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THE IRON DUKE

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

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

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THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, BRIG.-GENERAL P. A. TURNER, C.M.G.

THE IRON DUKE

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

IN the death of The Duke of Wellington the Regiment has lost not only the holder of the title to which the Regiment owes its name, but also a very good friend. The late Duke took a great interest in all the doings of the Regiment, both in work and play, and during the past 23 years he was, except for a few occasions when prevented by ill-health, the guest of the Officers' Dinner Club at their annual dinner. He had even accepted the invitation for the dinner held on 9th June last, but was too ill to attend on the date. All those who met him at these annual gatherings will remember him for his kindness.

The late Duke was the fourth of his line, and was a grandson of the great Duke, after whom the Regiment is named. His death on 18th June, 1934, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, is one of those significant coincidences which are not uncommon in the lives of the great. His career, though overshadowed by that of his illustrious forebear, was by no means undistinguished. He served for thirty years as a regimental officer, and commanded the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. He was a model landlord of his various estates in this country and in Spain, and took a deep interest in the lives of his tenants. He was an all-round sportsman and a good rifle shot, having fired for the Eton team in the Ashburton Shield in 1866, and he was frequently a member of the Lords' team in their matches against the Commons. He was also vice-president of the National Rifle Association. In recent years he had resided at his principal seat, Stratfield Saye (presented to the first Duke by the nation) and one who knew him there has told us of his love of children, a trait so conspicuous in his grandfather's later life.

He is succeeded by his eldest son, Arthur Charles, Marquess Douro, now the fifth Duke of Wellington, to whom we offer on behalf of the Regiment our deep and sincere sympathy.

EDITORIAL.

BY the time the next issue of THE IRON DUKE is in print the 1st Battalion will be at Malta, to which place they move in January, 1935. We wish them a pleasant voyage and all good luck during their stay there. It is interesting to note that "The Havercake Lad," the regimental magazine of the 1st Battalion, was first published in Malta in March, 1897, and continued with quarterly issues until December, 1899, just before the departure of the Battalion for South Africa. We propose in future issues to republish extracts from the "Havercake Lad" of those days.

The 1st Battalion Transport were again successful in winning the Infantry Transport Cup at the Aldershot Command Show. This is the third time that they have won it in four years, and we offer them our heartiest congratulations. The 1st Battalion also took a prominent part in the Aldershot Tattoo, as the illustrations in this number testify.

Headquarters and two companies of the 2nd Battalion have been spending the hot weather at Cherat, but by the time this number is in print they will be returning to Nowshera. Their rugby team are training now for the cold weather tournament, and we wish them all success in the coming season.

As mentioned elsewhere, it is just fifty years ago that the 1st Battalion, then stationed at Nowshera, won the Infantry Polo Cup at Umballa, the first of a series of three successive victories that won them the cup outright.

Our Territorial Battalions completed a very successful fortnight's camp at Redcar in August last, and were most fortunate in their weather. They were visited by the C.I.G.S., the C-in-C. Northern Command, and the G.O.C. 49th Division, as well as by the Colonel of The Regiment and the Honorary Colonels of the 4th, 6th and 7th Battalions. A special feature has been made of their doings in camp in this number, and extra space both for letterpress and illustrations has been put at their disposal in order to record them adequately.

This year sees the 21st anniversary of The Regimental Association, and a short account of its history is given by the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Paling, who has held the post with such distinction since the Association's inception. Lack of space necessitated his notes being kept rather short.

In the will of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield he left legacies of £100 to each of the Officers Commanding the 1st and 2nd Battalions, to be used for the general benefit of their battalions as they thought fit.

The magazine of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army for 1934 contained a very sympathetic and kindly appreciation of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield, who was a governor of the school for many years.

The tragic death of Lt. B. W. Reynolds in a fire in camp at Bridlington has deprived the Regiment of a very promising young officer and an all-round athlete. He was an outstanding rugby football player, gaining his Army cap in 1931, and his cheery disposition endeared him to all who met him.

Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley has taken over the Secretaryship of the Officers' Dinner Club from Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, who had held the office for 14 years with conspicuous success.

We would draw our readers' attention to the article entitled "Our Friends the Advertisers" on page 230 of this number, and to those who are proceeding to Malta we would especially commend the advertisements of those firms in Malta which appear in this issue for the first time.

We would ask any of our readers who have votes for the Royal School for Officers' Daughters to consider the case of Miss Shirley Wayman, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. H. Wayman. The details of this case can be found on page 231.

Through the kindness of Madame Marthe McKenna and her publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds, we are able to reprint a story, from her book "Spies I Knew," entitled "The Phantom Battalion," which appears on page 197. Madame McKenna has also very generously presented the badge, referred to in the story, to the Regimental Museum.

1st BATTALION NEWS.

OUR stay in Aldershot is drawing to a close. Our last battalion training was completed in wonderful weather. For the whole fortnight, though often under threatening skies, we had no rain, until a few scurries fell during the last exercise, to lay the dust round Lower Star Post. It is a solemn thought that we have launched our last attack on Ively Farm, and our last bridge across the long suffering Basingstoke Canal. When these lines are read, we shall even have fought our last battles on the Plain, whither we march, shortly, for three weeks, in spite of continual rumours to the contrary during the past few months.

During May and June we forsook the gas mask and Lewis gun for the pike and baldrick, while, for six nights and a matinee, we assisted King William II. to capture the fortress of Namur, situated conveniently for the occasion on the edge of Rushmoor Arena. Which matter having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion—to quote an earlier conqueror—we seized our lanterns and, after gyrating giddily for some time, formed St. George's Cross, the frame for Guardsman Britannia, and the centre piece of the grand finale. It was an amusing experience, though more so in retrospect than at the time.

The annual golf competition was held at Worplesdon in July and a heat wave. Unfortunately, excessive military activity sadly reduced the entry, but those who did compete appear to have enjoyed themselves no less than on former occasions. The silver putter was won by Col. Ozanne, and the mugs' putter by Lt. Troop.

We have said good-bye to Bandmaster Ovington, who has been a familiar figure in the Battalion since most of us can remember. Bandmaster Ovington enlisted at Aldershot into the 7th Hussars on 16.7.1900, and was transferred to the Regiment, on promotion to Bandmaster, in 1919. Our best wishes go with him on his departure. His successor, Bandmaster F. Ashton Jones, comes to us, *via* Kneller Hall, from the H.L.I.

The Battalion was deeply shocked by news of the tragedy in which Lt. Reynolds lost his life. Though it is some time since he left the Battalion, "Bunny" Reynolds was known to most of us, and we shall not forget his cheery good-fellowship. We offer our most sincere sympathy to his family.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Cricket, the Tattoo and dogs provide the motif for these notes. We had a most enjoyable visit from the Yorkshire Gentlemen in June, and, in the cricket week, from the Incogniti and Mr. Ionides' XI. All these teams spent one or two nights with us, and it is with considerable regret that we realise that we shall not, for some years, have the pleasure of offering our hospitality to so distinguished a collection of cricketers.

Several evenings stand out in our memories of the past months. Major-Gen. Kennedy, our new Divisional Commander, did us the honour of dining with us on 11th June, accompanied by Col. Tollemache, Col. Heydeman and Capt. Heywood Lonsdale. Other welcome guests that night were Major Ince and Major J. A. Paton, who looks after our interests at the R.M.C. Then there were the cricket nights, which we hope our guests enjoyed as much as we did. During Tattoo week the scarlet ceremonial of the Mess had perforce to lapse, and our evening meal was eaten in that variety of costume which, in the arena, produced such startled appreciation from the *Times'* correspondent. In the circumstances it was felt that another inviolable law might be held in abeyance so, like cock birds in mating time, though with considerably less assurance, we displayed our gaudy plumage before admiring female flocks, whose delicate creations were routed by our blatant colour schemes.

We welcome Major Whitaker, who has rejoined on completion of his tour of command at the Depot; and Lt. K. G. Exham, who has returned to serious soldiering after three years in the land of "Tid'apa." Several other married officers have temporarily

"parked" their wives, and returned to the scene of their bachelor indiscretions; they make a grateful addition to our numbers. These were further swelled, at intervals during the summer, by officers of the Supplementary Reserve, including 2nd Lts. English and Monahan, who were making their first visit, which we hope they enjoyed. Lt. Summers, on the other hand, has finally deserted us for the R.A.S.C. We wish him all that he hopes for in his new life; he will be much missed in the Mess and on the running track.

Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench has very kindly presented us with an engraving of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the first Duke of Wellington. We are extremely grateful for this handsome present.

Finally, we have an item of news to which justice could only be done by the scare headlines of our more sensational contemporaries.

DOGS IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

CANINE CHUMS CONTROVERSY.

STARTLING INNOVATION IN CRACK REGIMENT.

Lest the next number be flooded out by indignant letters from "Pre-War" and "Axed but Active," we hasten to say that the experiment is at present temporary, that candidates for admission have to undergo a careful scrutiny, and that an imposing scale of fines has been arranged which would quickly beggar the owner of a "cur of low degree." With these precautions, we hope that the ante-room, while gaining in homely atmosphere, will remain a fit abode for officers and gentlemen, and that we shall not have to misquote Louis XV. and cry, "Après cela, le déluge."

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Owing to training and leave, little of social interest has happened since the last issue. A most enjoyable day was spent on the river Thames in July. Members and families drove to Reading by "chara," thence by steam launch to Marlow, calling at Henley, where half an hour was spent. Lunch and tea were provided on the launch, and the party returned to Aldershot about 9 p.m. The weather was kind, and the party numbered 136.

We have, again, heavy casualties among the "old 'uns," the chief being Bandmaster Ovington, discharged after 34 years' service. We hear he has obtained congenial employment, and we wish him every success. Band-Sgt. Thorpe also decided on a return to civil life after 21 years' service. Sgt. Thorpe has been an outstanding figure in Battalion sport for a number of years. If we remember rightly he played for the Battalion soccer team as a boy; he was a member of the hockey team, and, had he served at home earlier in his career, would have earned representative honours at the game; he played in Hampshire County trials whilst the Battalion was at Gosport. He was also a very useful sprinter, and during latter years has been a valuable coach to the "young idea."

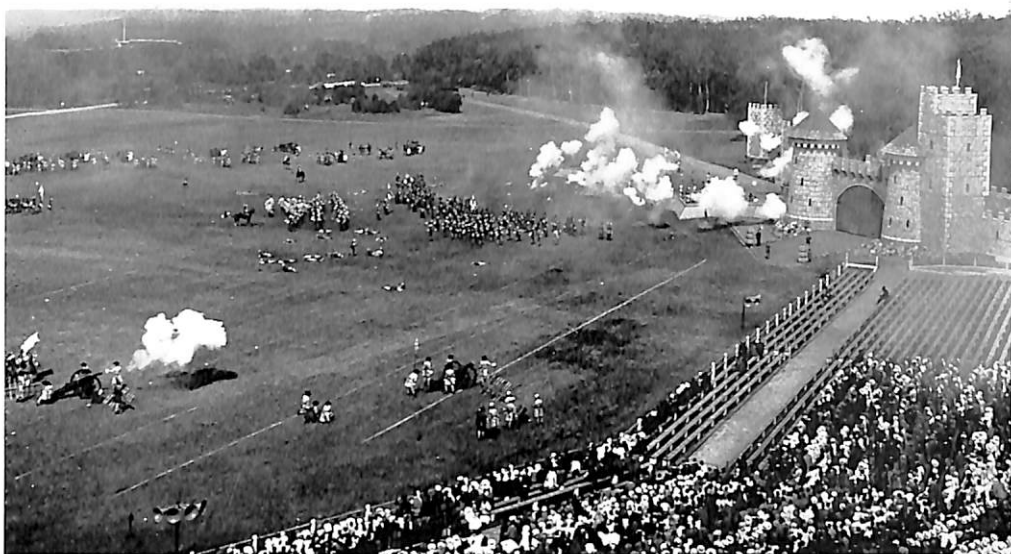
A further casualty to the musicians was the respected "Joe," Sgt. H. Simcox, who left us after 24 years' service. He also was a useful hockey and soccer player in his time. Although not latterly in the Band, he was, at heart, a bandsman to the day of his discharge. Other changes are C.S.M. Glasbey to the T.A., C.S.M. Merry rejoined from the T.A., and Sgt. Peacock and L/Sgt. Gill from the Depot.

BAND.

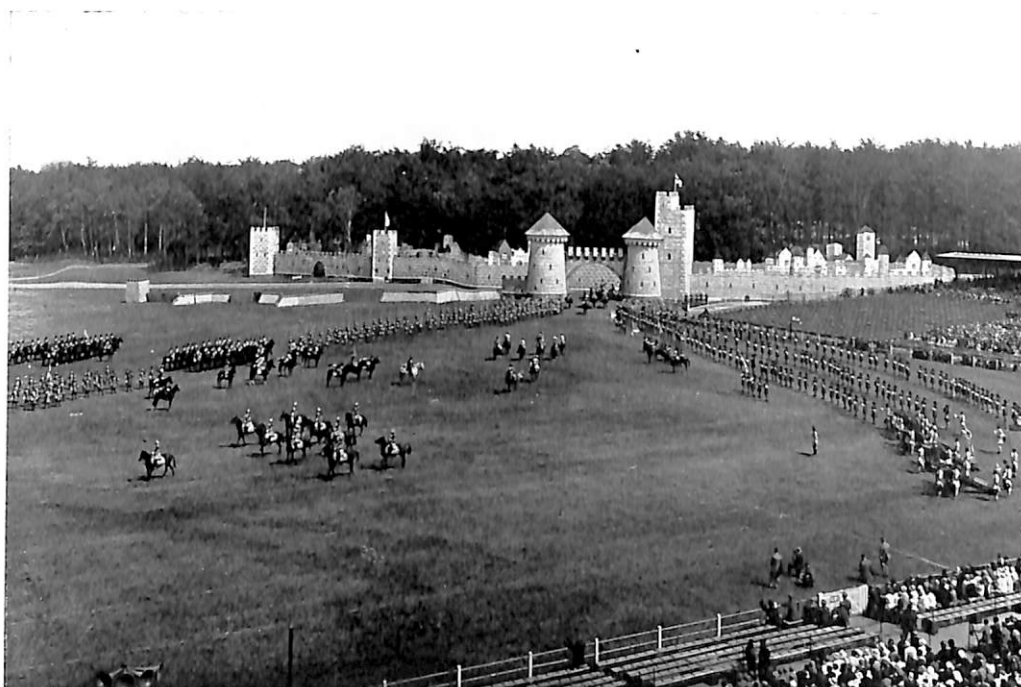
Mr. Edwin Ovington, our Bandmaster for 15 years, during which he was our friend and counsellor in all matters, has departed for civil life. Those of us who knew him and worked with him, take this opportunity of wishing him every success in the future.

Our new Bandmaster, Mr. F. Ashton Jones, A.R.C.M., arrived, unfortunately, while the Band were on summer leave; then we had a fortnight's battalion training to complete, so that he did not officially meet the Band until he had been in the Regiment for nearly a month. Then we got down to work with a vengeance: four full programmes during

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, 1934.

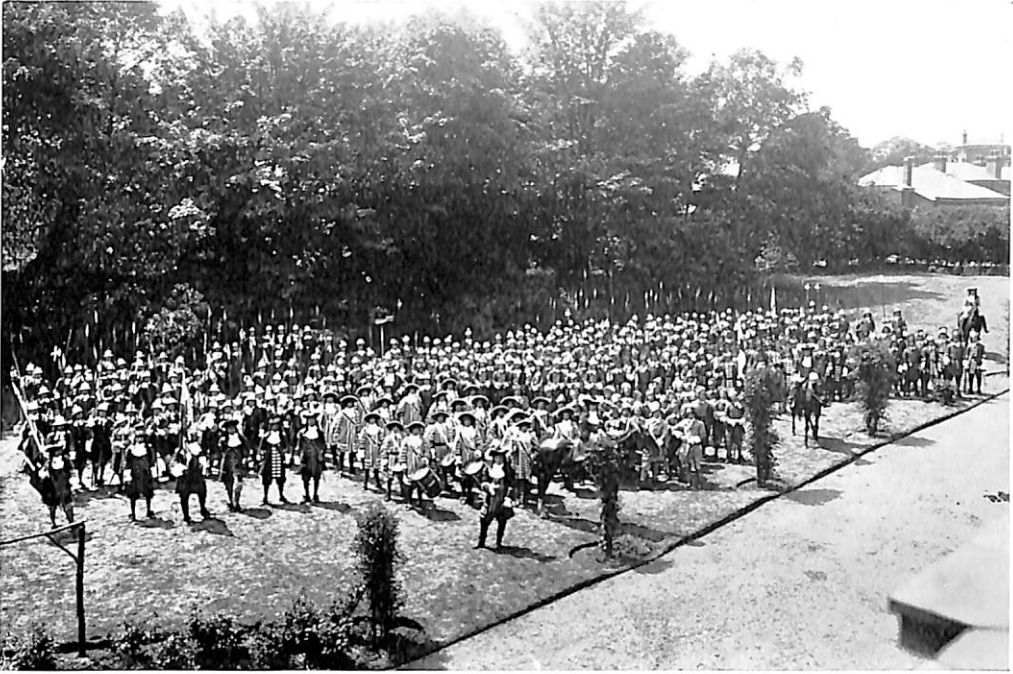


Assault of Namur. 1st Battalion in centre, grenadiers throwing grenades prior to the Assault.



King William (2nd Lt. Cousins) acknowledges the Salute of Marshal Boufflers as the French march out of Namur with full honours of War. (1st Battalion as grenadiers and pikemen behind King William.)

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, 1934.



1st Battalion grouped in the Garden of the Officers' Mess, Mandora Barracks.



Standing (left to right).—Lt. FRANKIS, 2nd Lt. MACLAREN, Lt. DALRYMPLE, Capt. LENNON, 2nd Lt. SKELSEY,
2nd Lt. THACKERAY.
Sitting.—2nd Lt. GREGORY, Capt. WOODS, Major GRIMLEY, Lt. TURNER, 2nd Lt. COUSINS.

the Cricket Week, and a guest night at the Officers' Mess, all during the Bandmaster's first week with the Band. We are now working on our new male voice chorus. After that strenuous week, we consider ourselves properly introduced, and extend a hearty welcome to our new "Boss."

Sgt. Thorpe, our late Band Sergeant, has preferred the more settled (?) existence of the Sheffield steel trade to the rigours of a stay in Malta. We wish him good luck in his new life and trust that he will make as many friends there as he did in the old "Dukes."

DRUMS.

The Drums played at Wellington College Speech Day. They accompanied the guard of honour furnished by the College O.T.C. for Lord Derby.

Drummer Brown, the C.O.'s Bugler, was selected for a short tour of duty with the Royal Jersey Militia, and assisted during the Militia training in July.

We regret to lose Cpl. Boon and Drummer Smith. These two very useful athletes have been posted for a tour at the Depot. We wish them the best of luck there.

We congratulate Drum-Major Goodwin, Cpl. Boon, Drummers Heaney, Smith and Short on receiving their athletic colours, and Drummers Boswell, Child, Green, Turner, Nobbs and Wilson and Boy Hoyle on representing the Battalion in various events this season.

During the Tattoo the Drums took part with the Battalion in the Battle of Namur, instead of performing in the usual Massed Band and Drums.

TRANSPORT.

The Aldershot Show was held in Rushmoor Arena from 4th to 7th July, in beautiful weather.

We had great hopes of finishing up our time in Aldershot by once more winning the Farnborough Cup for the infantry unit scoring most points in the show; but again our chargers let us down. There must be something about the atmosphere of the show that they dislike.

Five classes count towards the Farnborough Cup. In the first of these, the Duke of Connaught's Cup, for teams of seven mounted officers, everything went wrong and we could not do better than 13th place, although we did well in the jumping.

We failed to score a point in either the handy hunter or officers' charger classes. In the former, Capt. Lawlor's Pansy, ridden by 2nd Lt. Lane, jumped very well, but was beaten by the time limit.

Matched pairs of light draught horses came next. In the three previous years we had won this event twice, and been second once. This year, with the same horses, we were sixth. We were, however, in good company, as last year's winners failed to get into the first twenty. The ways of judges are indeed strange.

The infantry transport competition was on the last day, as was the competition for the Arborfield Shield, a new trophy, presented by the Remount Depot, for the infantry unit with the best conditioned horses. We succeeded in winning both these competitions, and so, during our four years in Aldershot, we have won the infantry transport competition three times, and been second once—a record which should stand for some time.

The greatest credit is due to Sgt. James and the men of the Transport for these successes. They were only achieved by real hard work on the part of everybody.

CRICKET.

The season promised to be a good one, as we had some useful additions to our side of the previous year, and a good fixture list. Lt. Troop, unfortunately kept out of the side for the last two years by injury, was able to resume playing. The additions were 2nd Lts. Skinner, Beuttler and MacLaren, and very useful they proved. Lts. Frankis,

Troop, 2nd Lt. Cousens and L/Cpl. Dearnley have played, when able, for the Command ; Lt. Frankis scored a very good century against the R.A.S.C.

As a side, our bowling was more dependable than our batting, largely owing to L/Cpl. Dearnley, who has made enormous strides as a fast bowler, and, we understand, was considered when the Army side was picked to play the Australians. Dmr. Wilson bowled consistently well and shows great promise ; 2nd Lt. Cousens also bowled very well.

Our batting was capable of good scores, but did not always come off. Lt. Frankis, 2nd Lt. Skinner and L/Cpl. Dearnley batted consistently well. Lt. Sir Nugent Everard and Pte. Taylor both made useful scores at times when runs were most needed. 2nd Lt. Cousens did not make as many runs as he should have done, for he shows promise of being a really good bat ; this applies also to 2nd Lt. Beuttler. Lt. Troop kept wicket very well.

Our chief matches were against Hampstead, which we drew, and against the Yorkshire Gentlemen, for which match we combined with the West Yorkshire Regiment. We got the Yorkshire Gentlemen out for just over 200, which was a good performance, but we could only score 120, L/Cpl. Dearnley making 40 of these.

We had a most enjoyable cricket week from 6th—11th August. We played the following sides :—A Command side, which Capt. Hutchins, Gordon Highlanders, very kindly raised ; the Incogniti ; and Mr. Ionides' XI. The results are given below. The victory over Ionides' XI. was highly creditable, as he had no fewer than four county players in his side. We finished the season with a match against the Sussex Martlets at Brighton.

Before closing these notes, we would like to thank Col. and Mrs. Pickering for so kindly entertaining us on the occasion of the Ionides' match.

CRICKET WEEK RESULTS.

Versus COMMAND SIDE.—6th/7th August, on the Lower Club Ground.—1 D.W.R., first innings 113 (Lt. Frankis 54, 2nd Lt. Beuttler 22), second innings 133 (Lt. Dalrymple 26, 2nd Lt. Skinner 39) ; Command, first innings 128 (L/Cpl. Dearnley 3 for 40, Dmr. Wilson 5 for 40), second innings 121 for 4 wickets.

Versus INCOGNITI, 8th/9th August, on R.A.S.C. Ground.—1 D.W.R., first innings 250 (Lt. Frankis 33, Lt. Stone 68, 2nd Lt. Skinner 55, Pte. Taylor 25), second innings 124 for 6 wickets (Lt. Troop 45, 2nd Lt. Skinner 63 not out) ; Incogniti, first innings, 303 for 8 declared (L/Cpl. Dearnley 2 for 44, Dmr. Wilson 2 for 48), second innings 156 (L/Cpl. Dearnley 4 for 41, 2nd Lt. Cousens 2 for 34, Dmr. Wilson 3 for 25).

Versus IONIDES' XI, 10th/11th August, on the Upper Club Ground.—1 D.W.R., first innings 155 (Lt. Troop 25, Lt. Stone 39), second innings 164 for 4 wickets (Lt. Frankis 47, Lt. Dalrymple 28, Lt. Troop 31 not out, Lt. Sir N. Everard 33 not out) ; Ionides' XI., first innings 91 (L/Cpl. Dearnley 4 for 31, 2nd Lt. Cousens 2 for 16), second innings 116 (L/Cpl. Dearnley 5 for 30).

ATHLETICS.

We won the Brigade sports cup for the third year running. The whole team is to be congratulated on its hard work during training, and enthusiasm during the meeting. In the non-championship events the young soldiers were just beaten into second place, while the boys won easily for the third year running.

As there was a long time between the Brigade and Command inter-unit championships, we arranged some friendly meetings with other units to keep our team up to the mark and to try out fresh talent. These meetings were :—

1. Against the South Staffordshire Regiment, on our ground.—Rained off after five events, when we were winning by three events to two.

2. A triangular contest at Farnborough.—We defeated the South Staffordshire and Wiltshire Regiments.

3. Against the 2nd Bn. Royal Tank Corps (ultimate winners of the Command championships) on their ground.—We were not quite at full strength, and received a good beating. We put up a good show on the track, but were outclassed in the field events.

4. Against the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, at home.—Finished second to the Grenadiers, after a very exciting struggle, when our representative fell down in the final relay of the deciding race.

5. The last try out before the Command team championships, a four-cornered contest between the 43rd Light Infantry, Scots Guards, 1st Bn. The Welch Regt., and ourselves.—After a close fight, the 43rd Light Infantry won, with ourselves a good second, the Scots Guards third, and the Welch Regt. fourth.

The Command meeting was a sad affair for us. Our team had already suffered a severe loss owing to the absence, with a cracked kneecap, of 2nd Lt. Laing, invaluable both as trainer and performer. There were further blows in store for us. On the final day, except for the boys' relay, everything possible seemed to go wrong for us; in both sprints we were disqualified for our change-overs; in the hurdles Bds. Burt, our first runner, pulled a muscle when halfway along the flight of hurdles and was unable to finish; finally, in the two mile relay, one of our runners either dropped the baton or had it knocked out of his hand. Had things gone just normally for us we should have finished a good third instead of equal 16th. In the non-championship events the young soldiers did quite well, getting third place in the final. 2nd Lt. Thackeray, the best of the young soldier half-milers, was unable to run as he was riding in the Horse Show. The boys did very well indeed, winning the enlisted boys' relay cup for the second year in succession. This race was won by superior baton changing, and great credit is due to Sgt. Thorpe for the excellent training he gave the boys.

In the Army individual championships we did very much better than usual. Lt. Summers won the 100 yards for the third year in succession. Cpl. Clegg was second in the 100 yards. It must, we think, be a record for two men from the same regiment to finish first and second in the same event at this meeting. Clegg also ran a very fine heat in the 220 yards, finishing inches only behind Lt. Rampling, the English Olympic runner. Pte. Johnson finished sixth in the three miles, running an excellent race. Pte. Wood gave a satisfactory performance in the pole jump, failing at 10 feet.

Lt. Summers and Cpl. Clegg were selected to represent the Army in the 100 yards in the inter-services championships. Cpl. Clegg was also selected for the 220 yards. Lt. Summers finished second, a yard behind P.O. Sweeny (R.A.F.) in the fast time of 9 9/10secs.; Lt. Summers' time was 10secs. Both these times beat the existing inter-services record. Cpl. Clegg, although unplaced in the 100 yards, finished a good second to P.O. Sweeny in the 220 yards, in the record-breaking time of 22secs.

