then via New York to England. He returns to Singapore via Naples in October.

Captain Oliver writes:—"On the 31st August I was present at a very interesting wedding of one of the daughters of ex-C/Sgt. "Tubby" East in Halifax. Many will remember East as a great half-back in the old rugby days. He was, during the Great

\* Lt.-Colonel R. E. Maffett, who commanded the 1st Battalion from 1915—1917.

War, commissioned in the 2/7th Battalion of the Regiment. At this gathering I also met Paling and Thomas, and, with the wives and families of us all, it was a great gathering of Old Dukes, and many good yarns of old times were told.

The following story about the Great Duke of Wellington was told us by a connection of the late General Whichcote. General Whichcote served through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns. At Badajos he was buried under half a dozen dead men, his comrades being surprised at finding him alive when they cleared the dead off his body; he was only 15 years old at the time, and was serving in the 52nd Regiment. He lived to the age of 90—the last survivor of the Peninsular campaign, we believe. Our informant told us that he had the following story from General Whichcote's own lips:—The 52nd were in the line at Waterloo awaiting an attack by the French, who were advancing about a mile away. The Duke of Wellington was riding along behind their line when a mule became fractious and kicked off its baggage. The Duke asked who had packed the baggage, and the man was brought before him. With a glance towards the enemy, he ordered the delinquent to be taken to the rear and flogged, and this was done, though not so severely as to prevent the man being brought back to the line to take his place in repulsing the assault of the French. This is an example of the Duke's interest in and care of all matters to do with transport, and his concentration on such details even during moments of danger and anxiety.

Mr. C. J. Puplett sends us the following cutting from the *Halifax, Nova Scotia, Herald*. It is an extract from an account of the founding of Sydney by the then Governor of Cape Breton, Major F. W. Des Barres. Mr. Puplett remarks:—"Sydney is the Cardiff or Newcastle of Nova Scotia. The cold in winter is so intense that the harbour is frozen over. The coal mined in the winter is banked to await the opening of navigation. You can see that the sufferings of the troops at the time mentioned must have been almost unbearable."—

As soon as the woods had been cut down and the slash burned, the town site was staked out on an elaborate plan by the army engineer, Tait, and barracks commenced for reception of six companies of the 33rd Regiment, which had arrived from Halifax under command of Lt.-Colonel Yorke.

Yorke's staff included a "Town Adjutant," "Barrack Master," "Commissary of Stores and Provisions," Chaplain, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon and "Commissary of Muster," all of whom, together with the troops, had to camp out all winter in tents. Houses were also begun for the officers of the civil government, but these, as well as the Governor himself, had long to reside in "shanties of the meanest description," according to a faithful chronicler of the expedition.

In order to extend the scope of this column to "other ranks" who have left the Regiment and are residing in England, especially Yorkshire, we would like to hear from anyone willing to act as "local correspondents" in any of the following places:—Bradford, Huddersfield, Pudsey, Brighouse, Keighley, Ilkley, Skipton, Dewsbury, Wakefield, Barnsley and Sheffield. The Sub-Editor for Personalia, Captain A. E. Miller, will give local correspondents any assistance in collecting and forwarding news. Will anyone willing to help please communicate with Captain A. E. Miller, M.C., 110 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3?

## Reviews.

JOURNAL OF THE UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTE, No. 510, May, 1933.—In a lecture entitled "The Training of the Army for War," Brigadier A. P. Wavell makes a point of speaking on training for war as opposed to training for a particular war. "Let us shake the last of the Flanders' mud out of our minds," he says, "and concentrate on the essentials of training 'for war,' that is for 'any war.'" He puts as the individual essentials: "discipline, physical fitness, technical skill in the use of his arms, and battle craft." In inculcating discipline he questions the close order drill theory and would substitute P.T. "Education of the brain rather than drilling of the body is the foundation of discipline—the soldierly spirit—to-day." Referring to the officer, he gives some valuable hints to young officers

on how to spend their leave, especially those who cannot afford the usual amusements of the leisured classes. In the division of the training season he suggests three periods, October to December, period of preparation; January to mid-July, period of education; mid-July to September, period of examination; and discusses them at length. It is impossible in the limited space of a review to do justice to the many novel and unorthodox suggestions made by the lecturer, and it should be read by every serving officer, and N.C.O. for that matter. Another article of much interest is "Generalship," by Lt.-Col. H. de Watteville. The Tercentenary of the Royal Scots, which occurred this year, is dealt with by Lt.-Gen. Sir Edward Altham, the Colonel of the Royal Scots, and there is a photograph of a statuette of a pikeman of that regiment in 1633, when the latter was called "Le Regmont d'Hebron." Major R. L. Sherbrooke writes on "Training and Employment of Regimental Officers."

