

No.28 June 1934



THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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The Late Lt.-Gen. Sir HERBERT E. BELFIELD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O.,
Colonel of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, August 2nd, 1909,
to February 1st, 1934.

Photo by Lafayette.

THE IRON DUKE

LT.-GENERAL SIR H. E. BELFIELD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O.

THE death of Lt.-General Sir Herbert Eversley Belfield on 19th April, 1934, will have come as a great shock to all members, past and present, of the Regiment. On behalf of our readers and ourselves, we tender our deepest sympathy to Lady Belfield and her daughters on their heavy loss.

In our last issue Sir Herbert bade farewell to his brother soldiers and ex-soldiers on his approaching retirement as Colonel of the Regiment, which was announced on 2nd February last. Sir Herbert had been making slow but good progress towards recovery after his recent illness, and his sudden death was an unexpected blow.

For nearly a quarter of a century Sir Herbert had served as Colonel of the Regiment with unremitting zeal. No representative Regimental gathering had he failed to attend, except when prevented by ill-health; and, as he mentioned in his farewell message in the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, there had been many important events in the History of the Regiment during his service as Colonel. The greatest of these, perhaps, was the formation of The Old Comrades' Association, which was due more to his inspiration than to anything else.

That he will be missed at all those gatherings, at which he seemed to have become so essential a part, goes without saying, but more especially will those who have been intimately connected with him in the work of the various Regimental Committees miss his kindness and inspiration.

Our Territorial and Service Battalions will be the first, we are sure, to recognise the interest that he took always in their welfare, and all that he did to make the unity of the Regiment a reality.

A brief summary of Sir Herbert's distinguished career appeared in the second number of THE IRON DUKE, but below we give a more amplified account of it as given in *The Times* of 20th April:—

"Lt.-General Sir Herbert Eversley Belfield, who died yesterday in his 77th year, was an earnest student of his profession who, by his charm of manner, made many friends in the Army. He belonged to the pre-War era, so far as his military service was concerned, but the years 1914 to 1919 brought him an important and ever-increasing task, that of Director of Prisoners of War, which he performed with admirable tact, judgment and efficiency.

"The son of Captain William Belfield, Malmsbury, Gloucestershire, he was born on 25th Sept., 1857, and was at Wellington before entering Sandhurst. In February, 1876, he was gazetted to a commission in the 101st Foot, the old Royal Bengal Fusiliers, which soon became The Royal Munster Fusiliers. He was promoted captain in May, 1885, graduated from the Staff College at the end of 1889, and was appointed a brigade-major at Aldershot in the following August, continuing there as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General after his promotion to major in February, 1893, until September, 1895. His first experience of active service came in November of that year, when he was selected to be Chief Staff Officer of the Ashanti expedition which dethroned King Prempeh in 1896. There was no fighting,

but Major Belfield's good work secured him a mention in despatches and the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. In July, 1897, he was promoted lieutenant-colonel to command the 2nd Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, which was then in Natal.

In December, 1899, after the outbreak of the South African War, he was promoted colonel and appointed to the Headquarter's Staff at the Cape as an A.A.G. He thus saw much service in the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Cape Colony from February, 1900, until nearly the end of the war, being present at the actions of Venterskroon, Lindley and Rhenoster River. In January, 1902, he was appointed Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, where he remained after the war until October, 1902, when the last of the Yeomanry had been sent home, and was awarded the D.S.O. He was appointed A.A.G.I. Army Corps at Aldershot in December, 1902, passing a year later to the command of the 4th Brigade. He was promoted major-general in December, 1906, and, leaving Aldershot in February, 1907, went to the Eastern Command in May as G.O.C. 4th Division. When his tenure of command terminated four years later he was not employed again, and, after being promoted lieutenant-general in August, 1912, retired from the Army in May, 1914, and was made K.C.B.

At the beginning of the Great War Sir Herbert was appointed Director of Prisoners of War. In 1914 this post may not have appeared to be of great importance; but as hostilities went on the work assumed formidable proportions. There were few precedents to follow, although solution had to be found to many problems of international law. Among the questions which had to be dealt with were the allotment of German prisoners to agricultural work in England; the internment of sick prisoners in neutral countries; the visits of neutral commissioners to the camps in England; and the maintenance of co-operation with the International Red Cross Bureau. At the end of the War there were over 500,000 prisoners of war within the British Empire, their wide dispersion being the chief difficulty in the proper supervision of administration. Sir Herbert Belfield received valuable assistance, as regards correspondence with enemy and neutral Governments, from the small Prisoners of War Department set up at the Foreign Office, but the work of his own office was always very heavy and did not cease with the Armistice, for the prisoners of war had then to be repatriated. His services were mentioned in despatches and he was created K.C.M.G. in 1918 and K.B.E. in 1919."

Sir Herbert had been Colonel of the Regiment since August, 1909, and also held the following appointments:—Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Special Commissioner The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Governor of Wellington College, and Governor of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army.

In 1882 he married Emily Mary, eldest daughter of the Right Rev. Hibbert Binney, Bishop of Nova Scotia. She died in the following year, leaving him a daughter, now Mrs. Merrick McConnel, widow of Major McConnel, who was killed at Ypres in 1917. In 1888 he married Evelyn Mary, daughter of Mr. Albon Taylor, and had a daughter, now Mrs. Franklyn, wife of Colonel H. E. Franklyn, D.S.O., M.C., Staff Officer to the Brigadier Commanding the Troops in the Sudan.

A memorial service was held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on St. George's Day (23rd April), and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends. The Rev. M. Tobias, Chaplain to the Forces, took the service. Members of the family and others present included:—Lady Belfield (widow), Mrs. McConnel and Mrs. H. E. Franklyn (daughters), Miss Belfield (sister), Miss McConnel, Miss Franklyn, Mr. John Franklyn, Lt.-Col. Sydney Belfield, Miss Belfield, Mr. John Belfield, Miss Frances Belfield, Mrs. Richard Phayre, Major and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince,

Lt.-Commander and Mrs. H. Haslewood, Sir Herbert Creedy (Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War) representing the Army Council, The Duke of Wellington, Lady Hanworth (representing the Master of the Rolls), Col. Lord Arthur Browne, the Hon. Jean Bruce, Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hamilton Gordon (also representing Mrs. Claude Lloyd), Major Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, Major Sir Thomas Crozier, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Robb, Lt.-Gen. Sir Sidney Clive, Sir Eustace Becher, General Sir Walter and Lady Braithwaite, Colonel Sir John and Lady Atkins, Lady Keogh, General Sir Bruce Hamilton, Colonel Sir Henry Streatfield, Major-Gen. Sir John Capper, the Dean of Westminster, Sir Bertram Cubitt (representing the Royal Military Benevolent Fund), Major-Gen. Sir Richard Bannatine-Allason (representing the Naval and Military Club), Brig.-Gen. Ridgway (representing the Royal School for Officers' Daughters), Captain R. H. Bolton (representing 6th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning (representing the 4th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), Brig.-Gen. R. C. Boyle, Colonel H. S. Jervis, Colonel J. A. F. Cuffe, Lt.-Col. S. T. Banning (hon. secretary), and Mr. R. P. D. Jones (representing Royal Munster Fusiliers Old Comrades' Association), Mr. J. W. Paling (representing the D.W.R. Old Comrades' Association), Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, the Colonel of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. V. Humphrys, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson, Colonels C. J. Pickering and E. N. F. Hitchins, Lt.-Cols. Behrend, R. K. Healing, K. A. Macleod, W. G. Officer, G. S. W. Rusbridger, F. H. B. Wellesley, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maffett, Captains F. R. Armitage, J. V. Gibson, A. H. G. Wathen, Messrs. R. G. Turner and G. Laing. One from each rank of the 1st Battalion also attended, and Drum-Major Goodwin and six buglers of the 1st Battalion sounded the Last Post and Reveille.

Among the many letters expressing sympathy received by Lady Belfield were the following :—Sir Clive Wigram expressing H.M. The King's sympathy, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, His Grace The Duke of Wellington, Sir Herbert Creedy, General Sir Walter Braithwaite and the Commissioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the Ex-Prisoners of War Association, The Duke of York's School, The Royal School for Daughters of Officers of The Army, The Royal Military Benevolent Fund, The Old Comrades' Association, 1st and 2nd Battalions The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Old Comrades' Association, The Royal Munster Fusiliers, The Officers Commanding the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th Battalions and Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, on behalf of all ranks, and The Officer Commanding the 147th (2nd West Riding) Infantry Brigade.

We print below a letter we have received from Lady Belfield :—

27 Egerton Crescent,
London, S.W.3,

3rd May, 1934.

Dear Colonel Trench,

I am writing to ask you if you would, as Editor of THE IRON DUKE, express my very sincere and grateful thanks to the many members of my late husband's Regiment who have sent me such kind letters of sympathy, and who have sent donations in his memory to the Royal Military Benevolent Fund. I am deeply indebted to one and all and thank them all from the bottom of my heart.

In writing to you I should also like to say how much I appreciated the large attendance of officers and men of the Regiment, Chelsea pensioners and friends, at the very beautiful service held at the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on St. George's Day (23rd April). The playing of the Last Post and Reveille by the buglers of the 1st Battalion was very touching and added to the beauty of the service, and I am most grateful to Drum-Major Goodwin and his buglers. I must

also express my sincere thanks to Lt.-Col. G. S. W. Rusbridger for permitting them to attend.

It makes me proud to feel that my husband's great love for his old Regiment was so heartily reciprocated by all ranks ; I have been greatly touched by this, and the help and sympathy that I have received from everyone in the Regiment would I know have made him very happy.

Yours very sincerely,

EVELYN M. BELFIELD.

EDITORIAL.

ALL events of Regimental interest are overshadowed by the heavy loss the Regiment has sustained in the death of Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield shortly after his retirement as Colonel of The Regiment. A full obituary notice appears on an earlier page, and we would only mention here what a great loss his death is to THE IRON DUKE. Sir Herbert associated himself with the Regimental magazine from its inception, and his advice and encouragement have always been a great incentive to us.

The appointment of Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner as Colonel of The Regiment on 1st Feb., 1934, is referred to elsewhere. Already General Turner has embarked on his career with a thoroughness characteristic of him, paying visits to the 1st Battalion, the Depot and the 6th Battalion, during the latter of which he was a guest of Colonel J. C. Burnett, and attended the T.A. Divisional Cross Country Championship, where he saw the 7th Battalion team win it. He also visited the Regimental Memorial Chapel in York Minster, when he stayed with the Dean of York. On 27th March he attended His Majesty's Levee at Buckingham Palace. We hope to reproduce a portrait of General Turner in our next issue.

The 1st Battalion are to move to Malta next trooping season, just 36 years since they left it after their last tour of duty there ; we reprint on another page a eulogy of their stay which appeared in the *Malta Chronicle* in 1898. Conditions on the island are no doubt very changed since those days, but we hope that all ranks of the Battalion will enjoy life there as much as their predecessors, now a dwindling band, appear to have done from all accounts.

The loss of the Army Rugby Cup was a sad blow to us all, especially as it was the last chance of the 1st Battalion's team competing for it for some years, but we congratulate them on winning the Aldershot Command Cup for the second time.

The 2nd Battalion's move from Kamptee to Nowshera was completed before their news was dispatched to us, but owing to the demands on contributors' time during such a move, reference to the move and to their new station has had to be held over till the next issue. It is over 50 years ago since the 1st Battalion was stationed at Nowshera.

We hope to make our next issue a special Territorial number, with fuller accounts and more illustrations than usual of the doings of the Territorial Army Battalions of The Regiment in camp. We hope they will have fine weather and full attendances for their fortnight's training. We must take this opportunity of congratulating the 7th Battalion on winning the 49th Divisional cross country championship for the fifth year in succession.

As mentioned in 1st Battalion News, Colonel Forsyth, commanding The 33rd Australian Infantry, paid a visit to the Battalion at Aldershot in April. We are very pleased to note that he has deputed an officer of his Battalion to send us news of their doings, and hope that there will be some to publish in our next issue. Colonel and Mrs. Forsyth had intended paying a visit to the Colonel of the Regiment at Cambridge, but owing to influenza and business calls cutting short their visit they were unable to fit it in. They had to return to Australia on 6th April, and so Colonel Forsyth will be unable to attend the Regimental dinner in June, as it had been hoped he would.

THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT.

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to our new Colonel, Brig.-General P. A. Turner, C.M.G. To every member of the Regiment, past and present, the appointment will appear most fitting and popular. General Turner not only enjoys the high esteem of all ranks, but brings to the position the experience of many activities on behalf of the Regiment. It is, too, a happy coincidence that he served as adjutant in the 2nd Battalion to Sir Herbert Belfield during the latter's command.

Brig.-General Percy Alexander Turner was born on 31st October, 1868, and was educated at Cheltenham College. He joined the 2nd Battalion from the Militia on 21st December, 1889, and served with them in Nova Scotia, the West Indies and South Africa. While in the last-named country he saw active service with the Bechuanaland Border Police during the Matabele rising, 1893-1894, and in 1897 served as staff officer to the Administrator of Mashonaland; he was assistant staff officer to the Officer Commanding the Mashonaland Field Force, being mentioned in despatches, *London Gazette*, 1st June, 1897. He was appointed Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion on 1st July, 1897 at Peitermaritzburg, and held that appointment till 29th June, 1901. After service in Burmah and India, he returned to England and served as Adjutant of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion from 21st May, 1906, till 2nd February, 1908. On promotion to Major he was posted to the 1st Battalion in India, serving with them until the outbreak of the Great War, when he went to France with the Lahore and Meerut Divisions as Commandant British Military Base Depot, being at Marseilles first and later Havre. On 11th December, 1914, he was promoted to the rank of Lt.-Colonel, and on 5th April, 1915, took over the command of the 2nd Battalion at Ypres, just before the historic struggle at Hill 60. In this battle, while superintending the attack on 18th April, he was wounded in both legs and invalidated to England. For his services he was mentioned in despatches on 22nd June, 1915, and awarded the C.M.G. On recovering from his wounds he was appointed to the command of the 195th Infantry Brigade, Home Forces, on 10th December, 1915, with the temporary rank of Brig.-General, and later commanded the 224th Mixed Brigade. He was promoted to Brevet-Colonel at the end of the War, and was placed on half-pay on 10th August, 1919, retiring on 27th February, 1920. Since his retirement he has rendered many services to the Regiment, notably as secretary to the Regimental Dinner Club, the War Memorial Fund, the Retired Officers' Fund, and as treasurer and business manager of THE IRON DUKE.

General Turner has distinguished himself in many forms of sport. Whilst at Cheltenham College he was three years in the cricket XI. and rugby football XV. In 1887 he had an average of 43 and made three centuries for the College, and he also played cricket for the Sussex Colts. He played for Natal in the Currie Cup Tournament at Johannesburg in 1898, and was given a bat for the best average. In India he was asked to play for the Madras Presidency. At rugby football he was chosen to play for Middlesex, Kent and Sussex in one year, and actually played for the last-named county. General Turner captained the Regimental cricket XI. and rugby XV. for a number of years. He was also a fine tennis and racquets player, and in 1890 won a gold medal playing with Brig.-General C. D. Bruce in the Maritime Provinces tennis tournament in Canada. While stationed in Darjeeling he became champion at Canadian or squash tennis, a fine effort considering the reputation of some of his opponents.

THE IRON DUKE owes a great debt of gratitude to General Turner. His "Regimental Notes" were the forerunner of the Regimental Magazine, and he was one of the moving spirits in the formation of the latter. Apart from his invaluable service as business manager and treasurer, he has given untiring help and advice in the production of every number, and has made valued contributions to the magazine. In fact the acknowledged high standard of THE IRON DUKE is in great measure due to his help. We hope that he may be able to find time and energy to continue his support and advice.

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Col. Forsyth met the officers and made a short speech. He said that he had come to convey personally the greetings of The 33rd Battalion A.M.F. and to express their gratification at being allied to The 33rd Regiment of the British Army. He hoped that his visit would be the beginning of a closer liaison between the two units of the Imperial Forces, and that officers of both regiments would make that liaison still stronger by visiting their allied unit whenever opportunity occurred. Should any of the officers of The 33rd Regiment find themselves in Australia, he hoped that they would not fail to make such a visit. He believed in the liaison and would do all in his power to keep it going. His last act, before leaving his Battalion in Australia, had been to detail an officer to write regularly to THE IRON DUKE so that The Duke of Wellington's Regiment might know something of the doings of their allied Battalion. Col. Forsyth ended by drinking a toast to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Col. Rusbridger replied with a short speech in which he told Col. Forsyth that the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment greatly appreciated his visit and the greetings of The 33rd Battalion A.M.F. He, too, hoped that the liaison would grow, and he hoped that Col. Forsyth would tell his officers that any of them who visited England would receive a very warm welcome if they came to see their allied Regiment.

The Battalion produced four candidates for the Staff College examination in February. Capt. Webb Carter would have made a fifth but was prevented by an attack of pleurisy which has kept him away from the Battalion for some time, and will preclude his taking part in any of our more strenuous activities for the rest of the year. Even so, with Capt. Owen who took the examination in London, and Lt. Miles, who is believed to have done so in Barbados, the number of candidates must be a record for the Regiment. Whether the number of successes will be any more numerous than in past years is another matter. The Adjutant has already detailed certain of the candidates for duties on the voyage to Malta. Evidently he for one does not rate their chances very highly.

Our tug-of-war and bayonet fencing teams both successfully negotiated the Brigade eliminating rounds of the bronze medal tournament. In the Command competition, the tug-of-war team, who had had few opportunities for practice, were rather easily pulled by No. 5 Section R.A.O.C. The fencing team met The Wiltshire Regiment, and the match resulted in a draw, each side winning nine fights. The team leaders had therefore to fight it off and we lost. The sub-editor's conscience compels him to admit that he was our team leader.

Lack of space prevents us from mentioning many items which are worthy of inclusion ; but we feel that we cannot close without recording that the Battalion were runners-up in the Command chiropodist competition. Our representative, Cpl. Mephram, was beaten by only half a point, after what must have been a grim struggle, by the representative of the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

OFFICERS' MESS.

The numbers in Mess have increased of late. The new arrivals, whom we welcome, are 2nd Lt. Skinner from Cambridge, 2nd Lts. Skelsey, Gregory and Thackeray from Sandhurst, and, last but not least, 2nd Lt. MacLaren from the S.R.O. They were duly dined in at a regimental guest night, the only one of the quarter, on 18th March.

2nd Lts. Kilner, Norton and Thornton, of the 5th Battalion, came down and stayed for a fortnight with us to do their attachment. We were very glad to see them and hope that they acquired much benefit from their stay. 2nd Lt. R. Lane Walmsly, of the S.R.O., also made a return visit for two weeks, and assisted the Battalion to fire the annual range course.

On 8th Feb. an "At Home" was held to celebrate the winning of the Command Rugby Cup. We were pleased to see many old friends, and to have the pleasure of

congratulating in person our new Colonel of the Regiment, General Turner. Preparations for a similar "At Home" after the final of the Army Cup had unfortunately to be abandoned.

In April, Col. Forsyth, of our allied Australian Regiment, paid us a very welcome but all too short visit. We were extremely sorry that he could not stay longer and have lunch in the Mess as was originally arranged.

As a slight relief from the more serious side of life, an officers' team played the sergeants at soccer and managed to defeat them. We also took an officers' team to play No. 1 Coy. R.M.C. at hockey. Our game was more vigorous than skilful, but our dashing defence resulted in only two injuries, both to our own side, and one of these occurred before the game had started. We did well to be beaten only by the narrow margin of one goal.

Finally, our heartiest congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Webb Carter on the birth of a daughter.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Pride of place in our notes must be given to the annual Paardeburg Ball. This was held in the R.A.S.C. Theatre on 19th Feb. and was brilliantly successful. For once the weather was kind, which resulted in a large attendance of over 400—a happy and companionable crowd—who were unanimously of the opinion that it was a splendid show.

Another very enjoyable occasion was a soccer match against the officers, which resulted in our defeat by four goals to three. The football reached a surprisingly high standard and was deserving of a more agile and competent referee. We shall have to convert some of our rugby merchants when we get to Malta as there is some very promising material amongst them. We had the experience, but youth prevailed.

As expected, the annual billiards cup competition resulted in another benefit for Horace, with L/Sgt. Edley as runner-up. "Mister" Cullen took the prize for the highest break. The snooker cup was taken by C.S.M. Bagshaw, with L/Sgt. Sutherland as runner-up and the Drum-Major as the big break exponent. The billiards competition for Major Tidmarsh's cue was won by L/Sgt. Ambler, with L/Sgt. Edley runner-up and C.Q.M.S. Stannard highest break.

Considerable casualties have taken place among our seniors since the last issue, as Coates, Gentry, Cullen, Ferrari and Pretty have all left us. Coates has gone to the Depot and we hope, when these notes appear, we shall have had occasion to congratulate him on his promotion. He will be missed here for his great interest in sport, particularly soccer, shooting and billiards, but we hope his influence will encourage the young idea to shine in these branches.

The remainder have all been discharged to pension. Ferrari had 27 years' service, 26½ of which were spent with the 1st Battalion. He was a very clever soccer and hockey player and played with the Battalion teams when they were at their strongest. He maintained his interest to the last and played in company soccer and regimental hockey until quite recently. Cullen served 25 years' between the two Battalions. He was a former wicket keeper, being an efficient exponent. Pretty completed 22 years' service and Gentry 21 years, so the four, between them, had 95 years' service.

C.S.M. Park and L/Sgt. Bland have also left us for the "Shiny East." We have to welcome C.S.M. Clinch, Sgt. Holmes, L/Sgts. Melvin, Sullivan and Green to the Mess. To those who have left us we wish the best of luck and success, and to those who have joined us we extend the hope that they will be happy among us.

1st BATTALION RUGBY TEAM.
WINNERS ALDERSHOT COMMAND CUP, 1934.



Back row.—L/Sgt. ROBINSON, Pte. RUMBOLL, Pte DOWAS, Sgt. HOLT, Cpl. STORK, Dm Major GOODWIN,
 Pte. BENTLEY, Pte. BIRCH.
 Sitting.—L/Cpl. ANNESLEY, Sgt. TOWNEND, 2nd Lt. LAING, Lt. TROOP, Lt. DALRYMPLE, Lt. REYNOLDS,
 2nd Lt. SKINNER.



4th BATTALION SIGNALLERS.
Fifth in the T.A. Dartmouth Cup Competition.

1st BATTALION ATHLETIC MEETING, ALDERSHOT, APRIL, 1934.



The Ladies' Race.



Start of the Relay Race, Lt.-Col. Rusbridger and C.S.M. MacMahon
(acting R.S.M. in absence of R.S.M. Smith).



The Start of the 440 Yards.



Finish of the 440 Yards Final
1st, Pte. Johnson, 2nd 2nd Lt. Laing.
(Photographs by Messrs. Gale & Polden).

DRUMS.

Our thanks are due to Capt. and Brevet-Major C. W. G. Grimley for a framed photograph of the Drums, and for a framed oil painting of a drummer in full dress of the year 1782. These were presented by Major Grimley on termination of his tenure as adjutant.

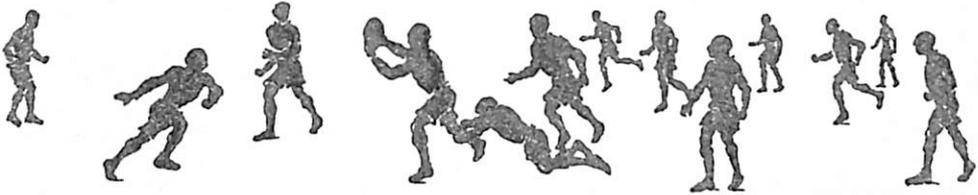
We have been able to obtain a new drum-major's sash. The old one had become very dilapidated in its twenty-six years' service.

The Drums' shooting teams have done well in the Battalion rifle meeting, and we congratulate the anti-aircraft team in obtaining second place in that competition, and the young soldiers' team on being second in the young soldiers' competition.

We have high hopes of winning, with the Band, the novices' rugby cup; we have some very promising players.

We are now commencing practice for the Aldershot Tattoo.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.



Severe frost before Christmas caused the Army Cup match against The Welch Regiment to be postponed until 21st January. This enabled us to get three additional practice matches before it. A depleted side played extraordinarily well to hold Edgeware 1st XV. to 8—3. On the next Saturday, Barnet were quite unable to hold our pack and, giving our outsides plenty of the ball, we took their unbeaten record away without much difficulty. Then we beat a very strong 'Quins' "A" XV. by 17—16, thanks largely to some magnificent place kicking by Sgt. Holt. This was very encouraging, as Lts. Troop and Laing were playing for the Aldershot Services.

Our team were now at the top of their form, and went on to the field against The Welch knowing that they had to put their every ounce into the game. The match was played before a very large crowd on The Welch Regiment's ground. Conditions were ideal for an open game, and both teams went all out from start to finish. The Welch were distinctly getting the upper hand in the set scrums but our outsides were faster and played more constructive football. Lt. Cowey, the Welsh international wing, was never given a chance by Pte. Rumboll.

At half-time the score was one penalty goal each. In the second half we started throwing the ball about more, and it soon travelled across to Bentley, who raced over in the corner. The try was not converted. After this there was no stopping our side, who played like a really first class team. Birch got over from a forward rush, and Townend scored another try, neither of which was converted. Then The Welch rallied and kept us in our half for a long time, but towards the end Sgt. Townend cut through and 2nd Lt. Laing, who was well up with him, got over for a last try. The final score was 12—3, a fitting result to a keen and hard cup match, which produced some really fine football.

We were now drawn against the R.E., Aldershot, in the final of the Command Cup. The difficulty was to keep the team at the top of their form without their getting stale. Actually when the game came to be played on the Command Central Ground on 3rd March the team were a little over-trained and seemed unable to pull that little bit extra out of themselves. In the first few minutes Lt. Norton raced over for the Sappers and scored under the posts, but the kick failed. After about twenty minutes Townend cut through,

drew the full back, and passed to 2nd Lt. Laing, who scored under the posts. Holt converted. After this we were kept in our own half for the rest of the game except for occasional raids. The Sappers' attack however was poor, and although they pressed continuously they were unable to penetrate our solid defence. 2nd Lt. Skinner played in this match as he had just joined us from Cambridge. His work in the line out was invaluable and he played a really good game for his first Army Cup match.

The semi-final of the Army Cup was played at Portsmouth, where we met our old rivals, the 5th Bn. Royal Tank Corps from Perham Down. We were without 2nd Lt. Laing, who had had the misfortune to crack a rib whilst playing for the Services. Sgt. Townend had hurt his shoulder in the Command final and was a very doubtful starter for this match up to the last minute, but eventually played. Our luck was out from the first few minutes, when (a) Cpl. England injured his ribs in the first scrum, (b) Lt. Troop hit the upright with a penalty kick from the halfway line and (c) 2nd Lt. MacLaren tore a thigh muscle. This meant that we had two passengers in the scrum for the rest of the game. The Tanks went off at a tremendous pace, and at half-time had a lead of 12—3 (3 tries and 1 penalty goal to 1 try). Our team then played much better and, in spite of a fine drop goal by the Tanks' scrum half, we reduced their lead to 16—11. Then Townend appeared to get over between the posts, but the referee ruled that he had not touched down. From then on we had most of the play but luck remained against us, for although we seemed likely to get over at any minute the score remained unchanged to the end.

Our defeat was a terrible disappointment. This is our last season in England for some time and the end of another chapter of Regimental rugger history. When we start again many of those who have done yeoman service for the side during this period will be missing from the team. It was indeed sad that we could not close the chapter and round off their work by winning the cup once more.

After our defeat several of the veterans stood down from the side and new blood was introduced for the remaining club matches. Our best victory was against the Wasps "A" (15—5). In this match 2nd Lt. Laing played a fine game at full back, and when he trains on he will be a class player in this position. Two of his drop kicks were extremely good, as was also his touch finding. New talent has been discovered, and we hope that we shall be able to train it in Malta to fill the vacant places in the team when we return.

Caps were awarded for the season as follows:—Lt. Troop, Lt. Dalrymple, Lt. Reynolds, 2nd Lt. Laing, 2nd Lt. Skinner, 2nd Lt. MacLaren, Drum-Major Goodwin, Sgt. Townend, Sgt. Holt, Sgt. Robinson, Cpls. Stork, England, Annesley, Ptes. Bentley, Dowas, Rumboll and Birch.

Results.—Played 18, won 13, lost 4, drawn 1, points for 250, points against 123.

HOCKEY.