Lt. Summers ran in the Southern Counties championship at Guildford; after two very hard heats he succeeded in reaching the final, where, however, he failed to get placed. Although entered for the A.A.A. championships, he was unable to run owing to a strained muscle; he thus lost a fine chance of being selected to represent England in the Empire Games.

To sum up, what might have been a really good athletic season for the Regiment turned into a rather disappointing one. Our sprint teams were undoubtedly good, but bad baton changing and lack of concentration let them down. The hurdle team was much improved. Pte. Bailey shows great promise, and Dmr. Smith only needs racing practice and greater determination to become a more than useful performer. Lt. Summers seemed, at times, to be hurdling better than ever. The middle distance team were fairly good; Cpl. Jackson and Pte. Johnson ran very well, while Pte. Kendall showed signs of promise. With the exception of Cpl. Jackson and Pte. Johnson, the long distance runners were poor. In the field events we were terribly weak all round. In training, the great mistake is made of throwing for distance every time, instead of studying technique.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those officers and N.C.O.'s who have helped in the training of the teams and the organisation of the many meetings.

The following have been awarded their athletic colours for the season :—Lt. W. H. Summers, 2nd Lts. G. Laing, H. P. Skinner, Drum.-Major Goodwin, Sgt. Townend, Cpls. Boon, Clegg, Jackson, L/Cpls. Annesley, Bagshaw, Drake, Lonsdale, Swaine, Dmrs. Short, Smith, Heaney, Bdsm. Glew, Burt, Ptes. Johnson, Rumboll, Elliott, Kendall, Myers, Holmes, Bailey, Dowas, Shevels, Taylor, Wood.

RIFLE CLUB.

ALDERSHOT COMMAND MEETING.—This meeting was held on Ash Ranges from 25th to 27th June. This was immediately after the Tattoo, and our consequent lack of practice prevented any conspicuous success. Nevertheless, we scored more points in the competition for the aggregate cup than in former years.

Results.—W.O. and Sergeants' individual, 4th, Sgt. Townend ; W.O. and Sergeants' team match, 5th, 1 D.W.R. ; company match, 5th, " A " Company ; inter-ranks knock-out, Sergeants knocked out in semi-final ; M.G. knock-out match, knocked out in semi-final.

ARMY RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S MEETING.—This meeting followed immediately after the Command meeting. Lack of practice again told its tale, particularly in the team events. Drum-Major Goodwin, Sgt. Townend, Cpl. Phillip, L/Cpl. Hornsey and Dmr. Cutler all succeeded in drawing money prizes in the individual competitions. Cpl. Phillip and L/Cpl. Hornsey obtained places in the Army Hundred. Cpl. Phillip is to be congratulated on a particularly fine shoot in the Army Hundred Cup ; under very trying conditions he obtained ninth place and was thus nominated by the A.R.A. to fire for the King's Medal.

O.R.Q.M.S. Norman unfortunately struck a bad patch and, for the first time since 1925, failed to get into " the Hundred." His coaching, and that of S.I.M. Burgoyne, was invaluable to the remainder of our team.

The following represented the Battalion at the A.R.A. meeting :—Rifle matches, O.R.Q.M.S. Norman, S.I.M. Burgoyne, Drum-Major Goodwin, Sgt. Townend, Cpl. Phillip, L/Cpl. Hornsey, Bdm. Metzner, Dmr. Cutler, Ptes. Round and Gaukrodger ; L.A. matches, Drum-Major Goodwin, Sgt. Townend, Cpl. Sheppard and Cpl. Harrowing.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

AT some very early hour on the morning of the 25th March the Battalion arrived at Nowshera. The three days' train journey from Kamptee had not been quite so bad as we predicted in our last issue. At first we thought that we should never leave Kamptee, as the railway authorities, after the manner of Indian officials, had got the two trains in which the Battalion was to travel mixed up, and it took a considerable time to sort them out. The journey was hot and dusty and moderately uncomfortable, but in an Indian train one can at least make up for the sleep lost during previous months of hard work, and no one can with fairness harass one for being unwashed or for having dirty buttons.

Our first impressions of Nowshera were not very favourable. We have seen many better buildings than Khartoum Barracks, our present quarters, and we spent the first day listening to stories from the Hampshire Regiment, whom we relieved, of the hard time we were in for. However, there can have been very few of us who wished to return to Kamptee, and now that we have settled down we think that we can safely say that we are going to like our new station.

The first month in Nowshera was mostly spent in settling down and there is little news of importance to report. Of the various wars which we were promised we saw

nothing. One morning we thought that they really had started. We were dragged out of bed with the greatest secrecy in the middle of the night and at dawn marched off to an "unknown destination." However, after we had marched for three hours, we were told that we could go home again!

On St. George's Day we held our annual ceremonial parade and presentation of roses. Brigadier W. D. Croft presented the roses and also presented the Platoon Flag for the year 1933-34 to No. 13 Platoon, "D" (M.G.) Company, and the Subalterns' Cup to No. 14 Platoon and the Drums, who were equal second in the competition.

On the 1st May "H.Q." Wing, "A" Company and "D" (M.G.) Company set out to march to Cherat, our local hill station. Cherat is situated 4,500 feet high in the hills immediately south of Nowshera, and commands a wonderful view. To the north one looks across the Kabul Valley to the Malakand hills and the snow-capped mountains of the Chitral ranges, while to the south one looks down into the Afridi territory of the Adam Khel and beyond to where the Indus winds across the plains. However it cannot be ranked amongst the gay Indian hill stations of which one hears so much. Situated as it is on a "knife-edge" ridge, apart from the football and hockey grounds, there is hardly a square inch of flat ground, and amusements are not very plentiful. However a cinema has lately been installed and also some very enjoyable dances have been held.

It is very pleasant here to have other units to compete with in sport, an advantage which we have been denied for a long time. Companies in Nowshera have had many good games of football and hockey with the various batteries of the 25th Field Brigade R.A., while those in Cherat have been able to play the 2nd Bn. H.L.I., who also have a detachment there. The Battalion hockey team has also had several matches against the Indian units in Nowshera. We hope that we will reap benefit from this and be able to produce good teams for the competitions at the latter end of the year.

Unfortunately we are rather handicapped as regards sport within the Battalion by the companies being split up, so that one team usually has to make a rather unpleasant journey by bus before playing a match. This of course is unavoidable, and in spite of difficulties the inter-company hockey and football shields have been competed for. The former was won by "H.Q." Wing and the latter by "B" Company.

The change over of companies between Nowshera and Cherat has just taken place. "A" and "D" (M.G.) Companies have returned to the plains, while "B" and "C" have gone to the hills, where they will remain until October. The heat at present in Nowshera is almost unbearable, while Cherat could hardly be called cool, and little is taking place apart from the normal routine work. However, life taken gently is not altogether unpleasant, and we are buoyed up by the thought of a wonderful cold weather to come.

OBITUARY.

We regret to announce the deaths of the following men of the Battalion:—

No. 4611837 Pte. Albert Jefferson, "A" Company, who was drowned on 19th March near Jhansi. He was *en route* from Kamptee to Nowshera driving the Regimental bus.

No. 4611682 Pte. E. Rochford, "B" Company, who died at Nowshera of appendicitis on 1st May.

No. 4608520 Pte. Mark Hobson Adams, "A" Company, who died in Peshawar on 20th June from heat stroke.

OFFICERS' MESS.

With due regard for the principles of war—economy of force and all that—we made no mention in our last notes of the move to and settlement in Nowshera. The wisdom of that course is now apparent, for had we used up that material there would be very little to write about at the moment.

Of the vagaries of train arrangements and the delights of four days' travel in a troop train little need be said here; mercifully that is disposed of in Battalion notes and it is unnecessary to call too much attention to evil moments. It is enough to say that we arrived safely, if slightly deranged.

After the baronial dimensions of the Kamptee Mess, the Mess building in Nowshera is distinctly small, the dining room being particularly inadequate, but there are compensations, for though there are no fairies at the bottom of our garden, we at least have a garden, and there are real live flowers in it—very comforting.

Apart from heat, expectations of extreme cold, dust storms, wars, columns, reliefs and general unrest, Nowshera seems a pleasant enough place to be stationed in, and after our long sojourn in the wilds we are becoming quite civilised again; two or three of us have remembered how to wear a tie and are rapidly re-instructing the others; there is also a rumour that one officer who went on leave to Kashmir had progressed so far with the civilising process that he was able to talk to a lady quite nicely and did not dash blushing and terrified from the room. Several people have taken the opportunity to visit Kashmir, so there may be something in it.

In May the Battalion split up for the hot weather and the official Mess moved to Cherat, the unfortunates (?) left behind on the plains quartered themselves in the R.A. Mess, a most hospitable home for lost souls. This general post is necessitated by the fact that a far-seeing Government built barracks in Nowshera that are uninhabitable in the summer, the money saved when the barracks were built is now used for frequent transportation of troops up and down the hill (*vide* definition of "economy, modified for India").

No entertaining of any consequence has been done since we left Kamptee. We did arrange a guest night for the Brigadier, but Higher Authority decided to have a war that night so the Brigade Commander missed his dinner.

Thanks to the Gunners and Sappers, polo flourishes in Nowshera, a most welcome change for us after being condemned for so long to bumble-puppy in Kamptee. Major Fraser, Captain Sayers and Lts. Wellesley and Laurence have played regularly up to the hot weather move. Perhaps it is possible that, in future, polo may again take its legitimate place as a Regimental institution.

Finally, our congratulations to Lt. and Mrs. Cumberlege and to Lt. and Mrs. Bunbury on the birth of a son and daughter respectively.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

We have led a comparatively quiet life during the last few months. In Nowshera we held a few tennis "at homes" and dances. We visited the R.A. Sergeants' Mess on several occasions and enjoyed ourselves very much, and the R.A. in turn came to us. We were surprised, but very pleased, to see so many at the first dance we held after we had been in the station only a week. Later we held another tennis "at home," to which we invited the 14/20th Hussars from Risalpur.

At present we have one Mess in Cherat and another in Nowshera. Cherat has a complete monopoly of the entertainments, and it is highly gratifying to see so many of the residents making use of the Mess. We hold a dance and a whist drive every month at which there has always been a full attendance, and which everyone seems to enjoy. Those remaining in Nowshera are doing their best to alleviate the monotony by an occasional tour of the "Talkies," but apart from that are indulging in the over-rated pastime of doing nothing in particular in as graceful a manner as possible.

We welcome to the Mess, Bandmaster A. J. Caldicutt, who has come to us from Kneller Hall, and hope that he will have a happy time with the Regiment. We also welcome Sgt. Kennedy from the Depot, Sgt. Farrell on promotion and W.O.'s Cheek and

Walton of the A.E.C. We congratulate Sgts. Bland, Haggie, Mills, Farrell and Drum-Major Reilly on their promotion. We are sorry to have to say "good-bye" to the following members who have left us for different reasons:—Sgt. Binney, who has gone to England on medical grounds, W.O. Dennis, who has gone to King George's School, Ajmeer, as an instructor, and Sgt. Gibson, who has gone to the Detention Barracks staff at Trimulgherry.

CORPORALS' MESS.

We have now been in the Frontier Province quite a time, and yet one could hardly use the term "settled down," as the Mess is split up, with headquarters and two companies at Cherat, and a detachment of two companies at Nowshera.

Before leaving Kamptee we gave a farewell dance which was voted a success by all. After our arrival in Nowshera our Mess was only together for about five weeks. However in that time the two Mess tennis courts were put into play, and we have some very enthusiastic players and some promising learners. In April we played a friendly match against the Corporals of the 25th Field Brigade R.A., whom we managed to beat.

The Headquarters Mess ran a successful dance in Cherat shortly after their arrival there. One must make one's own amusement in these hill (?) stations and we are doing our best to do so.

We are looking forward to the consolidation of our Mess in Nowshera in October, when we hope to have some tennis prior to the collective training season, mobile columns and nights out of bed consequent on such things.

We congratulate L/Sgt. Farrell on his appointment, but are sorry to lose a good member. We congratulate Cpls. Andrews and Markey on their promotion and welcome L/Cpls. Fowler, Lavery, Walker, Gale, Denniss, Rogers, Tucker and Sharpe to the Mess.

COMPANY NOTES.

HEADQUARTER WING.—We are now fairly well settled in our new station (Nowshera). Up to the time of writing these notes, however, we have not had many days there, as we moved our respective squads to Cherat early in May, for six months. The change, we think, from Kamptee to the north has done us good in many ways. Everybody looks better and the colour appears to be returning to our cheeks. But that bit of colour, we suspect, is due to the forthcoming rise in pay.

We hear that the weather in Nowshera gets bitterly cold later in the year and on occasions snow appears. We hope that no one will contract either "trench" or "frost-bitten" feet.

At Nowshera we passed the short time we had there in getting used to the routine, the surroundings and the ways in and out of barracks. Our chief excitement on arrival was the correct method of putting our rifles away into the "Arms Kote." We managed to pull through after practice, but one rather suspects that some of the rifles were very nearly "white hot" before they were finally left for the night, due to the rapid handling.

At present we are, in Cherat, experiencing some fairly warm weather. It is understood (from the senior or chief Chowkidar) that from now on the weather gets cooler. One cannot say very much about Cherat as the place is small and does not allow very much activity.

Regarding sport here, "H.Q." Wing have been fortunate in the various tournaments. In the inter-company soccer final we were very unlucky to lose to "B" Company by 1 goal to 0. We beat "C" Company in the hockey final by 3 goals to 0. In the inter-platoon Cherat competitions of hockey and soccer, we won both. The Signallers beat No. 2 Platoon in the soccer final by 1 goal to 0, and in the hockey the employed beat the Band of the 2nd Bn. H.L.I. by 2 goals to 1.

We welcome Bandmaster A. J. Caldicutt to the Wing from Kneller Hall. He has undoubtedly made a vast difference to our hockey and soccer forward lines, and we can also say that the funny "squeaks" which used to be wafted into the company office during band practice have now been eliminated somewhat since the Bandmaster arrived.

"A" COMPANY.—Since the publication of the last issue we have had very little to record. We arrived in Nowshera toward the end of March and shortly afterwards we moved to Cherat, where we remained until the middle of July, when we returned to Nowshera. Our chief form of amusement in Cherat was khud climbing, in addition to which we had good fun in the platoon soccer and hockey leagues. In the soccer league No. 2 Platoon were only just beaten in the final after a sterling game.

We were not so fortunate in the company hockey and football shield, but on each occasion we were only beaten by the odd goal.

It is rumoured that No. 2 Platoon has won the Marshall Cup, but we still await confirmation.

We are all extremely sorry to lose Major Kavanagh, who has been with us many years and leaves us to become second in command.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bunbury on the birth of a daughter.

"B" COMPANY.—Latterly we have made great improvement in sport and have already won the Battalion soccer shield. We were also runners-up in the first half of the Brigade inter-company hot weather tournament at Nowshera.

Great things are expected of our rigger team this year, and certainly on paper it looks a formidable side, as we have eight men likely to play for the Battalion team.

At present we are enjoying our "summer vacation" at a place called Cherat—and many other names besides.

We congratulate C.S.M. Southall and C.Q.M.S. Hunt on their promotion and at the same time welcome them to the Company.

"C" COMPANY.—We are now in exile in Cherat, enjoying the delights of the season, among which sandstorms and khud climbing appear to take a prominent part. Of our journey up perhaps the less said the better, although the picture of an appalled company contemplating the "short cut" to the top would have provided fine material for Mr. Bateman.

Our stay in Nowshera was not uneventful. First of all there were the linguistic attainments of the Company office staff, which surprised even the Indians. Secondly there were the many games which we had with our neighbours, the Gunners, culminating in the final of the Brigade soccer tournament, in which we just managed to beat the 25th Battery by one goal. Thirdly there was our trip to Campbellpur, where we played the 1st D.A.C. and the 66th Battery at every game from soccer to ludo. The results were as follows:—Soccer.—66th Battery 1 goal, "C" Company 3 goals; 1st D.A.C., 2 goals, "C" Company 2 goals. Hockey.—66th Battery 2 goals, "C" Company 1 goal; 1st D.A.C. 2 goals, "C" Company 1 goal. Billiards.—1st D.A.C. 4 matches, "C" Company 2 matches; 66th Battery, 2 matches "C" Company 4 matches. Swimming.—1st D.A.C. and 66th Battery won on each occasion.

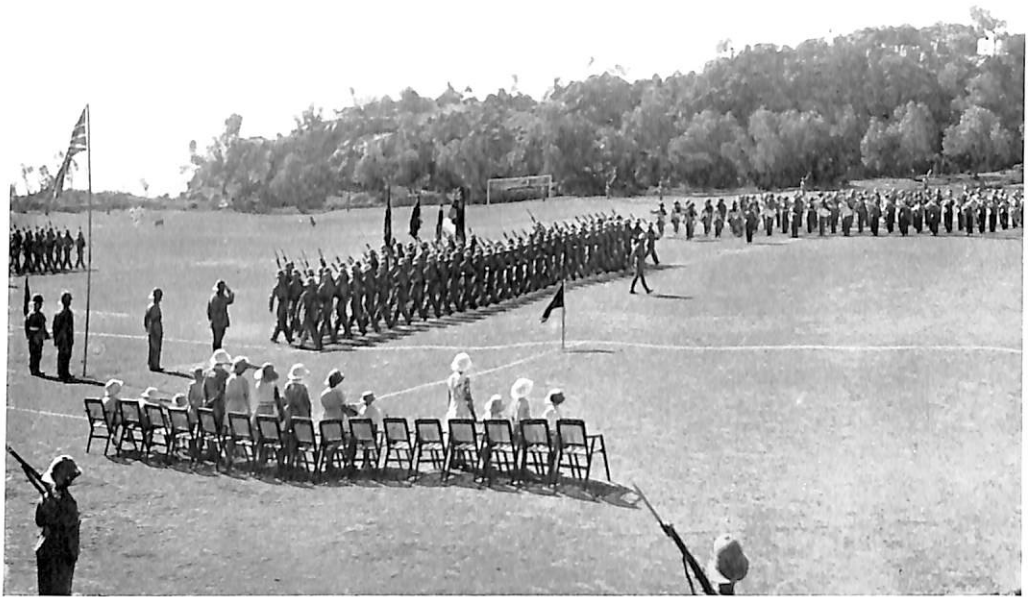
Our hearty thanks are due to the 66th Battery and 1st D.A.C. for their splendid welcome and hospitality. Owing to our move to Cherat we were unable to fix a return date, but we are looking forward to showing our hosts some of the pleasures (?) of Nowshera on our return to the plains.

"D" (M.G.) COMPANY.—Since our last notes were published much has happened. We have now entered the land beloved of Maud Diver, Ganpat and "Old Timers"—namely, the North West Frontier. Nowshera is just what we expected. It has its good points, but so far we have not noticed many of them. However we must admit that up to the present we have only seen it at its worst time, and we are looking forward to better things to come in the cold weather.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE, CHERAT, 1934.



2nd Battalion, less two Companies, with one Company 2nd H.L.I.



"A" Company, 2nd Battalion and the Colours marching past.

2nd BATTALION.



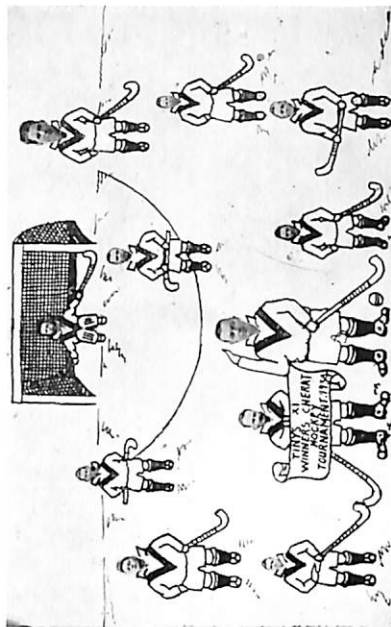
The road up to Cherat.



Cherat, 1934.



"H.Q." Wing Hockey Team, Winners Inter-Company Shield.
Sgt. ROBINSON, Pte. HOUGH, Dmr. DEANE, L/Cpl. CLARKE, L/Sgt. MOODY,
Pte. COOK.
C.Q.M.S. BUTTERWORTH, Lt. J. T. RIVETT-CARNAC, Capt. V. C. GREEN,
C/Sgt. SMITH, L/Cpl. KINGSTON.
Dmr. HOLLOWAY. Pte. BATTY.



Employed Group, Winners Cherat Inter-Platoon Hockey
Tournament, 1934.

The Company has spent two and a half months at Cherat and has only recently been relieved by "C" Company, and so we have now once more returned to the heat of the plains. Owing to the hilly nature of the country in Cherat and to the fact that the ranges there are considered unsafe for machine guns we have been able to carry out very little of our individual training, and so we are faced with a very heavy programme of work, including the firing of our annual machine gun course, in which we are handicapped by the fact that it is impossible to work out of doors after 9 a.m.

We welcome ex-Signalman C. Caulfield, who has transferred to the Company from the Royal Corps of Signals, and hope that he will enjoy soldiering with the "poor old Infantry." His likeness to his twin brother, Sgt. Caulfield, is so extraordinary that the simile "like as two peas in a pod" may well be applied.

In the hockey and football competitions which have been held lately we have not distinguished ourselves as much as usual. However the Brigade hot weather hockey and soccer leagues are about to start in Nowshera and we have every hope that we shall acquit ourselves well in these.

We must not omit to mention here the visit our soccer team paid to Malakand to play the 2nd Bn. 2nd Royal Gurkha Rifles. The Malakand Pass, leading into the territories of Swat and Der and beyond to Chitral, is extraordinarily interesting both historically and from the point of view of scenery. Our team won the match rather easily, but we were very pleased to get an opportunity of playing the Gurkhas, and the trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Since our arrival in Nowshera we have had many opportunities of playing soccer. It has been pleasant indeed to be able to get plenty of games with other units after having been confined to playing among ourselves for so long. It is possibly largely due to the fact that we have been able to get so little practice that the standard of soccer in the Battalion has fallen off so much during the last two years, and we hope that after a short time here our standard will reach its former high level.

During April the companies played many friendly games against the batteries of the 25th Field Brigade R.A. who are stationed here, and during May and June a Brigade inter-company hot weather league tournament was held. Our companies who were then in Nowshera did very well in this, finishing equal top of the league. "C" Company ran out the final winners on goal average. Now that the change over between Nowshera and Cherat has taken place the second half of the league has started, for which "A" and "D" (M.G.) Companies have entered teams.

The companies in Cherat have also had an opportunity of trying their strength against other units. A station inter-platoon competition was held during June, for which the detachment of the H.L.I. and the Wireless Experimental Station entered teams. Two of our teams were in the final of this competition also, which resulted in a win for the Signal Section over No. 2 Platoon.

The knock-out tournament for the inter-company shield was held in May. This competition was not entirely satisfactory, as teams which came up to Cherat found the sudden change of air very trying, while those that went down to Nowshera were badly affected by the bus journey down the very winding road and by the heat, and so in neither case could the visiting team produce their best form. However, unfortunately there was no other way of running the tournament. In the first tie "A" Company beat "C"; in the semi-finals "B" beat "D" (M.G.) and "H.Q." beat "A"; and in the final "B" beat "H.Q." (1-0). This was a very good performance on the part of "B" Company as they had made the journey up from Nowshera to play.

The Battalion team has not had many matches so far. In June they visited the Border Regiment in Landi Kotal, whom they beat by 3 goals to 0. However, when the

Border Regiment paid us a return visit later in the month our team seemed completely off form and they defeated us easily by 4 goals to 1.

We hope that we may be able to enter a team for the Murree Brewery and Durand tournaments in September. The latter is held in Simla and is, perhaps, the most important soccer tournament in India. We do not expect great things of our teams in these competitions, but we hope that whatever the results may be they will give us experience and help us to build up a strong team for the future.

HOCKEY.

Hockey in Kamptee finished with a friendly game against the Takli Police; the game, as usual, was fast and good, and resulted in a draw 1—1, which about summed up the evenness of the two sides. We would like to say here how much we appreciated all our games with the Police and the hospitality we received.

Since coming to Nowshera we have been fortunate in getting plenty of practice for our Battalion side against first class teams. Both the 2/15th Punjab Regiment and the 10/11th Sikhs have excellent sides, and though we were beaten by the former in a practice game 4 goals to 0, we did well to draw on one occasion with the 10/11th and to beat them at a second attempt 5—4. We also had two friendly games with the 3/2nd Punjab Regiment, winning one and losing one, the two sides being very even.

The hot weather has been upon us for the last three months, but even though split up with three companies in the hills at Cherat and two still down at Nowshera, we have managed to play plenty of hockey.

At Cherat we discovered a strong side in the detachment of Royal Signals at the Wireless Station; the same side were winners of the Northern Command Signals Cup. They were taken on in turn by "A," "D" and "H.Q." Companies and also a combined team from the detachment, but in a series of games were only once beaten and then by "H.Q." Wing, 3—1.

These friendly games were followed by the playing off of the inter-company hockey shield. Unfortunately the draw was such that one team or another had to make a journey up or down the Cherat precipice before playing, and the change of air was felt so acutely by some of the players that the games were spoilt in consequence and one felt that the losing sides were not always able to give of their best.

The inter-company final was played at Cherat between "H.Q." and "C" Company and resulted in a win for "H.Q." by 2 to 1, after a very hard game.

An inter-platoon competition between all platoons in the station was also held during June and July in Cherat. This was deservedly won by the Employed Group of the Battalion who defeated the Band of the Highland Light Infantry 2—1 in the final. This was an especially good performance in view of the fact that the Band of the H.L.I. were a good enough team to beat the Signals detachment in a previous round.

In Nowshera "B" and "C" Companies were not idle. Besides a number of friendly games—chiefly with the R.A. a "B" Company platoon (No. 6) reached the final of the inter-unit hot weather tournament there. No. 6 Platoon played "H.Q." Section, 12th Battery R.A., in the final and lost by 2—0.

At the time of writing the hot weather is causing a break in all forms of tournament hockey. We unfortunately arrived in Nowshera just too late for last season's competitions—the most important of which was the Murree Brewery tournament, but as soon as the cold weather comes along, and provided the wily Pathan will leave us alone, we should be able to train up a team which will hold its own against the best British teams up here.

The following were awarded Battalion hockey colours for the season 1933-34:—
Lt. J. T. Rivett-Carnac, C/Sgt. R. A. Smith, C.Q.M.S. A. S. Butterworth, Sgt. R. Caulfield, L/Cpl. H. Boardman, Bdn. W. A. Kingston, Dmr. P. Holloway, Dmr. H. Myers, Pte. A. Craven, Pte. S. Hardy and Pte. O'Grady.

WE BECOME KEEPERS OF EMPIRE AND ARE RE-INTRODUCED TO WAR.