No. 511, August, 1933, contains several articles of general interest. A lecture on the Russian Five Year Plan by Signor Carlo Scarfoglio is of special interest. "The Autogiro as a Service Weapon" by Captain H. T. Parham, R.A., shows what a revolution in flying this new type of aeroplane is making. In "The Lifeboat Service" by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., the lecturer gives a short history of that service, and a thrilling account of the rescue of the P. & O. S.S. *Rohilla*, in which he took part. Major T. V. Scudamore is very outspoken about the excessive age of many generals as compared with senior officers in the Navy and Air Force in an article entitled "Younger Generals."

THE ADVISORY GAZETTE, No. 1, April, 1933.—This is the first number of the journal of the Officers' Advisory Society, and is published to keep officers informed of the various means by which the society can help them. The objects of the society and subscription were enumerated on page 155 of No. 22 (June, 1932) of THE IRON DUKE. The number contains notes on income tax, house property, the law, insurance, investments, etc.

EDITOR.

"CRY HAVOC!" by Beverley Nichols. Jonathan Cape.—"Down The Garden Path" was in danger of establishing Mr. Nichols as an author suitable for one's maiden aunts. "Cry Havoc!" rehabilitates him as an irritant to one's military uncles. I must admit that I wrote that before opening "Cry Havoc!" which I found not quite what I expected. True the book (actually a collection of essays, letters and conversations) is designed with one aim—the discrediting of war. But the author realises that this cannot be done "in a state of wild and unreasoning emotion"; so "Cry Havoc!" is something more than an avowal of pacifism.

Mr. Nichols believes that, in a perfect book of this type, the author would: firstly explore the preparations which the world is making for attack and for defence, and thereby forecast the character and result of "the next war"; secondly would examine the forces working for peace; and finally would state his own attitude in the circumstances. Inevitably "Cry Havoc!" falls far short of this imaginary model. So ambitious a programme could not be cabined in 250 printed pages. Mr. Nichols admits this cheerfully, calling his book "a series of agonized plunges into a forest of problems." He would have done better to limit the scope of his book. The jungle is not conquered by "agonized plunges," only by slow and systematic clearing. However, it is eminently readable. Personally, I devoured it almost at a sitting, uncritically and with a tendency to skip the less lurid pages. And so, I imagine, will a large proportion of Mr. Nichols' readers. Like me, they will be amused at his sallies, and horrified by his disclosures. At the end they will not have a very clear idea about it all, except that we are doing everything we can to aggravate Mars, and nothing at all to protect our women and children from his inevitable reaction. That is the conclusion the author draws from his earlier and more sensational chapters. When I remembered that I was going to review the book, I read it again carefully. Quite soon I came across a previously unnoticed paragraph. Here it is:—

"Here I would suggest that every parent who wishes to keep in touch with the world, as his boy is being taught to regard it, should buy this book *Infantry Training*, especially Volume 2. It only costs fifteen pence, but it is worth it. It brings back a vanished age. The flash of the bayonet gleams through each of its turgid pages. The shadow of a barbed-wire fence falls across its tersest paragraphs. Anybody who fought in the Boer War would feel thoroughly at home in it, with its chapters on 'fighting in villages,' its pretty little suggestions for laying bridges, and its constantly reiterated bombast about 'inculcating the offensive spirit.' Somewhere hidden away in its 260 pages you will find five modest pages devoted to 'Protection from Aircraft.' You will also find exactly four lines devoted to the subject of gas. Exactly four lines."

I was surprised by a desire to defend I.T. I covered many pages of foolscap with devastating retorts. I then put them regretfully in the waste-paper basket where there was more room for them than in THE IRON DUKE. But I was still exercised about that paragraph. A soldier would spot its fallacies at once; but would a casual civilian reader—the parent for whom it is intended. I doubted it; so, imitating Mr. Nichols, I devised a conversation between these parents and myself. It is a good idea, this, because one can always make oneself win. My conversation runs thus:—

They: About this paragraph. Isn't it true?

I: Oh yes; it's nearly all true.

They: Thank you. Then we needn't take up any more of your time.