As both rugger and soccer take precedence over hockey, it has often been impossible to put a really representative side into the field. This, however, has at least had the advantage of enabling us to try out several promising young players, with encouraging

results. On the whole, therefore, in spite of difficulties, the team has had a successful season, and has shown a most satisfactory all-round improvement. Next year, at Malta, hockey will come into greater prominence, and there is every reason to hope that we shall soon be able to produce a really good side. There is plenty of talent in the team, and probably more blushing unseen outside it. All that is needed now is experience.

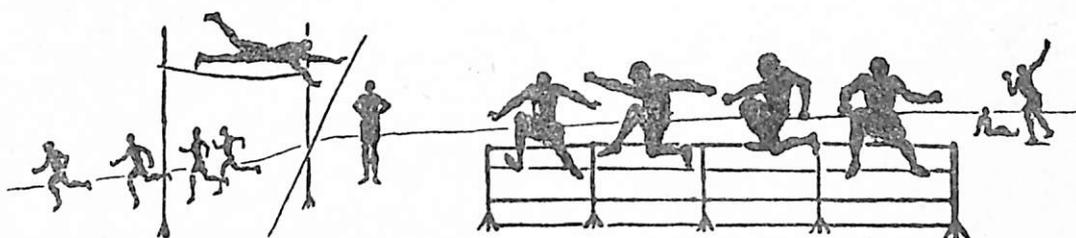
Burt has proved a most valuable forward, and his pleasant habit of shooting goals from impossible angles a very present help in times of crisis. Others who have given able support are Taylor, Green and Dmr. Smith. Barrett and Sullivan, who have returned from the 2nd Battalion, have also added to the strength of the side.

We had two very enjoyable games against the Wellington College masters. It was unfortunate that we were unable to field a full side on either occasion.

Owing to range courses and a general congestion of activities, it has not yet been possible to play off the matches for the inter-company shield. It is hoped that we will be able to fit them in somewhere in the near future.

We are, as usual, greatly indebted to Cpl. Bainbridge for his untiring services as referee.

BATTALION ATHLETIC MEETING.



The individual and inter-company championships were combined this year, each successful competitor gaining points for himself and his company simultaneously. They were held on 20th April, and the times and performances on the whole promised well for our efforts in the Brigade and Command championships.

There was a keen struggle for the "Victor Ludorum", Cpl. Clegg, "C" (S.) Company, eventually beating Pte. Johnson, "H.Q." Wing, by two points. The final points of the leading competitors were:—Cpl. Clegg, 26; Pte. Johnson, 24; 2nd Lt. Laing, 19; Bds. Burt, "H.Q." Wing, 18; L/Cpl. Swaine, "H.Q." Wing, 16; Dmr. Heaney, "H.Q." Wing, 15.

The inter-company shield was won by "H.Q." Wing with 141 points, "B" Company (83 points) being runners-up. The boys' "Victor Ludorum" winner was Boy Hatton (14 points), the runner-up being Boy Smith (10 points).

The open relay race attracted a good entry and resulted in a win for the Royal Signals, for whom Lt. Stoneley, the former Army and A.A.A. champion, made a welcome re-appearance.

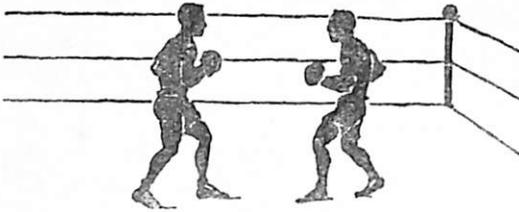
An amusing event was the ladies' race. The lady competitors were lined up on one side of the ground and facing them were their men partners in sacks and wearing gas masks. The ladies had to run to the formidable-looking array of men, pick out their partner, and then pilot him back to the starting post. Another successful event was the relay race in which the officers of Battalion Headquarters, company commanders and specialist officers competed against their corresponding W.O.'s or sergeants. For the first few relays the race was very level, but the officers gradually drew ahead and won the prize of a bottle of beer apiece.

At the conclusion of the meeting the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Rusbridger. A special prize was given to Boy Wallis for good performances in the men's pole and long jump.

We were very grateful to the Band of the 2nd Bn. The Wiltshire Regiment, under the direction of Mr. J. Dalrymple, who played during the afternoon.

The results were:—100 Yards.—1, Cpl. Clegg; 2, L/Cpl. Swaine; 3, 2nd Lt. Laing. Time, 10 4/5secs. 220 Yards.—1, Cpl. Clegg; 2, L/Cpl. Swaine; 3, 2nd Lt. Laing. Time, 24secs. 440 Yards.—1, Pte. Johnson; 2, 2nd Lt. Laing; 3, Cpl. Jackson, "D" Company. Time, 56 5/6secs. 880 Yards.—1, Pte. Johnson; 2, Cpl. Jackson; 3, L/Cpl. Bagshaw, "B" Company. Time, 2mins. 9secs. One Mile.—1, Pte. Johnson; 2, L/Cpl. Bagshaw; 3, Pte. Drake, "C" (S.) Company. Time, 4mins. 51 2/5secs. Three Miles.—1, Pte. Johnson; 2, L/Cpl. Bagshaw; 3, Pte. Drake. Time, 15min. 55secs. 120 Yards Hurdles.—1, Bds. Burt; 2, Dmr. Smith; 3, Pte. Bailey, "H.Q." Wing. Time, 18 3/5secs. Long Jump.—1, L/Cpl. Swaine, 19ft. 1in.; 2, Bds. Burt; 3, Cpl. Clegg. High Jump.—1, Dmr. Smith, 5ft. 2ins. (unfinished); 2, Cpl. Clegg; 3, Dmr. Heaney. Pole Jump.—1, Dmr. Heaney, 8ft. 9ins.; 2, Bds. Burt; 3, Pte. Wood, "B" Company. Putting the Shot.—1, L/Cpl. Annesley, 30ft.; 2, Pte. Dowas; 3, Pte. Haigh, "C" (S.) Company. Throwing the Hammer.—1, L/Cpl. Annesley, 77ft. 6ins.; 2, Dmr. Nobbs; 3, Pte. Taylor. Discus.—1, 2nd Lt. Laing, 94ft. 11ins.; 2, Pte. Colbeck; 3, Cpl. Clegg. Javelin.—1, Pte. Dowas, 132ft.; 2, Dmr. Heaney; 3, Pte. Bailey. Boys.—100 Yards.—1, Boy Hatton; 2, Boy Smith. Time, 12secs. 220 Yards.—1, Boy Hatton; 2, Boy Smith. Time, 26 2/5secs. High Jump.—1, Boy Wallis; 4ft. 8ins.; 2, Boy Rogers. Long Jump.—1, Boy Hatton, 17ft. 1in.; 2, Boy Wallis.

BOXING.



In January a competition was held to find the Battalion champion for each weight. The following won their weights and received their Battalion boxing colours:—Bantam, L/Cpl. Bagshaw, feather, Pte. Jacoby; light, Pte. Myers; welter, Pte. Howard; middle, L/Cpl. Dearnley; heavy, Pte. Neale.

The Battalion was beaten by the 2nd Bn. The Northamptonshire Regiment in the second round of the Command inter-unit team competition by 27 points to 18. The Northamptons had an exceptionally strong team and were unlucky to lose to the 2nd Bn. The King's Regiment (winners of the competition) in a later round. The following represented the Battalion:—Bantam.—L/Cpl. Bagshaw—easily outpointed his opponent. Feather.—First String.—Pte. Jacoby—although defeated easily on points, put up a very plucky display. Second String.—L/Cpl. Reid—was unfortunate to be knocked out, being dazed by a lucky blow early in the first round. Light.—First String.—L/Cpl. Tomkins—beaten on points. This was easily the best fight of the afternoon. His opponent, a Command and Army boxer, has many years of experience, and it was this that told in the end. With added experience, Tomkins should do very well. Second String.—Pte. Myers—won on points after a very good fight. Third String.—Pte. Payne—lost on points. Another close fight. Welter.—First String.—L/Cpl. Spavin—received a walk-over. Second String.—Pte. Singleton—lost on points. Although not boxing as well as usual, he put up a good display. He is inclined to do too much in-fighting. Third String.—Pte. Howard—beaten on points after a close fight. Fourth String.—Pte. Sykes—beaten on points after a very plucky show: in the last round surprised his

opponent and nearly knocked him out. Is full of the right offensive spirit. Middle.—First String.—L/Cpl. Dearnley—lost on points after an excellent struggle. His opponent was a much more experienced boxer. Has rather a crude boxing style, but showed magnificent fighting spirit and determination. Second String.—Pte. Simpson—beaten on points after a very good fight. Third String.—Pte. Mahoney—was knocked out in the first round. Light-heavy.—Pte. Neale—although trying very hard, was beaten rather easily on points by a good boxer. Heavy.—Pte. Taylor—was knocked out in the first round.

L/Cpl. Bagshaw has boxed for the Command on several occasions, and has been reserve for the Army in one or two matches.

Lt. Dalrymple was beaten on points in the semi-final of the Army officers' individual middle-weight championship after a very close fight.

The following won their weights in the boys' individual competition:—Sst, Boy Berger; Sst. 6lbs., Boy Wallis; Sst. 9lbs., Boy Miller; best loser, Boy Ellis. The boys were unexpectedly beaten by the 2nd Bn. The West Yorkshire Regiment in the second round of the enlisted boys' inter-unit competition.

Boxing Prizes.—Thorold belt, L/Cpl. Bagshaw; bantam cup, L/Cpl. Tomkins; boys' trophy, Boy Wallis.

Our thanks are due to L/Cpl. Stokell who has shown his usual tremendous keenness in training the teams.

HUNTING.



It is a sad thought that there will be no more hunting for us for several years. Foxes don't like Malta. But it is to be hoped that, although we can't hunt, polo will help to fill the breach.

The last season has been a short one for most of us, early leave, severe frost, examinations and sickness having curtailed it. However, Capts. Armitage and Webb Carter have taken advantage of a number of days with the South Berks,

and have been rewarded with some really first class gallops in their best country. They were both particularly lucky in never once striking a blank day with this pack. They have also ridden a few drag lines, but interest in these tends to slacken after a number of seasons, whereas the interest and enjoyment to be obtained from the pursuit of the fox increases with every run. Capt. Lawlor has ridden some drag lines and Lt.-Col. Rusbridger has been out with the drag on some of their fox-hunting days.

Otherwise we have had no one hunting this winter, as Sir Nugent Everard was unable to do so after returning from Ireland. This was a great pity as the going has been remarkably good the whole season, except of course during the frosts; and in spite of the general dry state of the country, scent has usually served remarkably well.

Goodness knows when we shall next hunt the fox, or in what country. But, wherever a grateful Government may send us from Malta, let us pray that it is within reach of a good pack, and that we shall not have to wait too long for another sight of hounds streaming over the grass.

BATTALION SMALL ARMS MEETING, 1934.

The rifle meeting was held on No. 4 Ash range on 4th and 5th April. Rain fell heavily on the first day, and the afternoon's programme had to be postponed until the second day.

The first stage of the individual rifle championship was fired under miserable conditions. The resulting low scores necessitated a reduction in the qualifying standard for the second stage. The weather seemed to affect the old hands more than the new, for many who have been prominent in the final stage in previous years, soon met with disaster.

We congratulate Cpl. Phillip on winning Colonel Cox's gold medal. He obtained a score of 170—23 points better than last year's winner, and, so far as we can ascertain, a record for the competition. Pte. Gaukrodger also deserves mention. He is a young soldier, and obtained fourth place in the open final stage.

"C" (S.) Company put up a very fine performance in the team events. With the exception of the L.A. match, in which they were third, they won every event for which they had entered.

Results:—Individual Rifle Championship.—1st, Cpl. Phillips; 2nd, Drum-Major Goodwin; 3rd, L/Cpl. Hornsey. L.A. Pairs.—1st, Sgt. Townend and Pte. Burrows; 2nd, L/Sgt. Edley and L/Cpl. Harrowing; 3rd, Drum-Major Goodwin and Dmr. Clark. Inter Rank Falling Plates.—1st, Sergeants' "B" team; 2nd, Sergeants' "A" team. Young Soldiers.—1st, "C" (S.) Company; 2nd, Drums; 3rd, "D" Company. Rapid Fire.—1st, "C" (S.) Company; 2nd, "A" Company; 3rd, "D" Company. Fire and Movement.—1st, "C" (S.) Company; 2nd, Band; 3rd, "D" Company. The Company Match.—1st, "B" Company; 2nd, "A" Company; 3rd, "D" Company. The A.A. Match.—1st, "H.Q." "A" team; 2nd, "B" Company "A" team; 3rd, "B" Company "B" team.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

AT the time of writing these notes everything in the Battalion is in a state of chaos. Quartermasters, quartermaster-sergeants and their attendant satellites dash hither and thither, their language daily becoming more and more lurid. Nothing can be seen anywhere but piles of kitbags and boxes of all shapes and sizes, and normal routine in barracks has almost come to a standstill, except for "C" Company, who valiantly start at 5 a.m. every morning and march round the countryside in preparation for the "Flag march" which they may do when they get to Nowshera. However it will not be long now before we shall be finally in the train, and after a four days' journey, too horrible to contemplate, we shall settle down to life in our new station.

December this year was an uneventful month and the Christmas season passed off very quietly. On 2nd January the Battalion moved out to Munsar for a fortnight's training in mountain warfare, where we had a very busy time trying to emulate the mountain goat. We studiously practised the art of scaling manganese quarries, and we learnt how to build sanger walls and perimeter camps. We all got very fit and we hope that we acquired some useful knowledge and will be better fitted as a result of it to deal with the "wily Pathan."

Since our return to barracks there has been a descent of inspecting officers upon the Battalion and a great deal of the time has been spent in "polishing up." On 21st Feb. Lt.-Gen. Sir George Jeffreys, the Army Commander, visited the Battalion, and on 3rd March we had our annual inspection by the Brigade Commander, Brigadier C. G. Ling. The following day we held a farewell parade for the District Commander, Major-Gen. H. B. D. Baird, who shortly afterwards in a letter to the Brigade Commander, sent the following complimentary message to the Battalion:—

"On the departure of the 2nd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment from my District I wish to mention my appreciation of the excellent record of good work and efficiency maintained by the Battalion during a period of 5½ years spent in the Deccan District, including 2½ years in the insalubrious Cantonment of Kamptee.

"I congratulate Lt.-Col. M. N. Cox, M.C., and all ranks of the Battalion on the way they have maintained their efficiency and lived up to their high reputation, and I wish them the best of luck in their new surroundings."

The annual Battalion athletic meeting was held from 11th to 17th February. The meeting was highly successful, thanks to the excellent organization of the committee, and although "A" Company proved rather too strong for the other companies in the team events, some good sport was witnessed and some excellent performances were put up in the individual events. Detailed results appear elsewhere.

The rest of the time was spent in finishing off the year's competitions. The Platoon Flag competition resulted in No. 13 Platoon winning the Flag. No. 14 and No. 19 (The Drums) were equal second and share the Subalterns' Cup.

We extend a hearty welcome to R.S.M. Brenchly, who has come to us from the Grenadier Guards to be our regimental sergeant-major. We wish him all success and we hope that he will have a happy time with the Battalion.

Although we shall be sorry to say "good-bye" to many good friends in the Central Provinces we cannot truthfully say that we shall have many regrets at leaving Kamptee, and we are eagerly looking forward to seeing our new station.

OFFICERS' MESS.

To cast the mind back to Christmas is a painful proceeding, but we must go back thus far to find our first item of news. Having performed this parabolic feat, all we are able to discover is that it was Christmas, that it was remarkably like any other Christmas, and that everybody heaved the usual sighs of relief when it was all over. The Mess was, of course, closed on that night, but the bachelors were well looked after by the married officers and their wives.

On New Year's Eve the bachelors were able to return this hospitality by having a ladies' night in the Mess—a custom that has lapsed for a year or so. Fortunately at that time there were in the station a large number of "marrieds" (we borrow the term from the gossip columns of our contemporaries), and the dinner was a great success; the Mess waiters, specially trained for the occasion, refused to understand the meaning of the word "No." Major Fraser, as senior bachelor (is this a distinction or a term of opprobrium?), proposed the health of "the Ladies" in a masterly speech, and Mr. Lane in his reply identified himself so closely with their outlook and interests that it caused no surprise when at a later fancy dress dance he appeared in a skirt. (The sub-editor thinks that it was a skirt but has an uneasy feeling that it might have been one of those more intimate garments of which he knows nothing.) After dinner we all went on to the Kamptee Club to dance and see the New Year in.

No sooner had we clasped the ladies to our hearts (metaphorically for the most part) than we bade farewell and set off to Munsar for training. The order of the day being mountain warfare, by the time training was over even the more corpulent or lethargic officers could emulate mountain goats with the greatest ease. We hope that those officers who have gone home on leave this year will rendezvous periodically at the Mappin Terrace to refresh their memories and discover new ways of scaling hills.

Whilst in camp the surrounding forest blocks were reserved for the use of the Mess, and shoots of various descriptions were arranged as often as possible; they varied from the highly professional to something distinctly akin to the affairs that Tartarin de Tarascon enjoyed so much. Here is a hint for young shooters. If no birds are visible shoot at somebody's hat, birds will immediately appear and you may then continue to shoot at the hat or, if you think it more interesting, change over to the birds. We are unable to state whether this system is of any use with tigers.

We must award the palm for shooting to Mr. Lauder. One evening in the dim light of the jungle he shot at, and apparently missed, a porcupine, the next day his shikari reported that he had killed a sambhur ; the head was brought in and the experts pronounced it to be a magnificent one.

The Regimental sports week was held in February and proved very successful. As usual the Mess was "At Home" on the last day and we entertained a large number of guests on the sports ground. H.E. the Governor and Lady Gowan honoured us with their presence and after the sports Lady Gowan presented the prizes.

There have been three Regimental guest nights, all of a farewell nature. Major-Gen. Baird was our guest at one of them and the officers of the 2nd/1st Punjab Regiment at another. On 7th March, at an evening party in the Mess, we said "good-bye" to our more especial friends from Nagpur and Kamptee.

Major Sir Robert Henniker, Mr. Waller, Mr. Lauder and Mr. Gerrard have left us for leave in England ; we trust that they will have a very pleasant time. Major Sir Robert gave us to understand that we should not see him again out here ; we hope that this is not the case but take this opportunity of wishing him the best of luck wherever he may be. We welcome Mr. Maffett to the Battalion. He joined us in camp but does not seem to have suffered in consequence.

We have already mentioned Lauder's shooting in camp ; after that he succeeded in getting a tiger and we heartily congratulate him. In three days (from the time of writing) we shall be in the train for Nowshera. Shall we say in the words of the first sermon preached over us here "how dreadful is this place" ? Perhaps it would be better to suspend judgment on Kamptee and Nowshera until we have left the one and settled in the other.

R.S.M. L. J. PEARCE, M.C.

It was indeed a sad day for the whole Battalion when R.S.M. L. J. Pearce left us in January after 26 years of loyal and distinguished service with the Regiment, and we cannot let him go without at the same time as saying "good-bye" calling to mind his truly remarkable career.

He enlisted in 1907 and served for seven years with the 2nd Battalion, during which time he became a corporal and was one of the most trusted and reliable N.C.O.'s in the Battalion. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he rejoined the 2nd Battalion and proceeded with them to France, and in only four years rose to the rank of R.S.M. It need hardly be said that such a rapid rise was the reward of his fine leadership and resource in the field, and the fact that he was awarded the Military Cross is sufficient testimony to his unswerving courage and loyalty.

Now after 15 years as our R.S.M. he has left us. A man of great personality, energy and unique cheerfulness at all times, he was liked and respected by all, and it is to a great extent due to his efforts that the Battalion enjoys its present high reputation. It is due, also, to his keenness and excellent organization that the Battalion has always maintained such a high standard in all forms of sport.

It is difficult to express how deeply sorry we are to lose him or how much he will be missed by the whole Battalion. We are extremely grateful to him for all he has done, and, on behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion, we say "good-bye" to him and wish him all success, prosperity and happiness in the future.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

As we write these notes we have but a few days left in Kamptee before our move to Nowshera, and consequently our Mess can hardly be called a Mess any longer. However we have a few events to record chiefly as regards the arrival and departure of our members.



Regimental Sergeant-Major L. J. Pearce, M.C.



Tiger shot by Lt. Lauder, February, 1934.

2nd BATTALION.



"A" COMPANY, KAMPTEE, 1933.

Winners of Individual Championship Cup, Company Athletic Shield, Unit Relay, 100 Yards Relay, One Mile Relay and Company Tug-of-War Challenge Cups. "Victor Ludorum" Cup won by Pte. Crowther (marked X).



"A" COMPANY RELAY TEAMS, KAMPTEE, 1933.

Winners of Unit Relay, 100 Yards and One Mile Relay Cups.

It hardly expresses the depth of our feelings when we say that we are very sorry indeed to have lost our regimental sergeant-major, R.S.M. Pearce, whom we formally said "good-bye" to at a dinner and dance given in his honour. For many, many years he has worked with untiring energy in the interests of the Battalion. We shall all miss him very much and join in wishing him the very best of luck. Others we have had to say good-bye to are C.S.M. Clinch and Sgt. Holmes, who have gone to the 1st Battalion, and Sgt. "Peggy" Martin who has gone on a vocational training course prior to returning to civil life. We hope that he will be as great a success there as he was as our "Landlord."

We heartily welcome R.S.M. and Mrs. Brenchly. R.S.M. Brenchly has come to us from the Grenadier Guards, and we congratulate him on his appointment and hope that he will thoroughly enjoy his time with us. We also welcome C.S.M. Parkes and L/Sgt. Bland and their families who will join us at Nowshera.

On 7th March we gave a farewell dance to our friends in Kamptee prior to leaving the station. It was well attended and voted a complete success by everyone.

In the Mess billiards tournament the honours went to C.Q.M.S. Spink who defeated Sgt. Caulfield in the final.

Finally we congratulate C.S.M. Jowett, C.S.M. Southall, C.Q.M.S. Hunt, Sgts. Gibson, Garrett, Reilly, Caulfield, Barrington and Whitfield on their promotion, and we welcome L/Sgts. Hunneybell, Ley, Jones and Millor to the Mess.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER WING.—To be able to display three gold balls and call themselves pawnbrokers is the zenith of achievement for some people; we have a fellow feeling with them. We can, if we so desire, display three shields, the cricket, the hockey and the football shields, which have been won by the Wing this season. While there are further fields to conquer this cannot represent the height of our ambition, but it does represent a record of which we are very proud.

The completion of the Platoon Flag competition finds all our platoons well in the top half of the list; the Drums by winning the last event, the swimming, came out equal second and share the Subalterns' Cup with No. 14 Platoon.

The results of this year's annual weapon training course are very gratifying and show a distinct improvement on last year. Some of our more envious rivals are inclined to mutter in their beards the magic word "markers," but we, as did Pope Gregory years ago in Rome, enunciate firmly "Not markers but marksmen." (The fact that Gregory was talking about angels and things doesn't really affect the case.) During the visit of the M.C.C. to Nagpur the Band and Drums played on the cricket ground; the Band also played at the reception given to the teams at Government House.

It is always difficult to say farewell to old friends and this year it is especially so for us. To R.S.M. Pearce, Bandmaster Gough, C.S.M. Stead, Sgt. Martin, Cpl. Halstead and Pte. Wilson we extend our very best wishes for the future; we shall miss them much but it will be a long time before we forget them. Major Sir Robert Henniker also has left us for leave in England whence he avers that he will not return; we hope that this will prove untrue, but should it not we say a very regretful "good-bye" and wish him all possible good luck (and a whisper). We welcome to the Wing R.S.M. Brenchly, C.S.M. Parkes and Sgt. Kennedy; we hope that they will like us and spend a happy time with us.

"A" COMPANY.—At present we are feeling rather proud of ourselves, as, since our return to barracks from battalion training, we have done very well in sport and have amassed quite a number of cups. Latterly we have concentrated on two things, shooting and athletics, with remarkably successful results. At shooting we won the Scissors Cup, presented to the rifle company with the best figure of merit throughout the year and we were placed second for the Battalion shooting shield.

In athletics however we did even better than this, and won both the individual cup and the Battalion athletic shield, which we believe has never been done before. In the individual events Lt. Moran, Cpl. Newell, Ptes. Crowther, Lewis and Banyard all did very well, while in the team events we won all the events for which cups were presented and were never worse than third in any event, and we also won the tug-of-war. We offer our congratulations to Pte. Crowther for being "Victor Ludorum." He won the discus and shot, was second in the hammer and 220 yards and third in the 100 yards. We have also won the cup for the best rifle company at drill.

We are now all packed up and ready for the move to Nowshera, and we hope to get a chance of seeing a bit of service on the Frontier.

"B" COMPANY.—Since the last issue of our notes quite a large number have left the Company to try their luck as civilians, and others to do a little soldiering at home. Among our departures are included C.S.M. Clinch, Sgt. Holmes, L/Sgt. Melvin and Cpl. Sullivan (to the Home Establishment). We wish all our departed members the very best of luck and good wishes for the future.

We welcome to the Company:—Capt. Hodgson, 2nd Lts. Cranston and Ricketts (U.L.I.A.), C.S.M. Southall, Sgt. Fisher and "Pop" Baldwin. The draft of 26 other ranks which joined us from home during October have settled down and become acclimatized.

We are unable to say much about sport with the exception that somebody has got to be last; we are reserving our talent until next year when we shall be fully confident of a different result. At present we are in the throes of preparing for our move to Nowshera, and everyone is looking forward to a change of scenery.

"C" COMPANY.—Since our last notes were sent in we have had rather an active life. We were on detachment at Fort Sitabuldi during the months of October, November and up to 17th December. After leaving that glorious "hill station" we spent a few days in barracks and then proceeded to Munsar for battalion training.

Since our arrival back in barracks we have held our company sports week which went off very well. We also had a cross country run for the Company cup which No. 9 Platoon won quite easily.

The Battalion sports week was held shortly after our company sport's, but our athletes did not do as well as in previous years, only Cpl. Curran keeping up his reputation and winning the 100 yards and 220 yards events for the third year in succession.

The following changes have taken place in the last few months:—2nd Lt. Maffett has joined us from the U.K., also C.Q.M.S. Churchill and Sgt. Lyons; the last two being old Indian "wallahs" it is no use trying to give them any tips but we wish them all the best of luck in the future. Other changes that have taken place are Sgt. Wood from "D" (M.G.) and Cpl. Thornton from "H.Q." Wing; we hope they will enjoy their stay with us. Congratulations to L/Cpls. Spink and Watson on their appointments.

"D" (M.G.) COMPANY.—Much has happened in the Company since the publication of our last notes. On 7th February, shortly after our return to barracks from battalion training at Munsar, we held a very successful company sports meeting. The entries were good and the performances of a high standard. No. 13 Platoon won the shield with a total of 49 points, with No. 14 Platoon second. We congratulate Sgt. Caulfield on being "Victor Ludorum."

In the Regimental athletic meeting our runners completely confounded the critics and put up a very fine performance to finish second to "A" Company. A word of praise must be given to Pte. Murray who won both the Battalion three mile and one mile races in excellent times.

In the inter-platoon drill competition we gained the first three places for the second year in succession, No. 15 Platoon winning, followed by No. 14 and No. 13 Platoons. This is a record of which we are justly very proud.

Our best effort however was the winning of the Platoon Flag by No. 13 Platoon. The platoon obtained a record number of points in the competition, chiefly as a result of the fine spirit shown by all its members. The Company have now had the Flag for two years in succession and we have great hopes of "doing the hat-trick." No. 14 Platoon finished second in the competition equal with the Drums, with whom they share the Subalterns' Cup. In the last event in the competition, the swimming, they were unfortunate in drawing the eventual winners, the Drums, in the first round, otherwise they might have done still better.

In conclusion we congratulate C.S.M. Jowett on his promotion and wish him every success as our company sergeant-major. We were very sorry to say "good-bye" to Cpl. Bradbury, L/Cpl. Walsh, Ptes. Clegg, Rowley, Deighton, Thompson, Smith and Welburn, and we wish them all success in the future.

FORT SITABULDI DETACHMENT.—The compilation of notes for the Fort detachment is always rather a problem. One cannot boast about the various soccer and hockey league match successes, as we have a detachment consisting of N.C.O.'s and men from all companies. However, we have enjoyed life here in this small "hill station" since December of last year, and we hope to continue doing so up to handing over the Fort to the relieving unit in March, when we leave for Nowshera.

The life here in this "Outpost of Empire" at the best of times is not very exciting, but we are compensated somewhat by having several "talkie" picture houses close by, and of course we attend the locals "hops," or as they are called and named on the handbills, "dances."