It is a well-known fact that the Frontier is always rising (authorities for this statement: the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Sir Bindon Blood, the Quartermaster and the Mess Chowkidar). In my opinion it has already risen far too much. I know of several places that could be put down with no loss of prestige to the Flag and with great addition of comfort to the individual. Take the hill outside my bungalow (on second thoughts don't take it if you can avoid so doing), if that had never risen I should be a better and a stronger man to-day.

Of course I know as well as you do that it is really the tribesmen who rise and not the hills, but since the rope trick has been proved a myth the tribes must rise on something fairly solid—hence the hills.

In case you have not already realised it, all this has nothing whatever to do with my subject, but if I had told you that before you would have hurried on to Captain Bunbury's letters and my graceful periods would have gone unread.

Anyhow, to return to our goats as we say on the Frontier. Shortly after our arrival in Nowshera the Powers that rule our lives had an IDEA. "Ha," said One Great One to another Great One, "there has come among us a regiment lousy with dwelling in the plains, rotten with stupor of Central India, let us make them fit sons of the Frontier and upholders of the Outposts of Empire." Other Great Ones said it should be so. I expect they really said "Let's give the Dukes a damned uncomfortable night," but it sounds better the other way.

So the order went forth sealed in many envelopes that we should stand to at so many hours' notice. Now there appear to be two ways of standing to. You either go soundly and quietly to sleep and hope that you will wake at the appropriate moment, or else you run round in ever decreasing circles trying to remember the things that you may forget. Some took the high road and some took the low road. Now you must understand that our war wasn't really a war at all but just a try out, and quite a number of people knew that; on the other hand I and quite a number of people did not know. Let me explain then the reason for this. If I had known that it was only a leg-pull I might not have bothered to pack my tooth-brush, and when the District Commander came round the next morning to borrow it he might have been distinctly petulant.

The Higher Command should never be given opportunities for petulance in the early morning. There are lots of other reasons for this secrecy, but I can't remember them now.

The result of this planning and plotting was that I was woken up twice in the night and told what time I had to get up, whereupon I woke other people up out of pure spite. At some disgusting hour of the morning we were flung out into a dust storm from which emerged at intervals, mules tied together like bunches of grapes, senior officers by no means tied together and all the rest of the fauna and flora that go to make a battalion at column strength.

I myself provided an undignified imitation of a yacht in full sail by carrying an enormous map-case (the gift of our thoughtful brigade) which by reason of the wind successfully prevented me from progressing in the right direction.

Well, that is more or less that; of course we got home eventually and said how jolly it was to be on the Frontier and to find out what soldiering really was and all that, but—

Anyhow we are now straight as gun-barrels, fit as fleas, as ready as Boy Scouts, strong as horses and every now and then as sober as judges. Tell ENGLAND that from now on the FRONTIER is safe in our hands—we're going to wipe the floor with it.

A. H. P. L.

DEPOT NEWS.

ALTHOUGH Major R. O'D. Carey has now been with us for some time, we take this opportunity of welcoming him on his appointment from 1st May as C.O. of the Depot.

The annual contest between Depots of the West Riding Area for the Lindsay-Clark boxing cup was again held at Prescott Street, Halifax. This year we were not quite so fortunate as we have been in the past, but put up a very creditable performance. A fuller account appears elsewhere.

Waterloo Day, which was celebrated on 23rd June, produced some excellent sport and a very fine P.T. display. A large number of friends of all ranks turned up in spite of threatening and very cold weather and helped to make the day a success. Lt.-Col. Keith Sykes very kindly sent the Band of the 5th Battalion from Huddersfield, which added very materially to the enjoyment of the day.

The Depot this year sent two officers, the cadre staff and a demonstration platoon composed of recruits to the Territorial camp of the 147th Brigade at Redcar. Their work seems to have been greatly appreciated, and the weather was on the whole kind to them.

Before the next issue of THE IRON DUKE great changes will have taken place in the Depot staff. Captain Crommelin and Lt. Orr have been warned to return early to Aldershot to rejoin the 1st Battalion in time to sail to Malta in January, and some forty other ranks, who would have been tour-expired before July, 1935, are also to be relieved during October. It is noteworthy that we shall have two rugger enthusiasts in Major Carey and Lt. Laing to keep alive the spirit of the game at home in the absence of both Battalions overseas.

All will have read the accounts in the Press of the tragic death of Lt. Bernard Wells Reynolds which occurred in camp at Bridlington, Yorks. His family, and all those at Halifax, where he has been since January, feel the greatest loss at the moment, but he will be greatly missed by both Battalions of the Regiment, by many Territorials, and by a host of rugger friends.

Early this year he joined the Depot, where he had already made many friends, and played regularly for the Halifax Rugby Union Football Club. All ranks at the Depot join in offering their sincere sympathy to Captain and Mrs. Reynolds in the loss of their only child.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Only two events have given us an opportunity of entertaining our friends in the Mess during the summer: the occasion of the inter-depot boxing contest and Waterloo Day.

On the former occasion we had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Arthur Gledhill, member for Halifax, General Sugden, Colonel Burnett and some members of the Depot Messes at Pontefract and York, who with others joined us in a quick supper before going down to the boxing at the 4th Battalion drill hall.

On Waterloo Day the Mess were at home to their many friends in the district, and although the weather was cold and unpromising a large number of these turned up. Amongst the many whom we were pleased to see were Bishop Frodsham, General and Mrs. Sugden, Colonel Burnett, and the Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. Leach. It was particularly gratifying to be able to welcome no less than three of the four Territorial Battalion Commanders, Brev.-Col. Aykroyd and Lt.-Cols. Sykes and Spencer. The rain held off for the track events, but the afternoon was not ideal for a garden party.

Of callers we have had quite a number. Brigadier Blakiston-Houston came to bid us farewell on relinquishing the appointment of Brigadier i/c Administration, Northern Command. Major Sir Robert Henniker, who was staying with friends in Halifax, paid us a brief visit and proved that he never gets any older, and Lt.-Col. Wellesley, to whom

we extend the deepest sympathy on his recent bereavement, dropped in to leave a few gifts with the O.C.A. and to look up the Mess. We also had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Nugent, who has just given up an appointment as G.S.O.1, Western Command, and come to live at "White Windows," Sowerby Bridge.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Since the last notes we have had a pleasantly active period from the social point of view. In addition to several billiards and cricket matches with local organisations, we have proved our skill, and tasted of the abilities of the Corporals, at billiards, cricket, tennis and on the miniature range. Several keen contests in all departments have left each side thirsting for more. A team representing the Depot (composed entirely of members of the Sergeants' Mess) was successful in winning a rifle competition at Skipton against teams from Skipton, Keighley, Huddersfield and Barnoldswick. Captain C. K. T. Faithfull, firing for Keighley, tied with L/Sgt. Peacock for top score with a total of 89.

We were pleased to see so many of the old members of the Regiment present at the Waterloo Day sports. Sgt. Brown was successful in the sergeants' race. We congratulate him on his ability to "show a leg" still. A very pleasant day was enjoyed by all on the occasion of the sergeants' annual outing. Blackpool was again the venue and the weather was perfect. A certain member, on patronising a scientific weight machine and disease detector, was told that his heart was missing one beat in four! Evidently going through life in waltz time with promotion round the corner.

We are very pleased to welcome Major R. O'D. Carey as Officer Commanding the Depot and sincerely wish him a pleasant and successful tour of duty.

SPORT.

The inter-Depot boxing tournament for the Lindsay-Clark trophy between the West Yorkshire Regiment, The York and Lancaster Regiment, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and our own Depot resulted in a win for The West Yorkshire Regiment, and was incidentally our first defeat since the trophy was put up for competition. The winners possessed a very fine all-round team with previous match experience, and we heartily congratulate them on their well-deserved victory. All members of our team fought well and very pluckily.

WATERLOO DAY.—The sports were held on 23rd June and, in accordance with precedent, the weather was wretched, although the rain did manage to hold off during the racing. Some very good sport was witnessed, as is proved by the final shield placings. Ten shield events resulted in a win for March 11 Squad.

The final result was as follows:—March 11 Squad, 33½ points; February 11 Squad, 32 points; Feb. 1 Squad, 28 points; March 1 Squad, 27½ points.

A display of physical training was given by a mixed squad, consisting of N.C.O.'s, trained soldiers and recruits. For this our thanks are due to Sgt.-Instr. Churn, A.S.P.T., and to all who took part, for working so very hard and for attaining the high degree of proficiency shown.

CRICKET.—This has been a really successful season up to the time of writing. Nine matches have been won, one drawn and three lost. The team has varied in strength and, as usual, "dark horses" have been discovered to fill gaps caused by training, leave, etc. First among these has been the discovery of C.Q.M.S. Broadbent.

At the beginning of the season we had the assistance of 2nd Lt. R. G. English who was up here on attachment and who played an excellent game.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

Since the last publication of *THE IRON DUKE* we have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following articles:—Two coloured glass spheres, Musketry Instructions, 1874, Army List, 1857, memorial dedication service, York, 1923, Bolshevik soldier's spoon, cap badge and pay book, Russian Commissar's identity book, Major N. R. Whitaker; rifle, Enfield, short pattern, old cavalry sword, Zulu knobkerry stick, dagger, pom-pom shell case, mimosa thorn, Mrs. Yeoman; Infantry Drill, 1896, Capt. S. B. Kington; red tunic, colour-sergeant's (period 1846—68), Mr. E. H. Quarmby; general's cocked hat and plume worn by Lt. General Sir Herbert Belfield, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., also full dress saddle cloth and sabretache, Lady Belfield; soldier's ration book, green envelope, active service chevrons, automatic pistol (German), pamphlet as dropped by Allied airmen behind enemy lines, 1918, soldier's soft cap (German), Mr. Goodchild, 10th Bn. D.W.R.; German hand grenade, Mr. Sunderland; text book, "Small Arms," 1929, L/Sgt. Peacock; Boer ammunition picked up at Paardeberg, Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench; twelve copies of "The Havercake Lad," from March, 1897, to December, 1899, Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins.

147th (2nd WEST RIDING) INFANTRY BRIGADE NEWS.

THIS year has seen the fulfilment of a promise long postponed, a seaside camp.

The Brigade were last in camp at Redcar in 1914, and the order for embodiment was received when the four Battalions were assembled for church parade on that fateful 4th August. There are quite a number of old hands still serving who can remember that camp, and some of the more superstitious among them went to Redcar this year quite believing that history would repeat itself and some national crisis coincide once more with the annual camp of the Brigade; but to most the prospect held out was the attraction of the seaside in summer weather, which even sinister rumours of arduous marches to training areas did not mar, and although Adolf Hitler created food for reflection on the part of those who interest themselves in international affairs, our anticipations of an enjoyable annual camp were well realised.

Weather was kind to us, the marches to training areas did not entail such effort or hardship as some people imagined they would, and work and play went with a swing without hitch or hindrance from start to finish.

Our training this year was confined to the study of platoon and company tactics, The distance from camp of the four training areas involved a good deal of time being taken up with marching to and from, but field cooks enabled us to undertake longer days and remain on training areas to get the lessons of our schemes brought out on the ground.

Our Divisional Commander, Major-General G. H. N. Jackson, accompanied by his G.S.O., Major Carkeet-James, spent three consecutive days with us in the first week, and saw all four Battalions at work. We all wished he could have stayed longer; put the General on a good horse and let him have full scope to exercise his inquisitiveness and all derive happy inspiration from his presence.

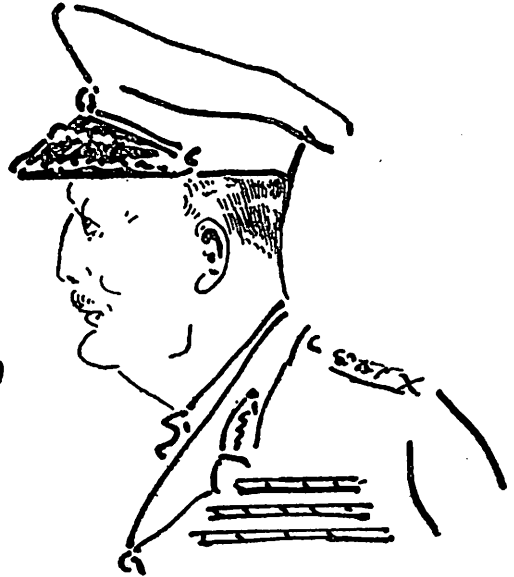
On Sunday, 29th July, we were honoured with a visit by the C.I.G.S., accompanied by the G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command. The fact that this official visit coincided with the one day during the annual camp which is given up to social entertainment turned out to be rather a good thing, as it gave a fuller opportunity for the C.I.G.S. and the Command G.O.C. to meet all the officers of the Brigade.

A Brigade drum-head church service was held in camp at 10 a.m. and was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Redcar, a number of ex-officers who had come to camp for the day, and a large representation of Redcar townspeople.

Some Generals



G.O.C. in C.
Northern Cmd.



C.I.G.S.



G.O.C. 49th (W.R.) Div.

V.C.P.

Generals Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd and Sir Alexander Wardrop arrived together at 11 a.m. and were met by the Divisional and Brigade Commanders ; the Brigade then marched past a saluting base in column of fours, the C.I.G.S. taking the salute. After the march past all the officers of the Brigade were assembled for introduction to the C.I.G.S., who had a few words to say to each individual officer.

The Territorial Decoration was then formally presented to Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer, Commanding 6th Battalion, and various efficiency medals to other members of the Brigade ; after this the C.I.G.S. and G.O.C.-in-C. walked through the camp and ended up by being entertained to luncheon by the 4th Battalion.

The day was fine and everyone felt that a visit such as this, when genuine interest and sympathy on the part of the Army Chief was so manifest, would do more to stimulate and encourage than any inspection which begins and ends with formality.

Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, the Colonel of the Regiment, paid the Brigade a visit from Sunday, 29th, to Tuesday, 31st. Unfortunately he could not arrive in time on Sunday to see the parade for the C.I.G.S., but he had the opportunity on the following day of seeing something of the men on parade and visiting the officers in their Messes.

The inter-battalion competitions for the Sugden Trophy and Rhodes Cup were held, as usual, during camp. The Sugden Trophy was presented by Hon. Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden for light automatic competition. The 4th Battalion succeeded in winning it for the second year in succession.

The Rhodes Cup, presented by Col. S. Rhodes for transport competition, was won this year by the 6th Battalion, last year's winners being the 7th Battalion.

A third Brigade competition was started this year : an officers' riding test for teams of three officers per battalion for a trophy presented by our present Brigade Commander, Col. J. C. Burnett. The 4th Battalion were the winners this year, and the competition evoked considerable diversion. We would, however, ask our Regular brother officers to remember that we are asked to display our horsemanship on horses hired from civilian job-masters, and a good many of them are animals that require a little more knowing than a few days' chance acquaintance in camp give facilities for.

On the last Friday in camp the Brigade carried out a march in the Redcar district, ending up with a march past the Mayor on the Esplanade. Thousands of people turned out to see the troops go by and gave them a very enthusiastic greeting.

Redcar, under the Mayoralty of Councillor W. Morris, has certainly given a gratifying example of cordial welcome to the Territorial Army this year ; three infantry brigades, as well as other small divisional units, have camped there, and all have received the same welcome, the same genuine concern to give facilities for amusement to the men, and the same hospitality on the part of the Mayor and his Borough officials. The following is an extract from the *Yorkshire Post* of 3rd August :—

When they marched, with rifles, bands, and drums, through the town to-day, with the Brigade Commander, Col. J. C. Burnett, D.S.O., riding at the head of the column, thousands of people lined the route. At the bandstand, on the Esplanade, the Mayor (Mr. W. Morris), in his robes, acknowledged the salute, and the civic party included the Mayoress, the Town Clerk (Mr. R. McClean), in his official attire, and the Rev. A. H. Watson, who is vicar of Marske and also chairman of the Saltburn and Marske Urban Council.

Incidentally, the meeting of Major-Gen. G. H. N. Jackson, the Commander of the 49th Division, and Mr. Watson in camp last week was of unusual interest, for during the war, when Mr. Watson was a combatant officer, he was at one time Brigade Major to General Jackson when the latter commanded a brigade.

The Dowager Marchioness of Zetland, with two grand-daughters, was another to see the march past. The Marchioness has displayed lively interest in the activities of the Brigade, and Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, the Colonel of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, was her guest last week-end on his visit to the troops.

The Mayor, in a letter of welcome to the Brigade, wrote :—" Twenty years have elapsed since the West Riding Territorials were last on the Cleveland coast. They will find that there have been many

4th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



Group of W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s of the 4th Battalion.

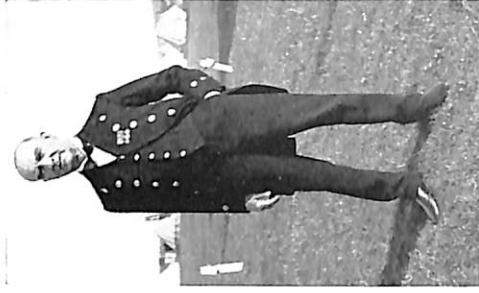
Sitting (left to right).—C.S.M. P. NAYLOR, C.S.M. C. H. BARR, C.S.M. T. HULBERT, Major F. IRISH, M.C., Col. J. C. BURNETT, D.S.O. (Bde. Comdr.), Brig.-Gen. R. E. SUGDEN, C.P., C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D. (Hon. Col.), Gen. SIR ARCHIBALD A. MONTGOMERY MASSINBERG, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. (C.I.G.S.), R.S.M. G. LORD (E.York.R.), Gen. SIR ALEXANDRA E. WARDROP, K.C.B., C.M.G. (G.O.C.-in-C. Northern C.), Col. H. H. AVKROYD, M.C., Major-Gen. G. H. N. JACKSON, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Comdr. 49th West Riding Div.), Capt. S. B. KINGTON (Adjnt.), R.Q.M.S. L. GREENWOOD, M.C., C.S.M. E. BASS, C.S.M. W. NOONIN.



Group of ex-Officers and Serving Members of the 4th Battalion who were in Camp in the Redcar Area in 1914.

Front (kneeling).—R.Q.M.S. L. GREENWOOD, M.C.
 Sitting.—Col. R. H. GOLDTHROP, D.S.O., T.D., Col. JAMES WALKER, D.S.O., T.D., Brig.-Gen. R. E. SUGDEN, C.B., C.M.G. D.S.O., T.D., Lt.-Col. A. L. MOWAT, D.S.O., M.C.
 Second row.—Pte. J. FITZPATRICK, Ex-Sgt. J. W. CROSSLEY, M.C., C.S.M. P. NAYLOR, Sgt. C. GLEDHILL, Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) G. T. MILLER, Sgt. H. JUSTICE, Pte. J. MURPHY, C.S.M. W. NOONIN.
 Third row.—Sgt. H. WARDINGLEY, Sgt. W. W. POWNALL, Sgt. F. GREENWOOD, C.Q.M.S. F. WOODHEAD, ex-Sgt. T. SUGDEN, C.Q.M.S. C. FARRELL, Drum-Major H. MILLAR.

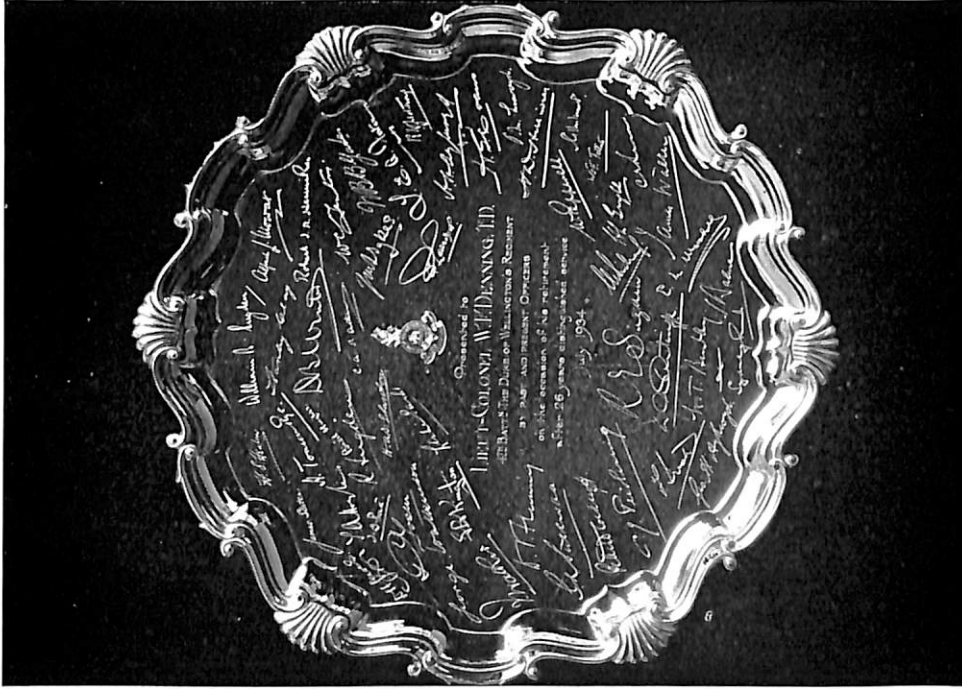
4th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



Mess Sergeant, 4th Battalion, who has served with the Battalion since 1886 (Sutcliffe the Indefatigable).



Col. H. H. Aykroyd, M.C., Lt. Evans (T. A. Reserve of Officers and our Blue Boys.



Salver presented to Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning, I.D., by past and present Officers of the 4th Battalion.

changes during the interval—some which will be to their enjoyment—but there is no change in the public attitude to the Territorials, and nowhere is a representative of our citizen Army more welcome than in Redcar."

To-day, on the eve of their departure, he sent the following letter:—"Dear Col. Burnett,—As the period of training is closing, I should like to express to you, as Mayor of the borough, my gratification at the splendid behaviour of the troops under your command. We had expected much from the West Riding Territorials, and we have not been disappointed. The relations between the townspeople and the Brigade have been of the most cordial character. The help which the bands gave us proved a welcome attraction to both residents and visitors, and the kindness shown by all the officers to the Mayoress and myself will be long and gratefully remembered. I am glad that the camp has been so successful and I feel certain that before many years it will be the privilege of one of my successors to extend a hearty greeting to The Duke of Wellington's on the occasion of another visit."

After the march, in which the battalions for the first time this camp went in threes formation, the Brigade were drawn up in hollow square on the parade ground at camp and were addressed by Col. Burnett.

"I have noted," he said, "that in the field and in all the work you have done you have responded to everything that has been asked of you in a loyal and very soldierly manner. You had the great honour of being inspected by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff last Sunday. You acquitted yourselves on that occasion in a manner worthy of the best traditions of those famous battalions to which you belong. Your march past this morning was excellent, and everybody has said what a fine show on parade the men of this Brigade make."

Regarding next year's camp, Col. Burnett said he was not in a position to make a definite promise, but Scarborough was most likely to be chosen.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

WITH the prospect of a seaside camp this year we hoped to be able to report that the strength of the Battalion was up to establishment (*i.e.*, 20 officers and 584 other ranks). Our hopes have not been realised, however. In spite of special recruiting publicity in every possible direction, this has been our worst year since the war. The reason for this is hard to find; possibly an improvement in trade may have affected us adversely, also incessant letters in the local Press on pacifism and disarmament. Our strength remains at 14 officers and 511 other ranks.

Now that camp is over we can look back on the past few months with a feeling of satisfaction, albeit with a feeling of relief at the passing of an exceptionally busy period. Evening classes, courses, T.E.W.T.'s and musketry during every week-end have been the order of the day, the tactical training in camp completing what could not be carried out at drill halls.

On 1st July we held our annual open-air drum-head service on Savile Park, Halifax. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Frodsham, D.D., Vicar of Halifax, conducted the service. Besides the Battalion, whose parade strength was the strongest in recent years, the following attended:—A detachment from the Depot, members of the 4th Battalion O.C.A., Halifax Branch of the British Legion, Old Contemptibles' Association, a detachment of the St. John Ambulance Association, and last, but not least, a detachment of 100 strong of the Legion of Frontiersmen, who foregathered for this service from all parts of the West Riding. We hope that they will join us at this service for many years to come. After the service the parade marched past our Honorary Colonel, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Sugden.

On Sunday, 22nd June, "C" Company, assisted by the Band and Drums, carried out a recruiting march at Cleckheaton. In spite of fine weather and an excellent turn-out,



S.B.K.

the total number of recruits obtained was nil ; this, for the first time for many years. Most disappointing and not what we expect from Cleckheaton.

The Battalion shoot took place on Bradshaw rifle range on Saturday, 7th July. The attendance was not as good as we had hoped, especially in view of the number of extra prizes offered to recruits and privates. The standard of shooting, however, was, if anything, higher than in previous years. The results were as follows:—Permanent Staff Competition.—Sgt. J. Bulmer. 300 Yards Slow.—Class I., Sgt. F. Wilson ; Class II., Cpl. J. Smith ; Class III., Pte. W. Brook. 300 Yards Rapid.—Class I., Sgt. A. James ; Class II., Cpl. J. Smith ; Class III., Pte. W. Brook. 500 Yards Slow.—Class I., Q.M.S. G. T. Miller ; Class II., Cpl. J. Helliwell ; Class III., Pte. J. Goddard. Battalion Championship.—1st, Cpl. J. Smith, 68 points ; 2nd, Sgt. A. James, 61 points ; 3rd, Q.M.S. G. T. Miller, 60 points. Other competitions fired on Bradshaw range were:—Savile Cup Competition.—1st, " C " Company, 131 points ; 2nd, " B " Company, 91 points. Davis Bowl Competition.—1st, " B " Company, 229 points ; 2nd, " C " Company, 120 points.

22nd July found the Battalion paraded (at a far too early hour) for removal to Redcar and camp. After the Mayor of Redcar's letter of welcome to us, which appeared in the *Halifax Courier & Guardian* on 14th July, we felt more than ever that we were " in for a good time," and this more than justified itself. The streets were thronged with people on our arrival and we marched to our camp site along the sea front, a novel and almost unbelievable experience. " It wor a good camp but a bit 'ard on my feet " best explains camp at Redcar, 1934. Training areas further away than normally, with consequent marches to and from the areas ; blisters appeared as from nowhere and equally as quickly disappeared ; sick parades were small, though possibly not as small as if our own Medical Officer had been present at camp ! ! A special word of praise is due to the older members of our Band and Drums who " blew and stuck it " as only they know how.

The training carried out consisted of a series of platoon and company schemes based on defence, counter-attack and withdrawal. Excellent value was obtained from them, and if anyone wants to ask any questions in this direction, " Come up and see us some time." Also an outpost scheme was carried out on the night 30th-31st July, George o' Briggus and his semi-civilised gallants providing a most realistic enemy. Unfortunately, the final phase of the attack was spoilt by a torrential downpour, which presumably was administered in order to accustom the Territorial Army to active service conditions.

Our " Blue Boys," under Lt. H. S. Evans (T.A. Reserve of Officers), accompanied us to camp, as usual. In addition to acting as runners on all schemes, and generally making themselves useful in camp, they were with the Battalion when it marched past the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and on another occasion the Mayor of Redcar. Their general bearing reflected the greatest credit on their instructor, Lt. Evans, so much so that they were the recipients of hearty cheers from the populace of Redcar when they marched past the Mayor.