I: Oh! Come back. I said it was misleading.  
 They: Very well; let's take it bit by bit. Doesn't the flash of the bayonet gleam?  
 I: Well I never thought anything gleamed much in the pages of I.T.  
 They: Ah! You agree that it is turgid?  
 I (cautiously, for fear a General listens): I think it is a pity that a commission for Mr. Nichols to re-write it is unlikely to be either offered or accepted.  
 They (severely): You are getting off the point. Will you admit the gleam?  
 I: All right. But what then? The infantryman is still armed with a bayonet. Wouldn't it be a pity if his manuals ignored it?  
 They (rudely ignoring my question): And what about village fighting and wire?  
 I: There is a disease of the muscles called Myositis Ossificans. It is not a common disease; but you will find it in a medical manual.  
 They (rather crossly): What has that got to do with it?  
 I: There is also a type of fighting called village fighting. It may not be common but, in war, is probably no rarer than Myositis Ossificans. You see what I mean?  
 They: More or less. But why 'chapters' about it?  
 I: A slight exaggeration. Actually, there are three and a half pages. I think, too, that Mr. Nichols exaggerates the shadow cast by the wire fence. I can find only four references to wire.  
 They: Only four? Nonsense. There must be more.  
 I: There may be. But not many, because I.T. is almost entirely pre-occupied with a war of movement.  
 They (suspiciously): Mr. Nichols doesn't imply that. But why even four?  
 I: Myositis Ossificans.  
 They: Well anyway, why waste time laying bridges? They used to do that in the Boer War.  
 I (unexpectedly): And in Cæsar's Gallic campaign. Only he didn't lay them, he threw them.  
 They: Then isn't it very old fashioned to go on doing it?  
 I: You still get wet if you don't. It's much easier to blow up bridges than it used to be.  
 They (burning theirs): All right. Admitting that it is necessary to include all this junk. Why are you making no preparations to protect us from hostile aircraft?  
 I (sententiously): No great city can be defended from the air.  
 They: Who says so.  
 I: Mr. Nichols. If he had added "by Thomas Atkins with his rifle and bayonet," it would have been a platitude.  
 They (agitated): but isn't any one going to try and protect us?  
 I: Oh, yes. But not the infantry. As a matter of fact, we rather hope the other arms are going to protect us too. The five pages are just in case they don't.  
 They (losing interest): Well, if it's only for you that ought to be enough. But (very truculent) you can't deny that gas concerns you. Why only four lines on that?  
 I (mildly): I think it must be because every one who is issued with I.T. also gets a manual called "Defence against Gas."  
 (A pause.)  
 They (changing ground): Mr. Nichols really means that infantry is obsolete and valueless.  
 I: Then he should say so, and prove it. (Getting all worked up) That is exactly why the paragraph is so misleading. He implies that the whole British Army is laying bridges and ignoring gas. It isn't. He attacks I.T. as though it were the omnibus manual of the armed forces of the Crown. It isn't. It is one of some twenty\* manuals issued for the instruction of the least modernised arm. It no more represents the world, as your boy is being taught to regard it, than a treatise on whooping-cough represents the whole outlook of the Medical Society.  
 Well, there you are. I hope you agree that I win. Perhaps I overrate the importance of this paragraph. It is important only through its effect in relation to the rest of the book. I can but tell you its effect on me.  
 Here is the one paragraph which I can judge with expert knowledge. I find that the author is either ignorant of the facts, or has chosen to distort them. Other portions of the book surprise and horrify me. How do I know that they are not equally misleading? Indeed, with my newly gained scepticism, I seem to find Mr. Nichols stating fallacies, as horrid as those he is attacking. Here is one which involves no statistics.  
 "Patriotism is not an instinct." He supports this by imagining a selection of babies of assorted nationality, dumped on a little island in the Pacific. They would not, he says, when older, leap about the island, crying "Deutschland über Alles" or "Vive la France." Of course not. But I bet there'd be trouble if someone tried to pinch their island. Mr. Nichols may be right about patriotism, but not for the reason he gives.  
 And that is the whole trouble. Mr. Nichols is right about so much that he may very well be right about the whole lot; but he doesn't prove it—at least to me. He spoils the effect by sweeping statements and sensationalism. He makes me suspicious. I want less sensation and more statistics. But

\* This does not include any regulations or the manuals of other arms. The volumes issued to an infantry battalion reach the deplorable total of 77.

statistics discourage sales, so perhaps I am wrong. For I recommend "Cry Havoc!" as a book to be read by all. You may be irritated; you won't be bored.

But, my maiden aunts, remember that some of Mr. Nichols' victims are unable to defend themselves—anti-gas experiments must be secret or they are useless; and some are unlikely to retaliate—he attacks the Aldershot Tattoo but not "Cavalcade." So don't take all his statements on trust, just because they are not publicly contested.

And, my military uncles, if you cannot sift the grain from the chaff, read "Cry Havoc!" as an exercise in self-control. Remember that it is advertised as the pacifist book which makes people write to the papers.