We were all inoculated recently against plague, as several cases were reported quite near to the Fort, and in fairness to our assistant surgeon we must admit that he did his best for us by selecting the nicest "looking" needle, but even so we must further admit that the inoculation had most of us "bow-legged" for about three days.

As regards sport, we do not get many fixtures from outside the Fort, so we have to be content with arranging our own inter-platoon hockey and soccer league fixtures.

All things considered, we shall be sorry to vacate this Fort in March, as we have got to the stage when we regard it as a sort of change-of-air station.

In conclusion, we congratulate Lt. Fallon on being successful in passing the Lower Standard Urdu examination which was held in January of this year.

ATHLETIC MEETING.

12TH TO 17TH FEBRUARY, 1934.

Last year the Regimental sports week was combined with the rifle meeting, but this proved to put too much strain upon everyone concerned. This year a separate week was given over to athletics, and the arrangements seemed to work much better.

The chief events of the week were, firstly, on Wednesday, 14th Feb., the finals of the individual athletics. This day's sport was of a high standard for the Battalion and goes to prove that we have not gone completely to seed during our two and a half years in Kamptee. No fewer than six records were broken and one equalled.

Lt. Moran put up a fine performance in the half mile, doing 2min. 7secs., though not pressed, and also ran very well in the quarter mile. Both times were Battalion records. He should prove a great asset to us when we reach Nowshera and have other units to compete against.

Pte. Crowther won the "Victor Ludorum" after an excellent all-round performance, of which his best effort was a throw of 110 feet 3 inches in the discus event. Cpl. Curran made a good bid to beat his own 220 yards record, but was unable to do so.

"A" Company won the individual athletic cup by sixteen points from "C" Company.

On Thursday, 15th Feb., a programme of gymkhana events was held which provided plenty of amusement. Besides the usual sack races, mounted battles and mule relays,

the Andromeda race produced the best laugh of the afternoon. Prizes at the end of the afternoon were presented by Mrs. Cox.

The inter-company team championship was held on Saturday, and although "A" Company again succeeded in leading the field by 27 clear points, many close events kept the interest going to the end of the day.

Besides being the last day of the sports week this day's events were also in the nature of a farewell to many friends in Nagpur and Kamptee. In consequence a large gathering of onlookers was present to stir the runners to the best efforts, including H. E. the Governor of the Central Provinces and Lady Gowan. Afterwards Lady Gowan very kindly gave away the prizes. Congratulations are due to "A" Company for their excellent performance throughout the sports. A successful week and a good omen for future athletic achievement in the North of India.

Placings in the Inter-Company Shield.—1st, "A" Company, 105 points; 2nd, "D" (M.G.) Company, 78 points; 3rd, "C" Company, 66 points; 4th, "H.Q." Wing, 61 points; 5th, "B" Company, 52 points.

The following Battalion records were beaten or equalled:—Three miles, by Pte. Murray (16min. 35 1/5secs.); 880 yards, by 2nd Lt. Moran (2min. 7secs.); hammer, by C/Sgt. Smith (82ft. 5 1/2ins.); hurdles, equalled by L/Cpl. Lilley (17 4/5secs.); discus, by Pte. Crowther (110ft. 3ins.); 440 yards, by 2nd Lt. Moran (52 3/5secs.); long jump, by Pte. Spikings (19ft. 7 1/2ins.).

BATTALION RIFLE MEETING.



The Battalion rifle meeting was held from the 18th to 23rd of December. The majority of the events were run on the lines of the Southern Command Rifle Association non-central matches, for which teams had been entered for all events. As a result of the meeting, teams were selected for the S.C.R.A. matches, and fired for them on the last two days.

The officers and sergeants' cup match was also run on S.C.R.A. conditions and was disappointing, as many of the members of the Sergeants' Mess did not compete. Apparently they either thought that they could not run from 500 yards to 300 yards or else that their chances of winning the wooden spoon were poor, and so only about 50 per cent. competed.

Lt. F. R. St. P. Bunbury won the Whittingham Medal, awarded to the best shot in the Battalion for the second year in succession, and added the officers' and sergeants' cups to his numerous prizes. He is to be congratulated on his excellent shooting.

The Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. M. N. Cox, shattered everyone's nerves in the first stage of the individual championship by putting up a very big score and winning the cup for that stage. Fortunately for the younger generation his rifle did not appear on the range at the beginning of the second stage, and so he dropped back to sixth place as a result of having to do the "long jazz" from 600 yards to 200 yards with an entirely strange rifle.

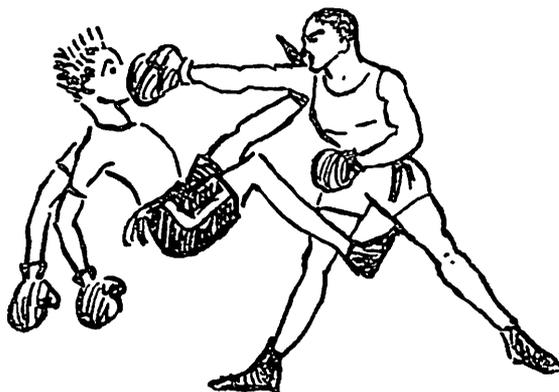
"Chemin de fer" and "the Baby in the Window" were run as side-shows during the meeting on the Indian infantry range. The former event at first caused considerable anxiety to the weapon training staff, as owing to generous prices some dark horses very nearly broke the bank.

"H.Q." Wing won the inter-company shooting shield, and are to be congratulated on their fine shooting and excellent team work.

We regret that there is not space to publish all the results in detail. Results:—Individual Championship, First Stage.—1, Lt.-Col. M. N. Cox, 70; 2, 2nd Lt. R. G. Collins, 58; 3rd, Pte. Jenkinson. Individual Championship, Final Stage.—1st, Lt. F. R. St. P. Bunbury, 168; 2nd, Bdms. Moore, 158; 3rd, Bdms. Mather, 149; 4th, Major H. R. Kavanagh, 147; 5th, C.O.M.S. Butterworth, 146; 6th, Lt.-Col. M. N. Cox, 139. Battalion Shooting Shield, 1933.—1st, "H.Q." Wing, 98; 2nd, "A" Company, 75; 3rd, "D" (M.G.) Company, 31; 4th, "B" Company, 17; 5th, "C" Company, 13.

BOXING.

This year we only had about three weeks after battalion training in which to train for the Army team championships. Cpl. Curran did very well to turn out the team as fit as he did. We were drawn against The King's Regiment in the final of the Brigade championships, and fought them in Jubbulpore on 8th Feb. The King's proved to be slightly more skilful than us and things looked black when the first four fights were won by them. After this however we won four fights to their three, leaving them the winners by seven fights to four. The fighting was very close throughout and the men were remarkably well matched as regards weight.



Considering that we had lost nearly all our former battalion boxers this performance was a distinctly creditable one and the future appears full of promise.

Results:—Heavy-weight.—Pte. Morley beat Pte. Reilly (King's). Middle-weight.—L/Cpl. Day lost to Cpl. Watkins (King's); 2nd Lt. Collins beat Pte. Dunne (King's). Welter-weight.—Bdsm. Tucker lost to L/Cpl. Cartlidge (King's); L/Cpl. Norton beat Pte. Lynsky (King's); 2nd Lt. Waller lost to Cpl. MacDermott (King's). Light-weight.—Pte. Britten lost to Pte. Halloran (King's); Pte. Robertson lost to Pte. Rowan (King's); Pte. Rogers beat Cpl. Air (King's). Feather-weight.—Pte. McGowan lost to Cpl. Jones (King's). Bantam-weight.—Pte. Barker lost to Pte. Collins (King's).

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

The inter-company cross country run took place on 11th February over three miles of typical Kamptee country. It was a very keenly contested event, despite short time for training, and resulted in "D" (M.G.) Company, winning followed by "H.Q." Wing, "A" Company, "C" Company and "B" Company. The first three individual placings were Pte. Murray, L/Cpl. Norton and Pte. Barnes. The winner's time of 16min. 35 1/5secs. was excellent and beat the previous Battalion record by 26 4/5secs.

On 22nd Feb. in Jubbulpore the Battalion team competed in the Barton cross country cup, open to British regiments in the Brigade, and did extraordinarily well considering that there had only been a few days in which to train, and that the course was an unaccustomed one of just on four miles. The King's Regiment team was very fit, packed well and won fairly easily. We were second and The Royal Corps of Signals and Royal Artillery third and fourth respectively.

SWIMMING.

The Battalion swimming sports were held this year in the Telenkheri Tank, the final day was on 10th March. In the platoon competition teams consisted of four men swimming fifty yards and one to swim a hundred yards. This was won by the Drums who had a very strong team of which Pte. Sugden showed himself to be the most stylish swimmer in the Battalion. The standard of diving was high and Pte. Walker did very well to win the cup. In the fifty yards fully clothed race Pte. Sugden won fairly easily.

The water polo match between the officers and sergeants proved a great success, though there was little science displayed by anybody. The officers were a little more unscrupulous than their opponents and won by four goals to one. The water tasted foul.

CADRE JOTTINGS.

1. Question on points to note.

Answer: Bobby ableck (body oblique) to the line of fire.

2. "On the round being fired—the blunt of this is taken in the chamber causing the rifle to jump."

3. Question: What are the most common faults in aiming?

Answer: ". . . declining sight."

4. Jump—caused by the explosion of the bullet and makes the back sight move up and down.

5. The way to teach a correct aim is to draw a bull on a piece of paper.

DEPOT NEWS.

THE contrast between the activities of the Depot at about this time last year, when the 1st Battalion rigger team and the Band and Drums were here, and the comparatively uneventful period under review has been very marked.

Since our last notes the Commanding Officer and one or two others have visited in turn the Depots of The Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry at Cowley and of The Queen's Royal Regiment at Guildford. Both of these visits were very pleasant and useful comparisons were made.

We had anxiously watched the fortunes of the 1st Battalion rigger team in the hope of chartering a train and going down to cheer them on in the final of the Army Cup, but this year it was not to be.

Although the recruit strength had fallen as low as one squad before Christmas, we have now the full complement of five, and the inter-squad boxing, which had just taken place, was keenly contested in consequence. General Sugden again very kindly helped us by refereeing the competition, and the fighting was of the keenest. March I. Squad, in charge of Sgt. Smith, were the winners by a small margin.

We were honoured on 15th March by a visit and informal inspection by the new Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-General P. A. Turner.

Colonel Rusbridger has also paid us his annual visit, and carried out his inspection as C.O. of the home Battalion.

We very much regret to have had to say good-bye to R.S.M. E. Moseley on leaving the Service to take up a job in Halifax. He has for many years been a mainstay of the Depot, and has been appreciated and respected alike by all those around him. R.S.M. H. Coates has arrived and already shouldered his new duties. We wish him every success.

Major Whitaker is due to leave us at the beginning of May. There is little we can say at the moment to express our regrets at his departure in face of the great sorrow and sympathy we feel for him in the loss, only a few days ago, of Mrs. Whitaker, who died suddenly after an operation.

The new year has seen another shadow cast upon the Depot in the loss of Mrs. Callaghan. We extend our deepest sympathy also to Mr. Callaghan.

OFFICERS' MESS.

All news here is overshadowed by the tragic death of Mrs. Whitaker. She was kindness itself and always ready to give anyone a helping hand or extend a very real welcome. We should like to offer our deepest sympathy to Major Whitaker and his daughters in their loss, which is shared by all ranks of the Depot.

Capt. Gibson and Lt. Reynolds have now become permanent residents of the Mess. Social activities have been confined to a tea party given after a rugger match between the Depot and the 5th Battalion, and a regimental guest night during the visit of the Colonel of the Regiment.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The first item of note is the annual ball. This was held on 22nd December, 1933, and the account of it was too late for inclusion in the last issue. It was a very successful affair, many prominent people being present, as well as a good number of ex-members.

The usual monthly whist drives and dances have been held; these have been interspersed by two billiards matches against the corporals, in both of which we were successful.

A snooker tournament and a billiards tournament have been held. Sgts. Smith and Cubit respectively were the winners; we congratulate them on their success.

We take this opportunity of bidding farewell to R.S.M. E. Moseley on leaving the service; we wish him every success in civilian life. At the same time we would like to extend our congratulations to R.S.M. H. Coates on his promotion and appointment to the Depot and hope he will enjoy "The Halifax Climate" for many years to come. Finally, we congratulate L/Sgt. Renshaw on his appointment, and bid good-bye to L/Sgts. Foy, Bell and Varley, who leave us to rejoin the 1st Battalion on completion of tour of duty.

SPORT.

Depot sports activities have been confined chiefly to rugger and soccer matches. The difficulty in raising teams will be realised when it is considered that there are only about twenty people available for games, apart from recruits. The recruits, with a few exceptions, need some grounding in games before they are fit to play against outside teams.

The rugby team has had a very successful season indeed, having played a total of eighteen games without defeat; of the matches played, fifteen were won and three drawn. It would be invidious to mention any names, as the fine spirit of all the players has been chiefly responsible for their success.

The soccer team has also had a good season, having played sixteen, won twelve, drawn one and lost three matches. We should like to congratulate Pte. J. Hall on being selected to play for Halifax Town first team v. Darlington, during which game he did very well. He has also had a number of games with Halifax Reserves. It has been pleasing to note that a number of recruits have come to the Depot with sufficient knowledge of soccer to enable them to be included in the Depot soccer side, where they have already done useful work.

Hockey, owing to the lack of a suitable ground, has been confined to inter-squad games on the Depot square, and the recruits seem to have enjoyed these games.

Boxing has been going on continuously, and we are having an inter-squad competition in a few days' time, and, with five squads competing, we ought to have a chance of finding a good side for the Inter-Depot Cup in May.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

Since the last publication of THE IRON DUKE we have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following articles:—Queen's South African chocolate box and miscellaneous articles, Capt. J. A. Whitaker; miscellaneous photographs South African war period, J. Kerwin; official programme Duke of Wellington's funeral, Brig.-Gen. G. E. R. Kenrick; frank of a letter from the Duke of Wellington, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench; 25 pfennig note of 1917, Cologne Post dated 9.4.1919, brief history 5th D.W.R., Lt.-Col. K. Sykes; various letters Great War period, Major N. H. Moore; copy of standing orders, 33rd Foot, 1785, Major Carlyon; invitation to Dedication Service, York, 1922, certificate of merit as given recruits, trench map, Hollebeke, 1915, brief history D.W.R. Memorial chapel, O.C. Depot; Copy of board of survey, 1885, Qr.-Mr. Depot; "Z" pass, Air Ministry, Great War, Capt. W. Hodgson, O.B.E.; Memorial Service, Haida Pasha, 1922, C.S.M. H. Hemsworth; photograph 76th Colours, burnt at Rangoon, Col. Herapath; souvenir handkerchief, Tank's visit to Halifax, 1918, a/R.S.M. Lord, 4th Bn. D.W.R.; suit of patrol clothing other ranks, R.S.M. E. Moseley; German helmet, Great War, C.S.M. Barr, 4th Bn. D.W.R.; shell case of shell used to shell Amiens, 1918, P.S. Nichol; Zulu walking stick, pom-pom shell, South African War period, Mrs. Dewhirst (widow of 1427 C/Sgt. Dewhirst); Zulu shield, two assegais, two knobkerries, ex-C/Sgt. J. Partridge.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

HAVING just completed our individual training, we hope we can now look forward with confidence to a successful year, culminating in camp at Redcar. As usual, owing to lack of funds, we have concentrated on the training of officers and N.C.O.'s; various courses have been attended, including one of two weeks at the Military Hospital, York, attended by two privates. One of them was evidently so dazzled by what he had seen that he decided to join the Regular Army R.A.M.C.

The period covered by these notes seems to have been taken up by a succession of social functions. The officers held a most successful dance at the Midland Hotel, Bradford, on 20th December, 1933, attended by some 150 friends of the Battalion, also by the worst fog of the year. However, in spite of several very late arrivals, there were no absentees.

The annual prize distribution was held at Halifax on 16th March, at which some 1,200 members and guests were present. Our Honorary Colonel (Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden) presented the prizes, and also efficiency medals to the following:—C.S.M. E. Bass, Sgt. W. Cliffe, Sgt. A. James, Sgt. J. T. Boden, Sgt. G. D. Richardson, Sgt. W. T. Richardson, Cpl. L. Beverley, Pte. J. FitzPatrick, Pte. R. Barraclough, Pte. T. Brown, Pte. J. Churchman, Pte. J. A. Grant and Pte. T. Waterhouse. Boys' platoon prizes were presented to Cadet J. Corcoran and Cadet G. Hudson.

The 49th (W.R.) Division boxing finals were held in the Drill Hall, Halifax, on 8th February. Some very interesting and keen bouts were witnessed, and a demonstration of how to box was given by the members of the A.P.T.S., York, which was much appreciated by the spectators. The Divisional Commander (Major-Gen. G. H. Jackson) presented the prizes. It is understood that this was the most successful meeting held for some years. Capt. H. L. Grylls, who was to represent the Division in the officers' heavy-weight championship, was unfortunately prevented by an accident sustained whilst playing football.

The strength of the Battalion at the present time is officers 14, other ranks 512. As, however, we are proceeding to a seaside camp this year, we have every confidence that we shall be well up to establishment, at any rate in other ranks.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—Our annual ball, held on 16th February, was as successful as in former years. Some 600 members and guests were present, and everyone thoroughly



DEPOT RUGBY TEAM, 1933-34.

Played throughout the season without defeat.

Pte. BIRCH, Sgt. ASHMORE, R.S.M. COATES, L/Sgt. VARLEY, Sgt. ALEXANDER, Pte. BRIGGS, Pte. WILD.
 Sgt. BROWN, L/Cpl. HUNTER, L/Sgt. RENSHAW, Dmr. COLES, Sgt. FOY, Pte. SMITH, L/Cpl. GRESHAM,
 Pte. CROSSLAND, Sgt. PEACOCK.
 Sgt. GILL. C.S.M. HEMSWORTH.



DEPOT ASSOCIATION TEAM, 1933-34.

Played throughout the season with only two defeats.

Pte. BIRCH, Cpl. COOPER, Sgt. FOY, C.S.M. HEMSWORTH, Sgt. ALEXANDER, R.S.M. COATES.
 Pte. SMITH, Pte. DAWSON, Pte. INGHAM, Pte. FORD, Pte. CROSSLAND, Pte. WILD,
 Absent, L/Sgt. ROBERTS, Pte. HALL.



Lt.-Colonel J. S. SPENCER, M.C., T.D.,
Commanding 6th Battalion.

enjoyed themselves. We are proud of this function, which is considered to be one of the main social affairs of the town. The only disappointing feature is the hundreds of applications for invitations for the ball which have to be turned down owing to the limited accommodation.

Our annual dinner was held this year in the Drill Hall, Halifax; 75 members and guests were present. In addition to the usual smoking concert, we had billiards and badminton, the latter game proving rather difficult after sitting down to such an excellent meal.

Our usual fortnightly whist drives have been held throughout the winter and have been very successful and well attended.

5th BATTALION NEWS.

PERHAPS the most important item of recent news is the actual appearance of plans for the new drill hall at Mirfield, and those of us who only look on are a bit mystified as to how this result has been obtained. The Company Commander credits (or accuses) the Colonel of the use of "black magic" in "willing" the heavy snow-storm of March, 1933, which so damaged the roof of the old hall that steps had to be taken either to build or repair; anyhow we are very pleased about it, and even if the Colonel has sold his soul to the devil, we are confident that he is quite capable of looking after it.

Training has proceeded smoothly; the lectures for officers and N.C.O.'s have been most instructive and well attended, much benefit has also been obtained from the training films shown on the ciné projector, especially those showing machine-gun mechanism.

The Company prize distributions have maintained their high standard; the prizes at Holmfirth were presented by the Brigade Commander, Colonel J. C. Burnett, at Kirkburton by the Vicar of Kirkburton, and at Mirfield by Mr. C. E. Sutcliffe. "A" (S.) Company at Huddersfield and Headquarter Wing presented their prizes at informal pie-suppers, which were followed in each case by an excellent games evening.

We have tried out the new telephone connections in the drill hall; these enable an indoor scheme to be run, working with four company headquarters and battalion headquarters in different rooms, and very interesting exercises can be worked out.

The Officers' Mess is indebted to Capt. E. H. P. Norton for the gift of a beautiful silver lighter, in the shape of an antique Roman lamp. Capt. Norton is shortly to be ordained and the Battalion Chaplain (the Rev. R. E. M. Haines, M.A.) is giving him his "title" at Brighouse. We wish him every success and happiness in his new vocation.

The Band has suffered the heavy loss, through death, of two of its best players, Bandsman J. Goodiar and Bandsman R. Seed, who was also the librarian; we extend our deepest sympathy to their relatives.

We give a hearty welcome to 2nd Lt. T. H. A. Kilner, late cadet corporal Oundle School Contingent, Junior Division O.T.C., who was gazetted on 24th January, 1934. Congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. G. H. Oldham and to Major and Mrs. R. C. Lawrence, both on the birth of daughters, also to Lt. S. V. S. Walker on his engagement to Miss Rachel M. Taylor. We are delighted to have Lt. G. W. Robertson back with us after his long and serious illness.

6th BATTALION NEWS.

ALL ranks of the Battalion extend a sincere welcome to Capt. and Mrs. Faithfull and hope that their stay with us will be a "happy time."

With regard to the new Mess, of which we are already quite proud, a few notes may be opportune. Maybe, at some future date, when the subalterns of to-day and their offspring are grey or bald, they will desire to refer to historic facts in connection with

its origin, therefore, it is felt appropriate that the facts of the case should be put on record. The Officers' Mess at Skipton has come into being through the duty, generosity and enthusiasm of many official and unofficial individuals, too numerous to mention. It has been said it was first mooted in the time of the Roman occupation, but it has however fallen to us to witness its erection, and has been formally opened under the command of Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer.

The annual officers' dinner was held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on Friday, 13th April, at which Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron (Hon. Colonel of the Battalion) presided, supported by Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer and other officers, past and present, to the number of 33. The Battalion was toasted by Brig.-Gen. Adlercron, and response made by the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. Spencer, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The sergeants' dinner was again held at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on 17th Feb. last, and was a great success, the numbers attending amounting to 74. It was pleasing to see so many old faces again after an interval of a year, and a few for the first time for a number of years. Musical items were rendered by Mr. Wiggan, of Skipton, and we were entertained by Mr. Donald Demaine of Wakefield, who made us wonder what he would do next. We are still asking ourselves how the watch got into the loaf of bread. We are looking forward to next year's dinner.

Our congratulations are due to :—Capts. E. D. R. Whittaker, G. Fell, C. E. Pawson and J. M. Ogden, on their successful pass in their examination for promotion to major. We also have to congratulate Lt. R. M. Bateman on obtaining his certificate "A," and also 2nd Lt. T. H. Kinder. We welcome 2nd Lt. J. M. Horsfall and C. Hill on their being gazetted to the unit.

Two items of importance must be included in this chapter, whatever else the editor-in-chief may see fit to blue pencil. The Battalion was honoured by a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, together with the Brigade Commander, Col. J. C. Burnett, on 23rd March, 1934. After inspection of the Drill Hall, new mess room, etc., he was entertained to lunch by Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer, supported by Major E. H. Llewellyn, Capt. H. Wood and Capt. J. Churchman. After lunch he visited Skipton Castle, by kind permission of Mr. R. B. Barrett, and was shown over the whole of the Castle. The officers of the Battalion much appreciate the honour of General Turner's visit, and hope that they may often see him.

The second item is the Battalion dinner, held at Skipton, as stated above. In spite of the date, no misfortune has been reported up to date. The names of those attending are too numerous to mention, but mention must be made of Col. the Rev. S. Howard Hall, C.F. (Rtd.), who, despite his advanced age, still continues to attend functions of this sort in the interest of the Battalion.

The annual re-union of "D" Company was held at Keighley on 14th April, and over 60 officers and other ranks attended and made merry in the Sergeants' Mess. Supper was provided, and a concert was held, and another merry evening passed away.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

OF the social events of the winter the outstanding one was the dinner and dance which we held this year at the George Hotel, Huddersfield, on 9th February. Apart from the disadvantage of dining in two rooms, the arrangements were all that could be desired, and we had a most enjoyable evening.

Owing to the small numbers of ex-officers who have in recent years attended the annual dinner, we combined this function with the dance, so for the first time since the War missed our re-union dinner. We were very glad to see a few old officers at the dance, but wish the number could be greatly increased.

Very successful prize distributions have been held at both Mossley and Springhead the prizes being given at the former by Col. Mellor and at the latter by Sir John S. Quarmby. In each case, in addition to the cups and prizes, several Territorial efficiency medals were given out.

As a kind of transition between social events and work, we must now allude to a tactical exercise held at Harrogate during March. The junior officers, under the guidance of Major Hinchcliffe and Capt. Chatterton, prepared schemes on the Saturday, and the N.C.O.'s came over by bus on the Sunday and wrestled with the schemes. We know the work they all did was good, because we heard Col. Burnett say so, but we hear from less senior officers that it was none too bad a week-end in other respects.

The Battalion sent a syndicate to a tactical exercise at Harewood on 11th February. We were the reserve battalion of the Brigade and spent more energy in reconnoitring than in dealing with actual problems. The social possibilities of this exercise were lamentably neglected, but we have to thank the Signallers at Leeds for a very hospitable reception in their Mess.

The Tanner Cup was won this year by "D" Company, after close finishes with both "C" Company and "H.Q." Sgt. Barlow deserves much credit for an excellent effort when he went down to shoot as last man against "C" Company faced with considerable arrears.

We seem to remember in previous years commenting unfavourably on the weather on the day of the Mellor Shield competition, but never with more justification than this year. A gentle rain fell throughout the march, the air got thicker as we went higher, till on the range itself visibility was 60 yards, and our joys were crowned by four inches of wet snow all over the range. Firing took place at 60 yards and "B" Company, firing on their native heath, did far better than any other team, and won the shield.

Our enquiries as to why it was necessary always to endure this competition in early March were met by some reference to the end of the financial year. If necessary we would go to the length of altering the financial year if it would save us from Deerhill in March!

Sgt. Laming, perhaps due to reaction after his efforts as mayor, has been rather seriously ill during the last few months, but we are glad to say he is much better now.

Col. Chambley has left Saddleworth, where he has lived all his life, for North Wales, where we wish him every success. In spite of the distance, he has not often been missing so far at either work or play.

Training has consisted of lectures to officers and N.C.O.'s, in connection with which we have to thank Col. Burnett for an excellent lecture on "Co-operation."

As we go to press, the summer programme of training the men is just beginning.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

Portsmouth,

4th April, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since our last letter very little of interest has occurred, so am afraid this letter must perforce be short.

At the end of January we returned to Portland. During our five weeks' stay there we were lucky to have almost ideal weather. Usually the weather in February at Portland is pretty awful. Anchor watch is very often the order of the day and, if one goes ashore one never knows if the boats will be able to run to take one back again, owing to gales which have a habit of springing up there. However, this time we had none of that.

Our time there was occupied with normal service routine, and we took the opportunity to put every man in the ship through the annual musketry course, as a result of which

we now have something in the nature of 140 marksmen out of a total of 500 ship's company, which we feel is a very gratifying result.

Our soccer teams have acquitted themselves well. The topmen's part of the ship team won the Chaine Cup by defeating the 6th Submarine Flotilla in the final, and they also won the ship's inter-part competition. The ship's team won the Portland League.

We returned to Portsmouth on 1st March and carried out a gunnery school firing in the Channel, on completion of which we returned to Portsmouth for docking.

At the end of April, and in May, we have several firings to carry out, and in June we shall once again hoist the flag of Rear-Admiral N. F. Lawrence, D.S.O., and proceed to northern waters for a three weeks' cruise in company with the submarines, so hope that our next letter may be of a little more interest.

We see that the 1st Battalion is under orders for Malta the next trooping season, and we wish them the best of luck in their new station.

With all best wishes to the Regiment,

We are yours sincerely,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

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

Although the number of applications for assistance are apparently fewer than those for the corresponding period of last year, the actual number, calculated as for that period, is practically the same. Up to the present year applications have been entered under separate numbers in the case book as made; in some cases the applicant's name has been entered under half-a-dozen separate numbers as applications were received from him; whereas for the current year, in the event of a man applying more than once, his subsequent application has been recorded under the number of his first one; 276 applications are shown as having been received, against 293 for the corresponding period of 1933.