On Sunday, 29th July, we had the honour of welcoming to lunch with us in the Officers' Mess the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who was accompanied by the G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, General Sir A. E. Wardrop, our Divisional Commander, Major-Gen. G. H. N. Jackson, and our Brigade Commander. (Further news of his inspection is not included in these notes, as they appear elsewhere in this issue.) He showed great interest in our " Blue Boys."

For the first time since the affiliation of the Rishworth School Cadet Corps to us, we were able to welcome members to our camp, Capt. Dickson and Lt. Peel, with 31 other ranks attending for the second week. They arrived in the midst of turmoil (*i.e.*, middle Sunday), settled down quickly and participated in everything that was taking place in camp. We can only hope that they enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having them, and that these visits now started will be continued. Rumour hath it that enquiries have already been instigated by some of the cadets *re* Scarborough in 1935.

On Monday, 30th July, we had the pleasure of welcoming the Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner. Unfortunately, owing to a previous engagement on Saltburn Cricket Ground followed by night operations on "The Green Hill far away," his visit was all too short.

The annual cricket match, officers v. the rest, resulted in a somewhat unexpected win for the officers. Against indifferent bowling and patchy fielding, "the rest" scored 127 runs. Four wickets were down for five runs in the officers' innings when the Commanding Officer joined Captain Fleming, Royal Scots Fusiliers (attached to us as umpire for the period of training). A magnificent innings by both turned the tables and in the end won the match by five wickets. The C.O. scored 73 runs and Captain Fleming was 41 not out. In view of recent developments, it would appear a disaster that the Bandmaster was not chosen to play for the rest.

For the second year in succession we retained the Sugden Trophy, this being won for us by "C" Company, "B" Company obtaining third place. "A" Company team was disqualified. To the latter we offer our condolences, as it is understood they were "going well" when disqualified.

Our congratulations are due to Major F. Irish, Major G. H. Aykroyd and Captain H. L. Grylls for combining to win for us the officers' riding cup, a new competition started this year. The result, we might mention, was somewhat unexpected in view of the unknown quantity of horse flesh at our disposal on arrival in camp; however, apparently, this policy pays.

We were not so successful in the Brigade transport competition, although we obtained the highest marks for turn-out.

Battalion competitions held in camp were as follows:—The Mackintosh Cup, won by "C" Company (light automatic); the Savile Bowl (drill), won by "C" Company; the company lines competition, won by "C" Company; football shield, won by "C" Company; and the cross country shield, which was won by "A" Company, "C" Company being second. It would appear that "C" (Cleckheaton) Company were out this year to "grab the lot," and they certainly put up a good show. We congratulate them on their success, and on living up to that motto of the day (borrowed), "Go and do things; you are bound to succeed in some of them."

On 4th August a sing-song in the canteen was organised by Drum-Major H. Millar in commemoration of "20 years ago." The artistes, all members of the 4th Battalion on 4th August, 1914, put us of the younger generation in the shade, in fact, we ain't going to try no more. It was an unqualified success. (We need hardly mention that ex-Sgt. Langley, ex-Sgt. Crossley and our Drum-Major enlisted before 1914.)

We most heartily congratulate the following:—Sgts. J. Rowe, A. Hooson and W. W. Pownall, Ptes. R. Corness, H. Firth, W. Ashworth and H. Howarth on their qualifying for the Territorial Efficiency Medal. (These medals were presented by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at camp.) Lt. W. B. Sugden on his marriage in London on 25th July. We look forward to welcoming Mrs. Sugden to the Battalion, and wish them every happiness. Colonel and Mrs. H. H. Aykroyd on the birth of a daughter on 3rd August. To C.S.M. and Mrs. Glasbey we extend a hearty welcome and hope they will enjoy their stay with us.

With greatest regret we have to record the retirement on 24th July of our Medical Officer, Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning, T.D., after many years of distinguished service with the Battalion. An appreciation appears on another page of this issue. Whilst offering him and Mrs. Denning our best wishes, we would just add that so long as that well-known car, dog and chauffeur are to be seen on the highways of Halifax and surrounding districts, we (all five hundred and twenty-five of us) refuse ever to think of him as out of the Battalion.

SERGEANTS' MESS.—This year we have continued to run fortnightly whist drives and dances throughout the summer, and these have been very well attended and appreciated. Smoking concerts have been held at which various clubs in the town have been entertained. On 20th June the Committee of the Halifax Football Club challenged us to a billiards match at their club. A delightful evening was spent, the Committee being the victors by a few points. On 8th August we played the members of the Halifax football team at cricket on the Thrum Hall ground. Some hundreds of spectators were present, the Band and Drums possibly being the attraction!!

In camp on "middle Sunday" we entertained some 150 friends from Halifax and district, and from the numerous expressions on their departure we gathered that everyone had spent a very enjoyable day. Two old members (Mr. R. Maude and Mr. C. Shoemith) arrived in camp the day before the Battalion intending to stay for one night, but finally left on the following Tuesday with a threat of divorce hanging over their heads.

On Sunday, 29th July, we were greatly honoured by the C.I.G.S., G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command and the Divisional and Brigade Commanders consenting to have their photographs taken with the members. This photograph will be greatly treasured.

We held our annual smoker in camp on 1st August. The guests included the Commanding Officer and officers of the Battalion, Brigade Commander and Staff, attached officers and representatives from other Messes, as well as quite a few civilian friends. There was an excellent programme, songs being rendered by C.S.M. Noonin, Sgts. Rowe and Barr, which were very well received. Ex-Sgt. Langley with his Irish and other songs and Drum-Major Millar were in excellent form. The pianist (Sgt. A. Smith) is also deserving of congratulation. R.S.M. G. Lord, with a supporting cast of about a dozen sergeants, caused much amusement with an exhibition of an Indian ramadan. A very successful and enjoyable evening ended at 1 a.m. with the singing of "The King."

OVERHEARD DURING CAMP.

Enthusiastic sentry, during night operations, to platoon sergeant: "Blimey, Serge, there come the enemy over the origin."

Scene: Officers' Mess, 01.20 hours. "What we need, old boy, for this trick cycling is another Territorial of the Adjutant's Army."

On completion of cross country run, breathless competitor (still bubbling): "Ee, and Mister Burnett was watching it n'all!"

Sanitary man to N.C.O. in charge: "Shall I put t' refuse in t' insinuator, it's full of hashes now."

LT.-COL. W. F. DENNING, T.D.

Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning, born on 23rd January, 1881, was educated at Uppingham and Cambridge. He enlisted into the 4th Battalion, West Riding Regiment, on the formation of the Territorial Force, being gazetted 2nd Lieutenant on 1st April, 1908. Promoted Lieutenant in 1909, he was largely responsible for the raising of the Elland Company (old letter "G") of the 4th Battalion.

Although a doctor by profession, Lt.-Col. Denning served as a combatant officer during the war, proceeding overseas with the 4th Battalion on 14th April, 1915. He served through one of the worst periods experienced by the Battalion in the trenches, the winter of 1915 at Ypres, and during this period he was often called upon to attend the front line wounded men from all companies; many are the tales that have been and will be told of his exceptionally good work in this direction.

Invalided home, he was appointed second in command of the 4th Reserve Battalion in August, 1917, and in July, 1918, instructor to No. 22 Officers' Cadet Battalion at Cambridge, and later as adjutant and officer i/c demobilization of that unit.

He was transferred to the Territorial Force Reserve in 1919 and on 10th January, 1923, was again brought on the active list of the Territorial Army in the R.A.M.C., with the rank of major, and appointed as medical officer to the 4th Battalion.

5th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



5th Battalion Ceremonial March Past.



Members of the 5th Battalion who were in Camp 1914 and 1934

Back row (left to right).—Bdsm. W. ROYSTON, Pte. J. W. BOWKER, Pte. W. PRIESTLEY, Sgt. W. C. HARDY,
Drum-Major H. T. HANHAM, Cpl. J. FISHER, Pte. J. W. SHAW, C.Q.M.S. H. HINCHCLIFFE.
Front row.—Bdsm. J. W. CHAPPELL, C.S.M. H. BLAKE, Major J. M. HAIGH, T.D., Lt.-Col. K. SYKES,
M.C., T.D., J.P., R.Q.M.S. N. HOBSON, C.M.S. A. HART, Pte. J. W. FOWLER.
Absent.—C.Q.M.S. V. M. LANGRICK.

5th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



Officers, 5th Battalion, being introduced to the C.I.G.S.

By courtesy of *The North Eastern Daily Gazette*.



5th Battalion marching through Redcar into Camp.



Lt.-Col. K. Sykes, M.C., T.D., laying the foundation stone of the New Drill Hall at Mirfield.



The Drums, 5th Battalion.

Promoted Lt.-Col. on 31st October, 1929, he served continuously until his retirement on 25th July, 1934.

Apart from his activities with the 4th Battalion, Lt.-Col. Denning became joint Honorary Secretary (with Lt.-Col. A. L. Mowat) of the 4th Battalion Old Comrades' Association. He still carries on with this excellent work, and many are the ex-members of the Battalion who are indebted to him for his exceptional kindnesses shown to them.

In his retirement we suffer a severe loss, although not as serious as if he was moving from Elland.

5th BATTALION NEWS.



H.B.O.

IN our last notes appeared the announcement of the War Office approval for the building of a new drill hall at Mirfield. The work was started in May, and on 3rd July the foundation stone was laid by the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. K. Sykes. The ceremony was simple, yet impressive. Some 2,000 of the local populace were gathered round the platform, and it was most gratifying to be able to welcome so many of the staunch friends and old comrades of the Mirfield Company. Captain E. E. R. Kilner, the present company commander, welcomed Colonel Sykes and asked him to lay the stone. After the ceremony and dedicatory prayers, Captain Clarson, architect to the West Riding of York Territorial Army County Association, described the hall as it would be on completion. We hope that the possession of such a fine drill hall will stimulate interest and recruiting in the district, and that in a short time the Company will be up to establishment.

On 22nd July the Battalion proceeded to annual training at Redcar. This, our first seaside camp for eight years, had been greatly looked forward to by all ranks. The weather was on the whole kind, and except for a gale, which lasted for three days, and some rain, chiefly at night, the sun smiled on us daily. The training areas were some distance from camp, and the consequent long marches before and after training were not to the liking of everyone. However, great benefit was derived from the marching and the tactical training was energetically and thoroughly performed. The one set scheme on the best and most distant area was very instructive and well carried out, thanks, possibly, to an embussing scheme, which saved ten miles of marching, and which

was much appreciated by the Battalion. The Support Company worked on their own takers, two of whom passed the rangetakers' test, the first successes we can report since its institution in the T.A. We also congratulate Lt. C. Liversidge and the Signal Section on an excellent performance in the annual classification—18 passes out of 20.

On the Wednesday in camp the Commanding Officer entertained to dinner in Saltburn those serving members of the Battalion who were present at annual training at Marske camp in 1914, when the Battalion was mobilised for war. Those present were:—Lt.-Col. K. Sykes, Major J. M. Haigh, R.Q.M.S. N. Hobson, C.S.M.'s A. Hart, H. Blake, C.Q.M.S.'s V. M. Langrick, H. Hinchliffe, Drum-Major T. Hanham, Sgt. W. C. Hardy, Cpl. J. Fisher, Bdsm. J. Chappell, W. Royston, Ptes. J. W. Fowler, J. W. Bowker, W. Priestley, J. Shaw.

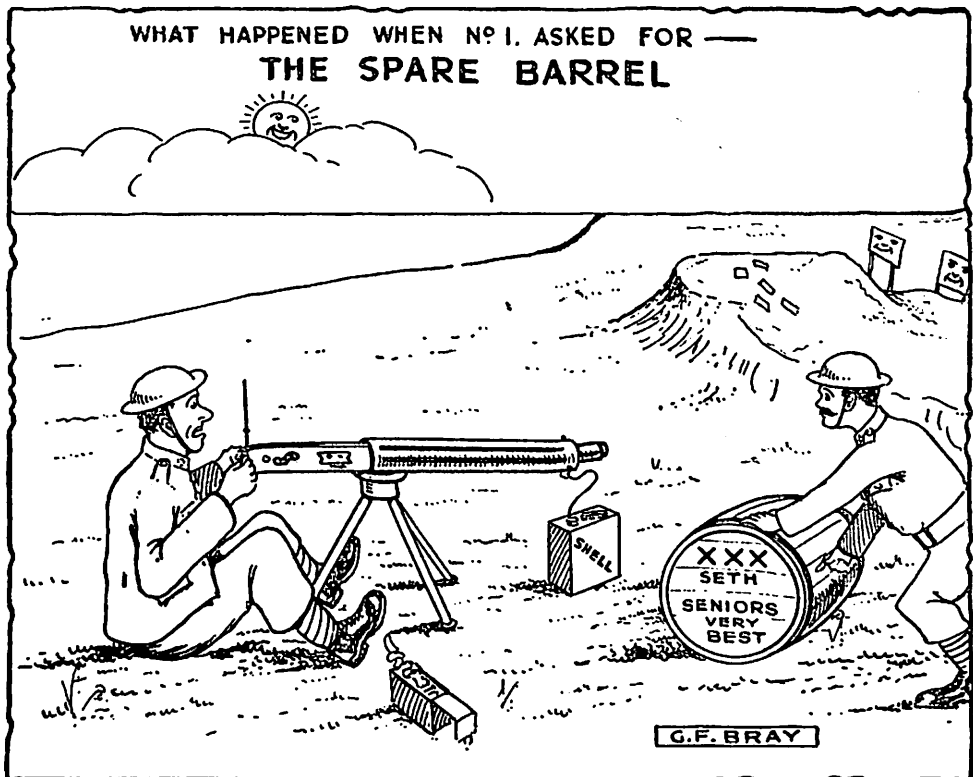
The Battalion athletic sports were held at Redcar on 27th July. "H.Q." Wing won the Hopkinson tug-of-war shield. On 2nd August the cross country run took place and was won by "B" Company (Holmfirth). The points for the Carlile sports trophy now stand as follows:—"B" Company 30, "A" (S.) Company 20, "C" Company 11, "D" Company and "H.Q." Wing 7 each.

The Hirst challenge bowl inter-company drill competition was judged by Captain C. K. T. Faithfull, Adjutant 6th Battalion, on 4th August, and was won by "B" Company (Holmfirth).

On Monday, 30th July, the final stage of the triangular miniature range competition for the Rippon and Sykes cups between the Battalion, the Huddersfield Borough Police and the Huddersfield Division of the West Riding Police, took place at the Redcar Drill Hall. The Battalion won the competition by one point.

We were very pleased to welcome Captain E. H. P. Norton, T.A. Reserve of Officers, who was attached to us for the first week of camp and whose services were much valued by the Support Company.

Many ex-officers visited us, and we were very pleased to see them. Among them were Cols. Mellor, Walker, Norton and Rippon, Majors Holliday, Senior and Sproule, Capts. Golding, Senior, Goodall and Williams, and Mr. Eric Walker. Our old friend Mr. C. E. Sutcliffe very kindly came over for the week-end. We were exceptionally pleased to see so many old comrades on the middle Sunday, about 120.



Cartoon by Pte. G. F. Bray, "A" (S.) Company, 5th Battalion.

We congratulate Capt. and Mrs. D. H. Hirst on the birth of a daughter, C.S.M. N. Hobson on his promotion to R.Q.M.S., vice R.Q.M.S. G. Dent, and C.Q.M.S. H. Blake on his promotion to C.S.M. of "C" Company; Captain E. E. R. Kilner and Lt. C. Liversidge on winning the Divisional golf cup (presented by Major-Gen. G. H. N. Jackson, commanding 49th (W.R.) Division); Pte. R. Hicks, Dmr. F. Hill, Pte. J. J. Wiles and ex-Sgt. H. Haslett on being awarded their Territorial efficiency medals.

We regret to report the death of Captain Marcus Jubb, late 5th Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. The obituary notice appears on another page of this issue.

An Officer's Riding Test was initiated at our Annual Territorial Camp at Redcon this year.
The Test included :-



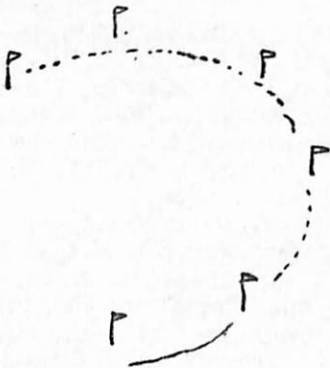
Reining back



Reading a map when holding one's mount.



Mounting unassisted



and
Circling left
at the center.



→
To The
Transport
Lines

W.S.

6th BATTALION NEWS.



C.K.T.F.

Horne, bar to Efficiency Medal. Territorial Medals.—Sgt. F. Bradley, Pte. W. G. Burnett, Pte. H. Graham, Pte. G. A. Metcalfe, Pte. J. W. Stubbs, Pte. R. Helliwell, Pte. F. A. Walton.

The following officers, in addition to Col. Spencer, were on parade:—Majors T. P. Brighouse, E. H. Llewellyn, Capts. E. D. R. Whittaker, G. Fell, C. E. Pawson, J. M. Ogden, Lts. J. T. Bairstow, 2nd Lt. K. W. McHarg, Capt. and Adj. C. K. T. Faithfull, Major G. A. Fisher, R.A.M.C. (T.), Capt. (Q.M.) R. Wood. Lt. R. M. Bateman and 2nd Lt. T. H. Kinder carried the Colours.

CAMP.—The Battalion went into camp on 22nd July, 1934, at Redcar, and the time spent there was much enjoyed. The officers present were:—Bt.-Col. J. S. Spencer, commanding, Majors T. P. Brighouse, E. H. Llewellyn, Capts. E. D. R. Whittaker, G. Fell, C. E. Pawson, J. M. Ogden, Lts. J. T. Bairstow, R. M. Bateman, 2nd Lts. T. H. Kinder, R. Ibbotson, K. W. McHarg, J. M. Horsfall, C. Hill, M. G. Hutchinson, E. S. Stell, Capt. and Adj. C. K. T. Faithfull, Capt. (Q.M.) R. Wood, Major G. A. Fisher, R.A.M.C. (T.); attached, the Rev. W. R. H. Wright, C.F., T.A. (Vicar of Pateley Bridge).

SPORTS.—The Battalion sports were held on Sunday, 29th July, in the afternoon, in the presence of a large crowd of visitors and friends, among whom were Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron (Hon. Colonel), Col. F. Longden Smith, Major H. Dixon, Capt. C. E. Gray, Brig.-Gen. Moraunt (a former Brigade Commander) and numerous other officers, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bairstow, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Nutter, Mrs. C. E. Gray, Mrs. J. C. Fell, Miss Throup, Mrs. E. D. R. Whittaker, Mrs. J. S. Spencer, Mrs. J. M. Ogden, Mrs. C. E. Pawson, Miss Moraunt, Mr. and Miss D. Carruthers. The result of the sports were as follows:—High jump, Sgt. Robinson (1), Cpl. Wilson (2); tug-of-war, "B" Company (1), "H.Q." Wing (2); long jump, Pte. Shackleton (1), Cpl. Wilson (2); quarter mile, Pte. Burbridge (1), Pte. Caton (2); parade race, Sgt. Mooney (1), Dr.-Maj. Dunn (2); 100 yards, Pte. Burbridge

THE Battalion attended a Civic Sunday service at the Parish Church, Skipton, on 6th May, 1934, the occasion being one at which the Chairman and members of the Skipton Urban District Council and other public bodies had their annual function. At the invitation of the Commanding Officer (Lt.-Col. Spencer), the Battalion attended to pay tribute to Capt. J. Churchman (late Q.M. of the Battalion) on his election as Chairman of the Council, and to his long and valuable service to the Battalion. The parade, which aroused a great deal of interest, assembled at the Drill Hall, Skipton, and marched to the Parish Church, headed by the Band and Drums of the unit under the direction of the Bandmaster, Mr. R. S. Thornton. The Colours were on parade. The service was conducted by the Rev. Canon R. S. Stoney, who gave the address.

Crowds lined the streets on the return journey, and the Battalion marched back to the Cattle Market, where they were formed up, and Col. Spencer then presented a number of long service and efficiency medals. Captain Churchman and the Council witnessed the presentation, and afterwards Colonel Spencer addressed the Battalion and referred to the long service of Captain Churchman with the unit, and called for three cheers for him, which were heartily given. Captain Churchman and the Clerk to the Council (Mr. J. P. Horne) were then entertained to luncheon by the officers.

The following medals were presented:—C.S.M.S. Heelis, "P.S.," Long Service and Good Conduct (Regular); Sgt. G. H. Horne, bar to Efficiency Medal. Territorial Medals.—Sgt. F. Bradley, Pte. W. G. Burnett, Pte. H. Graham, Pte. G. A. Metcalfe, Pte. J. W. Stubbs, Pte. R. Helliwell, Pte. F. A. Walton.

6th BATTALION.



Officers 6th Battalion, Redcar, 1934.

Back row.—Capt. (Q.M.) R. WOOD, 2nd Lt. T. H. KINDER, 2nd Lt. K. W. McHARG, 2nd Lt. C. HILL, 2nd Lt. J. M. HORSFALL, 2nd Lt. E. S. STELL.
 Second row.—Capt. C. E. PAWSON, Rev. W. R. H. WRIGHT, C.F., Lt. J. T. BAIRSTOW, Major G. A. FISHER, R.A.M.C. (T.), Lt. R. M. BATEMAN, 2nd Lt. M. G. HUTCHINSON, Capt. J. M. OGDEN.
 Front row.—Capt. E. D. R. WHITTAKER, Major T. P. BRIGHOUSE, Brig.-Gen. R. L. ADLERCRON (Hon. Colonel), Lt.-Col. J. S. SPENCER, Capt. and Adj. C. K. T. FAITHFULL, Major E. H. LLEWELLYN, Capt. G. FELL.



Presentation of Medals to 6th Battalion N.C.O.'s and Men at Skipton by Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer on 5th May, 1934.

Left.—Capt. J. CHURCHMAN (wearing chain of office) and COUNCILLORS, Capt. and Adj. C. K. T. FAITHFULL, Major T. P. BRIGHOUSE, Lt. Col. SPENCER pinning on the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct (Regular) to C.S.M. S. HEELIS, "P.S."

(Photo by Craven Herald, Ltd., Skipton.)

6th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



Foot Inspection, "D" Company, 6th Battalion.
(Mayor of Keighley in Mufti).



The C.O. and Adjutant, 6th Battalion, with
the Rector of Keighley, The Rev. Canon C. F.
Hood, Senior Chaplain 49th Division.



C.I.G.S. presenting Efficiency Medal
to C.S.M. J. W. Barnes.

(1), Pte. Boulby (2) ; one mile (open), L/Cpl. Norcliffe, 7th Bn. (1), Pte. Dale, 5th Bn. (2) ; sergeants' race, Dr.-Maj. Dunn (1), Sgt. Cockcroft (2) ; quarter mile relay, Sgt. Mooney (1), Pte. Nutter (2) ; Band spot race, Bdm. Mooney (1), Bdm. Riley (2) ; obstacle race, Sgt. Mooney (1), Pte. Hobson (2).

On Monday the camp was visited by the Mayor of Keighley, who was entertained at the Officers' Mess to dinner. The Mayor stayed the night and went out with the unit to see the night operations. After going round the camp, he left on Tuesday.

We regret the loss of Lt. A. Waterworth who, owing to business reasons, has been compelled to transfer to the Reserve of Officers on 20th June last (General List).

We are pleased to welcome to the Battalion 2nd Lts. M. G. Hutchinson and E. S. Stell, and hope their stay with us will be a long one.

Congratulations are due to C.S.M. J. W. Barnes and Pte. H. Graham on being awarded efficiency medals (T.) C.S.M. Barnes is already in possession of the Territorial efficiency medal.

L/Cpl. A. Croft has successfully passed a course of instruction at the School of Signalling, Catterick, and has obtained a very satisfactory report.

The Battalion Shield was won by "B" Company (Capt. G. Fell) with 129 points out of 200.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

BY some sub-editorial lapse there was omitted from our last issue the news that the 7th D.W.R. cross country team had, for the fifth time in succession, won the Divisional championship—thanks, as usual, in no small degree to the three Norcliffe brothers.

The early part of our pre-camp training followed its usual course with good parades at the drill halls and with increasing interest as camp drew nearer. All companies completed their musketry at Deerhill, mostly with fine and even hot weather.

For officers there was a tactical exercise at Harrogate, where a very good battle was staged, on the interesting lines of one battalion in attack against another in defence, each trying to spring surprises on the other. We were unfortunately rather weak in numbers. In spite of a formal peace treaty signed during the evening between the belligerents, the battle went on to its bitter end.

Some consternation was caused in June by the news that very little further money was available to pay fares of men travelling to attend drills. The first effect of this was to cause drills to be cut down from two nights to one night per week, just at the time when men usually begin to attend twice instead of once. There was at one time a threat that there could be no payment at all for men who had attended their obligatory drills. Everyone tried to meet the situation as well as possible by trying to do two evenings' work in one, but there is no doubt that the Battalion went to camp in a more backward state of training than usual.

We are in the position of having a very large number of men who travel two or three miles to their drill hall, and we are looking forward with interest to see how the problem of these men's attendance is to be dealt with next year.

Our numbers for camp were 19 officers and 458 other ranks, out of a total strength of 21 officers and 491 other ranks. The tide in recruiting has turned and there seems to be a reasonable prospect of being almost at full strength by next year. Meanwhile the proportion of attendance at camp is very encouraging.



J.C.

So far as officers are concerned, we are already at full strength. We have to welcome since the last issue of these notes, 2nd Lts. F. Schofield, I. Hirst and A. C. Wilkinson. They were all gazetted too late to take advantage of the new course at Sandhurst. 2nd Lt. P. Hirst, however, came fresh from a fortnight at Sandhurst to the second week of camp, full of energy and military knowledge, and an object of interest to all the members of the higher command who visited us at Redcar.

To have a camp at Redcar is no ordinary event. Not only were we at the seaside for the first time in eight years, not only were we really near the sea for the first time since the War, but we were on ground full of memories of 1908, of 1909 when someone shot the Padre, and of 1914 when we spent the strangest middle Sunday of any camp, awaiting the news that was to send us for four years to France.

We were able to muster nine veterans of 1909, whose total service was stated by the Battalion mathematician to be 272 years!

The camp site was ideal—a part of the huge flat field which was an aerodrome during the War. The layout of the camp was the most convenient we remember and might well be a model for future camps.

Only two officers—Capt. Hickson and 2nd Lt. Milne—were unable to attend camp, and the Mess was fuller than for several years. We were fortunate in having attached to us Lt. H. C. H. Taylor (our genial staff captain *pro tem*), Lt. Body, of the East Lancs Regt., and Capt. Duckett, R.A.S.C., who saw to the welfare of the inner man and the inner horse throughout the camp. And we must not forget Restless, whose alarming size was allied to the most friendly disposition a dog ever boasted (and, like Restless, we never have liked Capt. Taylor's cap!).

The officers' lines were singularly free from those friendly raids which we have usually been delighted to deal with as best we could. Another case of strong armed forces leading to peace and not war!