R. G. T.

## Our Friends, The Advertisers.

### THE "NAAFY."

The Naafy—a nickname given by the soldier when referring to his own shop—the N.A.A.F.I., Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. It caters for the soldier in the same way that the Co-operative Society caters for the civilian. It has no shareholders and consequently pays no dividends, but the profit made by the Corporation is paid in the form of rebate to commanding officers for credit of regimental funds. This rebate is earned on a percentage basis, and varies with the amount expended by battalions, regiments and other army units. The activities of the N.A.A.F.I. include:—

- (a) The running of institutes in barracks and in camp for units serving at home and in the Colonies—but it does not function in India.
- (b) In the winter the provision of entertainment parties at all stations, who give three free shows. In camp the Naafy provides large entertainment tents, in addition to the normal tentage required for the institutes, where games and entertainment are provided free.
- (c) In war the provision of an efficient canteen service to accompany the troops in the field.
- (d) The employment of a number of ex-service men.

It has often been said that the Naafy has a monopoly, but this is only true in the one instance of messing purchases, which have to be made from the cash allowance placed to the soldier's credit in the pay and mess book. These goods are supplied at retail rates on which rebate is paid at the flat rate of 6 per cent. But if the sales and purchases made through the institute exceed the sum of 6d. per man per diem, then an extra rebate of 7½ per cent. is payable. And again if the sum of such purchases exceeds the total of 1/- per man per diem, then a bonus rebate of 6½ per cent. becomes payable, making a total of 20 per cent. in all. Now how can an expenditure of over 1/- per man per diem be ensured?—by making all your purchases, whether regimental, company, or individual, through the N.A.A.F.I., such as athletic gear, sports kit, Christmas presents, etc. These can all be obtained at prices which compare favourably with those charged by other retail traders and multiple shops, but with this difference—the profits made are returned to the unit as rebate and are not paid in dividends to shareholders. Another point worthy of mention is the fact that Naafy prices are the same in all their institutes from Land's End to John o'Groats, irrespective of whether the institute is a small one in some distant garrison, resulting in a heavy loss, or whether it is situated in a large one in which a profit can be made. And this is not all—the married soldier is equally well provided for. He can keep a deposit account at the institute which he can open with a sum as small as half-a-crown, and this means that his account is immediately credited with 2/9. As an example, suppose that Mrs. Sergeant Spuds decides to open a deposit account with a ten shilling note, her account is credited at once with 11/-, and if she continues to make a weekly deposit of 10/- for a year, she will be credited with the very handsome sum of 52/-—a nice little nest egg, which can be used for a rainy day, a

holiday, for Christmas or for the celebration of Sgt. Spuds promotion to warrant rank. She has another method, which the Naafy prefers because it saves a lot of book-keeping and accounting, and that is to make her purchases in cash and earn the discount of 10 per cent. then and there. This means a discount of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in every 5d. on purchases of not less than 5d.

And now, in conclusion, and if you are interested and wish to know more about the advantages of doing your business through the Naafy, consult your manager.

C. J. P.

## Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

**BUTTERWORTH.**—On 3rd July, 1933, Mr. John Butterworth, of 56 Duke Street, Rochdale, aged 70 years. Mr. Butterworth enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 27th February, 1885, and, after a short period with the 2nd Battalion, was posted to the 1st Battalion, serving with that Battalion in India and Aden. He afterwards served at the Depot and on the P.S. of the 3rd Battalion, being discharged to pension, invalided, on the 4th April, 1897. He was an O.C.A. pensioner, but had voluntarily relinquished the pension on receipt of the old age pension.

**COLOMB.**—On 18th May, 1933, at Havre des Pas, Jersey, Lt.-Colonel Richard Pasley Colomb, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and Indian Army, aged 75. Lt.-Colonel Colomb joined the 33rd Foot from the 80th Foot on 16th October, 1880. He transferred to the Bombay Staff Corps on 6th July, 1882. He served as Deputy Commissioner at Berar for 15 years, and later for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years as Secretary to the Central Provinces Commission before retiring from the Service. Lt.-Colonel Colomb contributed some interesting articles, entitled "Some Aden Reminiscences," to THE IRON DUKE, and they appeared in Nos. 14, 15 and 16.

**DUFFY.**—On 11th June, 1933, at Leeds, Mr. Robert Duffy, aged 77 years. Mr. Duffy joined the 33rd Foot in 1874 and rose to the rank of Sgt.-Drummer, being discharged in 1895. Captain Charles Oliver writes:—"Duffy was Sgt.-Drummer of the 1st Battalion when I joined; he was a good soldier, always a strict disciplinarian, and a very good rifle shot. He had been a member of this Division of the Corps of Commissionaires since leaving the Service, and was the oldest member in it. He had been employed by the Albion Brewery Company for the past 25 years. He died quite suddenly, having been apparently in the best of health when he left work the previous day. He carried his 77 years well, and was active and smart to the last."