Two hundred and ten were received from ex-members, or their widows, of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, of which 142 were assisted by grants (£221 8s. 4d.) and 4 by loans (£35), 1 was assisted from the 2nd Battalion Charitable Fund (£2) and 2, 1 widow and 1 infirm member, have been granted pensions of 5s. each per week from the Pensions Fund. Two have been given clothing by the Halifax Council of Social Welfare and 3 by our Committee. Seven are awaiting result of investigation. The remainder were not assisted for various reasons which have been specified in previous issues of THE IRON DUKE. In addition, 14 others, who are not included in the above, have been issued with clothing. 3rd Battalion.—29 applications, 19 assisted (£14 13s. 1d.), 2 awaiting result of investigation and 8 not assisted for various reasons. 9th Battalion.—13 applications, 10 assisted (£26 8s. 6d.), 1 under investigation, 1 not recommended and 1 whose service with the Battalion was only for a very short period. 10th Battalion.—10 applications, 4 assisted (£8 10s. 0d.), 3 not recommended, 1 assisted from another source, 1 a chronic case and 1 served only a short period with the Battalion. Eleven were referred to Territorial battalions and 3 were referred to the British Legion as they did not know battalion with which they served.

The Committee thank the following for gifts of clothing, etc.:—Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Col. C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer, Major A. E. Miller, Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Capt. T. St. G. Carroll, Capt. R. A. Scott, Lt. R. G. Turner and R.S.M. E. Moseley.

The annual London dinner of the Regimental Association was held at the Union Jack Club on Saturday, 28th April (Cup Final Day). Rather more than usual attended,

owing to a larger contingent from the 1st Battalion at Aldershot, and to the event having been broadcast, for which we have to thank the "News Editor" at Broadcasting House; 110 sat down to dinner, and fully 40 joined the gathering afterwards in the lounge. Our President, Brig.-General P. A. Turner, was in the chair.

After the toasts of "The King" and "The Regiment" had been drunk, the Chairman read telegrams from the following who were unable to attend:—Major Whitaker, All Ranks of The Depot, The Editor THE IRON DUKE, Colonel Burnett and Capt. J. A. Whitaker. Major N. H. Moore sent a note.

The Chairman, in his opening remarks, first of all referred to the recent death of our late President, Lt.-General Sir Herbert E. Belfield, who had been Colonel of the Regiment for 25 years, and said if it had not been for the fine pioneer work of the late President, the Regimental Association would not be in the position it was to-day. In losing him we had all lost an old and valued friend. The Chairman then read out the following names of those who had died since the last meeting in London:—Colonel L. R. Acworth, Messrs. J. Butterworth, R. Duffy, R. Ramsden, W. Tolley, W. Alderton, R. W. Nixon, W. Anderson, A. E. Lindsell, C. C. Perry and F. Shaw, and asked all members present to stand in silence for one minute.

He then reviewed the activities of the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the fields of sport, and also referred to our Territorial Battalions, especially mentioning the successes of the 4th and 7th Battalions.

He then spoke of the activities of the Association, saying that it would be unnecessary for him to say more than that it was in a flourishing condition and that more information regarding the subject would be found in the next issue of THE IRON DUKE. He then commented on the recent Army order which prohibits more than one set of Colours being carried on parade by any one battalion. This order would hit their 2nd Battalion very hard, but he hoped that they would be successful in obtaining permission to carry the two sets on certain days of the year.

The Chairman then informed the company that Major Ince was resigning from his duties as Hon. Secretary, London Area, of the Association and that Captain Bolton was taking them over. Major Ince had arranged all the dinners in London from 1923, the year the first one was held there, and they would all appreciate the work that this entailed, and also the excellent manner in which he had carried it out.

He then closed his speech by asking all present to show their appreciation of the success of the arrangements made by Vice-Admiral Wigram for their excellent dinner and for their comfort; also to Carreras Limited who had provided cigarettes for those present.

The remainder of the evening was spent in the lounge talking over old times. During this portion of the evening Captain Bolton requested those present to vote on the following question:—Whether the dinners in future years should be held, as at present, on Soccer Cup Final Day, or on Rugger Cup Final Day, the latter generally following on the next Saturday after the former. On a show of hands, it was declared that the majority were for the Rugger Cup Final Day.

The following members were present at the dinner:—Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Chairman, Col. C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Cols. B. J. Barton, L. Herapath, W. G. Officer, G. S. W. Rusbridger and H. K. Umfreville, Majors St. J. T. Faulkner, Sir Robert J. A. Henniker, and C. W. G. Ince, Capts. G. P. Bennett, R. H. D. Bolton, E. Brook, J. R. Huffam, V.C., G. H. C. Lawlor, J. A. Lennon, J. H. Moore, H. K. O'Kelly, C. Oliver, R. A. Scott and A. H. G. Wathen, Lts. R. N. H. C. Bray and T. V. Laverack. 1st Battalion.—Bandmaster E. Ovington, R.Q.M.S. E. Hawley, Q.M.S. T. Norman, C.S.M. T. McMahon, C.Q.M.S. F. Alsop, J. Glasby and A. Fitter, Dr.-Major A. Goodwin, Sgts. H. Simcox, A. E. Maltby, J. Holmes, A. Hallowell and D. Daykin, L/Sgts. E. Edley and E. Page, L/Cpls. A. Godfrey, A. Hemblys and T. W. Marron, Bandsmen R. Alton, W. A. Cowley, H. Garrett, J. Jones and H. Stuteley, Ptes. J. Blackwell, J. G. G. Grady, S. McCracken and F. Taylor. 2nd

Battalion.—Bandmaster A. J. Caldicutt. Depot.—R.Q.M.S. O. Ramsbottom, C.Q.M.S. S. Broadbent, L/Cpls. H. Hall, H. Beech and G. A. Padgett. Messrs. J. Addy, F. Balls, W. Battison, H. Blamires, A. C. Blanchard, J. Bravery, J. Brewer, D. Carter, W. Cowling, R. W. Crouch, A. Dell, F. A. English, L. Ferrari, G. Finding, M. Grady, W. Green, A. Halfacre, E. W. Hanwell, L. A. Harper, J. J. Hart, J. Hawes, A. Henn, A. Jenkins, C. Lea, T. Malone, R. Martin, W. Maskell, H. Matthews, H. Mekesch, W. Murdock, A. Nicholson, J. W. Paling, A. H. Pope, F. Postlewaite, A. Richards, W. Rush, J. Rushton, L. Rutley, W. Shorthouse, W. J. Simmonds, W. Slater, A. C. Smith, J. A. Stafford, W. Sutcliffe, E. C. Taylor, W. Thomas, A. Westbrook, J. R. Willcocks, F. M. Williams (Chelsea pensioner) W. H. Willis and H. Winn.

It is very much regretted that, owing to a misunderstanding, three other Chelsea pensioners, H. George, A. Mallinson and J. Parker, were not at the dinner.

4th BATTALION.

The 15th annual meeting of the 4th Battalion Old Comrades' Association was held in the Drill Hall, Halifax, on Saturday, 3rd March, 1934.

It was refreshing to hear the Secretary, Lt.-Col. Mowat, state:—"The period covered by this report has in some respects been brighter than in previous years." The report gave a full detail of the Association's activities up to the year ending 31st Dec., 1933. During that period 23 men had been placed in permanent employment and £167 4s. 4d. had been spent in the issuing of grocery orders. Pension cases, and other types of cases needing advice, especially those of widows and orphans, had during the period received careful consideration by the Committee. Several members had been sent away for convalescent treatment and all cases had derived great benefit. The welfare and education of children who lost their fathers during or after the war were constantly receiving earnest attention and where necessary grants had been made to enable the children to receive the benefit of higher education. Clothing for children had been provided in many cases and boots and clothing obtained for many old comrades. The whole of the wardrobe of a deceased officer of the Battalion had been placed at the disposal of the Committee and had been the means of equipping many. Owing to the shortage of funds the policy of granting loans had been stopped, and no new loans had been granted this year. The sum of £6 15s. 3d. had been received by the Treasurer in repayment of loans. During the last twelve years the Committee had dispensed the following amounts:—Groceries, £1,761 5s. 0d., and loans, £1,260 9s. 5d., while loans repaid amounted to £828 1s. 8d. and work had been found for 286 members.

Major Learoyd, who presented the accounts, stated that the income during the year, including interest on investments, amounted to £156 16s. 9d., and the expenditure to £209 0s. 3d., which meant they had overspent by £52 3s. 6d.

Mr. Frank Shaw was elected Chairman for the coming year, with Mr. Fred Bentley as Vice-Chairman; the other officers as last year.

The meeting was followed by a dinner, the best of the series so far, when 302 old comrades of the Dukes sat down together. The guest of the evening was Col. H. A. S. Stanton, who was adjutant of the Battalion in 1914. Everybody was pleased to join in a warm welcome, many had not seen the Colonel since the days of the war, and all were delighted to notice how fit he appeared to be.

Major Fenton, in a happy speech, proposed the toast of "Our Guest," and reminiscently referred to Col. Stanton's connection with the 4th Dukes, and all that he did to inculcate the spirit of discipline in the Battalion, which existed throughout the war. By the way, I hope Major Fenton's after-dinner stories are not copyright—they are so well worth repeating.

Colonel Stanton, in his reply, stated the spirit existing in the Battalion throughout the war was shown by the expression used by Colonel Mowat on one occasion when he

said, "We say we can do it; get on with it." He thought the gathering must be one of the most magnificent meetings of old comrades there could be in the country, and the good feeling which had been maintained was undoubtedly due to the work of Colonel Mowat, Colonel Denning and Major Learoyd.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the welcome made to the old comrades by the serving members of the Battalion. Colonel H. H. Aykroyd kindly granted the use of the room, which had been specially decorated by the sergeants. The sergeants also most kindly carried out the "Bar" arrangements and handed the proceeds, a matter of over £6, to the funds of the Association.

6th BATTALION.

Nothing of importance has taken place since the last issue, but the Committee are very busy getting ready for a pie supper and re-union of all ranks on Saturday, 21st April, and from all reports, this is going to be a huge success.

I hope to be able to give you a full report of this event in the next issue.

9th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

The annual re-union dinner of the 9th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment was held at the Osborne Hotel, Bradford, on Saturday evening, 24th Feb., 1934. The attendance was exceptionally large, the men coming from all the recruiting points of the Battalion—viz., Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Keighley and surrounding districts. An excellent spirit of camaraderie was shown and the proceedings generally bubbled over with enthusiasm.

Colonel Huntriss, who was in the chair, was supported by Lt.-Col. Boocock, Majors Petty, Robertson and Driver, Capts. Marsland, Pearson, Kingston (M.O.), Kimpton and Bennett, Lts. Mooney, Lowe and Bladen, Lt. and Qr.-Mr. Mulhall, and Mr. Paling, of the Depot.

Colonel Simner, to the general regret, was prevented from coming. Capt. Jack Petty, home on leave from India (Forestry Department), received a great welcome, as did Capt. Kingston, whose first appearance at a 9th Battalion re-union it was. He was medical officer to the Battalion from 1914-1916, and played three-quarter for it at rugby.

After recording loyalty to the King, officers and men stood in silence a few moments in remembrance of "those who never came back." Colonel Huntriss referred briefly to the recent death of Colonel Wannell.

The Battalion members were briefly addressed by Colonel Huntriss, who expressed extreme pleasure at being able to join in the festivities once more, following his absence last year, when he was down with appendicitis. He announced that it was his privilege to honour the Battalion's dead by placing fresh flowers under the memorial in the porch of the Halifax Parish Church every week, and a wreath of poppies on each Armistice Day. (Applause.) He next mentioned that Mr. Paling, the Secretary of the Regular Battalion, had sent to him the balance sheet of the Old Comrades' Association, and quoting from it gave particulars of grants which had been made to men and families in need through unemployment, etc. He strongly urged all members knowing of cases of distress among colleagues to send the particulars to Mr. Paling at the Depot, and after observing that members were deeply indebted to Mr. Paling, Mr. Fletcher, Secretary, Halifax, the O.C.A. and the Regular Battalions, he (the Colonel) announced that he had recently been asked to become the representative of the Service Battalions of the Regiment. He considered that to have more than 100 members of the Battalion gathered together 20 years after the beginning of the war was very satisfactory, taking into account bad trade.

The rest of the evening was spent convivially.

10th (SERVICE) BATTALION.

The past month or two has been a period of comparative quiescence in the activities of the Battalion's O.C.A. after the hectic weeks preceding the first re-union dinner last October, but this does not mean that the Association has ceased work altogether. The organisation of the Association is now definitely in shape, and the Executive Committee have met and discussed a number of matters affecting the organisation.

Probably the most important question is that of maintaining the interest of members from one re-union to another. This is a more difficult matter than it sounds, for the Association is established solely for social purposes, and if too many functions are held in the year they may detract from the appeal of the annual re-union. The Committee have probably taken the best course in deciding to arrange one summer function, and to leave it to the district representatives to fix up local gatherings if they wish to do so.

This year the summer event will take the form of a cricket match against the Depot at Halifax Barracks on Saturday, 30th June. When the matter was mentioned to Major N. R. Whitaker (O.C. Depot) he and the other officers welcomed the idea with open arms and showed their enthusiasm by undertaking to defray the expense of providing tea for 150 guests. That was a very generous gesture and is most highly appreciated by the O.C.A. Committee.

What is required now is a good "turn up" on 30th June, and fine summer weather. There are some good cricketers amongst the O.C.A. members, and it is expected that the Depot will have to pull out something very good if they are to win the game.

Since the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, O.C.A. stationery has been printed and rule cards obtained. These have been distributed to the members who can now consider themselves fully fledged.

The remainder of these notes must comprise personal jottings. Lt.-Col. F. W. Lethbridge has been located in the South of France. He has written very enthusiastically about the establishment of the O.C.A. and has promised to attend any function which may be held when he is on a visit to England. It would be good to see his burly figure again. More than one man in his former Battalion has often wondered what became of those out-size chargers which used to be specially obtained to carry him at the head of the Battalion! He and Mrs. Lethbridge have been suffering from a bout of illness recently, but both are now fully restored to health.

Major Henry Kelly, V.C., has moved from Leeds to Bradford. That is very commendable! He is managing the Rawson Hotel and the Committee have decided to make that house the O.C.A. headquarters. He has a very comfortable committee room and some cosy meetings have already been held there. The Committee concluded their winter sessions' work with a hot-pot supper at the Rawson on 19th April. It was a jolly affair and after the meal the business for which the Committee were called together was transacted. It mainly concerned preliminary arrangements for the 1934 re-union dinner, which is to be held on Saturday, 27th October. Further details will be announced in the next issue of THE IRON DUKE.

It does not fall to the lot of every O.C.A. to achieve immortality. Yet this is what has come to us. The principal guest at our first re-union dinner last October was Mr. J. B. Priestley. Nobody then realised that all the time he was sitting with his old comrades he was making mental notes of what was taking place so that he might incorporate them in a chapter in a book he was writing. That, apparently, was what he was doing, however, for there is a very entertaining record of the proceedings in his latest book, "English Journey." So the thousands of people who have read this book will have also become acquainted with the 10th Battalion O.C.A. Mr. Priestley's modesty forbade him mentioning his own part in making the dinner such a success, but none of those present will forget the entertaining speech he delivered, the dozens of autographs he gave and the manner in which he wound up the proceedings by playing Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King.

We have secured a number of new subscribers to THE IRON DUKE, but it is probable that many more ex-10th officers and men would take the magazine if existing subscribers would do a bit of canvassing. Three shillings a year is not a very large sum of money to find.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT, SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.

The annual dinner and re-union of the above were held in the George Hotel, Cleckheaton, on 20th Jan. last, under the chairmanship of Major W. Roper, the President of the Association. The following members answered the roll:—J. Crossley, H. H. Hoddinott, S. Kitchen, D. Preston, F. Atkinson, J. Kirk, A. Parkin, F. North, E. Turner, H. Tweed, W. Quarmby, J. Goodyear, S. North, J. Whittam, J. Hobson, J. Cooper, F. Hirst, F. J. Cooke, T. Hudson, A. Morgan, J. Whiteley, J. Howarth, J. Bailey, G. Singleton, W. Summerson, T. Holdsworth, T. Allsop, F. Oldfield, J. Brooke, F. Eastwood, J. Woodhead, W. E. Tolson, J. Schofield, and the Secretary, E. M. Ward (16 Forrest Avenue, Edgerton, Huddersfield).

Letters of regret at inability to be present were read from members:—J. Shaw, J. Holmes, J. P. Painter, R. Kay, C. Pownall (since returned to South Africa), F. Allot and Sir J. Simon, M.P., Col. A. L. Mowat, Major Irish, Capt. S. Smith (4th D.W.R.), Col. Denning (retired), Major H. H. Aykroyd.

In his annual report the Secretary referred to activities during the past year. There were now 37 associated members. Two members, Veterans H. Sunderland and Allen Sykes, had died since the last re-union, at which Sunderland was present. Trade depression had still affected the welfare of many of the members, one result of which was the cancellation of the visit to the camp of the 4th Battalion at Beverley. Financial affairs were very satisfactory, a balance sheet showing a cash balance of upwards of £13 being unanimously adopted. The retiring officials were chosen *en bloc* to carry out duties for the coming year. It was again decided to attempt a summer rally.

At the dinner 47 members and friends sat down to an excellent repast prepared by the hotel managers, Mr. and Mrs. A. Battye. The President was supported by P. N. Hartley, Esq., Chairman of the Cleckheaton Urban District Council, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden, Major W. C. Fenton and J. Sutcliffe, Esq. The usual toasts and responses were productive of some excellent speeches from Mr. S. North, Major Fenton, Mr. P. N. Hartley, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden and Mr. A. Parkin, which were reported at length in the local Press. During the evening a musical programme was provided by Veteran J. Whiteley's quartette party from Brighouse, supported by J. Mould (comedian), S. North and H. J. Mellor (piano).

Another happy and pleasant re-union was enjoyed by all. It was agreed to hold next year's re-union at Holmfirth on 19th Jan., 1935.

To 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regt.
From 2nd Inf. Bde.

Aldershot,
11th May, 1934.

Will you please detail His Majesty King William III. to report at Rushmoor Arena at 3.30 p.m., Thursday, 17th May, to have his photograph taken?

To 2nd Inf. Bde.
From 1st Bn. D.W.R.

His Majesty King William III. is setting and directing a company training scheme commencing 3 p.m., Thursday, 17th May. He will not therefore be available to have his photograph taken.

By arrangement with Major —, his old friend King James II. is taking his place.

Our Territorial Battalion Commanders. No. 3.



Lt.-Colonel J. SPENCER, M.C., T.D.
Commanding 6th Battalion.

The Human Touch.

IN these days of speed and ruthless efficiency, the Army, like everything else, has had to dispense with superfluities. Up to a certain point this is all to the good, but it is rather apt to convert beings of flesh and blood into soulless machines.

One has only to consider the pre-battle orders of a company commander to realise this. Anything less inspiring would be hard to find. He clusters his platoon commanders round him, and uneasily conscious of a Presence in the shape of a Brigadier or Colonel, cold of eye and inscrutable of visage, haltingly delivers himself of the usual stuff about information, intention, etc. The recipients then push off to impart such of the information as they can remember to their troops, leaving the company commander to face the unbridled ferocity of his Brigadier or Colonel with as much sang-froid as he can summon.

From start to finish the whole show is about as invigorating as a cold suet pudding. There is nothing to sustain the troops, nothing to enliven and keep them keyed up to fighting pitch.

Hitler didn't make millions of men change their shirts and punch people with hooked noses in the eye just by stating bald facts. He played on their emotions with the deft touch of the born orator, until the blood coursed wildly through their veins, and they lusted to strike the foreigner provided he was small enough.

It's oratory that does it every time. All officers ought to cultivate it. The value of haranguing troops before battle was understood in days gone by, although then it was not so necessary. The officer actually led his men, and the proximity to the seat of his pants of a row of gleaming bayonets in the hands of men who probably had a grievance against him, spurred the whole show on with a rapidity that made collision with the enemy but a matter of moments.

The results were more apparent, however, when the battle was over. Anyone who studies a painting of an old time battle cannot help being struck by the cheerfulness portrayed. The Commander-in-Chief posing elegantly by a pile of freshly killed corpses with his scintillating staff smirking in rear; drums and bugles going like mad; little isolated knots of men presenting arms; the wounded raising themselves up and cheering wildly; even the gunners looking pleased and waving those curious sort of sweeping brushes they used to carry—everybody as pleased as if the old devil had gone over right between the posts.

Nowadays a soldier who so much as glimpses authority approaching goes to earth with the speed of a startled rabbit and lies doggo until the danger is past. An entirely wrong spirit, and produced by the cold-blooded, soul-freezing system of terseness so much in vogue in the Army to-day.

One is constantly being urged to paint the picture. Well, why not paint it with the operation orders, introducing at the same time touches of patriotism, occasional bursts of frenzy, a dash of reproof, and in one grand blood-heating bout of rhetoric, give the troops something to sustain them through the din and strife of battle. Each individual officer should be allowed to cultivate his own style free from the cramping paralysis of official regulations. For the company commander something like the following should suffice:—

“ Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of ' X ' Company, in one hour's time you will be given the glorious opportunity of adding another page to the history of our nation's greatness. It is to you that Great Britain looks in her hour of need this day.

“ Last night, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, the forces of Eastland descended on our shores like a plague of boils, and ignoring the police, pushed inland, ravaging this fair land that is your natural heritage.

“ Think of the appalling horrors of this invasion. All your most treasured possessions

at the mercy of this vandal horde. Goal-posts ruthlessly torn up for fuel, the stands smashed, greyhound tracks wantonly destroyed, and the animals upon which you have lavished your earnings, heartlessly turned adrift to starve.

"Nothing is sacred to such swabs as these. The very cricket pitches and putting greens are being ruined beyond repair, the beer is being pinched without any attempt to pay for it, and—I almost hesitate to mention this last terrible crime—being drunk after 10 o'clock.

"Does not such an act cry to heaven for vengeance? Harden your hearts against mercy and remember the age-old cry of our peoples which has rung out across thousands of stricken fields: 'Give 'em some boot!'

"Honour, glory and eternal fame can be yours this day. The future of Great Britain is in your hands and the future of generations yet to come. Think of the famous men's words which carried your heroic forefathers to victory: 'England expects!' 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' 'Give it to Dixie!' and 'When I ses fix, yer don't fix!'

"On your right and left your comrades in arms will help you to defend this peerless realm; warriors as good as yourselves, although if I may say so without loss of modesty, possibly not quite as well led. Behind, lesser mortals will support you with as little danger to yourselves as is consistent with their ability.

"But enough! The hour of your bitter trial draws nigh. The frontage of your gallant platoon, Mr. Dogsboddy, will be from that lone, solitary tree standing by itself over there, to where that peculiar-looking dog is carrying out an excavation scheme.

"Yours, Sgt. Mudd, will be from where that dog was a minute since, to that curious sort of what-not sticking up on the right-hand side of that gate—or rather, I should say, what would be the right-hand side if we were the other side of it facing this way.

"You, Mr. Gormless, will dispose your superb soldiery somewhere about here; anywhere convenient, but use your damned intelligence and don't go wandering all over the confounded countryside. Sgt. Macthirsty, you will be in reserve, and hold yourself in readiness to unleash your dogs of war should the situation at any time demand such drastic steps.

"And now I am about to depart to my eyrie upon yonder hillside, the situation of company headquarters, from whence I shall follow your movements with considerable interest, visibility permitting. I shall be pleased to hear how you are progressing should you have a spare moment in which to drop me a line, but don't come slobbering up to me personally with some fool tale, or there'll be hell to pay.

"En avant! May you justify the glorious traditions of your race. In the words of the Immortal Bard:

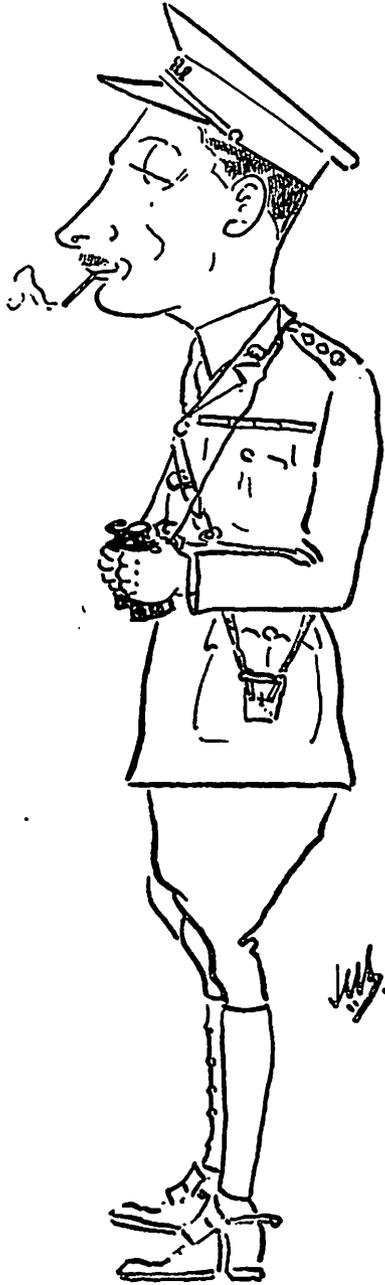
'Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never unto himself hath said:
Strike me pink, but I'd rather drown
Than let my company commander down!'

That's the stuff to give the troops. The human touch. Something to inspire them like a No. 9 or a sharp bottle of Bass. Just the thing in fact to make Pte. Can't into Pte. Can. The only drawback to the idea is the expense to the company commander. Personally I estimate the cost of such an harangue to be at least twelve and six, and unless the War Office issued a special oration allowance, it might prove too much for his resources.

However, a certain amount of compensation would be his, when strolling across the field of battle, he would be greeted with ringing cheers instead of having his cigarettes pinched by a sullen and mutinous soldiery. Could any man ask more!

P. M. L.

Our Territorial Battalion Commanders. No. 4.



**Bt.-Colonel R. CHAMBLEY, T.D.
Commanding 7th Battalion.**

Thoughts on Sport.

THE period of Seven-Asides is in full progress as I begin these "Thoughts," which means that the rugger season proper is over and that the cricket season is upon us again.

England has won the Championship without losing a match and was lucky to do so, and the Regiment has failed to retain the Army Cup (which was the most important event I leave to my readers to decide), and shall we say were unlucky in so doing, or shall we just say that after the high hopes expressed by me in these notes in the last number of THE IRON DUKE and shared by all to do with the Regiment, these hopes were not realised? One can generally point to actual pieces of hard luck, and possibly the semi-final in which we met defeat was no exception to the rule, but I also heard the remark made that "youth will tell"; but whatever the reason we must allow that the disappointment to us was great; however, we can't all or always win, and it is as well to remember that others had disappointments, as well as ourselves—to quote only one case, that of the R.E. whom we beat by 5 to 3! Both teams scored under the post, they missed their kick and we didn't, and to put it mildly we of the Dukes had an anxious second half; another example of the importance of safe goal kicking. Whilst regretting our failure in the Army Cup, we must not forget to congratulate the team on winning the Aldershot Cup, a fine achievement, against a number of good sides. The 2nd Battalion, so far as I know, have not been playing any rugger since my last notes, as it hasn't been the football season in "the Shiny," and incidentally I hear they've been very busy with being inspected by numerous Generals and getting ready for their move to Nowshera, by now an accomplished fact.

I was much struck by some remarks I read in one of the daily papers as to the "A" teams from our great clubs who go round the public schools and other clubs. Very properly the writer holds that their first great object should be to show everybody, and especially the younger generation, how the game should be played, whereas many of the school coaches complain that they are apt to exhibit to their opponents not rugger as it should be played, but rugger full of tricks which may make the game easier for the player past his football prime, but which are not in the best interests of the game; such players would do well to join the noble band of referees or become onlookers. Surely our great clubs, who are responsible for these teams, should be careful to see that only players who will set a good example should be included in them.

I see in my last article I was by way of burying the body-line bogey, but the papers won't, so I feel constrained to have another little worry at the bone. The last craze is that the Australians must be given such a welcome that they will feel so pleased that they'll forget that they (players and onlookers alike) were very rude, that they sent an insulting and unwarrantable telegram, in fact that they started the whole "ruktion"; by all means let bygones be bygones, but don't let us grovel too much. Personally I'm very sorry that Jardine is not going to captain our team during the coming tests; is this only another bit of *tact* on our part? I can understand Jardine's unwillingness to serve in this capacity again, or even to play against the Australians after his experience over there, but I should have liked to know that the M.C.C. and/or the Selection Committee had pressed him to reconsider his decision.

Before closing, I must congratulate our 7th Battalion on again winning the 49th Division cross country championship for the fifth year in succession, a great performance against keen competition.

OLD STAGER.