As a matter of fact the camp as a whole seemed quieter than usual. Perhaps this may be ascribed to the nearness of Redcar with all its attractions, or on the other hand to the calming effect of an eight or ten mile walk plus a little training during the morning. We shall long remember Redcar as a great place for marching. On those days when we did not march to the training areas we marched past the Mayor of Redcar or the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

The only complaint about the marching was the lack of time available for training, which some of the more serious members (of all ranks) took rather seriously, apart from that the marching was very good for us, and the absence of trouble from feet was most creditable.

The machine gunners, with that suspicion of scrounging that always attaches to specialists, said they could train better on the sandhills than the training areas, and on several days they got away with it.

In view of the lack of training before camp, and the lack of time during camp, nothing beyond company training could be attempted. A scheme with a full strength company was spoilt partly by rain—almost the only rain that fell on us—and by the urgent pangs of hunger which caused the later phases to be cut very short. On the last Friday, however, we were able to carry out three very satisfactory company schemes.

Perhaps the most popular mornings were two of which the latter part was spent in bathing.

The social climax of camp was, as usual, the middle Sunday, when we entertained a goodly number of guests and enjoyed some excellent sports. "H.Q." Company again produced a great array of talent and won the Battalion sports trophy. Two of the Norcliffe brothers gained first and third places in the mile (open) and forthwith ran to the other end of the camp to do the same thing in the 6th Battalion open mile. We wonder what will happen sometime if all four battalions have an open mile on the same afternoon!

Colonel Mellor was a very welcome visitor for the week-end and we were glad to see at the sports General and Mrs. Jackson, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Burnett, Colonel Rhodes and Brig.-Gen. Sugden.

The next day we were honoured by a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. Turner, who dined with us for the first, but we hope by no means the last, time.

We were able to celebrate during camp the birth of a daughter to Major Hinchliffe, and since camp we hear news of a daughter being presented to Lt. C. R. Taylor. Congratulations to both of them!

Camp ended with a quite delightful and spontaneous ceremony at the station, where Major Hinchliffe spoke briefly to the Battalion, and we all joined in cheers for Colonel Chambley, whose last camp this is. A very pleasant scene, but a sad one, as partings always are. Many unexpected things have happened since 2nd Lt. Chambley attended his first camp at Marske in 1909.

Two short items of news since camp: Our cricket team met the Huddersfield Banks team and beat them by five wickets. (Our special reporter failed to record whether Lt. Satterthwaite batted for both sides.)

And secondly, we have had during and since camp a record number of re-engagements, which confirms us in the belief that before next camp we shall have lost very few men and gained a great many.

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

Portsmouth,

August, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since our last letter, Easter leave has come and gone, and now summer leave is nearly over. In the last few months our time has been occupied with our normal Gunnery School firings.

On 4th June, flying the Flag of Rear-Admiral Lawrence, D.S.O., the Rear-Admiral Commanding Submarines, we sailed for our yearly cruise to northern waters, *via* the Irish Sea.

Whitehaven, a small mining town in the Solway Firth, had decided that they would like to have a Navy Week of their own, so application had been made by them to the Admiralty for a ship to be present during that period. The *Iron Duke* being in those waters was detailed, so in company with Submarine H.50 we arrived off Whitehaven on the evening of 5th June for a three days' visit. Our stay there was most enjoyable, although inclined to be rather hectic. Dances were given ashore every evening and visits to coal mines and char-a-banc trips around the Lake District were organised. The ship was open to visitors every day, and from the numbers that came on board it would appear that the entire population of Cumberland had taken the opportunity of visiting a battleship. The only objection to our visit came from one of the local clergy, who complained that the morals of the Whitehaven young ladies had rather suffered from our visit!!!

Three days later we took farewell of our kind hosts and sailed again on our northward trek. En route exercises were carried out with the Submarine Flotillas, who were exercising a seven days' war patrol in the Irish Sea, and the next day we arrived at Oban. During our stay there we were remarkably lucky with the weather, which is rather unusual for the west coast of Scotland. The local golf course and tennis courts were well patronised and several sailing picnics were taken advantage of. Some officers and ratings also took advantage of flights given by No. 210 Flying Boat Squadron to view the west coast scenery from the air. This Squadron had been co-operating with us during the submarine exercises in the Irish Sea.

On the 20th we once again sailed southward, carrying out our submarine exercises on the way. On our second day out we ran into a south-west gale which rather interfered with the exercises, and the submarine crews must have had rather an uncomfortable time on passage. We arrived at Portsmouth two days later.

On 26th June we gave a demonstration to the officers attending the course of the Imperial Defence College. The programme included almost every known form of naval warfare, torpedo attacks by destroyers, submarines and torpedo bombing aircraft, machine gun attacks by fighter aircraft, as well as 13·5in. and 6in. full calibre firing.

On the completion of this programme we proceeded up Portsmouth Harbour to the Dockyard to commence our yearly refit and prepare for Navy Week. It had been decided that the *Iron Duke* was to give one of the set pieces of the Portsmouth Navy Week. Our demonstration was to illustrate to the public a normal day's routine in a man-o'-war. It commenced with the hoisting of Colours and finished with sunset. We demonstrated a ship preparing for sea, getting under way, firing from 13·5in. turrets and 6in. batteries, the rescue of a man fallen overboard at sea, and the ship coming to anchor again. As the whole demonstration had to be compressed into one hour, and, owing to the fact that the ship was firmly secured to the dockyard wall the whole time, a good deal was left to the imagination of the spectators.

However, our display seemed to be very popular judging from the numbers that occupied the stands. Navy Week this year proved a very great success. All records of attendance for previous Navy Weeks were beaten, the total numbers paying for admission to the dockyard during the week amounting to 155,098.

We are just completing our yearly refit and in a fortnight's time once again proceed to sea for trials and firings.

With all good wishes to the Regiment,

We are, yours sincerely,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

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

ON the occasion of the 21st anniversary of the formation of the Regimental Association, we take the opportunity to give a short résumé of its history.

On Wednesday, 15th October, 1913, "The Regimental Association, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment," was so named. Prior to that date the Association had been termed "The Old Comrades' Association, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment," having been formed on 4th October, 1912, the sole object being to foster *esprit-de-corps* and to bring old comrades and those serving in the Regiment together. It was thought advisable that this should take the form of a dinner club, Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden kindly acting as honorary secretary.

The first re-union and dinner was held on the above-mentioned date at the Café Royal, Halifax, under the chairmanship of our late President, Sir Herbert E. Belfield—whose loss to the Association cannot be estimated—and about 160 members attended. In the course of his speech the Chairman remarked that "It was very gratifying to have such a response from their old comrades. The Old Comrades' Association was only started a year ago and all they could do then was to inaugurate a dinner fund. That splendid gathering was the result. They had in their minds also the starting of a Help Association, but it was postponed because it was not quite certain whether such associations were not going to be considerably influenced by the Insurance Act. As a result of enquiries,

7th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



The C.I.G.S. taking the Salute, The Band of 7th Battalion Marching Past.



1914 Veterans, 7th Battalion.

Back row (right to left).—Sgt. HAIGH, Sgt. LAMING, C.Q.M.S. BEAUMONT, Cpl. TOWLE, Pte. MILLHEACH.
Front row.—C.Q.M.S. BALL, C.S.M. HADFIELD, Col. CHAMBLEY, C.S.M. LEES, Pte. AINLEY.

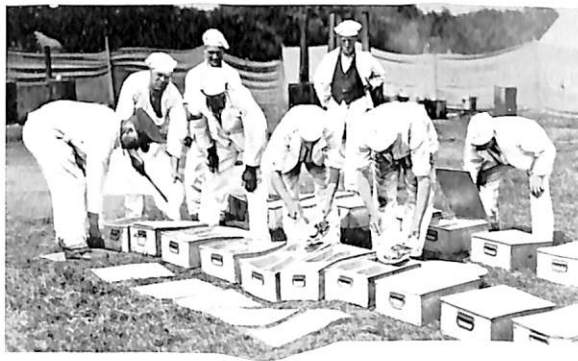
7th BATTALION, REDCAR, 1934.



After the Battle.



Bathing Parade.



In Camp.

however, and the experience of other associations, a meeting had been held in the Depot that afternoon at which it was proposed to extend the scope of the Association by adding an 'Aid Society.' Proposed rules were also discussed and drawn up."

The objects of the Association, in its new form, were enthusiastically taken up by both Line Battalions, the Depot, retired officers and ex-serving members of the Regiment, subscriptions being, officers 5s., other ranks 1s. His Grace the late Duke of Wellington gave a donation of £25 to the fund and graciously consented to become a patron of the Association. The subscriptions were afterwards raised to officers 5s. 6d. and other ranks 2s., and life membership, officers £5, other ranks £1. The latter was subsequently raised to £1 15s., and the rules altered so that an officer on payment of an aggregate sum of £5 by annual subscriptions would automatically become a life member, and other ranks on payment of £1 15s.

The assets on the formation of the Regimental Association (October, 1913) were £11 7s., and on 30th June, 1934, were £9,380 9s. 7d. (£8,256 17s. 10d. invested in Government stock). The total amount expended in grants during that period was £3,352 17s. 2d. and loans were granted to a total of £1,438 6s. 3d. £1,071 1s. 10d. of the latter has been refunded, and £168 15s. 11d. struck off as not recoverable.

During the year ended 30th June, 1934, 330 applications have been received for assistance, of which 166 of the 1st and 2nd Battalion ex-members were assisted to an aggregate of £248 14s. 2d., and by loans four, aggregate £35 ; 3rd Battalion fund, 23 assisted, total £18 17s. 5d. ; 9th Battalion fund, 13 assisted, total £34 2s. 6d. ; 10th Battalion, 7 assisted, total £19 10s. In addition one was assisted from the Regimental Charitable Fund of the 2nd Battalion.

Clothing has been given to 28 men for their wives and children. In addition to those already acknowledged in Nos. 27 and 28 issues of THE IRON DUKE, the Committee have to thank Major N. R. Whitaker for gifts of clothing, etc.

The annual dinner of the Old Comrades' Association will be held at the Alexandra Café, entrance, King Edward Street, Halifax, on Saturday, 20th October, 1934, at 7 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. each.

The general meeting will be held in the Corporals' Mess of the Depot at 5.30 p.m. the same day.

5th BATTALION.

The annual meeting was held on Friday, 20th October, 1933, presided over by Major L. B. Holliday. The statement of accounts showed that all the funds were slightly better than at the last annual meeting, and the secretary's report showed an increase in membership. On Saturday, 11th November, a party of members accompanied representatives of the Battalion to the War Memorial in Greenhead Park for a ceremony at 11 a.m. and poppy wreaths were laid on the Memorial. On Sunday, 12th November, a large contingent of members paraded with the Battalion to the Parish Church for the annual Armistice service. On Saturday, 9th December, the Association held its annual dinner at the Drill Hall, about 120 members attended, with Col. J. C. Burnett (Brigade Commander) as chief guest ; a very enjoyable evening was spent. The annual children's party was held in the Drill Hall on Saturday, 7th January, 1934, when again upwards of 500 children of members of the Association and the Battalion were entertained, and everyone voted it as good as previous efforts, if not better. February and March were quiet months, except for the number of applications for relief.

In April the members of the Association attended the annual church parade of the Huddersfield Branch of the Royal Society of St. George.

On Sunday, 27th May, the annual " Fallen Heroes " anniversary ceremony was held at the War Memorial in Greenhead Park ; on the invitation of the Commanding Officer, over 100 members of the Association paraded with the Battalion and laid wreaths on the South African and Great War Memorials.

Also, on the invitation of the Commanding Officer, over 100 members of the Association paid a visit to the Battalion in camp at Redcar on 28th and 29th July, including a party of 20 from the Tyneside, who had all served in the Battalion at some time during the war, and took the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with it. All the party attended a memorial service with the Battalion on the parade ground on Sunday, 29th, at noon. The week-end slogan was "Marske, 1914—1934." A very enjoyable week-end was spent by all.

During the period under review the branches at Holmfirth, Mirfield and Kirkburton have held their social events, annual dinners and children's parties.

Preparations are now going forward for Headquarters annual meeting in October, and dinner on Saturday, 8th December. The secretary would like to hear from any ex-members of the Battalion.

6th BATTALION.

A most successful re-union of the Old Volunteers and Territorials of the 6th Battalion took place at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, on 21st April, 1934, when about 120 old and present serving men attended. A pie supper was served first, after which vocal and musical items were rendered by various members, Mr. R. S. Thornton (Bandmaster of the 6th Battalion) presiding at the piano.

Col. C. M. Bateman (Chairman of the Association) presided, and made a few remarks regarding the Association, and many reminiscences of the Great War were related. In addition to Col. Bateman there were present Major H. Dixon (Vice-Chairman), Col. F. Longden Smith, Capt. Mallinson and others too numerous to mention. Mr. G. W. Rickards, the M.P. for the Skipton Division, was the principal guest, and gave a very interesting account of the work done by the House.

The re-union was declared to be a delightful one, and it is hoped to make the event an annual one. A vote of thanks was given to the Hon. Secretary of the Association and members of the committee for the work done in organising the event, and also to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. Leach, for the serving of the supper.

The annual re-union of the 2/6th Association was held at the Black Horse Hotel, Skipton, on 5th May, 1934, and was attended by nearly 250 members. Capt. S. J. Rhodes presided, and the toast of the Association was given by Capt. and Adj. C. K. T. Faithfull, 6th Battalion, and responded to by Capt. Sir J. Donald Horsfall, who, it was announced, had accepted the Presidency of the Association for the year, in place of Col. N. A. England.

During the evening ex-C.S.M. Clarke presented Capt. Rhodes with a silver tray, subscribed for by members of the Association, for his services to the Association, and Capt. Rhodes suitably responded. Selections of popular music and old-time war songs were given by the Riviers Band, under the direction of Mr. R. S. Thornton, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The annual meeting and dinner of the 6th Battalion O.C.A. will take place on 24th November, 1934, due notice of which will be sent to all members, and I should be glad if any member seeing this will remind others they may meet.

I would like to remind members that the financial year now ends on 30th September in each year and that subscriptions are much overdue, and a lot of work can be saved if members will forward me their subscriptions early.

10th BATTALION.

The most important event which has taken place since the Old Comrades' Association notes last appeared has been the cricket match between the Depot and the O.C.A. at Halifax Barracks on 30th June. It was solely through the kindness and generosity of the O.C. Depot (Major R. O'D. Carey) and the Adjutant (Lt. H. C. H. Taylor) that the match was made possible, and I think both these officers fully realise how grateful the

Association were for the care they took to make the afternoon so enjoyable. Unfortunately Major Carey could only watch events from his bedroom window—he being indisposed—but Lt. Taylor entered into the spirit of the day with great verve and enthusiasm, with the result that every minute of the time was interestingly occupied by players and spectators.

Major R. Harwar Gill, Major W. N. Town and Capt. D. W. P. Foster headed a party of about 150 O.C.A. visitors, the weather was brilliantly fine, the barracks looked far more inviting and friendly than they did when so many of the ex-10th Battalion made their acquaintance for the first time 20 years ago, and the match was played in a splendid sporting spirit. I don't know whether I ought to go into too much detail concerning the game, seeing that the O.C.A. lost by two wickets, but we do most heartily congratulate the Depot upon their victory.

The O.C.A. had first use of the wicket, but thanks to some "Larwoodish" bowling by Cpl. W. Cooper and some much "too innocent" stuff sent up by Lt. Taylor, had six wickets down for a paltry seven runs. As in some of the Test matches this year—"our leading batsmen had failed us." Then, however, J. Thornton (17) and W. Holmes (21) came along with a seventh wicket stand which took the score to 44, and the O.C.A. were eventually able—with the assistance of an odd five runs scored by the last three wickets—to present the Depot with the problem of scoring 50 runs to gain victory. Lt. Taylor came out with the best bowling analysis—4 for 15—but Cpl. Cooper had 2 for 10 and 2nd Lt. English 3 for 15. The ground fielding of the Depot, by the way, was excellent, and we shall not soon forget that splendid catch in the long field by Lt. Taylor which dismissed Holmes.

The Depot's opening batsmen fared almost as badly as those of the O.C.A., for two of them were dismissed with only two runs on the board. Lt. Taylor (12), Cpl. Cooper (10) and L/Sgt. A. Roberts (11), however, came along with useful scores and 30 runs were on the board with only half the side out. At this point it looked long odds on a very impressive victory for the Depot, but three more wickets fell in taking the score to 44 and the O.C.A. were on their toes. To everyone's amazement, however, L/Cpl. J. Silvester came in, swung his bat valiantly at three leg balls sent down by Holmes (who, at that point, had taken 5 wickets for 17 runs), had the satisfaction of seeing them all go to the boundary, and thus gained a two wickets' victory for his side.

The fielding of the O.C.A. men was not all that might have been desired and had one or two chances been taken it is possible that victory would have rested with them, but nevertheless they gave the Depot a good game and thoroughly enjoyed themselves as well. Holmes had 5 wickets for 29 and Nicholls 3 for 20.

Full details of the scoring were:—

10TH BATTALION O.C.A.		THE DEPOT.	
D. R. Auty, c. Bower, b. Cooper	3	L/Cpl. F. Stringer, b. Holmes	0
W. Nicholls, b. Cooper	0	Pte. W. Bower, l.b.w. Holmes	4
H. Bray, b. Taylor	0	2nd Lt. R. C. English, c. & b. Nicholls	1
S. Whittaker, c. & b. Taylor	1	Lt. H. C. H. Taylor, b. Nicholls	12
A. A. Blackburn, l.b.w. Taylor	2	Cpl. W. Cooper, b. Holmes	10
C. Watson, c. Pearce, b. Taylor	1	L/Sgt. A. Roberts, b. Holmes	11
J. Thornton, c. Roberts, b. English	17	Lt. Pearce, b. Holmes	1
W. Holmes, c. Taylor, b. Ingham	21	Pte. S. Ingham, b. Nicholls	4
L. Smith, b. English	0	Cpl. G. Bentley, not out	0
G. R. Goodchild, b. English	2	L/Cpl. J. Silvester, not out	12
A. Douggan, not out	0		
Extras	2	Extras	1
Total	49	Total for 8 wkts.	56

The respective captains were Lt. Taylor (the Depot) and ex-C.Q.M.S. (and later 2nd Lt.) D. R. Auty (O.C.A.). Tea was kindly provided by Major Carey and, although

some of the ladies were probably disappointed that such an array of caps as was provided by the O.C.A. team did not bring victory, the wives and families of the "veterans" were able to find consolation in inspecting the Regimental Museum—it is making splendid progress and deserves every encouragement and support—and in conjuring up imaginary pictures of "their men" learning to form fours on the barrack square! It was really a great day and one which every member of the O.C.A. who was present hopes will be repeated next year.

With the holidays over, the Committee of the O.C.A. are bending all their energies towards making the 1934 re-union dinner and memorial parade even more successful than the first efforts of last year. Lt.-Gen. Sir J. M. Babington has promised to be the principal guest at the dinner (to be held at the Bradford Co-operative Society's new café in Southgate on 27th October) and to take command of the Memorial parade to the Bradford Cenotaph on the following day.

His visit is being seized upon as a means of giving all ex-23rd Division officers and men an opportunity of parading under their former Commander, and already a number of officers and men of other divisional units have intimated their intention of joining the parade on 28th October. The Committee are hoping to make this event a really impressive affair and, with the generous "connivance" of Lt.-Col. H. H. Aykroyd, O.C. 4th Battalion, have arranged for the Band and Drums of this Halifax Territorial unit to lead the parade, play the hymns and sound "The Last Post" and "The Reveille" at the Cenotaph. If the weather is fine and the Committee are supported to the extent that their efforts deserve, 27th and 28th October, 1934, should be memorable dates not only for ex-10th Battalion men, but also for former soldiers of the 23rd Division. Lt.-Col. S. S. Hayne has also promised to be present.

Space forbids further details of the arrangements which the Committee have in hand, but by the time these notes appear all those on the O.C.A. roll will have received full particulars of these events and also the annual meeting in Bradford on Saturday afternoon, 27th October. It will then be "up to them" to ensure the success of General Babington's visit.

Members are being steadily enrolled, but there is room for hundreds more, and it would also be gratifying if we could secure more subscribers for THE IRON DUKE. Co-operation and loyalty can work wonders.

And in the meantime we are still unable to trace our old nominal roll! It seems that it vanished into thin air when the cadre came home at the beginning of 1919.

REGIMENTAL DINNER AND LADIES' TEA.

THIS year we held both the dinner and the tea at the Army and Navy Club, on Saturday, 9th June, a new departure so far as the day of the week was concerned. Saturday was tried because it suited the 1st Battalion, as they were so full up with rehearsals for the Tattoo and the King's Birthday.

The Regimental Committees met in the Nelson Room, kindly provided by the Army and Navy Club. There were present Brig.-Gen. Turner in the chair, Colonels Pickering and Burnett, Lt.-Cols. Rusbridger, Cox, Trench and Wellesley, Majors Carey and Ince and Capt. Bolton. The Chairman first asked the Editor of THE IRON DUKE to make his report for the year. Colonel Trench referred to the statement in last year's report regarding the necessity of cutting down the number of pages of the magazine. Recent numbers had contained 80 pages of matter, whereas the contract was for 64 pages. The last two issues, however, had been kept down to 76, but he thought it should be reduced to 72 in future, if possible, for financial reasons. Even at that number of pages the magazine was a very good shillingsworth. He also spoke of the standard of contributions, which remains high, and mentioned a new contributor of light matter in Mr. Horsfield,

147th INFANTRY BRIGADE, REDCAR, 1934.

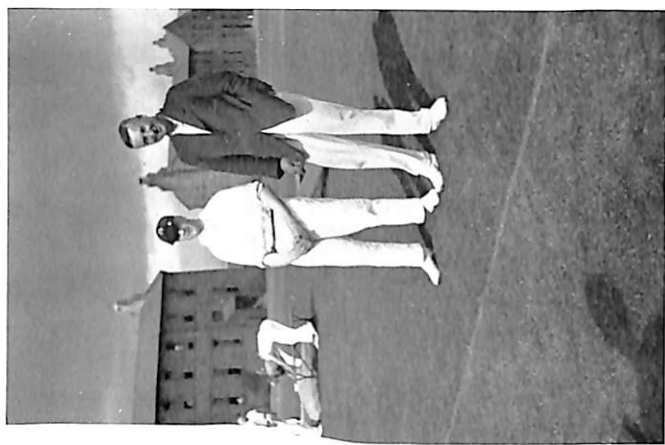


Officers of the 147th Infantry Brigade with the C.I.G.S., C-in-C. Northern Command and 49th Divisional Commander.

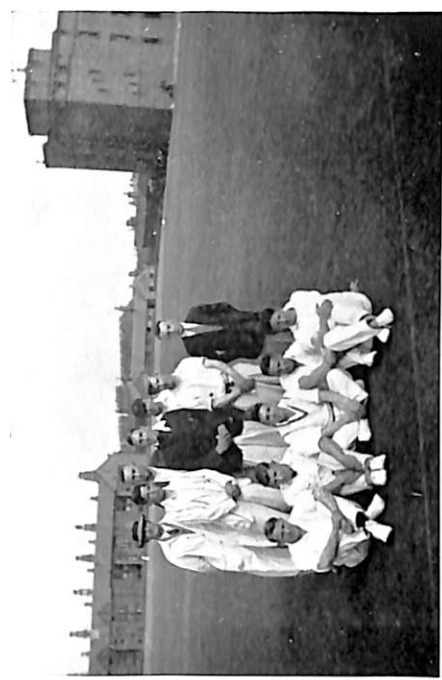


The C.I.G.S. with Colonel Burnett.

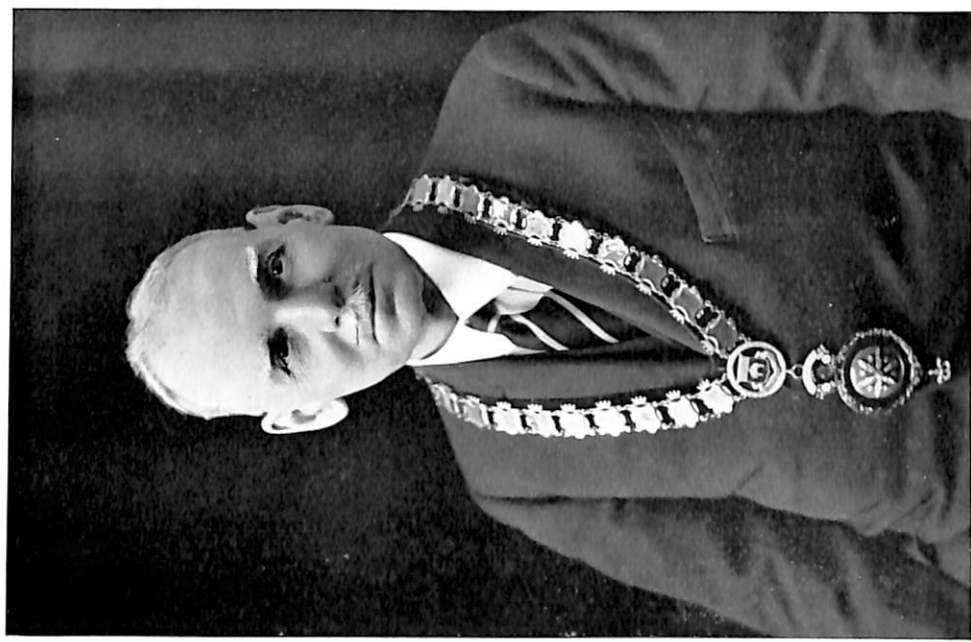
10th Battalion v. Depot Cricket Match.



Ex-C.Q.M.S. D. R. Auty
and
Lt. H. C. Harker Taylor.



Depot Team.



Capt. J. Churchman, D.C.M.,
Chairman Skipton Urban District Council, 1934-35.
Formerly 2nd and 3rd Bns. and Quartermaster, 6th
Battalion, 1911-1924.

who had promised to continue to send stories. That, considering that he was a professional writer, was very generous of him.

General Turner followed with the accounts, which he said had made quite a good recovery from last year, the balance credit now being within a few pounds of the £100 reserve which they aimed at always having in hand. The Chairman then called on Colonel Wellesley for his report as to the Dinner Club, which he had just taken over. He explained to the Committee the reason for the change to Saturday for the dinner and tea; he also mentioned that for the first time they were having the tea at the Army and Navy Club, and that this would result in quite a saving not only to the Club, but also to the members attending the tea. He again hoped to run the dinner without any levy. The Chairman then reported on the Retired Officers' Fund. First of all he read a letter from the 2nd Battalion expressing their thanks for the fund's share in enabling them to possess the picture of the 76th Highlander. He then mentioned a grave in the Pembroke Dock Cemetery of an officer of the old 33rd which needed repair, and agreed with Colonel Rusbridger that the repairs should be done, the Battalion and the fund going halves in the expense. The Chairman asked Colonel Pickering if he would take over the fund, and this Colonel Pickering agreed to consider, and hoped to do it in a few months' time.