**POWER.**—On 9th August, 1933, Mary, wife of ex-Sgt. T. Power, of Charlesworth Grove, Halifax. Mrs. Power was married to Sgt. Power in 1915, when the latter was serving with the Seaforth Highlanders. She accompanied him to the Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1918, and later proceeded with him to Egypt to join the 2nd Battalion, then at Moascar. They left that Battalion for home just prior to its proceeding to Singapore.

**RAMSDEN.**—On 16th July, 1933, at the Victoria Hospital, Blackpool, Mr. Richard Ramsden, of 35 Onslow Road, Layton, Blackpool, aged 71 years. We regret that we have been unable to obtain the detail of his service, but Mr. H. Rawson writes:—"Ramsden was in the 2nd Battalion with me in Tipperary, and went out to the 1st Battalion in 1883, and did 12 years."

Our readers will regret to learn of the death in June last of Mr. L. M. Fortier, Curator of Fort Anne National Park and its historic Museum at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. Mr. Fortier was instrumental in the erection of a tablet in Fort Anne commemorating the fact that the 76th Foot furnished the last military garrison of Fort Anne. A photograph of this tablet appeared as Frontispiece to No. 20 of THE IRON DUKE, and an account of the unveiling ceremony appeared on page 60 of No. 21.

TOLLEY.—On 29th August, 1933, at the residence of his sister, 3 Well Street, Barnstaple, Devon, Mr. William Tolley, aged 81 years. Mr. Tolley enlisted in the Royal Marines on the 28th January, 1873, being posted to the Plymouth Division. After more than 16 years' service, afloat and ashore, with the Marines, he was posted to the P.S. of the 3/4th Battalion West Riding Regiment as sergeant-major on the 7th June, 1889. He was discharged to pension on the 8th November, 1895. He was afterwards with Messrs. Pollit & Wigsell, Ltd., Sowerby Bridge, for 23½ years as timekeeper, and was held in very high esteem by his employers.

## Regimental Diaries, 1934.

Members and ex-members of the Regiment who require copies of the Regimental Diary, 1934, and who are not serving with either the 1st or 2nd Battalions, can obtain them from the P.R.I. Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, by applying before 21st October, 1933. The Army Sport Control Board cannot undertake to supply direct to individuals. This diary is full of valuable information and is beautifully bound in three styles:—

(a) Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

(b) Refillable Morocco leather with snap fastener, 2s. 6d.

(c) De Luxe Edition, Morocco and Moire Silk, 6s.

Refills for (b) 1s. each; refills for (c) 1s. 6d. a pair (text and diary).

Orders should be sent to P.R.I. Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, by 21st October. Copies will be forwarded during December.

## Correspondence.

Plymouth,  
31st July, 1933.

To the Editor of THE IRON DUKE.

Dear Sir,

May I tell you about a visit I paid not long ago to the Depot on the invitation of the present Commanding Officer, Major N. R. Whitaker. It made me feel quite young again.

Unless my memory fails me—and it is liable to play tricks with a septuagenarian—it must be more than thirty years since I was inside those barracks. My last definite recollection of them is when the 3rd Battalion returned there from the Boer War in May, 1902, to be disembodied (the word we used in those days!).

Since that far-off time there have been many changes in the Depot, most of them, all of them rather, for the better. I think the extension outside the old barrack wall behind the Sergeants' Mess, which in my time was not dreamed of, by which a football field (not to mention a miniature rifle range and a piggery) has been added to the amenities of the Depot, appealed to me most. Even the climate seemed to be better than in my day, and the sun to shine more; or else I came in for an exceptional run of fine weather, for not a drop of rain fell during the 24 hours of my visit, and it was quite warm outside the Officers' Mess *in the sun*. The lawn has been enormously improved and now forms an admirable setting for the Officers' Mess and quarters and for the entire barrack square. As for the entrance gate in my day, nothing could have been more depressing than its surroundings. An appropriate inscription for it then would have been, "All hope abandon ye who enter here"; while the view from it to the barrack rooms at the other side of the square used to remind me of a prison. It is very different now. The exterior of the old quarter guard and verandah has been (by private enterprise) so much improved in appearance that it has a look of inviting you to come in and look round.