P.S.—Just after writing the above I came across an article in one of the penny picture dailies, not a paper in which I should as a rule look for articles on the game of cricket,

but it appeared to me so sound and so much in agreement with my own views that I cannot refrain from quoting from it. I should have liked to put it in in full but it is too long, so I can only give three extracts:—

* * * * *

“ The great fear is that we may lose our sense of proportion and forget that it is a game. Important as all games are in the life of the country, the importance of cricket must not be exaggerated.

* * * * *

“ There are many preparing themselves to revel in any trouble which may arise, while others are downright pacifists who want peace at any cost. Preferable though the latter are, they also are a danger, for there is the fear that ultra-pacifism will spoil the character of the game. Cricket is a man’s game, and there must be no pandering to the squealer.’

* * * * *

“ Now, after the recent body-line disturbance in Australia, there is danger of an immediate outburst of recrimination if it [fast bowler injuring batsman] happens, as it well may, during the present series of Tests. Let us cast our minds back, and remember that Ernest Tyldesley, of Lancashire, Hobbs, and Ponsford and Oldfield, of Australia, to mention but four, have taken bad knocks in Test matches since the war. Certainly in the case of the last two, it was entirely their own fault. If it happens this year, are we going to forget that cricket is a game and that there is risk in all games? That is one of the dangers.”

O. S.

ELEGY EXPRESSIVE OF A GENERAL DISTASTE FOR RANGES.

I sat on the Range at daybreak,
Drenched to my clammy skin,
While moisture dripped from the heather
And the Sergeant-Major’s chin.

And the mist formed phantom patterns,
When torn by the icy breeze;
While sodden targets dimly loomed
And I began to sneeze.

Then memory drugged my senses,
As fast the hailstones hissed,
And I dreamt of other ranges
And targets I have missed.

The Deccan range, where the vultures
Above my head would soar
On the chance of my adding a marker
To my undistinguished score;

Where scorpions lurked in the sand-bags,
And no cloud cooled the skies,
While my rifle burnt my fingers,
And the ground-sheet scorched my thighs:

The range hacked out of the jungle,
Where snakes opposed my path
As I tried to “ jazz ” in an atmosphere
Resembling a Turkish bath;

Where the monkeys mocked at my washouts,
When tired of their shameless sports,
While the sweat ran down my nostrils
And the ants ran up my shorts;

Or the range in the burning desert,
Where sand-storms turned and wheeled;
Where my foresight glowed and flickered
And my forearm glowed and peeled;

Where a mirage hid the target
From my glare-befuddled eyes,
And my bright and oily action
Got choked with sand and flies.

I sat on the Range from daybreak
Until it was nearly dark,
While the telephones failed to function
And the markers failed to mark.

And I thought of those other ranges,
Till the stormy sunset died;
And I wondered which was the foulest.
—But I’m damned if I could decide.

R. G. T.

Notable Family Records in the Regiment.

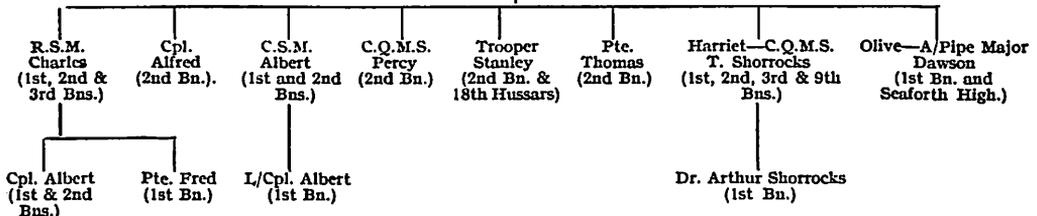
No. 5.—HEMBLYS.

THE record of the Hemblys family is only a little less remarkable than that of the Wallers, recorded in our last issue. The head of the family, C/Sgt. C. E. Hemblys, served in the 33rd, and six of his sons and four grandsons served in the Regiment, their total service being 138 years. Another son, Herbert Hemblys, was physically unfit to serve in the Army, but worked throughout the War at Campbell's Munition Works in Halifax. In addition, C/Sgt. Hemblys' two daughters married soldiers in the Regiment. In the female line there was also a previous connection with the Regiment, for Mrs. Hemblys, wife of C/Sgt. Hemblys, was the grand-daughter of Pte. G. Hill, who served with the 33rd at Waterloo, and later transferred to the 15th Light Dragoons.

Below we give a family tree to make the relationships of the various serving members of the family clear, and details of service of each member follow:—

C/Sgt. Charles E. Hemblys.

96th and 33rd Foot.



C/Sgt. Charles Edward Hemblys joined the 96th Foot (now the Manchester Regiment) on 4th Jan., 1864, and transferred to the 33rd Foot in April, 1875, joining them at Kamptee, India, as gymnastic sergeant. He was later promoted colour-sergeant, and served with the 1st Battalion in Lucknow, Nowshera, Rawal Pindi, Gharial and Mean Meer, being discharged to pension after 25 years' service, 14 of which were with the Regiment, in January, 1889. Before joining the 33rd, C/Sgt. Hemblys married Miss Judge, who, as mentioned before, was descended from a soldier of the 33rd. Mrs. Hemblys accompanied her husband during his service in India, and for many years served as a hospital nurse. Her eldest son, R.S.M. Charles Hemblys, to whom we are indebted for the details of the family's services, and for the loan of the photographs which appear opposite these pages, possesses references in praise of her capabilities as a nurse from Major-General Sir Hugh and Lady Gough, given her at Dalhousie in 1888, besides others from senior medical officers. Mrs. Hemblys was the daughter of Sgt. Judge who, after serving 12 years in the Royal Navy, joined the 96th Foot, reaching the rank of sergeant master tailor.

She was also a cousin of Captain and Qr.-Mr. C. Hyde, who served for many years in the 2nd Battalion and at the Depot, and now resides in Canada, and whose brother, Mr. G. Hyde, also served in the 2nd Battalion. Her sister, Mrs. Bland, had a son, Pte. Herbert Bland, who served for eight years in the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and after her husband's death Mrs. Bland married Sgt. William McDonald, who served in the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the South African War and in the Great War, being killed at Hill 60. Mrs. Hemblys died in 1910, and C/Sgt. Charles Hemblys died in August, 1916, being given a military funeral, a detachment and the band from the Depot attending.

(Sons of C/Sgt. C. E. Hemblys.)

Regimental-Sergeant-Major Charles Edward Hemblys (Regtl. No. 5746) joined the Regiment on 4th Jan., 1898, and served in the 1st and 2nd Battalions, attaining the rank

THE HEMBLYS FAMILY.



R.S.M. Charles Hemblys,
1st and 2nd Battalions.



Cpl. Alfred Hemblys,
2nd Battalion (deceased).



C. Sgt. Charles Hemblys,
33rd Foot (deceased) and Mrs. Hemblys.



C.S.M. Albert Hemblys,
1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions.



C.Q.M.S. Percy Hemblys
2nd Battalion.

THE HEMBLYS FAMILY—*continued.*



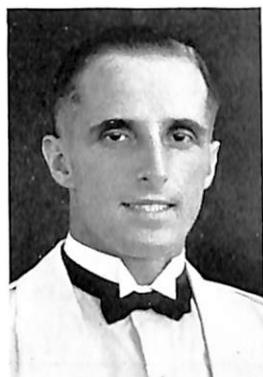
Trooper Stanley Hemblys,
2nd Battalion and 18th Hussars
(deceased).



Mrs. Shorrocks
(née Harriet Hemblys).



Pte. Thomas Hemblys,
2nd Battalion (deceased).



Sgt. Albert Hemblys,
1st and 2nd Battalions.



C.Q.M.S. Shorrocks.
1st, 2nd, 3rd and 9th Battalions.



Pte. Fred Hemblys,
1st Battalion.



L/Cpl. Albert Hemblys,
1st Battalion.



Cpl. and Mrs. Dawson (née
Olive Hemblys) and two sons.



Dmr. Arthur Shorrocks,
1st Battalion.

of colour-sergeant. He later served on the permanent staff of the 3rd Battalion. In March, 1916, he proceeded to France with the 17th Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, serving with them until invalided in 1918. In October of that year he was posted to the Northern Command Discharge Centre at Ripon as regimental-sergeant-major.

The following reminiscence of an incident which occurred 50 years ago next December is given in Mr. Hemblys' own words:—"On 14th Dec., 1883, a draft of about 150 men left Tipperary to join the 1st Battalion stationed at Nowshera. Major Tidmarsh was in command of the draft, and was also O.C. troops on the troopship *Euphrates*, and he appointed my father, the late C/Sgt. C. E. Hemblys, acting saltwater sergeant-major of troops on board. All went well until the *Euphrates* ran aground at Terrifa Point on the Spanish coast, about 30 miles from Gibraltar, and became a wreck. Women and children were taken off in boats to the mail boat standing about four miles off and were taken on to Gibraltar, where the 49th Foot (The Berkshire Regiment), who were stationed there, looked after their welfare. The *Euphrates* was still aground four days after the mishap, but when the gale had abated, the troops were put into the ship's boats, coal and other articles were thrown overboard to lighten the ship, and the troopship *Tamor*, with the assistance of tugboats, released the *Euphrates* and towed her into Gibraltar. We remained at Gibraltar till divers had patched her up, and then proceeded to Malta, accompanied by the troopship *Tamor* and went into dock. After being repaired, the *Euphrates* proceeded to Suez, accompanied by two cruisers, and eventually arrived at Bombay, after having been two months on our journey, with Christmas thrown in.

"I was a boy of about nine years of age at the time and my recollections are very outstanding *re* the wreck. I have often read about the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, and the gallant manner in which the men stood to their stations. I remember well seeing my father with Major Tidmarsh and other officers going from deck to deck encouraging the men to their stations and telling them we were quite safe. We were really high and dry; of course no one knew just how the position was to any certainty; we had run right on to the sands, just missing quite a rough part of the rocks. Captain Carsdale, R.N., was captain of the ship. I remember the sailors running hurriedly into the married berths and closing the portholes, when a woman, who was joining her husband in the Devons after many years of separation, just put her feet out of an upper bunk to get down on the deck. She addressed one of the sailors, who were all rigged up in lifebelts, 'Sailor, have we a chance, or is she sinking?' The sailor, rushing along about his work, made the following sailor-like and breezy remark to the timid woman, 'Yes, you'll be at the bottom of the — sea, shaking hands with the mermaids;' and some other comforting words. When the *Euphrates* was in Gibraltar being patched up by the divers the same woman was going ashore down the gangway just at the time that a diver was coming up for a blow, and when the diver's glass face was unscrewed she recognised him as the same sailor who had made the remark about the mermaids. She said to him as she passed him on the dockside, 'You are the man who said we would be shaking hands with mermaids!'—"My girl, we have no time to fondle yon. I've a wife and four kiddies in Portsmouth."

"I have always carried through my life the memory of the fine way those young soldiers stood to their posts. Captain Carsdale congratulated Major Tidmarsh and my father on the fine discipline maintained by all on the night of the wreck, 11.30 p.m., in a very fierce gale."

Cpl. Alfred Hemblys (Regtl. No. 5650) joined the Regiment in September, 1897, and was posted to the composite battalion at Shorncliffe. On 4th March, 1898, he proceeded to Bangalore to join the 2nd Battalion and served with them there and in Rangoon. He was invalided from the latter place in 1903, and was discharged on 10th March of that year. He was employed by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company till the war

broke out, and rejoined the 2nd Battalion in France in September, 1914, serving with them until invalided in February, 1915, and discharged with a war pension. He died on 4th Dec., 1919, and was given a military funeral by troops from the Depot, Halifax.

Company Sergeant-Major Albert Hemblys (Regtl. No. 5745) joined the Regiment as a band boy in November, 1897, and proceeded to Malta to join the 1st Battalion in April, 1898, returning with them to Dover in September. In January, 1900, he went out to South Africa with the 3rd Battalion and later served with Kitchener's Scouts. He rejoined the 1st Battalion in York in 1903. In March of that year he went out to India to the 2nd Battalion, returning with them to Lichfield in 1905. In 1910 he again joined the 1st Battalion at Ambala, being appointed gymnastic sergeant. In 1914 he proceeded to France with the Indian Expeditionary Force, serving with it until invalided in 1916. In 1917 he went back to the 1st Battalion in India and served with them on the Afghan expedition of 1919. He returned to England later that year to represent the Regiment at the march past of British and Indian troops in London. In December he went out to Palestine as C.S.M. with a draft to await the arrival of the cadre of the 1st Battalion from India, acting as R.S.M. between the departure of R.S.M. Winn to England and the arrival of R.S.M. Milner, and served with them in Cairo, Ireland, Tidworth and Gibraltar. He remained in the latter place with the details while the 1st Battalion were in Constantinople, coming home to York and rejoining the 1st Battalion at Gosport, where he was discharged to pension after 26 years' service. He is now employed as a postman at Halifax.

Company Quartermaster Sergeant Percy Hemblys joined the Regiment at the Depot as a band boy in January, 1908, and in March proceeded to the 2nd Battalion at Lichfield, serving with them at Tidworth and Dublin. In 1909 he attended a course of instruction at Kneller Hall. He went out to France with the 2nd Battalion in August, 1914, and was gassed at Hill 60 in April, 1915, being invalided to England. He later joined the 3rd Battalion at North Shields, and was appointed band sergeant in 1917. After the Armistice he rejoined the 2nd Battalion in France, and came home with them, serving at Sheffield, Dublin (Irish Rebellion), Aldershot, Cairo, Singapore, Ahmednagar and Kamptee, being discharged to pension in 1933 after 25 years' service. He was acting bandmaster in 1920, 1925 and 1927 for short periods. Like his brother, he is now employed as a postman at Halifax.

Pte. (later Trooper) Stanley Hemblys joined the 2nd Battalion in Dublin in 1913 and in 1914 transferred to the 18th Hussars, proceeding to France with them. He was severely wounded in both legs and had his horse shot under him in a cavalry charge on the Somme in 1916 and had to have one leg amputated. He died as a result of his wounds in 1920 at Bournemouth.

Pte. Thomas Hemblys joined the 2nd Battalion at Sheffield in 1920 and was discharged unfit for further service in 1921. He died in 1922.

(Grandsons of C/Sgt. C. E. Hemblys.)

Cpl. Albert E. Hemblys (Regtl. No. 4604468), son of R.S.M. C. E. Hemblys, joined the Regiment at the Depot in May, 1921, and later joined the 1st Battalion at Tidworth, serving with them in Ireland, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Gosport and Plymouth. He was posted to the 2nd Battalion from the latter place, and joined them at Ahmednagar. He is still serving with them as a corporal, having reverted to that rank from sergeant.

Pte. Fred Hemblys (Regtl. No. 4604499), son of R.S.M. C. E. Hemblys, joined the 1st Battalion at Tidworth as a boy (shoemaker's shop) in 1921, and served with them at Gibraltar and Gosport, being discharged on account of an accident to his right eye in 1926.

L/Cpl. Albert Hemblys, son of C.S.M. A. Hemblys, joined the 1st Battalion on 10th Oct., 1922, at Gibraltar, where his father was serving with the Battalion. He is still serving with the Battalion in the Band at Aldershot.

Drummer Arthur Shorrocks (Regtl. No. 4607033), son of C.Q.M.S. Thomas Shorrocks

and Mrs. Shorrocks (née Harriet Hemblys) joined the 1st Battalion on 26th Jan., 1924, and served with them until discharged on 26th Jan., 1933.

Mrs. Shorrocks (née Harriet Hemblys) married in the Regiment C.Q.M.S. Thomas Shorrocks, who joined the 1st Battalion in 1896 at Malta. He was posted to the 2nd Battalion at Bangalore in 1898, and served with them in Burma and India, coming home with them to Lichfield in 1905. He served with the 3rd Battalion from 1914 to 1917, when he went out to France and joined the 9th Battalion. As mentioned above, their son, Drummer A. Shorrocks, served in the Regiment.

Mrs. Dawson (née Olive Hemblys) married in the Regiment the late Cpl. Dawson, who served with the 1st Battalion in the South African War and in India before transferring to the Seaforth Highlanders, in which regiment he rose to the rank of acting pipe-major. He went out to France in 1914 with them from India, and was killed in June, 1916. Mrs. Dawson was greatly assisted by Colonel Vandeleur of the Seaforth Highlanders, and opened a boarding house at Parkstone, Bournemouth. Their two sons have both done very well for themselves; Donald is now a commissioner on the Gold Coast and Leonard is a second lieutenant in his grandfather's old regiment, the Manchester Regiment.

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

SONGS OF A SUB-SAHIB.

(With apologies to *Punch*.)

I MET MY LOVE IN DUM DUM.

I met my love in Dum Dum,
My sweet ke waste bhi,
When mofussils were fruiting.
We talked shikar and shooting
And of old days in Tooting
When Auntie came to tea.

I met my love in Murree,
How fair was she, how plump !
I called her Kuss Kuss Tattie,
Although her name was Mattie.
She must have thought me batty
Or balmy on the crump.

I kissed her in Jullunder,
My chup, my chhota peg.
No almond-eyed chuprassi
In Kutch Kutch or Kumassi
Had dhoties half so classy
Or such a burra leg.

In Haggadevancottah
I wed my Bombay duck.
The guests in pink nirvanas
Embroidered with bananas
Drank beer from ghush-khanas
And wished us lovely luck.

Our honeymoon in Noogoo
Passed like a happy flash.
I taught her chess and rigger,
And twice in Ahmednagar
I saved her from a mugger
And once from a shabash.

In leafy Toongabudra
For years we lived as one.
The bandar-log said achchha,
She really is a smachher,
I doubt if you cou d match her
This side of Tuppobun.

At last in Wottakuli
My love grew cold and thin,
Cold as a half-warmed billi,
Or snows in Gorgopilley,
Till, dash it, willy nilly,
I had to do her in.

I dragged her through the Jumna,
I plunged her in the dhup;
I smote her on the biffin,
At hazri, tea and tiffin,
But still she kept on sniffin',
And sobbed into the soup.

I cut her throat in Budge Budge,
A pukka bundobust,
And drunk with grief and Toddy
Into the Irrawaddy
I threw her lifeless body.
She rests in peace, I trust.

I met my love in Dum Dum,
I killed her in Budge Budge.

O. P.

THE IRON DUKE
Kamptee—Nowshera.



From Central India's
 jungles wild our
 Destiny has led,
 To where the far
 horizon shows
 Himalaya's hoary
 head.

No more with patient guile we'll track the Tiger to his kill:



But chase the wily Paythan off some adjectival hill.

Just Another Bear Story.

TO fully appreciate the humour in the following story it is necessary to remember that, at the time of its happening, I had only been in the service of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for just over a year. This being so, it is easily understood that I was totally unaware of exactly how wily is the North American Indian.

In 1926 I was stationed at Telkwa in Northern British Columbia, and in the detachment were two more men beside myself. One morning in the late summer the senior constable of these two informed me that I was to proceed at once on patrol to Hazelton, a small settlement some eighty miles to the west of us. On this trip I was to visit the various Indian villages *en route* and see that all was well with them: the Indians being wards of the Canadian Government and so directly under the care of the Mounted Police.

Feeling very happy at heart, I saddled my horse and set out on this, my first patrol alone. I was rather too full of myself, perhaps, and a little too certain of my own ability and probably too sure of being able successfully to take care of any trouble that came my way.

At the middle of the third day of my patrol I was entering the Indian village of Moricetown. At my right the Bulkley river was roaring its way through a deep canyon, and away to the southward the snow-capped mountains of the Cascade range reared themselves up into the clouds. I was idly speculating as to whether Indians or Whites had built the small church in the village when my horse shied violently and came to a stop. On the trail in front of me was an Indian girl of about fourteen years. Tears were streaming down her face, making streaky furrows through the grime on her cheeks.

"What's up with you?" I asked.

She waved her arms in the air. "Beeg trouble! Beeg trouble!"

I smiled to myself happily. Here was a chance to prove myself, I hoped. Here on my first patrol I was being accosted by a weeping Indian girl who was informing me that there was something wrong.

Getting off my horse, I tied him to a hitching post nearby.

"Now what is this big trouble?" I asked.

"You come 'long and see," the girl answered, grabbing me by the coat sleeve.

She led the way into a dirty, smelly cabin of logs where a squaw and a girl of about ten were weeping and wailing over a form lying on some skins and a blanket in the far corner. I went over and found an elderly Indian buck groaning with pain. There was no need to ask the reason of his lamentations, for he possessed the most perfect pair of black eyes it had ever been my luck to see. In addition there was a great bruise across the bridge of his nose and his open shirt showed a couple of blue weals across his chest.

I knelt beside him. "What's your name?" I asked.

"Name, Alexander," he said with a groan.

"What happened to you?"

"Williams, he try an' kill me."

"Oho," I said, for Williams was an Indian living in a ranch about ten miles away and he was a notorious "bad hat." The "Mounted" had been looking for an excuse to get him for a long time. It looked as if I, the greenhorn in police work, was going to have something on Williams at last.

"How come?" I asked.

"Me tell you. Last night Williams, he come through window and beat me up with a piece of two by four. He bad man! Pretty near kill me!"

There was an excited chattering from the woman and her two girls, so I turned to the squaw. "You tell me about it."

"Williams, he heap bad man. He try kill my husband last night."

"You see him come in?"

"Yes, I see 'im."

"Girl see him too?" I asked, for I wanted to be sure I had enough witnesses to cook Williams' goose.

"Yes, she see 'im."

"That's fine!"

I turned to Alexander on the bed. "Do you think you can lie on hay in bottom of buckboard?" I asked him. "I want to take you to Telkwa where the magistrate is and then put you in hospital until you are better."

He thought he might manage it all right, so I ordered the squaw to put a team in their buckboard and drive her husband to Telkwa and to take the girls along as witnesses.

"Where does Williams hang out?" I inquired.

The squaw took me to the door and pointed up the valley in the direction I had come. "Ten mile this side of Smithers."

I mounted my horse and started off to get Williams. Late that night I reached his ranch and told him that he was under arrest and that he had to accompany me at once to Telkwa. After showing me a large grizzly bear he had shot that morning he willingly saddled up his cayuse and started off with me. We camped that night out in the bush, and strangely enough the next morning when we had been on the trail about an hour we came to a fork where another trail joined in. There who should we overtake but Alexander lying in the bottom of his buckboard with his squaw driving. Immediately there was a loud chattering in Siwash between my prisoner and his accusers. I chuckled as what I took to be recriminations flew backwards and forwards. If I had only known what was going on under my nose I would not have been as light-hearted as I was.

Eventually we reached Telkwa and I lodged Williams in gaol while I sought out Mr. Thorpe the magistrate of the district. My senior constable was at lunch when I approached him with the glad tidings that I had Williams absolutely cinched on an "Assault" charge. He looked a little dubious, but he said "Good work, old man."

We set the trial for 3 o'clock that afternoon and had everything ready for that time. It was to take place in our own little office with the magistrate sitting at our detachment desk. When Mr. Thorpe had taken his seat, the prisoner and the witnesses were brought in. As is usual in Mounted Police cases up in the North, I was to prosecute my own case, the magistrate trusting to my sense of fair play to present also, later on, any facts that might speak for the prisoner.

First of all I placed Alexander on the floor. Striking what I hoped was a good attitude, I had him sworn and then proceeded with my questioning.

"Now tell me, Alexander," I began, "just what happened at your house on the 25th."

"What you mean?" asked Alexander.

"You know," I said. "Just tell Mr. Thorpe all that went on when you got your black eyes."

The Indian stared solemnly at me. "Me don't know what you mean."

"Don't be a fool!" I almost yelled. "Tell how Williams gave you those injuries."

"Williams, he no do it."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that Williams didn't hit you?"

"Williams no hit me."

"Then who did hit you?"

"A bear, a beeg bear!"

I was getting good and mad. "Don't lie. You know it was Williams who hit you."

"No. It bear."

For half-an-hour I tried to shake his story, but it was no use and so then I placed his squaw on the floor.

"Who hit your husband?" I asked.

"A bear, a beeg bear. A black one, so beeg," she indicated a distance up from the floor.

By this time I was hopping mad and the one representative of the public who had sought admittance to the temporary Court-room was grinning from ear to ear.

"You're lying!" I yelled at her.

"Me no lie. A beeg black bear he come through window while we sleep. He hit my husband hard right on face. Hurt heem bad. Nearly keel him."

I fervently wished it had. I tried desperately to shake her evidence by telling her what would happen to her if she told lies under oath.

"You will certainly go to Hell," I finished up.

"Me take chance!" she said cryptically.

My senior came over to me.

"It's no good! You'll never make it stick. Better tell 'em all that they can go now."

But I foolishly would not let myself see defeat. I put the two children on the floor and questioned them. They both agreed perfectly with each other and accurately described the every action of the bear after it had climbed through the window. It was a big bear and it was a black one and they were all very frightened.

The senior constable spoke to me again. "Say, did you let these birds talk to one another coming in?"

I groaned inwardly and had to admit that I had let them talk.

"Then that's it! They've fixed it all up between them." He turned to the magistrate. "I'm afraid that we'll have to ask you to dismiss the case, your worship."

"Case dismissed."

The Indians, laughing very heartily, walked out of the office and, perforce, I had to stay and listen to what that senior constable had to say about the ways of the wily Red Man and the idiocy of the ruling race represented by my crestfallen self.

An hour later I entered the small general store in the village and there at the counter was my cheerful friend Williams, and he was smiling all over his face.

"Hello, Mountem," he said.

I glared at him, "Hello, you son of a so-and-so!"

He grinned. "Do you know what I go do now, Mountem?"

"No," I answered incautiously. "What are you going to do?"

"I tell you, Mountem. Tween you an' me, I go right back and I shoot that beeg black bear that bust Alexander's window,"

I walked out hastily and it was a long time before anyone dare mention bear in my presence.

M. B. G.

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

(Continued from page 52, No. 27, February, 1934).

IT is with much pleasure that I can now give to the readers of THE IRON DUKE an account of the doings of the 1st M.I., thanks to the excellent notes supplied by Colonel N. Bainbridge, who commanded the original section from the M.I. School at Aldershot which, under Colonel (at that time) Alderson, formed part of the famous "40,000 horse and foot a'going to Table Bay."

It was what, in modern parlance, would be described as a "tabloid" force, this original M.I. The politician and the Treasury, purblind as ever, sent a boy to do—not a man's work—but a country's work. That boy however, was made of good stuff,

and embodied the erstwhile popular song's wording "the boys of the bulldog breed." From that boy or section, or rather from its example and spirit, and constructed of the same invincible material, sprang the army of "Ikornas," who bore the brunt of the ceaseless trekking and innumerable skirmishes which ended only in the Conference of Vereeniging.

Prior to the outbreak of the South African War it had already been recognised, even at Whitehall, that for certain kinds of warfare, the kinds which the British Empire largely dealt in, cavalry, as constituted, did not quite fill the bill. Owing to the increased power of firearms, shock tactics and the "Arme blanche," although still (at that date) looked upon as a deciding factor, were not in themselves adequate to the situations encountered. We employed camel corps and M.I. in Egypt in the '80's with marked success. Baker Pasha in the Russo-Turkish War of '78-79 had revolutionised (to all thinking minds) the role of cavalry in modern war, by his use of this arm as mobile riflemen. Hence a very miniature force of M.I. was formed in the military forcing house of Aldershot, which the aforesaid politician and Treasury official fondly hoped would be adequate, not actually to take the field, but to satisfy the uninformed minds of those who had votes for election purposes and also thoughts as to our military requirements.

The original 1st M.I. was formed of sections (four to a company) from home service battalions grouped according to the Command from which they were drawn—thus the South-Eastern Company consisted of

The Buffs	Lt. Gregson
Suffolks	Lt. Smith
(8th) The King's	Lt. Lewin
The Duke's	Lt. Bainbridge

under the command of Capt. Bradshaw, Y. & L. Regiment.