The Memorial Pension Fund was next taken. The Chairman reported that there was no change in this fund. So far as the Minster portion of the Memorial Fund was concerned, the Chairman said that he had been up in York and had had a long talk with the Dean about the Chapel; he hoped to start a local committee consisting of Colonel Burnett, Captain Smith and Mr. Clarke, who in conjunction with Major Ince and himself, would manage the affairs connected with the Chapel; one reason for his doing this was that Major Ince felt that he was too far away from York to perform properly the duties of Honorary Secretary and Treasurer; under this new arrangement he will be very pleased, however, to continue being treasurer.

Although the Regimental Association did not really come within the scope of this committee, the dates of the future London dinners were discussed, and it was decided to recommend that next year's dinner should take place on the night of the Rugby League Final, and that in future it should be held either on that night or on the night of the Soccer Final. It was also recommended that the general meeting of the Association should always be held in the North.

The Chairman closed the proceedings by asking those present to do their best to get votes for Miss Shirley Wayman, daughter of the late Colonel Wayman, of the 3rd Battalion, who was a candidate for the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, Bath.

There was a certain amount of anxiety as to whether the ladies' dining-room would accommodate with comfort those attending the tea, but although the 95 that sat down to tea exceeded by some 15 the previous record, there was no undue crowding and everyone present voted it a great success both from the point of view of the actual tea and its service and from the general go with which the affair went. There are two little points that the Secretary would ask members to remember in the future: firstly to intimate the Secretary of their intention to be present—this is important from the catering point of view—and secondly when they do attend to remember to sign their names in the book provided for the purpose at the entrance. It is impossible for the Hon. Secretary, who attends the dinner in the evening, to remember next morning the names of all those who attended. We cannot expect as many next year, as both Battalions will be abroad, so it is hoped that those who can come will make a special effort to do so. The following were present:—

Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. P. A. Turner, Capt. and Mrs. F. R. Armitage, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. J. Barton, Miss Barton, Capt. and Mrs. R. H. D. Bolton, Col. and Mrs. J. C. Burnett, Miss Burnett, Major and Mrs. R. O'D. Carey, Mrs. Carey, Capt. and Mrs. H. A. Crommelin, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. N. Cox, Sir Nugent and Lady Everard, Mrs. K. G. Exham, Mrs. D. Firth, Miss Firth, Major and Mrs. C. W. G. Grimley, Mrs. V. C. Green, Col. and Mrs. L. Herapath, Mrs. C. V. Humphrys, Col. and Mrs. C. N. F. Hitchins, Miss Hitchins, Major Sir Robert and Lady Henniker, Miss Henniker, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. K. Healing,

Miss Ruth Horsfall, Mr. and Mrs. C. I. E. Haslock, Major and Mrs. E. R. Houghton, Major and Mrs. C. W. G. Ince, Mrs. Vaughan Jenkins, Capt. and Mrs. S. B. Kington, Mrs. J. V. Kirkland, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Landon, Mrs. May, Mrs. R. E. Maffett, Major and Mrs. S. F. Marriner, Mrs. H. G. P. Miles, Capt. J. H. C. Lawlor, Capt. and Mrs. L. P. Norman, Lt.-Col. W. M. Ozanne, Capt. H. B. Owen, Capt. and Mrs. H. K. O'Kelly, Capt. C. Oliver, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Officer, Major R. H. W. Owen, Capt. and Mrs. D. Paton, Col. and Mrs. C. J. Pickering, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. S. W. Rusbridger, Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Scott, Mrs. P. B. Strafford, Miss Strafford, Mr. R. G. Turner, Lt.-Col. H. K. Umfreville, the Misses Umfreville, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, Miss E. Wellesley, Capt. and Mrs. A. H. G. Wathen, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. V. le P. Trench, Capt. J. A. Whitaker, Capt. and Mrs. B. W. Webb-Carter, Miss Bowes Wilson, Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson.

The Regimental dinner was again held at the Army and Navy Club, on 9th June. There was a slight increase of numbers on last year, 72 being present.

Telegrams of good wishes were received from the Officers 2nd Battalion, Colonel Sykes and Officers 5th Battalion, and "Bonzo" Miles from Barbadoes.

The chair was taken by our new Colonel, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, and all were especially glad to welcome him in his new official capacity.

After the King's health had been honoured, the Chairman made the only speech of the evening. General Turner first of all spoke of the very great loss the Regiment had sustained by the death of their late Colonel, Sir Herbert Belfield; he had been Colonel of the Regiment for just on to 25 years, and during the whole of that time had worked very hard and unceasingly for the Regiment—perhaps only those who had worked with him knew how hard. The Chairman then mentioned the names of other officers who had died since they last dined together, Colonels Acworth, Colomb, Lindesay, Thorold, Wannell and Major Goold, and asked the assembled company to stand for a short space in memory of those who had departed. He then read telegrams of greetings, and continued his speech by referring to the recent visit of Colonel Forsyth, commanding the 33rd Battalion of Australian Infantry, who had been on a visit to England. He had been down to see the 1st Battalion at Aldershot and it was only because business and illness had very much curtailed his stay in England that he had not been able to pay other visits and be present to-night, a thing that we all much regretted. The order with regard to the carrying of a third Colour had come as a great shock to all of us, but we had hopes that it would not be taken to refer to us, and members might rest assured that the matter was not being forgotten. Both our regular Battalions were changing stations, the 2nd Battalion had just gone to Nowshera and the 1st Battalion were timed to go to Malta during the next trooping season in January. Both Battalions had, as usual, received excellent reports from their respective generals. The Chairman next turned to sport, and said that he was sorry, as he was sure all of us were, that he was unable to congratulate the 1st Battalion on having won the Army Rugby Cup, but he did congratulate them on having won the Aldershot Cup, a very fine performance in itself. The 2nd Battalion also had a fine rugby record in the past year, having won the Bethell Cup and being in the finals of the Calcutta and All-India Tournaments. He also had to congratulate the 4th Battalion on their success in the signalling test, in which they came out first of all Territorial infantry units, and the 7th Battalion on winning the 49th Divisional cross country run for the fifth year in succession; that it was a fine performance he was able personally to vouch for, as he was present. The Editor of THE IRON DUKE had written some too complimentary remarks about what he had done for the Regimental magazine, anything that he had been able to do he was most pleased to have done, but as he thought everybody knew the real man to thank for the position that THE IRON DUKE held amongst regimental magazines was the Editor himself, Colonel Trench, with whom he would couple the name of Mrs. Trench, referred to generally by those in the know, as the Assistant Editor. The Chairman then referred briefly to his new duties as Colonel of the Regiment, saying that everyone, including the War Office, seemed to think that he was a useful repository for any conundrums they did not quite know where else to send. Colonel Wellesley had made a good start as Secretary of the Dinner Club by having a bumper

tea ; he very nearly reached his 100, and the number that sat down to dinner was also a record ; altogether he must be congratulated on the results of his first year's efforts. General Turner then referred to the late Colonel Wayman's daughter, Shirley, who is a candidate for the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, and asked anyone with votes, or who knew of others who had votes, to give what help they could. The Chairman closed his remarks by regrets at the absence of the Duke of Wellington, who was kept away by a bronchial attack.

Our thanks are due to the Army and Navy Club for again giving those who attended both the tea and the dinner, and who are not members, the full use of the club for the day. The following officers were present :—

Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Landon, Brig.-Generals E. G. Harrison and W. M. Watson, Colonels J. C. Burnett, R. Goldthorp, E. N. F. Hitchins, R. R. Mellor, C. J. Pickering and P. R. Simner, Lt.-Cols. H. H. Aykroyd, B. J. Barton, M. N. Cox, R. K. Healing, L. Herapath, E. M. Liddell, K. Macleod, W. G. Officer, W. M. Ozanne, G. S. W. Rusbridger, M. V. le P. Trench, H. K. Umfreville, F. H. B. Wellesley and W. E. White, Majors C. Bathurst, R. O'D. Carey, D. A. Fairbairn, St. J. Faulkner, C. W. G. Grimley, Sir Robert Henniker, C. R. Hetley, E. R. Houghton, C. W. G. Ince, S. F. Marriner, R. H. W. Owen and N. R. Whitaker, Capt. F. R. Armitage, G. P. Bennett, R. H. D. Bolton, H. Crommelin, C. K. T. Faithfull, J. P. Huffam, C. H. Kimpton, S. B. Kington, J. H. C. Lawlor, J. H. Lennon, S. Naylor, L. Norman, H. O'Kelly, H. B. Owen, D. Paton, R. A. Scott, B. W. Webb-Carter, W. H. Wathen, W. A. Woods and J. A. Whitaker, Lts. H. C. Bladen, P. G. L. Cousens, J. H. Dalrymple, Sir Nugent Everard, J. E. Frankis, J. Gregory, H. M. Hands, C. I. E. Haslock, T. V. Laverack, A. W. H. Lawless, J. C. MacLaren, R. R. F. Marett, H. P. Skinner, W. Skelsey, C. L. Troop and R. G. Turner.

THE WAR MEMORIAL PENSION FUND.

SO far as the accounts published below go, there was no change in our pensioners, but at the end of May Mr. J. B. Pearce, who has been one of our pensioners from the beginning, died. The Rev. Kenneth H. Brown, who has acted as our almoner, writes :— " I need no thanks for my small part in the proceedings, but I must say that the assistance which your Association has rendered has been invaluable. It is fine to think that one who has received his worst buffetings *after* taking his discharge should have been picked up and cared for to the end by his old Regiment. Hats off to the Dukes ! " It should be stated that Mr. Brown has been of great assistance to us all these years.

The appointment of a new pensioner is being considered, but at present no appointment has been made.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
1933.					
1st Jan.	Brought forward ...	5 14 10	Hon. Treasurer, Regimental Associa-		
1st Apr.	Dividend 3½ per cent. Con-		tion ...	65 0 0	
	version Loan ...	34 12 7	IRON DUKE, for notice ...	0 10 0	
2nd Oct.	Ditto ...	34 12 7	Typing, stationery, etc. ...	2 4 3	
			Credit balance ...	7 5 9	
		<u>£75 0 0</u>			<u>£75 0 0</u>

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

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

RECEIPTS.					EXPENDITURE.				
	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.	
Subscriptions for 1933-34	22	16	0		Debtor balance 1.3.33	6	13	3	
					IRON DUKE, two years	1	0	0	
					Half cost of picture for 2nd Battalion, " MacDonal'd Highlanders "	3	3	0	
					Half annual subscription to Royal Homes for Officers' Widows and Daughters	2	10	0	
					Mr. Lowes, compiling Officers' Roll... ..	5	0	0	
					Stationery, stamps, etc.	0	9	9	
					Balance in hand 28.2.34	4	0	0	
	£22 16 0					£22 16 0			

The Fund, for the first time, shows a balance on the right side, but that is not to say that we do not want more subscribers. There are still a number of "Retired Officers" who have not found time to send their subscriptions, and if any of them see these remarks I do hope they will hasten to repair the oversight. A very pleasant surprise came along in the shape of a cheque for £10, being a life subscription from Lt.-Col. Walter Wilson, for which generous support the Committee tender their best thanks. As will be seen from the accounts, the Fund helped the 2nd Battalion to buy a picture of their Highland forbears, paid half the annual subscription to the Royal Homes for Officers' Widows and Daughters, and expended £5 in the compiling of the Officers' Roll; the work that is being done at present is on the period from the amalgamation of the 33rd and 76th up to 1914. Hayden's History of the 76th "Hindoostan" Regiment gives a succession roll of Officers of that unit up to 30th June, 1881, so when the present piece of work is completed, the next thing to do will be to get to work on the 33rd Regiment. When the roll of officers since the amalgamation is completed it is intended to publish it by instalments in THE IRON DUKE in such form that it can eventually be bound in a separate volume.

The Committee met on 9th June, passed the accounts and discussed the expenditure for the current year. The proceedings of this meeting will be found on page 193 in the account of the Regimental Committees.

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

Regimental Diaries, 1935.

Members and ex-members of the Regiment who require copies of the Regimental Diary, 1935, and who are not serving with either the 1st or 2nd Battalions, can obtain them from the P.R.I., Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, by applying before 1st November, 1934. The Army Sport Control Board, who print the diary, cannot undertake to supply direct to individuals. This diary is full of valuable information and is beautifully bound in three styles:—

- (a) Cloth, price 1/6.
- (b) Refillable Morocco leather with snap fastener, 2/6.
- (c) De luxe edition, Morocco and Moire silk, 6/-.
Refills for (b) 1/- each; refills for (c) 1/6 a pair (text and diary).

Orders should be sent to P.R.I., Depot, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Halifax, by 1st November, 1934. Copies will be forwarded post free during December.

The Phantom Battalion.

By MARTHE MCKENNA.

[We are very greatly indebted to Madame McKenna for permission to reprint the following story from her book, "Spies I Knew," published by Messrs. Jarrolds, to whom also we offer our sincere thanks. Madame McKenna has informed us that the incident relating to one of the battalions of the Regiment occurred on the Ypres-Langemarck road towards the end of 1917. We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who are able to ascertain the battalion engaged. On behalf of the Regiment we offer our grateful thanks to Madame McKenna for so generously presenting the Regimental badge, referred to in the story, to the Regimental Museum. In a letter from her, in answer to one we had written asking if she would consider presenting the badge to the Regiment, she wrote:—
 ". For several reasons I would regret parting with the badge, but I recognise that in your museum this 'keep-sake' would honour the memory of a very gallant regiment better than if it remained in my keeping. If therefore you will let me know how best to send it I will forward it on to you. With all best wishes to your famous Regiment."

The badge is to be placed in a frame with the story of the Phantom Battalion alongside it.
 A review of Madame McKenna's book "Spies I Knew" appears on page 228.—Ed.]

A battered English regimental badge makes a strange connecting link with the disappearance of Canteen Ma. Yet it is so. The badge was sent by Alphonse to me with the story, and also with it came his farewell letter just before he took the strict vows and entered into that serene life his soul craved, offering his life to his Maker with the same joy with which he would have given his all for La Belle France.

1918.—The Russian front had crumpled and for the first time the invader was able to get at death grips with his implacable foes, and, be it said, the invader made no secret of his intentions. This was to be the victory drive! The hat was to be thrown into the arena, and all must go in for the last mighty effort. A preliminary attack was made across the Langemarck road in our sector. A counter sweep forward was made by the sorely tried British troops, and in the confused bitter fighting the remnants of an English battalion, owing to its impetuous rush, found itself too far forward in an old German "stronghold." It was cut off and surrounded between the Langemarck road and the Ypres railway.

Alphonse had been warned that during the attack he must be prepared to make several trips during the night as far forward as the advance would allow. The medical officer had established a post just beyond the battered ruins of the Poelcappelle church. On the blustering rainy evening of the first day of the attack Alphonse pulled in his ambulance as near to the medical dugout as he could conveniently get. At first the Alsatian thought that the attack had not prospered, for as he made his way into the dugout the ripping sound of hostile machine-gun bullets flitted overhead. The English were closer than they had been before the attack! Near the entrance to the dugout were two runners, and Alphonse, before entering to report to the medical officer, spoke to them.

"The 'Tommies' don't seem to be far away," he said.

"No," answered one of the runners; "they're sitting astride the Langemarck-Ypres road in an old 'blockhouse' of ours. But they'll soon be dug out of it. They're surrounded, for our fellows are clean through St. Julien. Our next stop is Ypres, comrade," predicted the runner, falsely.

Without any comment, Alphonse entered the dugout and reported to the medical officer. The officer gave instructions to Alphonse saying: "Driver, I've got to go forward and establish a post on the other side of the railway, but, as I understand that the road here is blocked, there'll be no use in your chancing the ambulance so far up. As things are you would have to make too big a detour to get to us, so if I can get sufficient stretcher-bearers together I'll relay the wounded back to this post."

"Very good, Herr Doktor," answered Alphonse.

The Alsatian stole outside and stood listening in the narrow trench. Furious machine-gun and rifle-fire came from the direction of the "Block." Twanging burst of hand-grenades told that the fighting was close and desperate. Alphonse wondered how many men were out there in the murky night battling . . . battling in a forlorn hope. Did they know they were surrounded? They must, he thought. Then a movement of the stretcher-bearers and quickly his ambulance was loaded and the driver bumped back to Roulers. Again he returned, but this time the doctor had left to establish his forward post. A runner handed a note to the Alsatian. It was an order from the medical officer saying that Alphonse must stand by as a further batch of wounded was being sent along. And whilst he waited there a dull grey dawn came stealing over the torn and riven land. The close firing over by the "block" had died down, and then Alphonse understood the reason. As a convoy of stretcher-bearers struggled towards the dugout with their suffering burdens the whistling scream of shells hurried overhead. The German infantry had withdrawn a little distance to allow the guns to take up the tale. Shells fell mercilessly on the gallant defenders of the "block" until it seemed to the watching Alphonse that nothing could live in that hell of heaving terror.

The intensive bombardment suddenly ceased and again came the hurrying spit of machine guns and the sound of hand-grenades. But the block still held!

Returning to Roulers, Alphonse was struck with the idea of a chance—a chance in a million, but worth trying. He would warn the Allied Intelligence of the gallant stand. If his information could get through quick enough, perhaps a counter-attack could be organised in time to relieve the sorely pressed garrison. Alphonse knew every inch of the district and from his own map could give an exact map reference of the spot.

On the off-chance of meeting Canteen Ma he wrote out the report. Romany was now the sole medium of speeding information to the frontier. Her trips to Roulers had become irregular and infrequent, for her vegetable hawking had to be done with a heavy basket on her arm. Bill, the pony, had been confiscated. By chance, Alphonse happened to mention to mother his desire to meet Canteen Ma, and mother told him that the vegetables woman had called earlier that same morning. His only chance of finding her that day would be to wait for her on the road leading out of Roulers to her home, along which she would pass after finishing her rounds in the town. So Alphonse, with what patience he could muster, waited. At last, in the early evening, he caught sight of the familiar figure trudging along.

"Romany," asked the soldier eagerly, "can you get a message 'over' quickly?"

Canteen Ma slowly shook her head. "All the runners that haven't been shot have been deported to France to work for the 'knubs.' Anyway I'll take it, Alphonse, and I'll do my best with it. The 'knubs' have Manton Devany on the run, but I know the place he's hiding, and if I can get him to-night I'll ask him to cross over the frontier with the note. It'll be better for him to stay there, for if they catch sight of him here they'll shoot at sight."

Alphonse gratefully thanked the indomitable Romany as he passed her the information.

"How are the little ones?" asked Alphonse.

"They're all away with some relations of mine on a farm near Ghent, but Pierre is still with me. I'm terribly afraid the 'knubs' will take him for working in France. I was speaking to Martha's mother this morning, but she doesn't seem to know much. Do you or Stephan ever hear how Martha is?"

"All we know, Romany, is that she is still in the land of the living. If anything else happened to her Stephan would hear quickly enough."

As he walked back to the town Alphonse hoped with all his heart that Romany would be able to get the message over quickly. In the old days such a message could have been depended upon to reach Intelligence inside forty-eight hours, but now . . .

Alphonse could not dismiss the plight of the battalion from his mind and it became almost an obsession with him. He found himself anxiously tuning up his ambulance, eager to be on the route to the medical post. He started early, and to his relief, before ever he arrived at the dugout, by the sounds of the firing, he knew that the surrounded defenders were still resisting vigorously. The post was packed with wounded, but before commencing to load his ambulance he paused to ask a nearby stretcher-bearer and, pointing towards the "Block," said:

"They haven't got them out yet then, comrade?"

"No, not yet," answered the soldier, "but they'll have the swines out to-night. We put up a board this morning and chalked on it was 'You are surrounded. Surrender.' They shot the board to pieces and a short while after they hoisted a board and my comrade carrier, who knows the Englanders' jargon, read it out: 'To hell with you. Don't know the meaning of surrender,' it said. But we'll have them out to-night, comrade, all right. They've cost us too much already."

* * * * *

For several reasons Canteen Ma decided to deliver the message herself to Manton Devany, but the principal reason was to urge Manton to escape from the country altogether, because not once, but many times during the last few weeks feld-gendarmes had closely enquired at her home for the elusive Thourout runner. The burly Manton was a badly wanted man, and as the gendarmes had found to their cost, a most difficult one to take. As soon as darkness descended Canteen Ma donned an old battered carrier's coat and cap. This was a favourite disguise of Romany's for night expeditions. The man's coat drew tight round her figure and kept her voluminous dress in control and gave her freedom of movement when she was called upon to take to the fields and hedges. The house she was making for was a lonely deserted labourer's cottage in a small forest of chestnut trees. It lay well away from the main Thourout road. Although Romany was deadly weary, she pushed on and covered the four kilometres without meeting a soul, but as she entered the pathway leading to the cottage she heard guttural voices coming from the direction of the house. Hastily she pushed her way through the low hedge and hid herself. She kept near the hedge and with the deep shadows of the swaying trees behind her, she waited.

The patrol consisted of three gendarmes, a Feldwebel and two men, and they were searching for Manton Devany. They had received secret information that Manton was using the deserted cottage as a sanctuary. They had already searched the small building, but without success. On coming out of the building the Feldwebel had thought he had seen a vanishing shadow among the trees and near the pathway. Softly he called the others to him and in an excited whisper ordered: "You two go on talking loudly as you walk away down the pathway. I'll wait here. I think we'll get the swine-hound."

Then Canteen Ma made her fatal mistake. Thinking there were only two gendarmes, when they were well away she stealthily crept forward towards the house. The Feldwebel, catching sight of the figure of a crouching man, and knowing the desperate nature of Devany, carefully took aim. Crack! Without a sigh the form crumpled up. On hearing the shot the two men hurriedly returned.

"Have you got him, Feldwebel?" asked one.

"Yes," answered the Feldwebel, "he's lying near the hedge there."

The three cautiously walked towards the hedge and the Feldwebel produced a small pocket torch and by its gleam they discovered the huddled-up form. It was lying face downwards and one of the men roughly turned it over with his foot.

The Feldwebel suddenly bent forward staring at the face. "Gott in Himmel!" he exclaimed. "It's a young girl!" For on the face of Canteen Ma was a smile of utter peace and the features had taken the contours in death which had been hers in happy girlhood. One of the men examined the body closer. "A girl? That's not a girl. I know her; it's the old vegetable cow from Swevezele and I've long thought she was a twister!"

Crack! A blinding report came from just in front of the three and the Feldwebel, with a coughing grunt, collapsed by the form of Canteen Ma. Manton Devany had at least accounted for one of the killers of Romany. The other two hastily scrambled through the hedge, and, discretion urging them on, they decided to return to headquarters and report—to return no doubt with a larger search party. Next morning the two bodies were spirited away. The "accidental" shooting of Canteen Ma was hushed up by the simple method of burying the body as an unknown. But it is a fact that the authorities found nothing of an incriminating nature on the body.

* * * * *

Alphonse drew up at the post near the battered church ruins. For four days now he had arrived with increasing anxiety. The day before a runner had told him that an Allied aeroplane, flying low at dawn, had dropped several small cases into the "block" trenches. No doubt rations and ammunitions, and Alphonse's hopes had risen high. Canteen Ma had got the message away and the English over there were even now perhaps planning a counter-attack, he had thought.

But his disappointment was keen, for during that day the German infantry, Alphonse discovered, had stormed over the "blockhouse." Only five men were left alive, and they were desperately wounded men found in a "cubby-hole." The others died fighting desperately to a man.

On the way down to the medical post four of the wounded men had died. The sole survivor was lying in the dugout and Alphonse, because the Englishman was a badly wounded case, contrived to get him on board for the first journey. But on arrival at the Roulers hospital Alphonse found the soldier had breathed his last. The Alsatian searched the clothes of the Englishman but could find nothing to establish his identity. Only in the breast-pocket of his tunic was a battered regimental badge. For a reason that Alphonse could not account for, the Alsatian slipped the badge into his own pocket. On dozens of occasions Alphonse had opportunities for collecting morbid souvenirs, but this was a practice against his nature. Nevertheless he held on to the badge, which I now prize as a priceless keepsake, and not only do I associate it with the deathless courage of the phantom battalion, but also with the deathless courage of Romany Rondeel, "Canteen Ma."

The regimental badge is the badge of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

ODE TO AN ARMY BICYCLE.

Revolting wheel, obscene velocipede!
 Grotesque corruption of cast iron and lead!
 Of foul proportions, modelled—at a guess—
 On something rather nasty from Loch Ness;
 Monstrous, at rest; when ridden, guaranteed
 To smite the limbs with palsy and the head
 With vertigo,
 I've had some, and I know!

The country stretched before us, mile on mile—
 Meadow and downland, pasture, fen and stubble—
 Vivid its verdure, only you were vile,
 Tranquil its torpor, only you caused trouble.
 We bucketed our way to Ively Farm,
 While conies scattered in surprised alarm;
 Through Pyestock Wood I urged your clumsy corse,
 Until you jibbed and chucked me in the gorse;
 And through your skeleton the dawn crept chill,

To end a hopeless night on Hungry Hill,
But, in that frame, appeared more hopeless still.

When galled, and racked by cramp
Till half insane,
I tottered with you into Cæsar's Camp,
The Roman Road had never felt the strain
Of such a load
As you, even when Cæsar's legions strode
Along it with their ponderous train ;
While rude, unkempt
Woad-cruised Britons rubbed their bleary eyes
And watched with impotent surprise
Strange implements of war. They little dreamt
That one day, legions Cæsar never knew
Would go and perpetrate a thing like you.

Why do the grey-beards of the League of Nations prate
Of weapons of attack,
Mutter of lethal gas, and litigate
Against the use of bombing planes and tanks ?
Let them have a crack
At quashing you. That aim alone would earn the heartfelt thanks
Of all Humanity, and, could they but succeed,
The world would be a cleaner place indeed,
Revolting wheel, obscene velocipede !

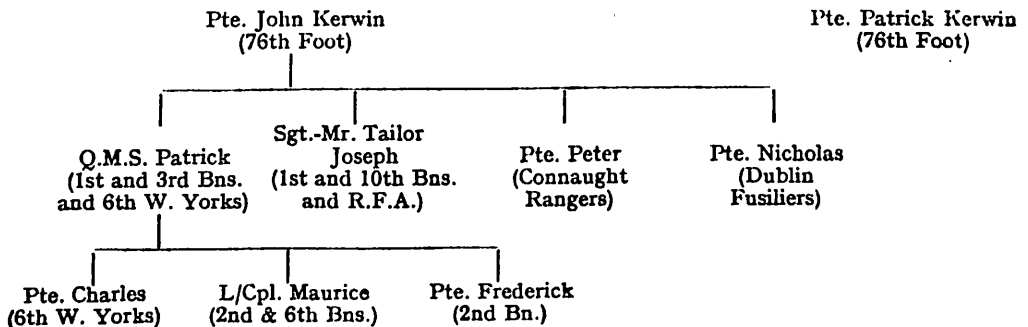
R. G. T.

Notable Family Records in the Regiment.

No. 6.—KERWIN.

THE Kerwin family contains three generations of soldiers who served in the Regiment, their total service being 121 years, extending from 1854 until 1933. In addition, three other members of the family served in the Army in other regiments ; their names are included in the family tree given below.