After so many years I hardly expected to find anybody there who had known me, but I found four who were of my time—viz., Mr. Paling (ex-Q.M.S.) in charge of the mobilisation stores as well as the much respected Secretary of the Regimental Association; Mr. Roach, civilian master tailor in my time and still going strong in the same capacity now; Mr. Shorrocks, Sergeants' Mess caterer; and, lastly, Mr. Sherman, in charge of the piggery, who introduced himself as having been a line recruit at the Depot in 1898. And curiously enough the sergeant-major (Moseley) was in the 2nd Battalion with me at Tidworth in 1911; while Lt. and Qr.-Mr. Callaghan was next door to us at the same time and place, serving with the Royal Munster Fusiliers. Sgt.-Major Moseley took the opportunity of reminding me of the march of the 2nd Battalion all the night through in August or September of that year, from Lockinge Park back to Tidworth via Hungerford after marching and doing manoeuvres all the day before; and how we got to barracks about 9 o'clock in the morning, and "not a man out." From which I gather that he remembers that tramp as well as I do, perhaps better, because he carried a pack and I was on a horse.

In my time (1895 to beginning of 1900) the home Battalion had no *direct* interest in the Depot, which was commanded by a substantive colonel, who also commanded the District consisting in addition to the Depot of the 3rd Battalion (formerly the Militia, changed after the Boer War to "Special Reserve") and the three (as there were then) volunteer battalions. A major from the home Battalion was posted to the Depot for duty, but commanded only his company and ran the canteen. The present organisation under which—the Special Reserve being dead, the volunteer (now territorial) battalions are placed under their own Brigade commanders, while the Depot is commanded by a major from the home Battalion has—or seems to have—produced vastly better results both for the Depot and for the line battalions. The wonder is that in the old days the results were as good as they proved to be.

Major Whitaker was most kind in showing everything he thought I might be interested in: mobilisation store, recruits' reception room, school, hospital (no sick), cookhouse, baths, canteen, library, Sergeants' Mess and barrack rooms. Everything was first rate. Then after a long morning we finished off with a fire alarm, at which everybody knew his place and got quickly to it. The cookhouse was very spick and span, and the Sergeant Cook obviously has his heart in his work. He is more fortunate than his predecessors in his cooking apparatus. In my time the apparatus provided for the troops was not as good as what was supplied for workhouses.

I saw most, if not all, the recruits at drill or at gymnasium and in school, particularly No. 1 squad; and it delighted me to see how healthy they all looked and how cheerfully they worked. But what I liked more than anything was the evident determination of all ranks—particularly the squad instructors—to do their very best. Regimental *esprit-de-corps* was in fact evident everywhere, and made an impression that will remain with me for the rest of my days.

Major Whitaker also showed me the Regimental Museum now in course of formation. It is full of interest and from its historical associations is calculated to appeal strongly to recruits. Though in its infancy now,\* it has been well established; and if it gets the support it deserves, ought to develop into something more extensive and of wider usefulness than it is even now.

I must say one word about the beautiful piece of work in oak that is in the Sergeants' Mess, on which are carved the names of all the old commanding officers, adjutants and regimental sergeant-majors of both the line battalions and the names also of the O.C.'s and sergeant-majors of the Depot. It is a very valuable and ornamental memorial and record.

I enjoyed every moment of my visit and shall remember it with feelings of gratitude.

Yours sincerely,

F. A. HAYDEN.

\* Since writing this letter I have learned that the Museum was actually begun in 1921, so that it is scarcely accurate to speak of it as "in its infancy."

## Notices.

### TO OFFICERS SERVING ABROAD.

Officers stationed abroad are often confronted with private problems, the solutions of which need the help of an independent and reliable agent located at home. Major H. C. V. Porter, O.B.E., offers his personal services in that capacity whenever such liaison may be effective. The co-operation of Mrs. Porter, particularly as an expert shopper, is also available. Major and Mrs. Porter have both travelled extensively abroad and are well acquainted with the conditions and requirements of other climates. Charges will be very moderate and based upon a percentage commission or time schedule.

The following are some of the personal services offered:—Selection of qualified experts to advise upon any civilian transaction; business or civil appointments on retirement; investment, reports; financial problems; purchase and sale of personal or household effects; shopping for domestic furnishing, ladies' apparel, etc.; schools, holiday homes, etc.; escorting; property dealings; housing requirements; legal and insurance questions; executor; attorney; "Tourism": Itineraries and timings; estimates; valuations; accountancy matters.