On 23rd Oct., 1899, they sailed from Southampton on the *Aurania*, arriving in South Africa on 13th Nov.; whether the date of their arrival had anything to do with their early mishaps I leave to the judgment of my readers! Three days were allowed for going over mounts, saddlery, etc., and on the 17th they moved to De Aar, which place, as mentioned earlier in this chronicle, was an important advance base. Thence on 1st Dec. a move was made to Orange River Station, and real patrolling commenced. It is recorded that Boers were actually seen on this day, but a Hibernian writing home said that the mounted men seen by our scouts turned out to be baboons (at a later date no doubt aasvogels would have been mistaken for aeroplanes)! Misfortune was soon to follow. On 13th Dec. (mark the fatal 13th again) a report was brought in by local scouts that Boers were raiding a farm at Ramah, some 12 miles from Orange River Station. Bradshaw took Lewin and Gregson with their sections to deal with the raiders, leaving Bainbridge and Smith behind as they were for a night patrol. It appears that this half company reached the farm and found all peaceful there, but a kaffir came in and reported about 30 Boers at a drift (ford) some five miles away. He stated that these Boers had no lookouts of any kind and could be easily surprised. Apparently poor Bradshaw swallowed the bait, a thing easily understood by those who had experience of the wily Boer, and moved out with a view to capturing this party. Details of the fight which ensued I unfortunately have not got, but the half company met with rough handling, they were caught fairly in the open, Bradshaw and three privates were killed, Gregson and six more wounded. Lewin, who was left in command, managed a good retirement, checking the Boers, who turned out to be in superior force, and bringing in his wounded. It appears that the Boers' actual strength was 200, the whole affair was a skilfully-planned trap, and the guides!! (as most of us learnt to our cost, later) had wrongly located the enemy's position. Lack of experience did the rest. It is only fair to say that, given all the experience in the world, nothing could have averted a disastrous ending against such odds, about four to one, and Lewin deserves great credit for extricating his men from a most difficult position.

MOUNTED INFANTRY IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, 1899—1902.

THE S.E. COMPANY, 1st M.I.



Suffolk and West Riding Sections.
Feeding Time. Orange River Camp.



Officers' Mess near Kimberley after a storm.



Bainbridge. Christmas Lunch.
Lewin and Smith.



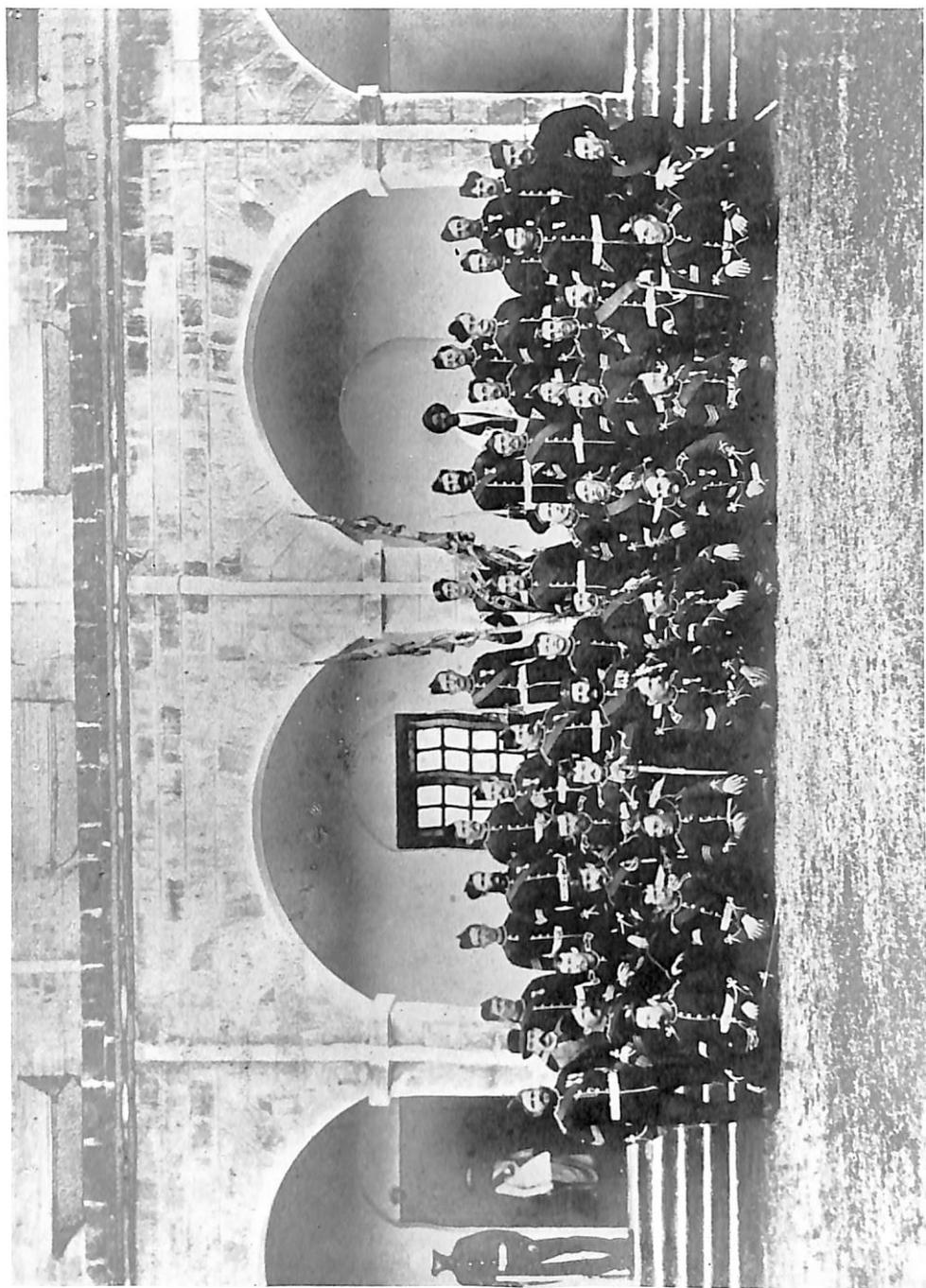
Officers' Mess, Koodoes Rand Drift.
Smith (Suffolks). Bainbridge (on horse).



Men of West Riding Section who entered Pretoria,
6th June, 1900.



Company Cart (loot).



MEMBERS OF THE SERGEANTS' MESS, 33rd FOOT, KAMPTEE, 1875 (see page 144).

The troops at Orange River Station must have had a very anxious time during the next few days as they were aware of superior enemy forces in their immediate neighbourhood, but reinforcements in the shape of the Scots Greys and Queensland M.I. arrived on the 17th ; also Bainbridge, who had actually been a captain since 21st Oct., received official information of his promotion.

The Greys and Queenslanders now took over the patrolling duties, thereby giving a much-needed rest to the M.I. cobs. Christmas Day arrived, and I have only one word recorded anent that day in the diary—that word is "Lunch"—so it appears that others than myself set some store in things gastronomic during those hard times. As a Christmas present, Bainbridge was appointed to the command of the company, but very shortly afterwards had to send Smith with 30 men on detached duty to Belmont, and Lewin went to hospital with a go of dysentery. I trust that space may be found for the photographs taken at this time as they give a very good illustration of the country and conditions prevailing.

On 30th December the Company took part with a flying column, their area being Hopetown to Douglas and Marks drift, in company with the Scots Greys ; other mounted columns were also taking part in this movement, which was intended to cut off fugitives from the operations further south and west from crossing the Orange river. This was a difficult country, the work was very trying to the horses, but there was no actual fighting. Bainbridge relates an interesting experience at this stage of kaffir tracking powers. He lost his field glasses one day, and had only a very hazy notion as to when or where he had last been in possession of them. A kaffir scout offered his services, and actually tracked back the route taken and recovered the glasses. He said it was quite easy to follow the tracks as Bainbridge's cob was shod in a peculiar way. To be able to pick out differences in shoeing on the hard veldt was indeed a miracle of tracking ; so look to it, you boy scouts, you have much to learn yet !

As the Orange river is a considerable one, and, except in times of exceptional drought there is always a good flow of water, the drifts or fords were of importance, hence their possession was always a matter of dispute between the Boers and ourselves. The township of Douglas was at this time held by the Boers ; the drift which served this place was Marks drift. The M.I. were told to seize this drift during the night and surprise the Boers when they came to water their horses in the morning. The first part of the programme came off perfectly and the troops were in position so as to command the approaches to the drift before daylight. Just then heavy firing broke out on the right flank ; two men had sprung out of the long grass and made off towards the town, followed by a hail of bullets, but in the uncertain light they escaped unhurt, but were rounded up for interrogation. This of course gave the Boers warning and they did not come to the drift. These two were kaffirs herding cattle and of no military importance. We got possession of the drift without loss, but otherwise the surprise failed.

The remainder of January was spent mostly in resting the horses as much as possible, patrolling the country on both banks of the Orange river, during which there was always the thrill of sniping on the part of brother Boer. The proximity of the river was an asset, both from the watering of the horses point of view and personal cleanliness, and we did get some fish ; they were a bit muddy to taste but provided a welcome addition to the menu.

We were informed early in the month of the arrival of Lord Roberts and important reinforcements, so there was much speculation as to what would be the first big effort.

It must be remembered that, apart from the still critical position in Natal, Kimberley and Mafeking were at this time still besieged and getting short of many of the necessaries of life, hence there was plenty to speculate on. Lewin came back on the 15th fully recovered in health, bringing with him some 50 odd remounts from De Aar. They were mostly Argentines, bad substitutes for our good English cobs, but we made the best of a bad

job and sent 29 sick horses back in exchange, feeling thankful that the poor beasts who had served us so well would get better care and doctoring than we could give them.

On 2nd February things began to happen. Colonel Alderson arrived, also the 3rd M.I. under Colonel Pilcher, Roberts' Horse, Colonel Broadwood, the Scots Greys under Major Scobell, and a battery of artillery (Godfrey Thomas). This force formed a column which started out on 10th February for Belmont by a night march.

To those of our readers who have not taken part in a night march on active service—particularly with a mounted column—I would like to say that there is a thrill in this operation which can only be realised by participants. Eyes and sight are so infinitely more essential for the mounted man than for the foot slogger, the latter can always fall on his tummy and grovel when bits of lead begin to whiz ; but in the dark, mounted, you have to stick to your horse, and animals are a deal more panicky than men at night, also the manifold dangers of pitfalls are intensified when you are not on your own legs. Roads, as we know them now, practically did not exist in South Africa at this time. As I have said earlier in this history, they were mostly just tracks, often intersected by deep dongas or nullahs, cut out by the torrential rains, frequently to a depth of six feet to nine feet. Nights in South Africa after the rains are over, are, in the low veldt as distinct from the high—where they are bitterly cold, ten to fifteen degrees of frost more often than not—are velvety and soft ; one minute full of gentle furtive rustling and the shrilling of the cicala, the next a silence which can be felt, all the scents of the earth and herbage permeate the air and the stars are beyond expression. On a night march in a hostile country, however, there was scant chance of realising the beauties of the night, one's ears were tuned to the proximity of the enemy, and only such sounds in nature as might indicate this were of importance. Marching by night, resting by day, the column arrived at Klipp drift via Ramdam and Reitt river on 12th February. The march was on the whole a trying one, water was scarce and very long treks. On the 15th there was desultory outpost fighting, as we were now in touch with the Boer forces besieging Kimberley, who contested the passage of the Modder river stoutly until finding their flanks turned they gave way. Critics have often commented on the vast difference between these Kimberley operations and those on the Natal side ; it is only fair, now that a retrospective view can be taken, to consider both the nature of the terrain and the composition of the forces employed. Infantry and artillery alone can never accomplish even at a terrible expenditure of human life what an infinitely smaller but well organised and led force of mounted men supported by mobile artillery can achieve. The chief incidents of this series of night marches were that owing to them and the resultant secrecy and surprise, the resistance met with was very slight. At Klipp drift the enemy artillery opened on us and they dropped two shells into the middle of our camp at 7 a.m., but no damage was done. On the 15th there was a very daring and successful manoeuvre carried out. An artillery duel was in progress and things had begun to get warm, when a charge was ordered through a defile, by means of which the Boers' position was turned and they retired precipitately.

There was no more fighting until just before entering Kimberley. The enemy artillery put four shells into the midst of two M.I. companies; a few horses suffered minor damage and one was killed.

An abortive attempt was made on the 16th to capture a Boer laager, the Boers took no risks and got away under cover of the darkness before the turning movement was completed ; our poor horses were utterly done in. Kimberley was now relieved and my notes state that the writer had a bath, also a claret and soda, so there were still some of the amenities of life left in the beleaguered city.

H. K. U.

(To be continued)

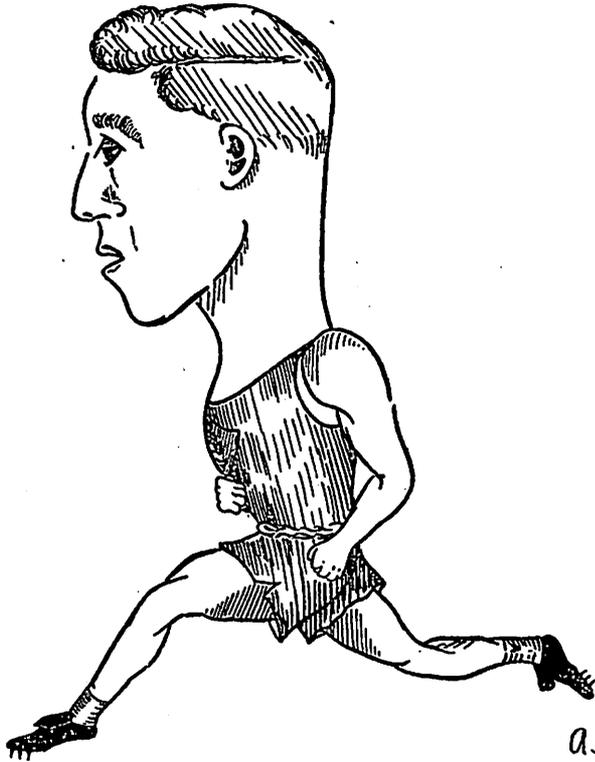
Our Celebrities.

PTE. S. JOHNSON, 1ST BATTALION.

Lest age and long service should appear to be the only qualifications for fame, we have this time chosen a comparatively young soldier as our celebrity. No. 4610650 Pte. S. Johnson was born at Hull in 1910, enlisted in November, 1929, and in 1930 joined the 1st Battalion at Devonport.

Johnson, who had never done any running in civil life, gave the first indication of his possibilities while at the Depot by breaking the record for the recruits' three mile run. In 1930 and 1931 he ran for the Regimental athletic and cross country teams, but in 1932 was posted back to the Depot, where he had no opportunity for serious running.

It was therefore not until this last season that he really came to the fore as an athlete. On his return from Halifax he joined the Aldershot Command Harriers, and after the first trial run was chosen as a first team man. He has run consistently well for the Harriers, and came in first and second respectively in their races with 3rd Division Signals and Cambridge. Running for the Harriers in the 1934 London to Brighton relay race, Johnson was given the stretch from Purley Corner to Merstham, a distance of $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles. He took over ninth and overhauled four club runners in the first mile and a half. He was only passed by one man and handed over fourth at the end of his relay, a very creditable performance.



In the recent Battalion sports Johnson won the 440 yards, 880 yards, one mile and three mile races in good times considering the conditions, but was beaten by two points for the "Victor Ludorum" cup by Cpl. Clegg.

His other successful performances during the past season include:—Command inter-unit championship, 2nd; Army individual championships, 14th; Command 10 mile championships, 1st; Command $7\frac{1}{2}$ mile championships, 4th; Southern counties cross country championships, 37th (second in Harriers team); National 10 miles cross country championships, 94th.

The last was a good performance in view of the fact that he was competing against the pick of England's cross country runners, and Johnson's whole record is one of which any young soldier might be justifiably proud.

Some Notes on Rugby Football for Beginners.

(Continued from page 49, No. 27, February, 1934.)

In the third article of these notes on rucker I am going to deal with some of the characteristic features of play outside the scrum.

The main characteristics of successful back play are :—speed—being able to take bad passes and give good ones—running straight—having an eye for openings combined with the art of snapping up opportunities given through your opponents' mistakes—having the ability to, and knowledge when to, kick. And in addition there are the general points common to all players which were brought out in the first article [No. 26, October, 1933], particularly falling on the ball and tackling.

Taking the characteristics mentioned above in turn, I will go into some detail on each. Some of them are what might be termed natural gifts, others can be learnt by practice. But both will be improved by constant practice.

SPEED is a gift of nature. Some people grow up able to run fast, others do not. But all can improve their speed on a football field. Practice is required at short track sprints in running shoes, short sprints on grass in football boots, short sprints holding a rucker ball, and, finally, with a partner giving and taking passes at full speed. Speed off the mark, the first ten yards, is what counts on the rucker field. That is why I lay stress on short sprints.

Constant practice at each and all of the above methods of training is required throughout the season. With such practice you can appreciably increase your speed by the end of a season.

PASSING was mentioned in my last notes on forward play. The principles and methods of passing are the same for both forwards and backs. But whereas forwards are only expected to be proficient at passing, the outsides have to be experts. As an outside you must be able to give both short and very long passes with accuracy, when travelling at top speed. Furthermore you must be able to take any sort of pass, good, bad or indifferent, greasy ball or dry ball, at top speed. That is, you must develop a "good pair of hands." Good hands are largely a gift; but the old tale of practise and go on practising will enable most people to develop a good pair of hands.

Don't try to run before you can walk—*i.e.*, start by learning to give and take passes when standing still; first of all short passes and then try longer ones. The next step is passing on the move, at a trot; then with more practice make the passes longer when on the trot; practise with both a dry ball and a slippery one. Gradually build up until you are past the trotting and short passes stage and reach the final stage of giving and taking long passes when going at top speed. You will find that some learn faster than others, but even those that are slow can improve their passing tremendously with practice.

RUN STRAIGHT is an essential feature of back play. No person who always wants to have the ball and runs across the field will ever make a good outside. "Run straight" is a maxim every back must remember throughout every game he plays. It is better to run five yards straight towards your opponents' goal line than to go twenty yards across the field, pushing your three-quarters into touch and giving them no room to move in. No side is going to score tries when they have even one back who is always running across the field. Remember rucker is a team game, you do *not* play for yourself but for your side.

About the one crime worse than running across the field is to run round in a circle, ending up nearer your own goal line than when you started. This is so obvious that it sounds a daft thing to mention; but go and watch any game and you will see players both running across the field and being tackled nearer their own goal line than where they started from.

KICKING requires much practice if you hope to obtain much accuracy, and the latter is essential. As a back you must learn how to kick for touch, cross-kick and short

punt over your opponents' heads. Then having learnt how to kick, *never* do it unless you are a wing three-quarter or on the defence.

When watching games you usually see a lot of pointless and useless kicking, especially kicking for touch. The object in rucker is to score tries, which can only be done by being in possession of the ball. Whenever you kick you lose possession of the ball; so if you want to win, do *not* kick except when in defence.

Only use the short punt over the opposing three-quarters, and the cross-kick from wing three-quarters back into the centre of the field, when all other means of attack have failed. Otherwise don't kick in attack, always pass the ball on to some one else. Only kick for touch when hard pressed in defence.

EYE for OPENINGS is the ability to see, when you are attacking, whether you can go on with the ball or whether your side will do better if you pass straight away. Put in another way, it means the ability to see a momentary gap in the opponents' defence through which you can penetrate before passing the ball.

This is an art which comes with experience and therefore can only be learnt by actual games. In a short space it is impossible to give examples of how openings occur; but ask any of the 1st XV. backs and they will be able to give numerous examples of what constitutes an opening. The thing to remember is that an opening is only there for a moment and must be taken in a flash. Quick thinking is essential.

Almost the same thing as an eye for an opening is the art of taking advantage of your opponents' mistakes. Taken as a whole, more close matches are won because one side takes advantage of the other's mistakes and scores off them, than because one side is really more skilful than the other: a fact which I am told we learnt to our cost when beaten in the semi-finals this season by the 5th Bn. R.T.C. They were not a better side than us, but scored off some of the mistakes we made, whereas we did not set about scoring off their errors. Once again this point cannot be illustrated easily on paper, but examples can be asked for and given by the 1st XV.

The Editor has told me that he has some spare space in the next IRON DUKE, so one more rucker article will appear. In the final notes the main qualifications and capabilities necessary for each position outside the scrum will be discussed.

C. K. T. F.

(To be continued.)

Turkish Delight.

"WAS I wot?" asked Mr. Joseph Hoskins, pausing in the act of lifting a ladder to his shoulder with characteristic lack of haste. His mate, a small scrubby youth in dirty blue overalls, repeated his question.

"Was I in the war?" said Mr. Hoskins scornfully. "I should think I was, me lad. I ain't given to boastin', but if it adn't been for one or two things I done—on the quiet, mind yer—the war might 'a lasted a year or two longer. Why, I was the feller wot opened the gates o' Jerusalem for Allenby. Tipped me 'alf a crown for it, 'e did."

He leaned the ladder gently up against the wall, and reclined gracefully against it, stroking his straggling moustache complacently.

"Yus," he went on reminiscently, "I was in France for eighteen months, then I was sent out East. I fancy the War Office thought there was more scope for me pecooliar abilities out there.

"While I was in France my battalion never did a show but wot the colonel sent for me an' asked my opinion in confidence. 'Oskins, 'e used to say, 'wot d'yer think about it?' an' when I told 'im where 'e was wrong an' 'ow to do the job proper, 'e used to clap me on the back an' say: 'Oskins, you ought to 'ave a commission,' but I always refused, 'owever much 'e begged an' prayed. I never even took a lance-jack's stripe or a medal all the time I was in the Army.

"That feller Lawrence wot stirred up them Arabs is the same as me. We both 'ave a 'ankerin' after obscoority; fame leaves us cold."

Mr. Hoskins extracted a short black pipe from his jacket and, pressing the tobacco down with a grimy thumb, struck a match dexterously on the seat of his corduroy trousers and lit it.

"It'd amaze yer," he continued, emitting dense clouds of smoke, "if you knew what was at the back o' these 'ere strategic moves you read of in war time. If they came off some general wiv a red band round 'is cap would get another row o' medals, but generally speakin' it was some ordinary feller like meself wot did the dirty work, an' paved the way to victory. There's wheels within wheels in the Army, an' if one wheel stops, the blame for it is passed down until it reaches the private soldier, where it can't go no further. Many a time I've shouldered the blame for things wot'd 'a wrecked some stately 'omes in England if I'd spoke up an' told the truth.

"In a kind o' indirect way I was responsible for winning the war in the East. The defeat o' them Turks 'inged on me. I got no credit for it, but then I didn't ask for none; I'm that sort. I won't say that luck 'adn't a lot to do with it, because it 'ad, but then luck generally 'as to be backed up by brains to be of any lastin' use.

"I was in the infantry at the time, an' I was one of a raidin' party wot was out after information. They nearly always put me on them raids because they knew 'ow valuable I was for gettin' 'old of what they wanted. We went over at dawn an' I never 'eard o' wot became o' that raidin' party, because when the time came to return, I found meself cut off an' surrounded by about a dozen o' them 'airy, thievin' Turks.

"Most fellers would 'a thrown up their 'ands an' give up when they saw the odds agin 'em, but in those days I was a 'usky young feller wot didn't know wot fear was. I sailed into 'em like a unleashed tiger, an' one or two of 'em was sorry for their selves before I was overpowered. Twice they got me down, an' twice I got back to me feet, 'urling 'em right and left. It was like a pack o' dawgs attackin' a lion, but I was wore out at last; there was too many of 'em. All the time I could tell they was out to get me alive; I expect they'd spotted that I wasn't no ordinary feller.

"When all the fight 'ad been knocked out o' me at last, they sat down on me to rest for a bit an' lick their wounds, an' some of the things they said to me sounded uncommon bad, although I couldn't understand their langwidge. They was a dishonest lot, because as soon as they'd got their breath back, they searched me for valuables. Their luck was out, 'owever, as we wasn't allowed to take anythink on raids wot might be of use to the enemy. I could 'a laughed at their disappointment, but I thought per'aps it'd be better not to. I'd 'ad enough to be goin' on with.

"They took me before an orficer—a Jerry 'e was—a nasty-lookin' feller with a bristly moustache, pigs eyes, an' a thick neck. 'E was a educated chap, though, an' spoke English pretty near as well as wot I do meself, but for all 'is rantin' an' ravin' 'e got nothink out o' me but lies. I stood there lookin' at 'im calm without showin' no fear, although I don't mind admittin' I was feelin' a bit uneasy, an' after cussin' 'imself 'oarse, 'e got sick of it an' told 'em to take me away.

"They shoved me on a lorry under escort an' took me miles be'ind the line, an' put me in a compound surrounded by barbed wire. There wasn't t'ardly anybody in it; no Englishmen, only about 'alf a dozen Indian troops, wot's not white men but sort o' partly educated savages.

"It wasn't a proper prison camp, but only a 'astily erected place where they could shove prisoners until they'd time to shift 'em, an' I realised that if I wanted to get away I'd 'ave to be quick about it. The barbed wire wasn't more than five feet high, but thick, an' a sentry walked round all day an' night. There wasn't nobody much about. The guard, when they wasn't on duty, spent their time sleepin' in a 'ut about fifty yards off, an' apart from some fatigue parties workin' on a ration dump 'alf a mile away there wasn't nobody for miles.

"While I was walkin' round the wire the fust day I spotted a good 'eavy lump o' wood lyin' just outside it, an' that night I got it when the sentry was dozin', an' shoved it down the leg o' me trousis. I tore me tunic bad getting' it an' I was afraid they'd notice in the morning', but if they did they didn't say nothink.

"All next day I lived in terror o' bein' moved before I could try me plan out, but me luck was in an' nobody came. I waited until dusk, then I walked up to the sentry 'oldin' the lump o' wood be'ind me in me right 'and. When I got near 'im, I started talkin' excited an' wavin' me free 'and. O' course 'e couldn't understand, but 'e came close to the wire an' stared pop-eyed. Suddenly I pointed over 'is shoulder, an' silly as 'ell 'e turned to look an' I landed 'im a wipe over the ear with the wood that pretty near sprained me elbow.

"I shall never forget gettin' through that wire as long as I live. Me uniform was in ribbons by the time I was through an' I felt as though I'd been scraped with red 'ot needles. I changed into the sentry's trousis an' tunic an' put 'is cap on, an' after givin' 'im another swipe just for luck, I set off on me bold bid fer freedom. I don't think that sentry would survive me treatment, but then war is like that ; a cruel bloodthirsty business, an' lucky is 'e wot get's 'is clout in first.

"It was quite dark by that time, an' as I adn't no idea where I was I just set off 'ap'azard. I wanted to get well away from that sentry. I 'ad an idea that when they found 'im they'd per'aps be a bit 'asty with me if I was 'angin' around. I must 'ave walked a couple o' miles before I struck anythink an' then I ran up again wot looked like a battalion bivooacked. I gave 'em a wide berth, an' was just getting' past when I spotted two or three dirty tents with some sort o' black 'eaps near 'em. I crept up careful an' saw the black 'eaps was three camels, an' bein' a damn fool I thought I'd pinch one. I thought it'd be easier than walkin'.

"I didn't know much about camels then except that their back legs kept in step with their front ones, but I know 'em now. A mule's awk'ard an' a woman's awk'ard, but for pig-'eaded cussedness a camel 'as 'em both beat. It's the ugliest thing on four legs in the world, an' it smells the wust.

"Well, I 'ad a careful look at 'em an' found they was tethered to a peg in the ground, so I loosed one an', taking' the rope in me 'and, climbed aboard. I made a cluckin' noise with me tongue an' said 'gee up ' nice an' quiet, but all it did was to make 'orrible noises like it was sufferin' from indigestion. I was just givin' up 'ope when it suddenly stood up at the back an' sent me flyin' over its 'ead. When I tell you that it tried to bite me while I was down you'll realise 'ow treacherous them brutes is.

"The noise of me fall raised a 'awful 'ubub in them tents, an' as soon as I could get to me feet I shot off into the darkness like a runaway 'orse. I kept goin' all night an' when the sun came up I marked me direction by it an' crawled under some rocks an' slept like a log.

"For two days an' nights I kept ploddin' along, dodgin' 'uman beins an' opin' I was gettin' nearer the British lines, an' the thirst I 'ad you wouldn't believe. In them 'ot countries they say fellers gets visions o' water wot they call mirages, but the only visions I 'ad was of beer pumps an' barmaids. I'd 'a taken the 'ole Turkish army on with me bare 'ands for 'alf o' bitter.

"On the arternoon o' the third day while I was restin' in the shade o' some rocks, a native blew up sudden. I was too tired to bother with 'im, but 'e seemed pleased to see me, chatterin' an' wavin' 'is arms like a feller gone daft. I'd forgot I was dressed like a Turk. Arter a bit 'e dived into 'is rags and 'anded me a packet o' paper wot was all wrote on in some foreign langwidge. I couldn't make 'ead nor tail of it so I shoved it into me tunic an' dismissed the chap with a dignified wave of me 'and.

"It was getting' dark about then, so I climbed to me pore achin' feet an' set off again still tortured by visions o' brimmin' tankards. I 'adn't gone more than a mile when a crowd o' native bandits galloped up—Bedwins they calls 'em—an' the 'ole lot

piled on to me like I was a blinkin' free dinner. I was too far gone to resist, an' they 'auled me up an' started an argument which sounded to me about doin' me in.