We are indebted to Mr. Joseph Kerwin for the information contained in this record of the family and for the loan of the photographs. Unfortunately he has been unable to obtain photographs of his father, the late Pte. John Kerwin, or of his uncle, the late Pte. Patrick Kerwin ; but he has sent a photograph of his mother with her second husband, Pte. John Dillon, who served for 21 years in the 76th Foot.



Pte. John Kerwin enlisted in the 76th Foot at Dublin on 9th January, 1854, at the age of 17. He served in North America from 22nd August, 1854, until 13th October, 1875. He went out to India in January, 1864, and served with the 76th there until his death on 9th January, 1875, at Secunderabad, the day on which he had completed 21 years' service with the Regiment. He had six sons and one daughter. The eldest son was born at Kilkenny in 1860, the second at Aldershot in 1862, and the remainder in India. Mrs. Kerwin accompanied her husband to India and after his death married Pte. John Dillon of 76th Regiment and stayed in India 15 years, coming home with the Regiment to England.

Pte. Patrick Kerwin, brother of the late Pte. John Kerwin, served for 17 years in the 76th Foot, and died whilst serving with them in India. We have been unable to obtain further record of his service.

(Sons of Pte. John Kerwin.)

Quartermaster-Sergeant Patrick Kerwin (Regtl. No. 962) was born in the 76th Regiment at Aldershot in 1862. He enlisted in the 9th Brigade Foot on 5th April, 1877, at the age of 15 years. He joined the 1st Battalion in 1885 and served with it until posted to permanent staff of the 3rd Battalion in 1890. Later he was posted to the 6th Battalion The West Yorkshire Regiment, and went out to South Africa with the Volunteer Company, serving with it during the Boer War, and receiving the Queen's Medal. He was also granted the good conduct medal and in 1930 the meritorious service medal and an annuity of ten pounds. He died on 24th February, 1931, having completed 42 years' service with the Colours, Volunteers and Territorial Army.

Sergeant Master Tailor Joseph Kerwin (Regtl. No. 2199) was born at Secunderabad and enlisted on 2nd May, 1887, at the age of 14 years. He joined the 1st Battalion at York in January, 1890, and in 1899 went out with them to South Africa. He was slightly wounded at Paardeburg, but was able to rejoin them at Bloemfontein, and served with the Battalion continuously through the war and until they came home to England. He received the King's and Queen's medals, and a pipe from Queen Alexandra for long and continuous service in the field. He attained the rank of corporal and was discharged medically unfit in August, 1905. He joined up again on the outbreak of the Great War, and served with the 10th Battalion as sergeant master tailor from September, 1914, until the Battalion went to France, when he was transferred to the 164th Brigade R.F.A. in the same rank. In November, 1917, he was discharged medically unfit, having completed 21 years' service.

(Sons of Q.M.S. Patrick Kerwin.)

L/Cpl. Maurice Kerwin (Regtl. No. 4603002) enlisted at Leeds on 24th November, 1919, and joined the 2nd Battalion at Dublin during the Irish Rebellion. He was discharged unfit for further war service with a disability pension on 18th December, 1920. He later served for six years in the 6th Battalion.

Pte. Frederick Bertram Kerwin (Regtl. No. 4523108) enlisted at Leeds on 27th January, 1921, and joined the 2nd Battalion at Dublin. He served with them in Egypt, Singapore and India until his discharge on 30th November, 1933, with 12 years 308 days' service.

(Next number : The Shearing Family.)

Howlers.

John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the poets' corner at Westminster Abbey.

The Primate is the wife of the Prime Minister.

William the Conqueror landed in 1066 A.D., and A.D. means after dark.

THE KERWIN FAMILY.



Q.M.S. Patrick Kerwin,
1st and 3rd Battalions and 6th W. Yorks
(deceased).



Sgt.-Master Tailor Joseph Kerwin,
1st and 10th Battalions and R.F.A.



The late Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon
(Stepfather and Mother of Patrick
and Joseph Kerwin).



L/Cpl. Maurice Kerwin,
2nd Battalion.



Pte. Frederick Kerwin,
2nd Battalion.



COLONEL ALEXANDER ROBERT DUNN, V.C.

Decorations and Medals for Distinguished War Service.

PART II. (continued from p. 53, No. 27, February, 1934.)

OUR REGIMENTAL V.C.S.

Numb. 21971.

649



S U P P L E M E N T

TO

The London Gazette.

Of TUESDAY, the 24th of FEBRUARY, 1857.

Published by Authority.

* * * * *

TUESDAY, 24 FEBRUARY, 1857.

War Office, 24th February, 1857.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to signify Her intention to confer the Decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned Officers and Men of Her Majesty's Navy and Marines, and Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Men of Her Majesty's Army, who have been

recommended to Her Majesty for that Decoration, —in accordance with the rules laid down in Her Majesty's Warrant of the 29th of January, 1856— on account of acts of bravery performed by them before the Enemy during the late War, as recorded against their several names, viz :—

* * * * *

Regiment.	Rank and Name.	Act of Bravery for which recommended.
(Late) 11th Hussars.	Lieutenant Alexander Robert Dunn....	For having in the Light Cavalry charge on the 25th October, 1854, saved the life of Serjeant Bentley, 11th Hussars, by cutting down two or three Russian Lancers who were attacking him from the rear, and afterwards cutting down a Russian Hussar, who was attacking Private Levett, 11th Hussars.

In my last article, which appeared in No. 27 of THE IRON DUKE, I mentioned that I hoped to be able to get an eyewitness account to include in the story of Captain Huffam's V.C. This, I regret to say, I have been unable to obtain.

The last two stories of this series are of V.C.'s gained by officers when serving in other units of the Army. Colonel Dunn first joined the 11th Hussars, and it was not until he had reached the rank of Colonel that he joined the 33rd Regiment of Foot.

The following is an extract from "V.C.s and D.S.O.s," Vol. I. :—

"DUNN, ALEXANDER ROBERTS, Lieut., was the second son of the late Hon. John Henry Dunn, former Receiver-General of Upper Canada. He entered the 11th Hussars in 1852; served in the Crimean War, and won his Victoria Cross under the following circumstances: The 11th Hussars were returning at a hand-gallop under a galling rifle fire from the Fedioukine Hills on their right, when Sergt. Bentley's worn-out mount refused to keep up with the rest, and his comrades saw the fair-haired lieutenant, six foot two in height, turn his charger, one of the most notorious kickers in the regiment, and ride back towards the sergeant, who was trying to defend himself against three Russian Dragoons. He sabred the first dragoon out of his saddle, allowing Bentley time to get to his feet, and although his horse became almost unmanageable, he and the remaining Russians 'closed and hacked and circled round and round,' until he had killed them both. He later killed a Russian Hussar who was attacking Private Levett, also of the 11th, lost his charger, and escaped on foot to our lines. The Victoria Cross was conferred upon him for these two deeds, given by the unanimous vote of his fellow-soldiers, who saw his gallant bearing in the peril which they shared with him. He was the only officer to win this decoration in the Valley of Death, but he thus won it twice over."

* * * * *

For practically the whole of the remainder of this article we are indebted in the first place to a War Office request, repeated in THE IRON DUKE, asking for news of any existing relatives of the late Colonel Dunn. Mr. C. J. Puplett, late of the Regiment, now resident in Canada, saw the notice and wrote to Mr. Fred Williams, a journalist, who asked Principal Grant of the Upper Canada College of Toronto to look into the matter; later our Editor wrote to Principal Grant and the result is the interesting account which follows. We are much indebted to all the above who took action in the affair, and most of all to Principal Grant for all the trouble he must have taken. We are also indebted to him for the picture of Colonel Dunn, which appears opposite page 203.

Below is an extract from a letter from Principal Grant to Colonel Trench :—" . . . I enclose you a copy of a photograph of the south wall in our front entrance hall. The portrait is that of Colonel Dunn. The medals below are his original medals, and reading from left to right are :—The Victoria Cross, the Abyssinia Medal, the Crimea Medal (British), the Crimea Medal (French). The seven-pointed Star beneath is that given by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for saving wounded under fire. Below it is his sword. I also send you a short memorandum about Dunn. . . ."

Principal Grant's memorandum gives a number of details not included in the extract from "V.C.s and D.S.O.s," so it is given practically verbatim :—

"Colonel A. R. Dunn was born in Toronto (then York) on 15th June, 1833, the second son of the Honourable J. H. Dunn, for many years Receiver-General of the Province of Upper Canada. In 1844 he entered Upper Canada College as a pupil, but we cannot find the exact date of his leaving. Two or three years later his father moved to England, and in January, 1848, young Dunn entered Harrow, where he remained till 1851. In 1852 he entered the 11th Hussars, and was the only officer or man to be awarded a V.C. for the famous 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'

"Dunn was a magnificent looking man of six foot three, an expert in all physical and military exercises. Kinglake in his history of the Crimean war gives an account of how, in the famous charge, he was overcome with a sort of *saeva indignatio* and raged furiously among the Russians. As they rode back, the reaction came and the usually unemotional young officer broke into floods of weeping. There is a story that when the V.C. was instituted after the Crimean war the survivors of the 'Charge' were offered one Cross, which they unanimously voted to Lt. Dunn. I have found this story in print in an article upon him in 'Good Words' for 1st July, 1869, but can get no confirmation of it from the Keeper of the Records at the War Office.

"Shortly after Balaclava Dunn sold out and returned to England, apparently thinking that he had been unjustly passed over for promotion. A year or so afterwards he returned to Canada, and in 1857 was chiefly instrumental in raising, in this country, the 100th or Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment, the first British Regiment of regulars ever raised in a colony. In doing this he expended much of his own money, was gazetted as Junior Major, in 1860 became Lieutenant-Colonel, and 20th Dec., 1864, was gazetted full Colonel. Dunn afterwards exchanged into the 33rd Regiment, which was sent to form part of the Abyssinian Expedition. In January, 1868, while out shooting, he tripped, both barrels of his gun went off, and he died almost instantly. He was at the time the youngest Colonel in the British Army."

I have looked up Kinglake's account of the "Charge," and on page 281, Vol. V., there is an account of ". . . one of our officers who became afflicted, if so one may speak, with what has been called the blood-frenzy." The whole narrative is so similar, though told in different language, that I think it must be the same incident as that referred to in Principal Grant's memorandum. Kinglake does not, so far as I can see, mention any particular officer by name, but Principal Grant has, I have no doubt, good reason for believing that it refers to Lt. Dunn. The story he quotes from "Good Words" has every likelihood of being absolutely true, as there seems no doubt that, strange as it may seem, Lt. Dunn was the only recipient of the V.C. amongst the famous six hundred, and how else would it have been possible to allot a single one of the coveted awards, except by vote?

Unless some one can bring to light any other names for this series of articles, it only remains now to give an account of how General Sir Hugh Rowlands won his V.C.

(To be concluded.)

P. A. T.

Some Notes on Rugby Football for Beginners.

IN this fourth and final set of notes some of the elementary qualifications and capabilities necessary for each position outside the scrum will be dealt with. My remarks about players in general, in the October, 1933, issue of THE IRON DUKE, apply to all backs, in addition to the notes which follow here.

POINTS COMMON TO ALL BACKS.—All backs should be good at tackling and not be afraid of falling on the ball. Try and learn to kick with both feet; you must develop into a sound kicker with one foot. You must learn to give good, accurate passes, and to take poor and even bad ones. Above all, do not be selfish. You want to see your side score points and win; but remember there are several other people, besides yourself, who can score; and in nine cases out of ten they are in a better position to do so than you are, so pass the ball to them and don't hang on to it till you are tackled in possession.

SCRUM HALF.—The main essential in a scrum half is "guts" and lots of them. He has to stop the opposing forward rushes; there is only one way of doing this and that is to fall on the ball, and go on falling on it throughout the game, however much "boot"

is met with. And, believe me, there will be plenty of it. Thus it is obvious the scrum half must be tough and wiry. The other essential duty of the scrum half is to get the ball away from the base of the scrum to the fly half. The pass must be a long one, hard and accurate, to enable the fly half to receive it before the opposing wing forwards are on top of him. And the pass must always be long and accurate whether the ball is dry, wet or greasy. To stoop down and pass the ball from the base of the scrum, all in one motion, needs nippiness. Speed over the ground is an asset, but not essential. The scrum half should be able to kick accurately for touch with one foot, but preferably with both. If he can dribble, so much the better, because he can often start a forward rush.

FLY HALF.—This is the hardest place on the field to fill with success. Teams with a really good fly half will win most of their matches. Unfortunately good fly halves are seldom met with, especially in regimental rugby.

The fly half must always be travelling at top speed when he takes the scrum half's pass. He must always get hold of the pass, whether it be good or indifferent; so "a good pair of hands" is essential. Running straight, towards your opponents' try line is another essential; if the fly half runs across the field his three-quarter line will seldom score. Intelligence and "a good eye for an opening" are also required; it is, or should be, the fly half who initiates most of a side's scoring movements. He should be fast and able to kick with either foot, both to find touch or to do a short punt over the opposing centre three-quarters' heads.

CENTRE THREE-QUARTER.—The centre three-quarter must be fast, able to kick well with one foot, and a good tackler who, once he has got his man, does not let go of him. Like the fly half, he must run straight, otherwise the wing three-quarter will be crowded into touch before the latter even gets the ball. So run straight, remember your wing three-quarter, and don't be selfish; give the wing the ball whilst he still has plenty of room to move in.

WING THREE-QUARTER.—The two wing three-quarters should be the fastest men on the field. If they are large and heavy as well, so much the better. The wing three-quarters should do most of a team's scoring. Determination to score is essential; once in possession of the ball, the corner flag is the goal; and the wing three-quarter *must* get there, not hesitating or stopping merely because there is an opponent in the way. Other points to be learnt are to kick across and throw the ball in intelligently and accurately for a line-out.

FULL BACK.—Anyone wishing to play at full back must be calm and not easily flustered when in an awkward position. He must learn to kick with both feet so that touch is *always* found. A full back who always finds touch, even if the kick is not a long one, is a far better full back than the man who can kick twice as far but only finds touch every other time. The art of catching the ball, even if the sun is in one's eyes, or the ball is wet or greasy, must be mastered. Half the art of catching the ball is to be in the correct position, waiting for it to arrive. To be in the correct position every time can only be learnt with practice. The full back needs to be pretty fast, so that he can get to the ball or to the man with the ball. Tackling and falling on the ball must also form part of every full back's stock-in-trade.

In concluding these notes, I will ask you to get hold of the October, 1933, IRON DUKE, which contained the first set of these rugby notes. Take it and read mark, learn, and inwardly digest the five *don'ts* mentioned in the last paragraph.

Having learnt them, always carry them out, however hard and close the game may be; whether it is in an inter-company game, when playing for the second XV. or in an Army Cup match. When you can do this you will be well on your way to being a good player.

(Concluded.)

C. K. T. F.

Where the Rockies End.

I.

"You ain't having a radio-set and that's all there is to it. Get me?"

"But, Silas . . ."

"What do you want one o' them blaring things spoiling the quiet of this place for?"

"We'd be able to get the news. It ain't as if I'd want the jazzy stuff all the time."

"No use you talking. Better get it into your head right now that we ain't havin' one o' those kind o' things in this cabin. Besides which, it would cost too much to get it down the river from Fort George."

As far as Silas Abbot was concerned the subject was now closed. Methodically and savagely the old trapper went on skinning the black fox that lay across his knee. Making a small incision in the fur near each rear foot and a slit in the back legs, he pulled the pelt clear from the carcase very much as one peels a banana. His wife watched him silently until the task was completed. Then:

"But you did say, Silas, that when you made a good catch you'd get a set. You know it's awful lonesome in the cabin here with you out on the trap-line. There ain't a soul for me to speak to and you know it."

The trapper spat hard in the direction of the Yukon stove and watched the resultant sizzle with interest. He had amused himself thus since childhood.

"You've stuck it for twenty years," he said, "a bit longer won't hurt yer."

With a gesture of pathetic hopelessness the woman returned to her task of bread making. The home-made spruce table, spotlessly white and worn from long use, rocked a little from the force exerted in kneading the dough. With arms sunk deep to the elbows she stopped a moment to rest. Through the window in front of her she saw the vast expanse of snow-covered ice that marks where the Finlay and Parsnip rivers meet and give birth to the Peace. To the far north the green of the fir and spruce trees melted into the hazy blue of the Wolverine mountains.

She was thinking of the day twenty years ago when, as a bride of almost thirty, she had come three hundred miles north of the steel with this pioneer husband of hers. She had been passably good-looking in those days, but the toil and stress of the terribly long winters, the dragging down of illness out of reach of a doctor, had marked her deeply.

Taking her courage once more into her hands, she ventured to try one more appeal. "I never have asked yer for anything much during the last twenty years. It isn't as if I'd had money to spend on clothes an' such things an' you know how much I like music. The only tune I've heard in all those years was when that Indian played the concertina at Seven-fingered Steve's wedding at Fort Grahame."

"For God's sake, stop whining, woman!"

He dragged the fox-pelt on to a wooden stretching frame and then hung it on one of the cross beams of the roof to dry out. Then, taking down a canvas pack from another beam, he began to fill it with a change of clothing and two large rounds of bannock, the woman watching him quietly.

"Are you goin' out to-day?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm makin' for the cabin on the Wicked river. Last time I was up there I saw some fresh marten tracks."

"They're coming back into the country, maybe?"

"It's about their time to be back, I guess. Ev'ry seven year I reckon they come back."

He did not speak again to the woman until he was ready to leave for the trap-line. Then he turned and said:

"See that you keep the water-hole free from ice while I'm away."

"Very well, Silas. How long will you be gone?"

"Depends on the weather. What is she now?"

The woman glanced out of the window to where the thermometer hung on one of the side logs of the window-frame.

"It's ten below."

"Well, if it keeps as warm as this, I'll be back in four days, I guess. If it goes further down, I'll be back again when it lifts."

"What about that radio? I . . ."

"Oh, shut up!"

With no word of farewell, Abbot opened the door and stepped out under the log porch where hung his snowshoes and spare traps. The woman watched him from the window. She saw him strap on his snowshoes and step out against the bitter wind that was sweeping through the Peace river pass. Presently the green mackinaw he wore blended into the dark background of the trees that lined the trail and he melted from her sight. She sighed deeply and deftly turned over the dough in its enamel bowl. Then, covering it with a cloth, she left it to raise.

II.

During the early afternoon of the next day Mary Abbot sat busily stitching at a cleanly washed flour sack, converting it carefully into a pillow-slip. The question of the radio-set was still in her mind, as it had been ever since she had paid a visit with Silas to a neighbouring trapper fifty miles north of them. She was thinking of the pleasure she could get from music and from hearing some one else speak besides her husband. Only once in twenty years had she been to the outside and that was when she went to the small town of Fort George to have the dentist fix her plate which had so loosened that it clicked when she spoke, and even though Silas grudged the money for the trip, he hated the clicking more even than he hated parting with the cash.

She put her sewing down and, crossing to the stove, swung open the iron door to look at the fire. Taking a couple of birch logs from a box near by, she threw them on to the glowing coals and watched delightedly as the bark about the birch caught fire and flared high. In the flames her beauty-starved soul saw the poetry of light and motion. All the other household tasks she did almost subconsciously, but in this one of feeding the fire she took lasting pleasure, especially in winter, for when the weather was below zero an excess of oxygen in the air shot the flickering flames with deep colour.

As she was about to take up her sewing once again, there was a rap on the door of the cabin. Watching the door wonderingly, for travellers are few at the northern end of the Rockies, she called out: "Come in."

The door opened to reveal a man standing under the porch. He had already taken off his snowshoes and was knocking the snow off his moccasins with an old broom that was kept against the wall for that purpose. As the woman saw his huge figure silhouetted against the white background of the hills across the river, a trace of fear that had been in her eyes died out and relief took its place. The visitor was Steve La Belle, their nearest neighbour and a man who owned the richest trap-line north of the Arctic divide. He closed the door with his foot and crossed over to the stove. Taking the mittens from his hands, he held out his chilled fingers to the welcome warmth, then, taking off his thick mackinaw and his fur cap, he dropped them on the floor. The woman had begun to sew. Not once since he came into the room had she looked at him, but she felt his presence the more for that. Presently he spoke:

"Where's Silas?"

She nodded her head in the direction of the north.

"He's up the Wicked setting some new traps."

"How's his fur coming?"

"A good catch so far."

With the all-appreciative eye of a man who had been a widower for ten years, Steve watched her at her simple task. He guessed that as she sewed she was wondering why he had come here at a time when there was a good chance of Silas being out of the way. For many years now she had been a woman of but few words. She had grown into the habit of letting the man begin any slight conversation that he chose to and now she waited for this one to speak.

"You know why I've come over?" he asked suddenly.

"A neighbourly call, I guess." She did not look up, but she felt a queer thrill run through her.

"It is that an' it ain't that," said Steve ambiguously. "How's that old skinflint treating' you these days?"

"About the same as always."

"Then that's darned bad!"

"Oh, I don't know. He means well."

Steve stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Now look here, Liz, I likes yer for not givin' the old man away, but I ain't a fool. Yer don't think I'm a fool, do yer? That's the same dress you've bin wearing this last twenty years an' he's bin making good catches all that time. Isn't that right?"

"I suppose we've done well."

"He's a mean hound an' yer know it. Now I've come to ask yer to quit Silas an' come an' live over at my place." He stared around the spotlessly clean room. "This place is like a new pin, but there's nothing in it but a table an' a bench or two. You deserve better than that, Liz, a woman with the pluck you've got. Sleeping in a bunk too! Why ain't he got you a bed to lie on? You ain't as young as you was, you know. He makes me sick. I asked yer two years ago if you'd come an' you wouldn't then. You're older now."

She looked up from her sewing.

"Got any reason to think I've changed my mind?"

"Yer never can tell with a woman. It's like tryin' ter trap a cross-fox. Yer try for years to get him an' he swipes the bait off the trap an' laughs at yer. Then you forgets him an' sets a trap for a coyote or somethin' an' finds you've got the fox. All a fellow can do is to keep on trying."

The woman lost herself in thought for a while and silence settled on the cabin. Like all trappers, Steve was a patient man and he just waited.

At last:

"How long is it since the huskies worried your wife, Steve?"

"It's ten years ago. But I'll tell yer, Liz, it ain't so much that I need a wife what is a wife, yer understand? I'm gettin' on a bit an' I want a woman in the cabin again. It really ain't quite home without one of 'em."

"You're a half-breed, Steve."

"Yes, but what o' that? Think of all the half-breeds you know. There ain't so many bad 'uns!"

"True enough. You treated your wife well, I know."

"I'll treat you as good."

"You gave her all she wanted?"

"Yes, a brass bedstead an' all. An' things was hard to get down the river in those days. No kickers (outboard motors) in those days."

Again there was silence and during it Liz dropped her sewing and went to the window. She stared down the short trail that led down to the water-hole in the river ice. It was frozen over solid. She'd forgotten to keep it open. Staring at it a half smile crossed her seamed face.

"You've still got that radio-set?" she said.

"Eh, radio-set? Sure I got it. It's a dandy!"

"I'll come with you, Steve." She waved her hand at the cabin. "I'm sick of this."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Steve joyously. "An' if that darned old skinflint wants yer back he can come an' fight for yer."

From under the bunk against the wall Mrs. Abbot extracted an old, battered, imitation leather suit-case and began to fill it with a few personal belongings. This accomplished, she put on a thick mail-order coat that had once been dark-blue but which was now a rich shade of bottle-green, then she added a hat of equally ancient vintage. Then she thought she had better let Silas know what had happened to her, so taking the lid of a cereal box she wrote a message on it with a stub of a pencil and placed it in the centre of the table. With resolute eyes she took a last look around the cabin and saw that the damper of the stove was full on. She turned it off.

"I'm ready, Steve."

He took up her case and opened the door for her.

"You won't need snowshoes," he said, "the dogs an' the sleigh are down the trail a bit."

She stopped on the threshold.

"Is it a cabinet one?" she asked.

"Eh?"

"Is it a cabinet one, that radio-set?"

"Oh, sure," said Steve, and he indicated a distance from the ground with his hand. "Stands that high!"

"That sounds as if it should be a good one."

With a smile of contented anticipation she stepped by him and led the way down the hard-trodden snow path to the trail. Whistling softly, Steve followed her.

III.

Silas was on his way home again.

For three days and nights he had been imprisoned in his cabin on the Wicked river by the extreme cold. The thermometer had gone down to 57 below and had stayed there for that time. The trapper did not mind at all. He took it as a matter of course and there was an old pair of snowshoes to re-string with babiche. This task kept him busy until the heavens clouded over and the cold snap broke. During the whole time he was away no thought of the patient woman he had left in the lonely cabin crossed his mind.

By the time he arrived in sight of his home cabin night had begun to close its velvety hand over mountain and frozen river. The wide stretch of snow and ice that marked the birthplace of the Peace river lay like a faintly blue ghostly lake in front of him. The first thing he noticed was that no light shone from the window of his cabin, and a strange premonition of something strange impending shot through his brain. He hurried under the shelter of the porch and unstrapped his snowshoes. As he bent over, his eye caught sight of the water-hole in the river ice and he saw that it was almost full with snow. It meant that no water had been taken out of there for some days. As he entered the cabin a strange fear gripped at his heart. The least he expected to find was that his wife was lying ill on the crude bunk against the wall. His old eyes could make out nothing in the dim light. With desperate haste he searched his pockets for a match and, finding one, he struck it and lighted the lamp on the table.

He gave what might have passed as a half-sigh of relief when he saw that the cabin was empty. At least that was better than finding a still, cold form. Then his glance fell upon the small piece of cardboard near the base of the lamp and he saw that there was something written on it but he could not decipher what it was. He groped in a cigar-box until he found a pair of spectacles. Adjusting them on his nose with hands that were not quite steady again he turned his attention to the note, mumbling out aloud what he read:

"Have gone with Steve, Liz."

That was all the note had to say, but it was enough, for when the full meaning of the words struck his befuddled brain the cardboard fell from his numbed fingers and circled to the floor. Then, staggering to a bench, he sank upon it and buried his head in his shaking hands. For the first time in his life he knew what this woman of his meant to him and now she was gone. He stayed quietly there until the terrible cold of the icy cabin struck through to the very marrow of his bones. He got up, cut some kindling and lighted the fire in the stove.

Later he made himself some supper but found it impossible to eat for he had no stomach for food in his present state. He began to clear the dishes from the table and as he did so his knee knocked against the butt of his rifle which he had flung on the blankets in the bunk when he entered the cabin. He stopped dead still for a moment and then he picked up the rifle and jerked open the magazine. It was fully loaded. He closed the breech and with the rifle across his knee he sat on the edge of the bunk.

"God!" he exploded. "What did she want to leave me for? Ain't she always had enough to eat? What did she want to go off with Steve for? It ain't as if . . . She's too old for that sort o' stuff."

His newly-awakened mind groped back over the happenings of the days preceding his trip out to the Wicked. He remembered the talk about the radio-set and his promise, a long time ago, that she should have one the next good catch he made. He threw the rifle down on the bed beside him.