## Our Contemporaries.

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



# ARMY LIST, 1933.

## RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

## REGULAR ARMY.

## TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
REGIMENT.

## Class I.

## Lt.-Colonel.

✕ Wilson, W. C., D.S.O., O.B.E.,  
M.C., p.s.c. 2/2/29

## Majors.

§ Bennett, J. 1/8/19  
✕ Owen, R. H. W. 23/3/29  
Rowland, C. 18/1/32

## Captains.

✕ Robertson, T. W. 1/7/28  
✕ Scott, J. W. 23/3/29  
§ White, C. G. E. 4/12/29  
✕ Rhodes, J. F. 24/11/31  
§ Pullan, J. 13/8/32  
Norman, I. P. 21/1/33

## Lieutenants.

§ Skinner, W. W. 18/10/22  
Haslock, C. I. E. 24/12/22

## Class II.

## Lt.-Colonels.

§ Wannell, G. E., D.S.O. 2/2/18  
✕ Liddell, E. M., O.B.E. 16/12/19  
✕ Tidmarsh, R. M. 8/5/22  
✕ Herapath, L., C.B.E. 11/9/22  
✕ Wellesley, F. H. B. 13/6/26  
✕ Cholmley, R. S., D.S.O. 20/9/27

## Majors.

✕ Gillam, T. H. J. 8/11/19  
Woodfield, A. W. 21/3/21  
✕ Pridham, C. H. B. 3/2/24  
✕ Keet, H. G., D.S.O., M.C. 4/12/26

## Captains.

✕ Peake, F. G., C.B.E., c.o. 19/4/15  
✕ Oliphant, G. W. 4/9/15  
✕ Skelton, C., M.C. 24/7/19  
✕ Hutton, T., M.C. 29/11/19  
✕ Hill, F. H., M.C. 29/5/20  
✕ Hazell, A. J. 8/6/21  
✕ Stilling, N. A. 20/8/21  
✕ Moore, J. H. 7/1/22  
✕ Williams, O. G. 4/7/22  
Farrell, V. C. [I.] 3/2/24  
§ Scott, R. B. 28/2/33

## Lieutenants.

✕ Baker, W. G. 10/6/15  
✕ Lepper, J. G. 1/7/17  
§ Whitaker, B. J. G., c.o. 4/11/17  
§ Hands, H. M. 27/4/18  
§ Harpley, G. W. M. 23/11/19  
§ Swithbank, T. G. 16/3/20  
§ Hawson, T. 28/12/20  
§ Allen, V. W. 21/9/21  
§ Prynce, A. L. 7/10/22  
§ Rhodes, S. W. 30/10/22  
§ Barker, W., M.M. 9/11/22  
§ Atkins, F. 16/11/22

## 2nd Lieutenants.

✕ Capon, E. G. 4/2/18  
§ Willey, W. 19/7/20

## Quarter-Master.

✕ Shepherd, C., M.B.E.,  
D.C.M., capt. 6/7/17

## Class III.

## Majors.

§ Bathurst, C., M.C. 18/7/19  
✕ Mulholland, P. D., M.C. 24/11/27

## Captains.

§ Suydam, H. C. 6/4/16  
✕ Stirling, P. D., O.B.E., M.C.  
(S.C.) 23/3/17  
✕ Sleigh, G. P. 15/5/20  
✕ Laughton, F. S. 30/5/20  
✕ Cooke, J., D.S.O., M.C. 7/7/22

## Lieutenants.

✕ Sampson, H. S. 10/6/15  
✕ Bradford, J. E. S. P., M.C. 1/7/17  
✕ Field, A. V. 28/7/18  
✕ Colson, J. P., M.C., M.M. 26/8/18  
✕ Mallett, J. A., M.M. 27/8/19  
✕ Ibbetson, N. E. 27/8/19  
✕ Chapman, F., M.C. 18/11/21  
§ Shaw, R. R. 28/11/22

## 2nd Lieutenant.

Turner, A. 11/9/18

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
REGIMENT.

## 4th Battalion.

## Class I.

## Lt.-Colonel.

✕ Mowat, A. L., D.S.O., M.C. 31/8/20

## Majors.

✕ Learoyd, E. P., T.D. 1/5/20  
✕ Learoyd, G. W. I. 4/3/21

## Captains.

✕ Benson, G. W. 27/6/16  
✕ Tetlow, J. L., M.C. 31/8/20  
✕ Kenyon, W. 20/12/21  
✕ Park, L. 23/7/24  
✕ Whillans, D. 26/9/24  
Slatyer, J. McD. 7/3/29

## Lieutenants.

Hirst, R. S. 14/10/23  
Lewis, D. H. 10/1/25  
Lumb, F. H. 23/7/29  
Atkinson, C. A. P. 24/7/29  
Hoyle, T. A. 23/2/30  
Watkinson, G. 13/11/30  
Sykes, J. M. S. 1/9/32

## Class II.

## Captains.

✕ Blakey, E. V., M.C. 1/5/20  
✕ Taylor, J. 1/9/20  
✕ Bales, P. G., M.C. 4/9/20  
✕ Pepperell, W. 1/6/25