"Anyway if it was, the chap in charge wouldn't 'ave it, an' they gave me a drink, shoved me on a 'orse, an' clusterin' round me set off 'ell for leather. I 'adn't never ridden a 'orse before an' I ain't never goin' to ride one again. I was eight hours' ridin' that damn thing an' when they took me into the British lines I was too done up to feel even surprised. I slept face down for pretty near a month afterwards.

"After I'd 'ad a meal an about four gallons o' tea I felt better an' some fellers wot they calls intelligence oficers—though Gawd knows why—intervood me. I told 'em the 'ole tale truth—except about me suffering's which I 'arped on continual. It never does any 'arm to let folks think you've 'ad a bit tougher time than wot you really 'ave 'ad.

"Them papers didn't 'alf make 'em excited, though later on I learnt what it was all about. Some spy be'ind our lines 'ad been sending the Turks information about our fellers; when we was goin' to attack an' such like stuff.

"Well, thanks to me, they collared 'im, and' then sent the Turks a lot of fake information so that when our offensive started 'e wasn't ready an' we broke right through.

"When I got back to me unit the colonel sent for me an' 'e said: 'Oskins, I'm proud of yer. You're a credit to your regiment an' the Army.' There was tears in 'is eyes as 'e wrung me 'and."

Mr. Hoskins tapped his pipe out on his boot and surveyed his open-mouthed listener thoughtfully.

"An' now, Alf," he said at last, "if a colonel can be proud o' me, so can you, an' to show yer appreciation just shift this 'ere ruddy ladder an' never ask me no more if I was in the war."

P. M. L.

Yarns by an Old Soldier.

"TAKING THE TIME FROM THE BRIGADIER, AND THAT'S ME."

The scene is the Happy Valley, Bermuda. The Queen's Birthday Parade consisted of the 2nd Battalion, two companies R.E., artillery details, and a few others.

The march past and other movements have taken place, and the line has been drawn up, the *feu-de-joie* has been fired, when Colonel Crawford, R.E., rides to the centre on his splendid charger Whitefoot.

"Remove your head-dresses!" commands the Colonel, at the same time removing his plumed hat. "We will now give three cheers for Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen, taking the time from the Brigadier, and that's me."

"Hip! Hip!" Yes, it was that cheer that the Duke's use to-day, when they win their football matches, that did it.

The Brigadier's horse whipped round, scattered two companies, bolted, jumped a four-foot wall, and the Brigadier was last seen, plumed hat in hand, going like H—. But it was that cheer that did it.

KNOBS BARWELL.

The scene: Barbados. There was in the Battalion at this time a lance-sergeant in the Drums by the name of Barwell, better known as Knobs Barwell, a very fussy little chap with a bald head, and a general factotum. The Sergeants' Dramatic Club were staging the play "Ticket-of-Leave Man" with Sgt.-Major C. Hyde (afterwards Captain Hyde) directing.

In one portion of the play we shut out a back scene and dropped a street scene in front of it. Sgt.-Major Hyde had insisted that this must be done quickly so that as they cleared from one scene they should walk on to the other. I instructed my stage hand

Saunders to go on the other side of the stage and take the ropes off the dead eye, and await my signals from the first opening on the other side. I must tell you the stage was 23 feet across, and for want of timber for rollers for the curtains we had to whittle down scaffold poles, which were of considerable weight.

I took up my position in opening No. 1. Barwell went into opening No. 2 farther up stage, and where this scene was to be dropped; he peeped round the corner of the wing to get a glimpse of the audience, of which I was not aware. Saunders stood, ropes in hand, ready to let the cloth down as quick as possible to within an inch of the floor and then quietly drop it. I awaited my cue and as soon as it came I cut my hand down. Down came the roller with a rush. At the same time there was a devil of a commotion. I stepped outside. "What's up?" I asked, and saw Knobs Barwell dancing round and round with his head in his hands. "D— thing *was* up," he answered, "but it come down"; and if he was not true to his name before, he was then, for he had a knob in outsizes on his cranium.

A BAD TEN MINUTES.

I was taking part in a farce on one occasion and was got up as the heavy father, supposed to be a retired farmer; when they made me up they put a feather pillow inside a pair of riding breeches to make me look corpulent and powdered my beard; the get-up was A1. I must inform you the breeches had been carried round many years in the sergeants' dramatic chest.

We had a full house and everything went well until I sat down in a low armchair facing the audience. Bang! and away went all the buttons off the front amongst the audience and showed the white pillow case. I had to sit in the chair for about ten minutes as if I was suffering from stomachache, and I left the stage somewhat like a crab. It was a rotten ten minutes and they had to fix me up with safety pins, etc., before I dare go on again!

D. W. P. F.

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

(Continued from page 42, No. 27, February, 1934.)

Simla, 22nd July, 1849.—There is nothing very particular to tell you by this mail except that there is disaffection and almost mutiny in a Sepoy regiment at Rawul Pindi, owing to some stupid mistake and alteration of their pay, which was not intended by Government, but has given great offence. It is doubtful whether we may not have to go down to the plains, as Sir Charles seems disposed to go down and set matters right himself. I hope it will be unnecessary, as the heat below is described as terrific, and the rains have hitherto been very partial and insufficient. October will be quite soon enough to move, and Sir Charles works so hard and for so many hours that it is impossible he could bear the fatigue in the hot country.

Sir Charles still talks of returning home in the spring, though none of us think he will—he gets interested in his work, and when he gets down amongst the army he will be still more so; there are very many abuses to correct, and such perfect unanimity and cordiality exist between him and the Governor-General that he will be able to effect much real good. It will be effected, however, at the cost of at least present popularity, his stringent orders against leave of absence without good cause are making him very unpopular with the officers and especially with their wives. It has become quite the custom here of late years for all officers with any interest at headquarters to get leave to the hills every hot season, leaving their work and men to be neglected or left in the charge of a few poor devils unknown to the headquarter staff. The jobbing and intriguing have been scandalous, and it has been a common thing for the A.D.C.'s to make interest

and get appointments or leave for the husbands of their lady friends—in these last cases, however, their interest has generally been exerted to get the husbands sent away from here. A lady asked me a few nights ago to get her husband removed from Ferozepore (where he is brigade major) to Bareilly because it is nearer the hills and the plains do not agree with her children! My answer was that in the school where I learnt soldiering we did not recognise either ladies or children in the Service—that they were private arrangements of the officers of which we knew nothing, and I declined to interfere. I expect to be as unpopular in consequence as the General, but the first thing to look at is the discipline of the Service, which has suffered much from neglect on the part of the officers who, one and all, dislike and despise their regimental duty—the Company's officers are all striving for appointments away from their regiments; few of them are even tolerably well drilled, they care nothing for their men, whom they seldom see, and there is little or none of that mutual confidence and respect so essential for sustaining the high character of a corps. The men are left to the care of the very junior officers, who know little of their language, habits and prejudices and will not learn more than is absolutely necessary to qualify them for staff employment. The Sepoy regiments have not nearly sufficient officers present with them, and as long as the commissariat, staff, and political departments are in great measure furnished by regiments they are not likely to have. Moreover, all the irregular corps throughout India, and the ten new Punjab regiments, are officered from the Company's Army, so you may imagine how few there are left for the ordinary regimental duties. All this is very bad and the sepoys no longer feel the same esteem and respect for their British officers as formerly, when the latter associated more with the native officers and made themselves intimately acquainted with the wants and wishes of their men . . . There are constant reports, or rather, rumours, here of Sikhs flocking up in great numbers towards Jummoo, both from the Punjab and the Jullundur Doab, and a nephew of Goolab's is said to be busy casting guns in the hills not far from Adeenanugger. He is a turbulent man and very hostile to us, and if anyone succeeds in assassinating Goolab we are pretty sure of another row. Probably it will not take place next season, but ere long it must come; the Sikhs say themselves that they were bred as soldiers and know no other business, they cannot work and will not starve, so fight they must. It is notorious that only a very small portion of their arms were given up after Goojrat, and those were the very worst and most useless, few of them would go off, so it is clear that it was not with them that they shot down the poor 24th at Chillianwallah. No—as soon as Goolab Singh is out of the way, his treasure and strong force of guns will be brought against us, and a war of extermination must ensue, as it is evident that the Sikhs have not yet abandoned the hope of regaining their lost country. That they might be made useful in our pay in a campaign against the Afghans is very certain, but I cannot admit the policy of arming and organising in our service a force which is certain to turn against us whenever their countrymen are ready for another struggle. Sir Charles remonstrated strongly against the formation of the ten Sikh regiments on the principle I have stated, and it turns out now that there will not be more than 80 or 100 real Sikhs in each corps; still I think that about a thousand thoroughly well drilled and appointed enemies in the midst of a newly conquered country might form the nucleus of a very dangerous rebellion, more especially if unjust and impolitic measures on the part of the civil authorities disgust our own sepoys with our Service.

These high caste Bengal men are troublesome in many ways; they require more followers and have more prejudices than the lower caste men of the other Presidencies; witness what has appeared in the papers about their not working in the trenches at Mooltan, which is perfectly true, notwithstanding denials. Then they will not go to sea, and in fact, though they are fine looking and good soldiers in the field, yet it is both expensive and difficult to get them there. These little Goorkhas or hill men are devils to fight and have no caste habits or prejudices whatever to interfere with their going anywhere or doing anything they are told, except showing mercy to a fallen enemy. That they will

never do, and no wounded foe has a chance of escape from their deadly kookries, with which they do great execution at close quarters, getting within a horesman's guard, parrying his blow and ripping him open. By all accounts they seem to be a bloodthirsty lot of little devils and if one of their own British officers falls in the field, all who are near him smear themselves with his blood before making their rush forward for vengeance. They come from the valleys of the Himalayas and are both very hardy and very faithful troops, with no feelings in common with the men of the plains, and are devoted to their British officers. They have, however, vices unknown to their Hindoo fellow soldiers; they are desperate drunkards and are said to be hard to manage in action, as they go mad with excitement when fighting and at the sight of blood.

It now appears that the two regiments at Rawul Pindi refused to receive their reduced pay, but there is no further disturbance, and I hope the measures of the Governor-General may restore tranquility and content.

Simla, 17th August, 1849.—The servants here are a horrid nuisance and one is obliged to have so many in this Presidency that it is a great tax on a poor man. For instance, I have as few as possible, and yet there are in my service one Sirdar bearer at ten rupees a month, one Khitmutghar at eight, one sweeper at five, one Dhobi at seven, one Bhisti at five, three Syces at five and three grass cutters at three—sixty-seven rupees a month, and yet I am not half so well served as in my regiment at home where I have one servant and a batman costing me eighteen shillings a month. Sir Charles pays over three hundred rupees a month for his servants.

Simla, 20th Sept., 1849.—A man has just been with the General who was the great native contractor for commissariat supplies in the late war—his arrangements are said to have been admirable, his resources inexhaustible, and he appears to have influence and connections throughout the whole country. He has been talking about the prospects of another campaign and says, what I have heard frequently before, that Ghoolab Singh will not make war, but that his son and nephew will most certainly. They are endeavouring to put the old man to death, but he keeps them apart in distant Governments and is quite aware of their intentions towards him. He is in very bad health, however, and is not expected to last much longer. We shall then have a row and if Kashmir is to be the scene of the war, it will be a very serious and fatiguing matter. They have 400 guns at Jummoo and it is impossible to say how many thousand discontented Sikhs and hillmen might be collected to attempt to drive us out of the Punjab.

Sir H. Lawrence, too, is playing exactly their game by levying and organising irregular Sikh corps. Sir Charles has succeeded with difficulty in getting the numbers of real Sikhs reduced in each corps, but still there are too many for our safety, and Sir Henry was about to form a Sikh artillery under British officers! What madness to teach our enemies the perfect use of such dangerous weapons, with which they are already too familiar, and which they would be certain to turn against us at the first outbreak at Jummoo. They would murder their officers and use their newly acquired education for our destruction. Sir Charles has succeeded in preventing the formation of this artillery—it is most fortunate that he and the Governor-General pull so well together and that the latter is wise enough to avail himself of Sir Charles' talents and experience in military matters, rather than to listen to the wild ideas of politicals. Sir Frederick Currie was the cause of the last war, and Sir Henry Lawrence will place us at a fearful disadvantage in the next, if he is allowed to have his own way.

Great improvement is needed in the *morale* of our Indian Army, especially in the connection between officers and men—the latter do not look up to and respect the former, because the former do not care twopence about their regiments or men and only seek for rupees and staff employment. Then the men are very much overworked, in consequence of the multitude of small guards which it has become the custom to have over civilians' houses, where the men are often left for months, and where they are supposed to mount sentry, but where, in point of fact, they become slovenly orderlies. Sir Charles is beginning

to reform that abuse here, to the great horror and consternation of the civilians, but the poor little Goorkha soldiers feel and appreciate his interest in their behalf and we shall soon have a more efficient battalion at Jutogh, composed of men contented with their lot, not overworked, and aware that at last they are getting justice. It appears that their commanding officer has always represented that these hill men would not go down into the plains, because he liked the climate of the hills best himself. The men were asked by us whether they would go down to the plains if they got the same pay as the sepoys; they replied they would be delighted to go down, even if they got no extra pay, with nothing but their present miserable allowance of four rupees a month, as provisions in the plains are a little more than half the price they are here. Thus the Government has been deceived and a whole regiment rendered discontented and kept in a state of poverty and semi-starvation that three gentlemen might enjoy the fine climate of Jutogh; is it not scandalous? But it is so with everything in India—self-interest, jobbing and deception meet you at every turn—in the most trifling matters you cannot believe that any man tells you the plain truth—to arrive at it you must well consider his situation and probable motives for all he says or does. One man asks for the indulgence of short leave in consequence of the illness of his poor wife and the death of his child at Mussoorie; he gets up a piteous tale and obtains his leave—but it turns out that he only wanted to go to the Dograh races! So it is with too many of them, and they will never believe that gentlemanlike conduct must be the rule, instead of the exception, amongst officers until many severe examples have been made.

Lord Dalhousie has been suffering much in health lately and is going to Kotghur in the mountains for change of air and afterwards the doctors have recommended him to go down the Indus to Kurachee and to go to sea for a month. I trust he will get well and remain in the country, as if he were to leave it would decide Sir Charles to return home, as he will not serve with another Governor-General.

Simla, 6th Oct., 1849.—The principal item of public news here is that it was officially reported yesterday that Chutter Singh and Shere Singh, who were at large in their villages, have been arrested by the Commissioners and are now confined with five other Sirdars, their relations, in the fort at Lahore. This looks as if conspiracy were again at work, but the imprisonment of the chiefs will probably prevent any outbreak at present. It would have been a pretty pass if the Sikhs had risen suddenly and caught the Commander-in-Chief travelling with a small escort through the Punjab! The three Commissioners at Lahore never stir out without a large mounted escort of light cavalry, but whether this is from fear of the people or from love of pomp I cannot say, but they will lose their escort shortly, for Sir Charles is very angry about it.

Lord Dalhousie has been away in the mountains for his health, but has come back so extremely unwell that it is feared he will have to go home, at all events he goes down from Mooltan to Karachi and to sea for a month to try change of air.

(To be continued.)

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals:—*The Covenanter* (Jan., March), *The Tiger & Sphinx* (March), *The Dragon* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Snapper* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Bugle* (March), *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The St. George's Gazette* (Dec., Jan., Feb., March), *The Tiger & Rose* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Light Bob* (Jan., April), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Feb.), *The Britannia* (April), *Ca-Ira* (March), *The Lion & The Rose* (Feb.), *The K.S.L.I. Regimental Gazette* (Feb., April), *The East Lancashire Regimental Gazette* (Jan.), *The Sapper* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Wire* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *Our Empire* (Jan., Feb., March, April), *The Military Musician* (April).

MARATHON.

UNMILITARY THOUGHTS ON AN OLD BATTLE.

Every history book will tell you that Marathon was one of the decisive battles of the world, but the most far-reaching and distressing of its results have never been sufficiently emphasized. I dare not think how much misery has been brought about by this one battle nor how much more suffering is still to follow in its train.

To-day I was one of the victims of the most exquisite form of torture still surviving in this so-called civilised age. I ran in a cross country race. Now the cross country run of the present time is the lineal descendant of that ill-advised exhibition of running given by Mr. Pheidippides after the battle of Marathon; surely the worst example of misplaced energy ever recorded.

I set down in writing my thoughts and sensations as I ran.

O Marathon, O Marathon. Who does not curse thee, Marathon?
 These breaking hearts, these bursting lungs are due to thee, O Marathon!
 This padding of a hundred feet, this choking cloud of dust,
 Such is thy work, Pheidippides. O gods ye were not just.
 To him ye gave the victor's crown and death in victory's hour,
 To us this retching, sweating strain, increasing loss of power.
 And death is very nigh to me and triumph very far,
 I faint, I die, I fall away, I see the Evening Star.

Now visions strange and terrible appear before my eyes,
 Quite little men with little legs assume enormous size.
 And look. I see the great god Pan who pipes us on our way,
 He prances up beside the track and plays some merry lay.
 The vision fades; in truth I see that Pan is Sergeant Blank,
 Too old to run so cheers his men and dances on a bank.
 Again the mists close down on me and all the world goes black,
 I did not wish to die like this. Alas. Alas. Alack.

Hark now my soul, methinks I hear the sound of angel choirs,
 The chanting of the blessed ones, the strumming of the lyres.
 And who is this large portly man, that man of pomp and state?
 It is . . . Why yes, the guardian, the keeper of the gate.
 So let me go embrace him lest he should now condemn.
 Ye gods! This is the finish and I've kissed the R.S.M.

A. L.

Thirty-six Years Ago.

[The impending move of the 1st Battalion to Malta recalls the fact that they left that station 36 years ago. We think our readers will be interested by the following extract from the *Daily Malta Chronicle* of 1898, kindly sent us by Capt. C. Oliver.—Ed.]

FAREWELL TO THE 1ST WEST RIDINGS.

However much we may regret having to do so from personal considerations—and we readily confess to experiencing at times something very much akin to those acute pangs which are only occasioned when one parts for the last time with an old and tried friend—yet it is our bounden duty as journalists to say, when the proper time comes, a few words of farewell to the gallant regiments who are leaving us, perhaps for ever, and with many of whose members we have become, perhaps closely, associated during their brief, or it may be lengthened stay in this island fortress.

That duty is to bid good-bye to the 1st Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, and in wishing all ranks of the Battalion "God Speed" we feel sure we only re-echo the hearty sentiments of the entire population of Malta.

As an all-round smart corps the 1st West Ridings (or old 33rd) would be very hard to beat. In the world of sport they have met few equals during their close upon three years' spell amongst us, as the numerous successes they have scored in racing, football, cricket and billiards testify.

Few regimental officers have guided their steeds so expertly, or frequently, to victory on the Marsa racecourse as has Capt. Godfrey of the "Duke's"; and rarely have more

exciting football, cricket and billiards matches been witnessed than those in which the 1st West Ridings have been engaged.

Not only in sport, however, have the members of this gallant Yorkshire regiment excelled. In every social function from the grand ball to the practice hop ; from jovial smoker or convivial in cosy mess, to enjoyable " At Home " on smiling Marsa ; or from invigorating outing in St. Paul's Bay to the pleasant steamboat trip to verdant Goze, the sergeants of this famed battalion have ever taken a more than second lead ; and from personal observation of the way in which all their undertakings have been conducted we are compelled to say that exceptionally smart indeed must be the outsider who can teach them anything new in the matter of entertaining friends, whether it be a small homely party, or a big swell affair.

A great factor in every battalion of infantry is, admittedly, its band, yet not many possess one that can come up, in our opinion, in point of musical proficiency, to the clever musicians who constitute the band of the Battalion whom our famous general was pleased to call his own, and who at the present time acknowledge Mr. D. Neill's sway.

Many changes have necessarily taken place in the Battalion since its arrival here from England on 9th October, 1895. It had then at its head Colonel Cecil Conor, but it will leave here for Egypt on the 4th or 5th proximo, unless it goes home, as Dame Rumour now has it, under the command of Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, a gallant officer who has seen much active service in his time, and has served for something like eleven years in the troublous land of the Pharaohs.

We have also heard it rumoured, but give very little credence to it, that on arrival in Egypt the 1st West Ridings will probably proceed as far up the Nile as Assouan. All we yet know for fact is that the Battalion will first proceed to Cairo, there to be stationed. However, wherever duty calls them, whether it be in peaceful camps or in bloody field, we feel sure the proud old plucky " Dukes " will be ever ready and willing as of old, to do all that is required of them. Meanwhile we will conclude by remarking that as far as Malta is concerned the general public will miss one of the most efficient bands that has ever been heard in the streets and squares ; St. Paul's Collegiate Church will lose the services of an acting organist of no mean ability, as well as one half of its choir. The Soldiers' Club will be deprived of its able permanent pianist and of many favourite singers and mimics who have long contributed to the harmony and merriment from the elevation of its talent-trod boards ; and we, in common with the entire garrison, will keenly feel the loss of the Battalion which has been longest amongst us, and bears the honourable title of the 1st Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.

Personalia.

The marriage took place on 6th April, 1934, at St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, of Major-General Sir Frederick William Bainbridge Landon and Miss Ethel Mary Sampson, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sampson, of Nottingham. The Rev. Clarence May officiated.

The bride was given away by her cousin, Mr. Philip S. Jones. There was one little attendant, Primrose Sudbury (god-daughter of the bride). Lt.-Col. J. W. B. Landon was best man. After the ceremony there was a small reception at Claridge's, and then the bride and bridegroom left to spend the honeymoon in Portugal.

Among those present were Brig.-General P. A. Turner, and Lt.-Col. K. A. Macleod. We offer Sir Frederick Landon and his bride our very best wishes.

At the Brompton Oratory, on 8th March, 1934, the marriage took place of Major Charles Stourton Langdale and Josephine Everilda, the widow of Alfred Harrison, and the younger daughter of the late Edmund Waterton, of Walton Hall, Wakefield, and Deeping Waterton, Lincolnshire. The bridegroom is a cousin of Colonel Philip Langdale

and a relative of Lord Mowbray and Stourton. The best man was Captain Philip Jeremy Gwyn. Only about half a dozen intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom attended the ceremony.

Father John Talbot officiated, and the bride was given away by Mr. E. Waterton. After the ceremony a small reception was held at 30 Stanhope Gardens. To Major and Mrs. Langdale also we offer our very best wishes.

Major (Storks) Langdale, whose marriage is announced in the preceding paragraph lost a leg in the Great War while serving with the 2nd Battalion. Three years ago he lost most of the other leg in a bad motor smash in France, though he says he can still manage to hobble about with the help of an arm and a stick. In a recent letter from his home at Le Zoute, Belgium, to Major N. H. Moore, he says:—"I am living here because, in the first place, it is very flat, secondly, there are plenty of pleasant walks where one is undisturbed by any sort of traffic except small children on scooters, and finally, because it is near enough to England for lots of my friends to come over and see me. We have a pleasant house right on the golf links, and as I shave in the morning I can see major-generals in couples and governor-generals in pairs fozzling their drives from the first tee. Le Zoute is the dump for all the Services of the Empire, and I must say that they are very interesting and cheery people. . . . I lunched at "the Senior" when I was in London, and was surprised and disgusted to see Lyons' nipples in the dining room. Shade of The Iron Duke!!"

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hands (née Edna Gertrude Jaques) on the birth of a son on 31st March, 1934, at their address, 12 Arthur Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Mr. Hands was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion from Sandhurst and served during the War with the 10th Battalion. He later transferred to the 1st Battalion, and resigned his commission in 1921.

The engagement is announced of Miss Phyllis Tyndall and the Rev. Jack Corn. Miss Tyndall is the daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel W. M. Tyndall, D.S.O., who commanded the 2nd Battalion in France for a time, and was very severely wounded at Hill 60; he died of wounds after months in hospital. Mrs. Tyndall resides at Golder's Green. The wedding is to be in October.

In a letter from Barbados to the Colonel of the Regiment congratulating him on his appointment, Captain Miles says:—

"We have been here nearly a year now, and find it a most amusing place. Recently we have had a very busy time with numerous ships from the Home Fleet visiting us, in addition to the usual ones from the West Indies Station. They have given us a lot of fun. I have played a bit of rigger here, and led the Barbados Forwards v. Trinidad when their team visited us. There is not much rigger, though, and I rely chiefly on tennis, with occasional golf and hockey, for my exercise. Ann does a lot of sailing, on which she is very keen. When the Fleet was in I managed to get up in the air twice, once from a seaplane, when we were catapulted off H.M.S. *Norfolk*—the acceleration is 55 m.p.h. in 40 feet! The other time was in an aeroplane, when we flew off the deck of H.M.S. *Furious*.

"It was on that day I got the beastly telegram about the semi-final of the rigger. I must say it was a shock, as I thought with Novis crooked that the Welsh Guards and Gloucesters would be the chief danger and that we should beat either of them fairly easily. Perhaps we had bad luck with injuries—they seem to come alternate years."

The Colonel of the Regiment also heard recently from Mr. H. B. Bidlake, who was intelligence officer in the 2nd Battalion in August, 1918. He is now with the British Malay Rubber Company at Negri Sembilan, Federated Malay States, and hopes to be in England in 1937.

Another correspondent of General Turner's is Mr. Arthur Whitehead, late a sergeant of the 2nd Battalion, who, writing from Allahabad to congratulate General Turner on his appointment as Colonel of the Regiment, says:—"I believe that there is another of the Dukes in the armed police at Arrah, Pte. Lewis that was. His address is Sgt.-Major Lewis, Armed Police, Behar and Orissa, Arrah, India."

Major E. N. Townsend, in a recent letter, asks if anyone can tell him when the buttons on the tunic were altered. He writes:—"I have an old print of the 33rd (1st Yorks West Riding) Review Order, published 1st May, 1885, in which officers and men all have the buttons on their red tunics in two rows about two inches apart. I never noticed it till recently." Can anyone give him the information?

Opposite page 129 we reproduce a photograph of the members of the Sergeants' Mess of the 33rd Foot taken at Kamptee in 1875. The photograph was very kindly lent by Mr. W. H. Stocker of 58 Sidegate Lane, Ipswich. Mr. Stocker was born in the Regiment, his father being a colour-sergeant. We should be grateful if any of our readers could give the names of the individuals in the photograph.

We welcome a new contributor in "M. B. Gaunt." Under this pen name Mr. R. Horsfield, an ex-officer of the 4th Battalion, writes for several well-known magazines in this country, as well as others in Canada and the U.S.A. Mr. Horsfield went out to Canada shortly after the War, and for a time served in the North West Frontier Police.

We hear that Mr. (ex-Drummer) R. Byrne, who went to the Army Reserve from the 2nd Battalion about two years ago, got his hockey cap for Ireland this season. In the last match against Scotland he played centre-forward and scored a goal. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.

BROTHERS MINE.

(After "Baby Mine.")

[The following poem was sent to us some years ago by the late Major A. J. Preston, who died at the age of 87 on 9th June, 1930. An obituary notice appeared on page 225 of No. 17, October, 1930, of THE IRON DUKE. The poem was held in reserve until a suitable occasion presented itself for publication; the move of the 2nd Battalion to Nowshera seems an opportune one.—ED.]

(Written in the train from Fort Attock to Lucknow.)

[Shortly before The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (1st Battalion) left Lucknow *en route* for Nowshera, a travelling circus gave an excellent performance under the patronage of the General and Officers of the Cantonment. A clown sang an amusing topical song to the air of "Baby Mine." As the "air" was still ringing in my ears, I attempted "Brothers Mine."]

A story I would tell, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
Which to all of us befell, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
Though we knew it all so well, by sense of sight and smell,
As we marched o'er hill and dell, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
Some swore that it was H—l, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.

The tents and baggage packed, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
And the mules and bullocks whacked, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
This was always the first act while the Futler's* liver cracked,
Jerrard† donned his boots unblackened, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
I'll swear this was a fact, Brothers mine.

* The Doctor, whom we called "Futler," used to tell us daily that his liver was "cracked."
"Physician, heal thyself."

† Major Jerrard introduced brown leather boots, which looked very smart.

We march at break of day, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 Then the Band strikes up so gay, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 And when we get halfway, there's coffee and there's tay,
 But there's "Saligram"* to pay, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 Yes, there's "Saligram" to pay, Brothers mine.

* "Saligram" was the native regimental contractor, and an excellent one.

When we pitched our camp quite square,* Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 We just left it standing there, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 And we went in search of hare, Chaha,† Hirau‡ and Bateer,§
 Though the Jheels were dry or rare, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 And their banks were mighty bare, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.

* Col. Castle was very strict regarding neatness of camp. Tent poles in line, etc., captains of companies reported when tents were pitched and majors inspected. Any tents out of dressing had to be struck and repitched; great emulation between companies "who would have tents pitched first."
 † Snipe. ‡ Deer. § Partridge.

When we camped beside a Sheer,* Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Where the sights were mighty quare, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 You would always find us there, viewing Forts or Mosques for prayer,
 Jewels in the women's hair,
 And you thought them very fair, though I warned you to beware, Brothers mine.

* City, pronounced "Share."

From Lucknow to Lahore, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Is 600 miles and more, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 One day's march is near a score, till our feet get very sore,
 While the Colonel drives before,* Brothers mine, Brothers mine. Yes,
 The Colonel drives before! Brothers mine.

* The Colonel found the marches somewhat tedious, besides he wanted to take his bamboo cart (*i.e.*, his "tum-tum") to Nowshera.

From Lahore we go again, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Cross the "Ravee" and the "Bheyn," Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 Marched in sun, in snow, in rain and prayed so for the train
 Though our prayers were all in vain, Brothers mine.

Here's to the hero's name, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Long will he live in fame! Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 For he played a dashing game when he smoothed Be Asse's stream,
 But I wish his name was "Aime," Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Yes, I wish his name was "Aime," Brothers mine.

NOTE.—The Quartermaster, William Aimes, reported that the bridge across the river Beas, owing to heavy floods, had been swept away and consequently that the passage across that river would be extremely dangerous. On arrival at its banks, about 8 o'clock a.m., 28th Dec., 1882, to our surprise, we saw a very narrow and placid stream meandering along. The Regiment was ferried across in boats, 75 men at a time, without any difficulty.

TOAST TO BROTHER BILL.

Then a bumper, Boys, we'll fill, till it spill, Brothex Bill,
 Drink success to Brother Bill, Brother Bill, if you will,
 He's the man to cross a hill, yes a river or a rill,
 Though it wouldn't drive a mill, Brother Bill, Brother Bill,
 Why I b'lieve its dry there still, Brother Bill.

Other rivers broad and strong, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 As they foaming rushed along, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Are each subject for a song, but t'would make mine much too long,
 And I must not do what's wrong, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 I never do what's wrong, Brothers mine.

At Amritsar, if you choose, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Though of course you may refuse, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 To view the temple—doff your shoes—the ladies there wear trews,
 So mind your P's and Q's, Brothers mine, Brothers mine. Yes,
 Mind your P's and Q's, Brothers mine.

Thus 800 miles we've run, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Aye, and Attock's fort is won, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 But you'll think it is more fun when you feel Nowshera's sun.
 And now my song is done, Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 Now my song is done, Brothers mine.

With regret I said "Adieu," Brothers mine, Brothers mine,
 As our camp was pitched anew, Brothers mine, Brothers mine.
 But I know you'll think this true, when Old England is in view,
 I shall often think of you, Brothers mine, Brothers mine. Yes,
 I shall often think of you, Brothers mine.

Lucknow to Nowshera, 872 miles; 1st Nov., 1882, to 30th Jan., 1883.

"Nimium et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

"Hereafter it will delight me to remember these events."

A. J. P.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

ACWORTH.—On 22nd Feb., 1934, in Rhodesia, South Africa, Colonel Louis Raymond Acworth, C.B.E., aged 61. Colonel Acworth was born on 19th July, 1872, and was educated at Bradfield and Sandhurst. He joined the 1st Battalion on 18th May, 1892, serving with them at home and in Malta. He proceeded with the Battalion to South Africa in January, 1900, and took part in the actions at Klip Drift (Relief of Kimberley), Paardeberg, Poplar Grove and Driefontein, and in the further operations in the Transvaal, including the action at Rhenoster Kop, in which he was wounded. He was wounded a second time in the train disaster in which a draft of the Regiment was involved near Pretoria in 1901. During the latter part of the war he was railway staff officer in Pretoria, being mentioned in despatches 10th Sept., 1901. After the return of the Battalion to York he qualified in a course of instruction at the London School of Economics, and in April, 1904, was attached to the Army Ordnance Department, eventually being transferred as a major in April, 1911. In December, 1914, he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and in June, 1917, was sent out to South Africa as Assistant Director of Ordnance Stores with the temporary rank of Colonel. He was created C.B.E. in 1920 and returned to England in May that year, serving as A.D.O.S. Scottish and Southern Commands, and being promoted full colonel in May, 1923. He retired in July, 1929, and went out to Southern Rhodesia soon after, settling with his wife in Salisbury. Colonel Acworth married, in 1903, May Vivienne Gertrude Amy Greville, daughter of Mr. A. C. F. Greville, and, as recorded in a previous issue of THE IRON DUKE, she died in 1932. He leaves one son, who is in Rhodesia.

THE IRON DUKE has suffered a great loss in Colonel Acworth; he was a most enthusiastic supporter of the magazine, and readers will remember how interesting were his contributions to it. He had a most cheery disposition, a fund of good stories, and in the old days in the Regiment had a great talent as an entertainer.

ANDERSON.—On 6th Feb., 1934, at 13 Dirleton Road, "The Portway," West Ham, E.15, William Anderson (Regtl. No. 3436), aged 58 years. Mr. Anderson enlisted

in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 12th July, 1892; after serving with the 1st Battalion for one year he was posted to the 2nd Battalion and served with them in Cape Colony, Natal, India and Burma. He was discharged, medically unfit, on 31st Jan., 1911. He was a postman in London at the time of his death.

BELFIELD.—On 19th April, 1934, Lt.-General Sir Herbert Eversley Belfield, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., dearly loved husband of Evelyn Mary Belfield, in his 77th year. A full obituary notice is given on page 81 of this number.

BRAY.—On 2nd March, 1934, as the result of a motor accident near Oxford, Ruth Eleanor, wife of the late Brig.-Gen. R. N. Bray, C.M.G., D.S.O., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and daughter of the late Rev. W. J. Boys, of Fordingbridge, and Mrs. Boys, of Cornermeade, Winchester. Mrs. Bray was married to the late Brig.-General R. N. Bray when he was serving as adjutant of Volunteers at Dacca, Eastern Bengal. She accompanied him to Shanghai in 1913 when he took over command of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and returned with him to England in 1915 when he came home to join the 2nd Battalion in France. An interesting account of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps from her pen appeared on page 116 of No. 7, June, 1927, of THE IRON DUKE. Mrs. Bray was with her husband at Sheffield after the War, when the latter was commanding the 2nd Battalion there, and was very popular with all ranks. She was a very regular attendant at the Regimental ladies' teas, and will be much missed by her many friends, to whom she endeared herself by her kindness and sunny nature. She leaves two sons, the elder of whom is serving in the 2nd Battalion.

CALLAGHAN.—On 1st Jan., 1934, at Halifax Infirmary, Mary, wife of Lt. and Qr.-Mr. W. Callaghan, Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, from pneumonia. Mrs. Callaghan was married at Tralee in 1921, while her husband was serving at the Depot of The Munster Fusiliers. Two years later he was transferred to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and served as R.S.M. at the Depot, Halifax. She accompanied him to Singapore in 1926 when her husband joined the 2nd Battalion, and returned to the Depot when he was posted there in 1929. Mrs. Callaghan leaves a son and two daughters.

GOOLD.—On 4th April, 1934, at Hotel Windsor, Monte Carlo, Lt.-Colonel William J. Goold, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Lt.-Colonel Goold was born on 10th Nov., 1860, and joined the 76th Foot on 17th April, 1880, from the Militia. He attained the rank of major on 1st June, 1898, and retired on 19th August, 1903. He was on the Reserve of Officers when the Great War broke out, and was given command of a service battalion of The West Yorkshire Regiment on 5th August, 1915, with the temporary rank of lieutenant-colonel, holding the appointment until 12th May, 1916.

LINDELL.—On 15th Feb., 1934, at the Middlesex Hospital, Mr. Alfred Edgar Lindsell, aged 63 years. Mr. Lindsell joined the 2nd Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1885 and saw service with that Battalion in the Bermudas, Nova Scotia and West Indies, when he was transferred to the Army Reserve. In 1900 he re-enlisted into the Royal Reserves and afterwards into The Royal Garrison Regiment, serving with the latter in South Africa. On the disbandment of The Royal Garrison Regiment in 1904, he was transferred to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, then at Lichfield, to complete 18 years with the Colours. In 1914 he again re-enlisted into the 10th (Stock Exchange) Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, with which battalion he served in France, being twice wounded. Towards the end of 1917 he was posted to the Command Depot at Carrickfergus, and served there till the end of 1918. At the time of his death he was station master of Oxford Circus Station.

PERRY.—On 21st Feb., 1934, at 12 Waingate Terrace, Linthwaite, Colin Campbell Perry, aged 71 years. Mr. Perry enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 2nd Battalion, on 17th Feb., 1885, and after a short period with them proceeded to India to join the 1st Battalion, then stationed at Rawalpindi. He served with the latter Battalion

from 1885 to 1905 in India, Malta and during the South African War. On the embarkation of the 1st Battalion for India in 1905 he was posted to the 2nd Battalion, serving with them till his discharge on 31st May, 1911. He is survived by his widow, two sons and two daughters.

THOROLD.—On 28th April, 1934, Colonel Hayford Douglas Thorold, C.B.E., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of the late Major-General Thorold, late Royal Engineers, and son-in-law of the late Alexander Kirkpatrick, Esq., of Donacomper, Co. Kildare.

Colonel Thorold was born on 20th July, 1861, and joined The 76th Foot on 14th Jan., 1880, transferring to The 33rd Foot in 1881. He served as an adjutant of Volunteers from 1888 to 1893. In 1896 he saw service in the operations in South Africa on special service, and commanded at Gwelo, being mentioned in despatches 9th March, 1897. He later rejoined the 1st Battalion, going out to South Africa with them in January, 1900, and taking part in the operations of the Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, and Driefontein. He was later invalided to England, and returned to the Battalion with a draft which was in the train blown up by the Boers north of Pretoria in 1901. He was soon after invalided again to England and rejoined the 1st Battalion at York as second-in-command in 1902. On 30th Nov., 1904, he was appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion and took them out to India in 1906, serving at Lebong, Sitapur and Ranikhet until 29th Nov., 1908, when he retired with the rank of colonel. He was promoted brevet-colonel 30th Nov., 1907. In 1914 he took over recruiting duties, being awarded the C.B.E. on 3rd June, 1919, for "valuable services rendered in connection with the War."

To many his name will recall the early rugby triumphs of the 1st Battalion in the Calcutta, Madras and Bombay tournaments, gained during his command. He took the greatest interest in Regimental sport, especially rugby and boxing, and presented a boxing belt for competition in the 1st Battalion.

WHITAKER.—On 12th April, 1934, at Halifax, Gladys Ella, wife of Major N. R. Whitaker, commanding Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and younger daughter of the late Dr. F. L. Flood, of Dublin, suddenly, following an operation. The interment took place in the family vault in Dublin. Mrs. Whitaker was married in 1913, before Major Whitaker transferred to the Regiment. After a short period in Egypt in 1923 they came to live at Skipton, and later at Bingley, where he held the adjutancy of the 6th Battalion. Since January, 1927, they have been with the 1st Battalion in Gosport, Plymouth, and for a short time in Aldershot, after which Major Whitaker was posted to the command of the Depot. Mrs. Whitaker will be very much missed by the married members of the Regiment, as she was always so ready to give sympathy and assistance when it was needed. She leaves two daughters, of twelve and twenty years of age.

Reviews.

TWELVE DAYS. By Sidney Rogerson, with a foreword by B. H. Liddell Hart and eight drawings by Stanley Cursiter (Arthur Barker, Ltd.).—The Somme in November, 1916: what memories it arouses in the minds of all those who spent any part of that winter of 1916-1917 in the trenches! The particular sector of the battle front dealt with in this book, that opposite Le Transloy, was well known to many of the Regiment, more especially those of the 9th Battalion who were in it just about the time the author writes of. Captain Liddell Hart, the well-known military historian and writer, has reviewed this book in his foreword very much better than we can do, and we therefore (with apologies to him for doing so) reprint here some extracts from that foreword:—

"This narrative covers only twelve days of the War. It embraces no action that history is likely to deem worth recording; no epic fact of attack or defence. It deals with the 'fag-end' of the Battles of the Somme in 1916, and concerns merely the uneventful part of one Battalion in an uneventful sector—one among several hundred battalions. Why, then, the reader may ask, is it worth record, still less publishing?"

"The answer, or at least my answer, is that it recreates the *normal* atmosphere of a battalion in war more truly than anything else I have read. And I have read so many war books as to have some excuse for becoming sated. . . . Yet this narrative of an insignificant sequence of days caught my interest at the outset and held it till the end.

" . . . Nearly all the war books of real value are essentially individual. . . . This book, in contrast, is essentially communal. The author is merged in his battalion, and it is the life of the battalion which he re-creates rather than his own war-time life.

"Now the War, at any rate on the Western Front, was waged by battalions, not by individuals; by bands of men who, if the spirit were right, lived in such intimacy that they became part of one another. . . . The best of the individualistic war books fall short of this narrative in conveying the atmosphere of fellowship and understanding that grew up among the "front-line soldiers." It conveys it all the better because it deals with an uneventful period—and hence a period of normal atmosphere.

"To me the supreme proof of its re-creative achievement is the frequency with which it recalls not merely the forgotten details of battalion life in war time but the forgotten impressions that they made on us at the time. On almost every page there is some remark, often incidental, which pulls one up with a jerk to say, 'Of course that was just how it struck me *then*. How could I have forgotten it?' . . . The homely reek of breakfast bacon that gained its daily conquest over the war-reek of chlorate of lime, and in so doing brought a tacit truce to the battle-front. How much this trifle meant in preserving sanity and humanity!

" . . . In a more open and individual type of war, like that in South Africa, or even in Palestine during these years, there is an attraction to the adventurous spirit which only ignorance would deny, however much reason may regret. But the war in France was truly epitomised by Captain Rogerson's college tutor when he wrote from Ypres, just before he was killed: 'This is a boring show, more stupid even than dangerous.' . . . The war in France was dangerous enough, especially at such a place as Ypres, to sate the greediest appetite, but the stupidity was an even greater strain on the reflective mind.

" . . . In the trenches it was fortunate that the officer, more inclined to reflection than the norm of his men, had more scope and excuse for mind-relieving activity. It was fortunate that he himself was usually 'too young to have any standards of comparison.' . . . Youth was helped by its simpler psychological appetites and its greater power of accommodation to primitive conditions. This book brings back not only their flavour but their relish, and in doing so conveys their redemptive power. Like the schoolboy's, our vision of heaven on earth was a good feed. 'How the keen edge of appreciation of creature comforts is blunted by a life of peace! Did not a mess-tin of stew, a tot of rum or whisky in a tin mug, taste more like divine nectar than the best champagne drunk out of the finest cut-glass to-day?' . . . The one meal of my life that I shall always remember, and can even now savour, consisted of an omelette for four eaten by one, with half a yard of French loaf, "watered" down by two quarts of French beer. The subsequent internal pains were soon drowned in a sleep that lasted round the clock and several hours over, and brought an even greater sense of relief.

" . . . Many other impressions and sensations come back as one reads these pages. The 'crowdedness' of the Somme, the 'deadness' of the daytime and the 'aliveness' of night. . . . To be alone was the rarest of war-time experiences; so rare, indeed, that when it happened it produced an acute sense of unease. There will be many on whose memories Rogerson will strike a chord when he writes: 'Throughout the war this was my worst nightmare—to be alone, and lost and in danger. Worse than all the anticipation of battle, all the fear of mine, raid or capture was this dread of being struck down somewhere where there was no one to find me, and where I should lie till I rotted slowly back into the mud. I had seen those to whom it had happened.'

"By contrast it was through being together, more truly together than they will ever be again, that men in general found the power to endure the war, and even the capacity to enjoy it. . . . I believe that Rogerson speaks for the majority of those who shared in that experience when he says: 'The fact remains that, terrifying as they sometimes, and uncomfortable as they often were, the war years will stand out in the memories of vast numbers of those who fought as the happiest period of their lives. And the clue to this astonishing fact is that though it may have let loose the worst it also brought out the finest qualities in men.

"In spite of all differences in rank, we were comrades, brothers, dwelling together in amity. We were privileged to see in each other that inner, ennobled self which in the grim commercial struggle of peace-time is all too frequently atrophied for lack of opportunity of expression. We could note the intense affection of soldiers for certain officers, their absolute trust in them. We saw the love, passing the love of women, of one pal for his 'half-section.' . . . We saw the indomitable kindness of the British soldier expressing itself towards the French children, the wretched mangy French dogs, and, yes, even towards the German wounded and prisoners (the English soldier could not hate his enemies for long . . .). Despite all the propaganda for Christian fellowship and international peace there is more animosity, uncharitableness and lack of fellowship in one business office now than in a brigade of infantry in France then. Otherwise we could not have stuck it.'

" . . . If Rogerson's narrative can remind us of how we felt then, or communicate the feeling in any degree to our sons, it will have been abundantly worth while."

Notices.

BATTLE OF MESSINES—7TH TO 14TH JUNE, 1917.
Headquarters, Ypres League,
20 Orchard Street,
Portman Square, London, W.1.

Thanks to the courtesy of Brig.-Gen. Sir J. Edmonds, we are enabled to publish herewith a complete list of the divisions and units that took part in the Battle of Messines in June, 1917 (7th to 14th).

Those attending the re-union of the Battle of Messines, which will be held on the Horse Guards Parade on 7th June in the afternoon, will greatly facilitate those responsible for the arrangements if they will kindly notify the fact to the Secretary of the Ypres League at the above address, stating the unit that they served in.

Plain clothes will be worn.

Yours faithfully,

W. P. PULTENEY, Lt.-General.

4th April, 1934.

[Space does not admit of printing the list of divisions and units. The only battalions of the Regiment engaged in the battle were the 8th and 10th Battalions, but it is interesting to note that The 33rd Battalion (New South Wales) 3rd Australian Division also took part in it.—ED.]

THE ARMY OFFICERS ART SOCIETY

is holding its next Annual Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1, from 24th September to 6th October, 1934, inclusive. Sending-in day will be Saturday, 15th September.

The membership of this Society is open to officers holding or having held permanent commissions in the Regular Army or Royal Marines.

The Society exists for the purpose of affording officers interested in art the opportunity of meeting, and also provides facilities for the exhibition and disposal of their works.

Any officer interested is invited to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, Colonel L. N. Malan, 3 Pembroke Walk, London, W.8.

DRAMATIC CLUBS

Little Theatre,
Citizen House, Bath, Somerset,
April, 1934.

Dear Sir,

We should welcome the opportunity of assisting your dramatic clubs at any time with the loan of costumes, scenery, properties, etc., when required. Our Little Theatre at Citizen House, Bath, which was founded during the first year of the War for the men of His Majesty's Forces, has acquired an enormous stock of very beautiful costumes of all periods and sizes, many of which possess great historic interest, since they were worn by Sir Henry Irving and Tree, and were designed for the largest productions of the professional stage. We are always willing to loan these for social, educational and recreational functions at a nominal rate to cover cost of cleaning, fitting, packing, etc.

In addition, our London centre, the well-known Everyman Theatre, possesses a very large store of scenery, properties, stage curtains, etc., of all sizes and types. Our stage manager, Mr. King, is always glad to advise concerning the erection of a stage or fit up theatre and we should be delighted to help in any way.

We also have an excellent loan library, comprising both modern and classical plays, sketches and one-act plays to suit every type of dramatic society, also the best modern works on production, stage design and lighting. Reading sets and typescripts copies are also available. The subscription is 5s. per annum from the date of joining and entitles the subscriber to free advice on production and staging, and also to loaning any number of play copies throughout the year.

Possibly you may care to insert a notice to this effect in your magazine, and if so we should be glad to forward any further details.

Trusting that we may have the opportunity of co-operating with you.

Yours sincerely,

M. RADFORD, Hon. Sec.

RAMSGATE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AND CHARTER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

(in aid of Ramsgate General Hospital) at Ellington Park, 16th to 21st July, 1934.

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby will visit Ramsgate in uniform during the week 16th-21st July to open the great historical pageant which is to mark the town's charter jubilee celebrations. Other openers will be the Lord Mayor of London, who with the Sheriffs and attended by the Mayors of Kent, will attend on the first day; the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Lord Reading, the new Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Each of the six days will be identified with a particular object. Thus the first day will be civic day, another fighting services day, and so on.

A covered auditorium with accommodation for 3,000 spectators will be provided.

War Office Notes.

THE WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.1.

C.2. (P).

Dear Sir,

9th May, 1934.

Might I venture to ask you to assist in the following matter?

As you may be already aware, there has been in existence for some time a scheme to extend and beautify the Chapel of the Royal Military College as a memorial to Sandhurst cadets who fell in the Great War, but unfortunately the scheme has not yet come to full fruition owing to lack of funds. In consequence, the building is in an unfinished state and does not do credit to the great institution of which it is a part. Efforts are now being made to complete the Chapel. Recently an appeal for funds was made by the Commandant in a letter published in *The Times*, and I enclose a copy of this letter in the hope that you will be so good as to bring the matter to the notice of your readers in the next issue of your journal. It is felt that if the appeal is made widely known throughout the Army and among those interested in Army affairs, the sum of £10,000 required to complete the fabric of the Chapel will be obtained.

Yours faithfully,

A. J. MANSON.

The Editor, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment,
Llwyn-celyn, Pennal, Machynlleth.

SANDHURST CADETS.

COMPLETING THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—May I beg the assistance of *The Times* to bring to notice the unfinished state of the memorial to Sandhurst cadets who fell in the Great War, and to appeal for funds to complete it?

The form which it was decided to give to the memorial was the enlargement of the College Chapel together with, as the chief feature of the interior decoration, the recording upon marble panels by regiments of the names of the fallen officers. It had become a tradition at Sandhurst before the War that the names of all cadets who fell on active service should be inscribed upon the Chapel walls, but the walls were already so covered that the inscription of the names of the 4,000 cadets who fell in the Great War would have been impossible. It was a question, therefore, of either building a new memorial chapel or enlarging the old one, and the latter alternative was chosen in order that there should be no break with the associations which the old chapel holds for so many generations of Army officers.

The method of enlargement adopted after much consideration was to place the new chapel across the original building, which would then become the centre of the whole structure, changing the orientation from south-east to north-east. The plans were those of Mr. A. C. Martin, F.R.I.B.A., who was on the staff of the College during the War.

The scheme of construction and interior decoration was an ambitious one, and although I hope that time will prove that it was not too ambitious for the great services to the Army and the nation which it is designed to commemorate, it could not be expected that the money to carry it out would be immediately subscribed. It has been necessary to proceed by stages as funds have become available.

The foundations were laid in the autumn of 1918; the new east end was completed in 1921 and in 1922 the central portion of the old chapel was reconstructed to conform to the new design. In 1924 a new organ was installed in the gallery of the old west end, the old organ being nearly worn out and its position unsuitable. There the work stopped. There remains the building of the west end, and it is to enable this final stage to be completed that this appeal is made.

Towards the £50,000 for which an appeal was made in 1916 the subscriptions received have amounted to £33,750, but of this nearly £19,000 was ear-marked for memorial panels, etc., and in spite of a large contribution from College funds it has never been possible to complete the superstructure. The result is that this noble memorial remains unfinished, and not only is the beauty of the design seriously obscured, but the acoustic properties of the chapel are affected, and, further, a large number of regimental memorials cannot be erected in suitable positions until the wall space and pillars of the west end are available.

The estimated cost of completing the fabric of the west end is £14,000, towards which there is in hand a sum of about £4,000, leaving £10,000 to be provided. I cannot think that this great nation will be so forgetful of the part played by Sandhurst in the War as to allow the memorial to her sons to go unfinished for want of this sum.

Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, as senior Field-Marshal, is entirely in sympathy with this appeal, which he trusts may meet with a generous response. Subscriptions may be sent to me or to the Secretary of the Memorial Fund at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Camberley. For intending subscribers who would like fuller information about the progress of the memorial work which has been so unfortunately suspended there is a booklet prepared in 1922 and revised in 1924 which I shall be happy to send on application.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. S. MAY, Major-General, Commandant,
Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Camberley.

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

West Riding Area.

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

"Dettingen," "Myvore," "Seringapatam," "Aly Ghur," "Delhi, 1803," "Leswarree," "Delg," "Coranna," "Nive," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Abyssinia," "Reiter of Kimberley," "paardeberg," "South Africa, 1900-02," "Afghanistan, 1919," "The Great War—21 Battalions," "Mons," "Le Cateau," "Retreat from Mons," "Marne, 1914," "18," "Aisne, 1914," "La Bassée, 1914," "Ypres, 1914, 15, 17," "Nonne Bosschen," "Hill 60," "Gravenstafel," "St. Julien," "Aubers," "Somme, 1916," "Albert, 1916," "Cambrai, 1917," "Delville Wood," "Pozières," "Fleurs-Courcette," "Morval," "Thiepval," "St. Quentin," "Ancre," "Transloy," "Ancre Heights," "Arras, 1917," "18," "Scarpe, 1917," "18," "Arleux," "Bulcourt," "Messines," "1917," "18," "Langemarck," "Cambrai, 1917," "16," "St. Quentin," "Broodseputten," "Poel capelle," "Passchendaele," "Bailleul," "Kemmel," "Béthune," "Scherpenberg," "Ypres," "Estaires," "Hazebrouck," "Bailleul," "Kemmel," "Béthune," "Hindenburg Line, Havincourt," "Amiens," "Bapaume, 1918," "Drocourt-Quéant," "Hindenburg Line, Havincourt," "Epéhy," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Valenciennes," "Sambre," "France and Flanders, 1914," "18," "19," "Plave," "Vittorio Veneto," "Italy, 1917-18," "Suvaia," "France and Flanders, 1914," "Hill," "Gallipoli, 1915," "Egypt, 1916."

Agents—Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Cox's & King's Branch. Regimental Journal—"The Lion Duke," Llwyn-celyn, Penmal, Machynllyth, N. Wales. Regimental Association—Old Comrades' Association, The Depot, Halifax.

Regular and Militia Battalions.

Uniform: Scarlet. Facings: Scarlet. 1st Bn. (33rd Foot) *Aldershot (for Malta)*. 3rd Bn. (6th West York Mil.) ... Halifax Depot ... Halifax

Territorial Army Battalions.

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

Allied Regiment of Canadian Militia, The Yorkton Regiment Allied Battalion of Australian Infantry, 33rd Battalion Colonel ... Turner, Hon. Brig.-Gen. P. A. C.M.G. ret. pay ... 24/11/34 Officer Command Depot ... Whitaker, Major N. R., D.V.R. ... 25/2/31

1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.

Lt.-Colonels (2). Rusbridger, G. S. W., P.S.C. (1) 23/6/32 Naylor, S., M.C., s. 17/2/28 Lawlor, J. H. C. (1) Adj. 15/10/28 Kingdon, S. B., t. 15/10/28

1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.

Captains—contd. Sayers, A. E. H., s. (2) 24/5/22 Turner, R. G. (1) 31/1/26 Carroll, T. St. G. (Adj. & Qr-Mstr, R. Milia. I. of Jersey) 17/7/28

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1st and 2nd Battalions—contd.

2nd Lieutenants. Gerrard, R. A. H. (2) 30/11/34 Cuing, G. (1) 28/8/31 Collins, R. G. (2) 28/3/32

1st and 2nd Battalions—contd. Foster, G., Lt. 1/3/31 [Uniform—Scarlet. Facings—Scarlet.] Cadet Unit affiliated.

5th Battalion (Territorial). Drill Hall, Huddersfield. Hon. Colonel. Carlike, Sir E. Hildred, Bt., C.B.E., T.D. 23/6/06

4th Battalion (Territorial). Foster, G., Lt. 1/3/31 [Uniform—Scarlet. Facings—Scarlet.] Cadet Unit affiliated.

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6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont.

Lieutenants. Waterworth, A. 22/3/29 Bateman, R. M. 21/1/34

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Ibbotson, R. 28/10/31

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Kindsler, T. H. 7/11/31

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. McHardy, K. W. 2/9/33

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Horsfall, J. M. 10/3/34

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Hill, C. 14/4/34

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Fathfull, C. K. T., Capt. D.V.R. 8/1/34

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. D.W.R. 1/11/24

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. Wood, R. (Lt. ret. pay) 13/1/30

6th Battalion (Territorial)—cont. 2nd Lieutenants. [Uniform—Scarlet. Facings—Scarlet.]

6th Battalion (Territorial). Drill Hall, Minsbridge. Hon. Colonel. McIvor, R. R., C.B.E., T.D. 22/11/22

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