## Lieutenants.

✕ Flatow, E. W. 1/6/16  
✕ Hirst, W. L. 1/7/17  
✕ Smalley, A. G. 7/12/17  
✕ Hyland, J. L. 30/7/19  
✕ Hardy, C. 26/12/19

## Quarter-Masters.

✕ Evans, H. S., lt. 17/5/22  
✕ Shorthouse, W., lt. 1/2/26

## 5th Battalion.

## Class I.

## Lt.-Colonel.

✕ Rippon, R., T.D., t.a. 17/2/28  
bt. col. 17/2/32

## Major.

✕ Sharpe, G. L., D.S.O. 15/1/21

## Captains.

✕ Sykes, F. A. 1/6/16  
Butterworth, E. 18/9/24  
✕ Norton, E. H. P. 17/2/28

## Lieutenant.

Walker, E. N. 2/7/27

## Class II.

## Lt.-Colonel.

✕ Brierley, S. C., D.S.O., T.D. 17/2/24  
bt. col. 17/2/28

## Captain.

✕ Liddell, J. L. 1/12/17

## Lieutenants.

✕ Black, D., M.C., D.C.M. 1/7/17  
✕ Trickett, J. S. 1/7/17  
✕ Darwent, G. T. 1/9/18  
Appleby, G. H. 1/5/19

## 6th Battalion.

## Class I.

## Lt.-Colonel.

✕ Chaffers, N. B., M.C., T.D. 16/2/25  
bt. col. 16/2/29

## Major.

✕ Dixon, H. 3/7/20

## Captains.

✕ Walker, J. R. 14/6/17  
✕ Baldick, G. S. 24/8/21  
✕ Naylor, K. W. 16/2/25  
Hield, R. H. 12/2/27

## Lieutenants.

Sellers, H. M. 11/6/29  
Birdsall, J. L. 22/3/30

## Class II.

## Major.

✕ Wright, T. K., M.B.E., T.D. 1/6/16

## Captains.

✕ Geldard, N., D.S.O., M.C. 30/11/16  
✕ Somervell, A., M.C. 14/6/17  
✕ Mallinson, H. 1/9/21  
✕ Clegg, A. H. 1/9/21

## Lieutenants.

✕ Smith, A. P., M.C. 1/7/17  
✕ Pakenham-Walsh, P. N. 1/7/17  
✕ Cole, E. C. 1/7/17  
✕ Clapham, N. G. 1/7/17  
✕ Dixon, E. 1/7/17  
✕ Lister, J. H. 19/6/18  
✕ Walker, H. A., M.C. 26/10/18  
✕ Morris, A. E. N. 1/3/19  
✕ Wells, H. 1/3/19  
✕ Hoyle, C. G., M.C. 1/5/19  
✕ Borwell, T. 18/6/19  
✕ Robertshaw, F. 30/7/19  
✕ Turnbull, W. 3/2/21  
✕ Duckett, T. 18/5/27

## 7th Battalion.

## Class I.

## Captains.

✕ Ramsden, J. W. A. 1/6/16  
✕ Pogson, W. C. 26/9/17  
✕ Barber, H. 1/1/18  
✕ Lawton, J. H. 2/9/20  
✕ Netherwood, H. S., M.C. 12/7/21  
✕ Blakeley, R. 25/2/25

## Lieutenants.

✕ Swann, T. H. 23/9/23  
Crossely, W. D. 14/5/25  
Walker, G. S. 18/11/26

## Class II.

## Captains.

✕ Lockwood, C. H. 11/1/16  
✕ MacKenzie, K. B., M.C. 20/11/17  
✕ Lawton, C., M.C. 2/9/20  
✕ Sykes, N. 22/3/21  
✕ Hayes, F. 18/11/21  
✕ Taylor, E. W. 26/7/24

## Lieutenants.

✕ Charlesworth, J. H. 1/6/16  
✕ Bailey, G. S. 14/1/18  
✕ Brierley, J. I. 1/9/18  
✕ Cowie, J. 1/2/19  
✕ Carter, H. W., M.C. 26/3/19  
✕ De Maine, H. C., M.C. 30/7/19  
Chadderton, T. 8/11/28

SUPPLEMENTARY  
RESERVE.

## Category B.

## Subalterns (9).

## Lieutenants.

Coghlin, J. G. 12/2/30  
Pickering, C. H. C. (attd.  
O.T.C.) 1/1/33  
Gledhill, G. 15/3/33  
Taylor, A. 28/6/33

## 2nd Lieutenants.

Griffiths, G. S. L. 25/2/31  
Whitworth, K. M. 11/7/31  
Walmsley, R. L. 5/12/31  
Hoyle, J. S. 16/4/32  
22/7/31  
MacLaren, C. J. 28/5/32

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
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