"She's just got darned mad cos I didn't buy her one o' them rowdy things. It ain't that she left me because she really wanted to go, but cos she'd set her heart on one o' them radios. Funny things, is women!"

Strangely enough his personal pride was appeased. She had not left him because he was what he was, but because she wanted a radio so much. She had been a good housekeeper too, at that, and a fellow could make a bit of a sacrifice for meals that were always hot and socks that never had holes in them. It would be hell having to do one's own cooking and mending again. Right then he made up his mind that in the morning he would go over to La Belle's place and fetch her back home. He could afford to be lenient, darn it, and she could have one o' them noise boxes in the spring. Out of the returning lightness of his heart he tried to whistle, but his frost-bitten lips refused to lend themselves to such unaccustomed gaiety.

He never doubted for one moment that he could induce Liz to come back home. Still thinking things over and what he should say to her at the La Belle place on the morrow, he undid his pack and took from it some frozen mink pelts wrapped in sacking. They would have to be thawed out before he could stretch them. He paused suddenly with them in his hands, for his ears, keen from the intense silence of the far north, had caught the light crunch of a footfall on the frozen snow outside the cabin. He heard a hand groping for the string that worked the wooden latch of the door. The face of Silas set hard. It must be Steve La Belle who had come to prevent him ever fetching back his wife. It would be a case of shoot on sight. Silas reached for his rifle and, balancing it across his knee, waited for the next move. He expected the door to be thrown open suddenly and a hail of leaden bullets sweep the cabin. He was quite ready.

But the door opened slowly and the trapper's mouth fell open when he saw the slight figure that stood on the threshold. It was Liz! Her old coat and bonnet were covered with powdered snow that had fallen on her from the trees under which the trail passed. Her grey hair hung down her face in pathetic wisps. Coming, as she had, from the intense cold outside into the warmth of the cabin, her glasses had misted over and she could not see. Groping for them, she removed them and stood blinking in the direction of Silas.

"May I come in, Silas?" she said.

The old man swallowed hard and instead of speaking he crossed the room and, pulling her well inside, shut the door. His mouth worked strangely in his excitement. She spoke again.

"I'm back, Silas."

He recovered his speech. "I'm darned glad!" Placing her in a rickety rocking chair he removed her hat with clumsy fingers. "I reckon as you quit me because o' that radio you didn't get. Well, I guess we'll get one when the river opens and Roy Macdougall makes a trip to the Fort. Maybe we can stretch to a new rig-out for yer, too, eh, old girl?"

"That'll be fine, Silas!"

"You'll be wanting a cup o' tea after your long walk. I'll make yer one."

"I'd like one. I'm glad I'm home, Silas. The coyotes were yelling pretty hard."

The trapper picked up the water bucket from its corner shelf and found it was empty. He also took up an iron bar that was near it and actually laughed.

"That ice on the water-hole will be darned thick, take me a bit o' time to get through it."

Reaching the door, he turned and looked at his wife sitting in her chair near the stove. Hell! It certainly was good to have the old woman home again. It had been a narrow escape from losing her but he had won out after all. Evidently she still cared for him enough to come back after living in La Belle's more comfortable cabin.

"Yer know," he said slowly, "I'm real glad that you came home without me having to come and get yer. There sure would 'ave been some shootin' if I'd come after you. Now I do know that you like me the best even if there ain't a radio in this 'ere cabin."

Chuckling, he closed the door behind him and set off down the path towards the water-hole. The woman heard the iron bar breaking its way through the ice and she smiled very faintly. She knew that never again would she have to fetch water. Folding her hands contentedly in her lap, she sighed and then softly addressed the stove.

"I'm that glad he thinks as he does. It'll make things that much easier. But that dratted radio o' Steve's wouldn't work no-how. The batteries had all run down."

M. B. G.

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

(Continued from page 140, No. 28, June, 1934.)

Wazirabad, 25th Dec., 1849.—I told you before leaving Simla that you were not likely to hear from me for some time and mentioned the programme of my journey, which was extended rather further than I at first intended. I fished down the Girru in vain, I caught nothing and have not as yet killed a single fish; the water is too cold at this season. I then went up the road near Thoog, crossed the range of mountains between the Girru and the Sutlej to Kotghur and Rampoor, where I passed three days at the fair, then across the Sutlej, up a valley and over the Bishling Jott to the valley of the Beas at Larjee, then up the Beas to Bhovind, away to the right up the Purba to the hot springs of Mani Karoo, thence over the mountains to Nagar in the valley of the Beas, away up to the head of the valley to the snow on the Rotungjott, thence down the right bank of the river to Sultanpore, across the mountains to the salt mines at Gumbha, then to Kangra. There I expected to find the General, but heard instead that he was still at Lahore. Finding that Sir Charles had most likely abandoned his idea of going to Kangra and fearing that if he went straight to Peshawar I should scarcely overtake him, I pushed on here by forced marches. Here I learnt that he was still at Lahore, but now he is again on the move and I join him at Sialkot next Sunday.

Thus you have a rough outline of my journey, but the map gives little idea of the nature of the country I travelled through or of the distances. . . . I have been delighted with my journey and have seen a great deal of very interesting country.

Kooloo is charming, the scenery is magnificent and in a few years it is likely to become a place of great resort, not only for travellers, but for invalids, as there are many hot springs of different kinds whose medicinal qualities may be made available when known, but as yet very few people have been there. . . .

1st January, 1850.—I rode across to join the camp at Sialkot yesterday and on arriving had the pleasure of finding that the camp was going to march for Wuzeerabad the next day, after having travelled a matter of thirty-three miles, besides nine, which I went out of my way owing to a mistake in the name of a village. I had, however, the satisfaction of seeing Gholab Singh, who came over from Jummo to visit Sir Charles. I was too late for the first interview, but in time to go with the General in the evening to return the visit. It was very interesting—Gholab is rather fat and very crafty looking, he has excellent manners and was extremely civil and lavish of his attentions. He looks younger and more hale than I expected. Two sons were present; the elder looks dull and stupid, but a nephew also present, who is said to be ill-disposed towards us, has a very clever face but a very villainous and unpleasant expression. Great presents were made which, of course, we could not accept, but some of the dresses and shawls were very handsome. The finest thing, however, were a pair of Kashmir shawls, tributes to the Queen. They are said to be the finest ever made and are certainly magnificent—the cost of each is said to be between three and four thousand rupees.

We arrived here this morning, are to remain here two days to see the troops and cantonments, and then go on to Jhelum, probably visiting Chillianwallah and Goojrat on our road.

It seems now decided that Sir Charles remains another year, and will pass the next hot season at Simla. The answer to my offer to give £1,000 above regulation (for the step of Major) was that Johnstone might be induced to go for £2,000, besides what he could get from the subalterns. I will see him d—d first, and now that 1849 is past, I will give nothing; not a sixpence of my money shall Johnstone get. I will trust to time and Sir Charles for something or other. Sir Charles was much displeased with some of the troops he reviewed at Lahore, but still more with their officers, especially those in command of regiments, who generally showed a total ignorance of their duty; I speak of the Company's, not Queen's troops. His general order on the subject you will probably see; it is very severe and very amusing. I think to-morrow he will find further cause for complaint, as one Regiment at least is commanded by a man utterly unfit for the service. I saw him out last Friday and never witnessed a more amusing scene. He is very fat and cannot ride, and when his regiment is going to fire or charge, he gets off his horse and it takes four orderlies to get him on again! He knows nothing of his drill, but when the regiment moves and makes a mistake (as it often does under such a commander), he sits quietly on his horse, exclaiming "Oh dear, Oh dear, where are they going to? They are all going wrong"—but he makes no effort to stop them.

It is, however, no laughing matter when one finds, as Sir Charles did just now in this Regiment, that some of the men had blank and ball cartridges mixed in their pouches! Thus we may chance to find a stray bullet hit someone to-morrow at the field day. Such gross carelessness deserves punishment, and I think this lieutenant-colonel will speedily find himself shelved.

We hear daily of sad misconduct on the part of the Sepoys during the late campaigns, but under such officers one can only wonder that any men will fight at all. On more than one occasion during an advance in line to the attack, Sepoy regiments have fallen to the rear and commenced a heavy fire on the regiments in front; not purposely or from any bad motive, but from sheer ignorance and want of discipline. At Lahore rear rank men fired their muskets to the rear in the air with their thumbs during an advance!

3rd January, 1850.—We got safely through the field day, which went off better than was expected. The fat colonel amused us very much getting off his horse, but he

very wisely did not attempt to get on again ! He went through the rest of the performance on foot. Certainly The Honble. Company is very badly off for regimental officers, but the best are taken for staff or civil appointments and nothing but the refuse are left to lead the Sepoys.

You will see by the papers that there has been a very little war near Peshawar, but it is now all settled. Bradshaw seems to have done his work well. It is no joke fighting in these mountains, they are bad enough to get up at all without having anyone shooting at one from the top. Then, Charles's friend Dr. Hooker has been caught and put in prison by the Rajah of Sikkim, but we have not heard the result. The Governor-General will be very angry as Dr. H. is a personal friend and came out with him. There are, moreover, unpleasant rumours from the direction of Scinde about Ali Murad, so much so that the march of the 24th Regiment from Scinde has been stopped. I may yet see a shot fired in earnest before I go home. We have just heard that the famous Sikh Guru, who has been so long at large and for whose apprehension so large a reward was offered, has been captured at Hoshianpore. This will do more to tranquilise the Punjab than a large number of troops could do. The Maharajah and the State prisoners have all left Lahore for our provinces without any disturbances and things look quiet for the present, but I do not believe the Sikhs have done with us yet, though they are not ready for another campaign so soon.

[To his brother Charles.] Manakialla, 18th Jan., 1850.—I am writing in a hurry, so I will close with a word about your friend Dr. Hooker, of whose incarceration by the Rajah of Sikkim you have doubtless heard. The doctor was wrong in going beyond the frontier, after due warning not to do so, but the Rajah was also wrong in putting him into a cage—his only excuse can be that botanists are scarce in those parts and he was anxious to preserve the only specimen he ever saw. However, your friend is now safe again in our territory, at least so say the papers, and I believe the Rajah will have to pay dearly for attempting to make a menagerie of doctors.

Peshawar, 1st Feb., 1850.—I am now writing in a hurry merely to report our safe arrival at our destination.

Dost Mahomed is in an awful fright, we hear, and the Afghans are fully convinced that Sir Charles is going to advance upon Kabul to punish him for the part he took in the last campaign. All his preparations are said to be made for instant flight to Bamian as soon as we enter the Khyber !

We have not more than 9,000 men here now and few friends round us, as the hills on three sides are inhabited by lawless tribes who would shoot anyone approaching their villages, so there is small scope for sportsmen here. It must be disgusting to live in a place surrounded by such fine country into which no man dare venture.

All I can tell you of our future plans is that we are not going through the Khyber, but how long we stay here, and where and by what road we go away, I do not know. The road to Kohat is said to be too bad for our large camp so I suppose we return to the Panjab via Attock.

[To Lady Bunbury.] Peshawar, 6th Feb., 1850.—There has been a row about thirty-five miles from here a few nights ago. A number of the wild hill men assembled and surprised a post near Kohat, where there were twenty-five Sappers employed in making a road under a guard of fifty irregulars. Twelve of our men were killed and some wounded, the camp, arms, tools and everything carried off. Moreover, we hear to-day that the tribesmen declare that we shall not make a road to Kohat. Now I do not think it likely that Sir Charles, or even the Government, will submit to such an outrage and such impudent dictation, so there is likely to be a little expedition against the blackguards. Whether Sir Charles will go himself or not I cannot tell. He is anxious to get back before the heat, but still if there is to be any fighting I hardly think he will leave the command

to others. At the best it will be a disagreeable business with hard work and little credit, so I hope he will not risk his life over such a paltry affair.

The hill men are right enough for their own sakes, they see plainly that if we make a road for guns through their hills they can no longer remain independent, but we also are right in not liking to have a parcel of ruffians within our frontiers murdering our people and cutting off our communications.

(To be continued.)

Warfare Learned in a Breath.

It is a blazing hot day. The sun is beating down from a cloudless sky on a parched landscape.

The defending platoon lying on the forward slope of a small hill are gloomily wondering if they may now consider themselves settled. For the last hour they have been shifted and re-shifted by a platoon sergeant and a P.S.I. whose conflicting opinions have been finally adjusted by a subaltern who agreed with neither.

The drowsiness engendered by the morning sun and the previous night's amusements is now proving too much for the harassed warriors. The majority are falling asleep, but a few still anxiously watch platoon headquarters where an injured P.S.I. is tactfully explaining to the subaltern why his dispositions are all wrong.

The subaltern listens abstractedly, his gaze fastened on the edge of a wood five hundred yards distant, from whence the attacking company is expected to emerge. To him the real foe are inquisitive individuals with red bands round their caps whose knack of appearing at the wrong moment borders on the uncanny.

The platoon sergeant, having abandoned his claims as a strategist, is busy—under cover of a range card—in writing a scarcely legible letter to his wife, pointing out that he intends keeping all his pay, even at the expense of losing her affection.

From the distant wood two mounted figures appear. They are the adjutant, acting as an umpire, and the commander of the opposing company, who is directing operations.

A recruit in the defence watches the two horsemen with interest, speculating as to who they are. An idea, born of reading sensational fiction, that they may be hostile cavalry, occurs to him, and, congratulating himself on his mental brilliance, he looses off a round of blank.

The sleepers awake with a start; the two mounted figures also start, and the platoon sergeant, careless of whether he gives the position away or not, goes over and treats the offender to extracts from a dirty mind.

For several moments a feeling of tenseness prevails; then the sleepers re-settle themselves, the horsemen drift back into the wood and a feeling of peace descends again over all.

The attack, according to the defending commander's watch, is now nearly half an hour overdue and no sign of the enemy has been seen. His thoughts travel past intrusive brass hats to the mess, and for a moment his mental vision is tortured by unattainable delights.

Suddenly a small group of khaki figures emerge from the wood and come to a halt on a knoll in the open. They pose gracefully, and with a wealth of dramatic gesture appear to be admiring the view. This is a personal reconnaissance led by the officer commanding the attacking troops. It is rendered even more personal by the arrival of the director of operations, whose remarks on the subject of cover can be clearly heard by the defence at a distance of nearly five hundred yards.

The reconnoitring party, somewhat deflated, return dejectedly to the wood, where five white faces and numerous flashing buttons reveal to the defenders that the reconnaissance is being continued from concealment.

The subaltern of the defence, realising that anything may happen now, sends his platoon sergeant round to brighten the faculties of his gallant troops, and many dreams are shattered by the descent of the bluntest part of a rifle on the bluntest portion of the human frame. The P.S.I., who holds the enviable position of adviser to the defence, glides silently away to nurse his grievance over a furtive cigarette and is no more seen.

A further five minutes pass without any sign from the wood. The peering faces of the opposition leaders have disappeared, and the director of operations is riding slowly up and down the fringe of the wood, the adjutant is nowhere to be seen and all is peace.

Suddenly a shot rings out, followed by a remark almost as loud, and travelling via his horse's head the director of operations reaches the ground before the echoes have died away.

The defence livens up. Here is enjoyment; a company commander biting the dust. They watch the figure of the director climb stiffly to his feet and set off in pursuit of his horse with all the enthusiasm of a man who has been using bottled Bass as a substitute for sleep for the last ten days.

Before the interest in this calamity has died down, hoarse roars of rage float through the still air from the wood, and serried ranks of khaki figures, all apparently arguing, emerge into the sunlight. Indifference to danger seems second only to confusion of thought amongst the enemy, and their platoon headquarters appear to be nothing but bad-tempered human semaphores. Half a mile away a trotting horse can be seen, followed by an unsteady figure apparently throwing stones at it.

The adjutant, having finished his pipe, appears and, with a gesture which can be easily interpreted as despair, herds the demoralised enemy back into the wood to the music of shrill blasts on his whistle and duller blasts through his teeth.

The defence is now in an ecstasy of enjoyment. To lie in the warm sun with nothing to do but watch their fellow-beings chivvied about is the acme of pleasure.

Their joy is shattered by the arrival of the adjutant at a hard gallop, and for five minutes all ranks quiver silently before the storm. In a speech rendered vitriolic by the heat and a gin-poisoned liver, everything and everybody is subjected to criticism. He goes round the sections and enquires why in the name of everything unlovely they did not open fire when the enemy appeared.

The defenders exhibit a coy silence to these questions. To tell him that a rifle takes a lot of cleaning when it has been used for firing blank occurs to them, but a feeling that its reception will be lacking in sympathy, seals their lips.

He departs at last in search of the missing director of operations, leaving the O.C. defence wondering if his final remark about softening of the brain is actionable.

Fifteen minutes' peace ensues; then the attacking force appears once more, this time very woodenly, but with considerably less noise. They deliberately select a patch of ground completely devoid of cover and slowly sink down like exhausted cattle.

"What about those fire orders?" enquires the O.C. defence, petulantly.

"No. 3 Section!" roars an obliging corporal; "at enemy advancin'—five ramnds—rapid—fire!"

A bored private wearily whirls a rattle twice, two more click their triggers and an enthusiastic recruit blows his section leader's hat off with a round of blank.

"Come on, let's hear from you!" bawls the sergeant.

Another voice takes up the chant.

"No. 2 Section—wood. To left of wood—cow. Five o'clock of cow—tree or bush or something. At bottom right 'and corner of tree or bush or something—five ramnds—rapid—fire!"

The sergeant leaps to his feet and, using two adjectives to the noun, disappears in the direction of the voice like an avenging fury.

A dusty and unbuttoned private arrives at platoon headquarters bearing a message apparently written with a bayonet dipped in mud.

"Dear Sir (it runs), I have seen enemy advancing. I have opened fire. Yours truly, J. HIGGINS, lance-corporal."

The bearer, on being waved away, salutes bashfully by a unique method of his own and, turning, falls full length over a Lewis gun team. Only the presence of the subaltern saves his life.

The distant enemy make no move. They watch and listen apathetically until the adjutant trots up and fills them with the desire for exercise again. Under his comments they emerge from their coma. One platoon does a right wheel and pushes off into the blue; the other one, after holding a debate for several minutes, rises by sections and strolls languidly towards the defence.

Dull crashes from the wood seem to indicate that concealed reserve platoons are having a tree-felling jamboree.

In another twenty minutes one platoon of the enemy is lost and another is within five yards of the defence, saying how they would take the position if they were not hampered by the irksome bonds of discipline. The reserve platoons have ceased felling trees and are either playing cards or asleep. The adjutant has departed in search of the missing platoon and the blazing sun shines down on a scene of perfect peace once more.

The subalterns flogomily to curse the adjutant and the local draught beer. The defending subaltern gloomily expresses his fear that the adjutant will push him back and start the whole show going again. This fear is shared by all ranks, who view the passage of time with increasing pleasure.

The adjutant trots up. Almost simultaneously a limp director on an equally limp horse appears. The two confer for a few moments and then give the welcome signal to close in and cease hostilities.

The reserve platoons and the missing one come straggling across the landscape like migrating tribes of primitive times. The smallest men are carrying the Lewis guns and can be heard wondering why for an incredible distance.

At length the entire force is gathered in a half circle waiting for the conference to begin. There is a clatter of hooves and the brigadier, accompanied by a groom, arrives on the scene. He slides off his horse with a sigh of relief. The horse also sighs with relief and makes praiseworthy attempts to kick him. He acknowledges the salutes and urges the adjutant to carry on. Taking up an isolated position, he scowls darkly at his immaculate boots with every evidence of intense concentration. Actually he is wondering how long he is going to be kept from his lunch.

The adjutant, seeing mute appeal in the director's eye, steps forward and gives a brilliant resumé of the morning's work. He speaks fluently of frontal attacks, flanking movements, support of imaginary artillery and machine guns, until the assembled warriors begin to think they have done something clever. He then adds a dash of reproof and criticism and brings his oration to a close with a reference to the difficult nature of the ground.

"Any questions?" he asks as threateningly as he can.

This is the signal for all commanders to scowl at their subordinates, but in spite of it one lunatic climbs to his feet with the lust for information in his eye.

"Why," enquires this merchant, "don't they use a airypine for the reckernoisance?"

"For the purposes of this scheme," says the adjutant, quickly and glibly, "there are no planes available."

He turns with a look of interrogation to the brigadier, who returns to life with an effort, muttering unintelligibly. The officers salute, and the brigadier makes for his horse which, after another desperate attempt to destroy him, bears him away, to everybody's intense relief.

"Fall in!" roars the C.S.M.

The troops oblige him with alacrity. A sudden jauntiness has come over them; caps are worn rakishly and chests inflated. The reason is not far to seek. Two giggling

girls, linked together, have arrived to watch the proceedings. Such is the effect of their appearance that even the small men with the Lewis guns refrain from grousing.

The C.S.M. numbers them off and after the fifth time decides to risk it.

"Foym foy!"

To his amazement and gratification the feat is performed with only one delinquent. A corporal standing within easy reach adjusts the matter with unnecessary violence.

The C.S.M. proceeds:

"Foym t' deep—'right in foy—foym foy—right!"

Fifty-nine warriors turn east; seven turn west. There is a pregnant silence. The C.S.M., conscious of the presence of delicate feminine ears behind, fights nobly with his feelings. The seven, after considering the matter, decide to throw in their lot with the majority and shuffle uneasily round. A recruit sniggers messily on the back of his hand.

The C.S.M., speaking thickly, reports the company correct to the company commander, who has shed the mantle of directorship, and in another minute they are off to the tune of a two-man band—one a mouth organ expert and the other a gifted musician on two fingers placed in an extensive mouth.

So they fade away into the hazy distance. The din of battle has faded away. The two giggling girls have faded away. And all is peace once more.

P. M. L.

Fifty Years Ago.

From the *Statesman* of 3rd March, 1884.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

POLO TOURNAMENT.

UMBALLA, MARCH 3.

THE Infantry tournament for the Cup presented by the Earl of Airlie commenced to-day. The first game between the Devonshire and the Prince of Wales' Own Regiments was played this morning, and resulted in favour of the former by eight goals to two. This evening the Duke of Wellington's Regiment plays the Connaught Rangers.

POLO MATCH AT UMBALLA.

UMBALLA, MARCH 3.

The 33rd Regiment team, comprising Messrs. Wrench, Saunders, Sparks and Bruce, played the 88th team, including Colonel Dalrymple, Major Larpent and Captains Moore and Barton, at polo this evening, against great disadvantages, owing to a high wind and dust. The former team secured a victory by five goals to three.

The above cutting was sent to us by Brig.-Gen. C. D. Bruce, who was one of the teams of the 1st Battalion which won the Infantry Polo Cup in 1884. The cutting had been sent to him by Mrs. Brooke Tindall (née Molly Horsfall) from India, and we are grateful to her for having noticed it and sent it to him.

As many of our readers know, the 1st Battalion polo team won the tournament three years in succession, 1884-5 and 6, and so won the cup outright.

General Bruce in his letter says:—"I thought the cutting might be of interest for the magazine, especially as it was from Nowshera that our team descended on Umballa in 1884. I only wish the 2nd Battalion could once again win the Infantry Tournament in three successive years. . . . It was from the famous 18th Bengal Lancers, with us at Nowshera, on the worst polo ground in Asia, that we learnt all we knew of the galloping game!"

Of the other members of the team, Messrs. Wrench and Saunders are no longer alive, but the Mr. Sparks mentioned, now Lt.-Col. Buist, is another survivor.

We should like to reproduce in our next issue a photograph of this team, and hope that any of our readers who possess a copy will be kind enough to let us know.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.



Shady trees;
Chestnut, Beech.
Scores of each.
Endless trees.

There beyond,
Swan and Boat
Proudly Hoat;
The Round Pond.

All around
People sleep,
Soundly sleep,
On the ground.

Nurse in chair,
Babe in Pram,
(Little Lamb)
Take the Air.



Ducks and Geese
Being fed;
Scraps of Bread
Scraps of Cheese.

Peter Pan
Over all
Pipes his Call -
Pipes of Tan.



And then, of course, there is the Albert Memorial;
But nobody could poeise about that.

Diary of Colonel John Coape Sherbrooke, 33rd Foot, 1796–1800.

We are indebted to Captain H. G. Sherbrooke, D.S.O., R.N. (retired) for permission to publish the diary of his grandfather, the late General Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, G.C.B.

General Sherbrooke was born in 1764, and joined the 33rd Foot as a Captain from the 85th Foot in 1783. He was promoted Major in 1793, and 2nd Lt.-Colonel in 1794, succeeding Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wesley (later the Duke of Wellington) in the command of the 33rd. On 1st January, 1813, he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 33rd in succession to the Duke of Wellington. The diary covers the portion of his service in the 33rd from 1796 to 1800, including the assault and capture of Seringapatam. The following account of his later service is taken from the Dictionary of National Biography (Vol. XVIII.).

“ His health suffered so much in India that in January, 1800, he had to go home, and in 1802 he was placed on half-pay. He had become colonel in the army on 1 January, 1798, and on 9 July, 1803, he was appointed to the command of the 4th Reserve Battalion in the eastern counties. On 1 January, 1805, he was promoted major-general, and in June he was sent to Sicily, where he was given command of the troops at Messina. In May, 1807, he went to Egypt to negotiate with the Beys, after the failure of Fraser's expedition. During the first half of 1808 he was in temporary command of all the British troops in Sicily.

“ The increasing strength of the French in southern Italy made his duties arduous, and Bunbury says that few officers could have discharged them with better judgment and with more unwearied activity and zeal, and that none of the British commanders baffled so completely the intrigues of the court of Palermo. He describes Sherbrooke as ‘ a short, square, hardy little man, with a countenance that told at once the determined fortitude of his nature.’

“ His temporary command having come to an end by the arrival of Sir J. Stuart, he went home in June. He had been made colonel of the Sicilian regiment on 5 Feb., 1807, and was transferred to the 68th Foot in May, 1809. In January, 1809, he was sent out with four thousand men to garrison Cadiz, but on arrival there he received orders to go to Lisbon, where he landed with his troops on 12 March. Finding that Beresford, who was three years his junior, had been appointed to command the Portuguese army with the local rank of lieutenant-general, he asked for and obtained the same local rank.

“ He was second-in-command to Wellesley in the campaign of 1809. At the passage of the Douro his division (the 1st) crossed the river opposite Oporto, and helped to drive the French out of the town. At Talavera it was in the centre of the British line, and brilliantly repulsed the attack made upon it by Lapisse's division of Victor's corps. But one brigade, the Guards, following the enemy too far, and taken in the flank as well as in front by the French artillery, suffered heavily. The division fell back in some confusion, and the British centre might have been pierced if it had not been for the timely advance and steady bearing of the 48th. In Wellesley's despatch, as well as in his general orders, the manner in which Sherbrooke led his division to the bayonet charge was particularly mentioned; and it was notified by the commander-in-chief (in general orders, 18 August) that his conduct had entitled him to the King's marked approbation. He was made K.B. on 16 September and received the Talavera medal. Wellington long afterwards told Lord Stanhope, ‘ Sherbrooke was a very good officer, but the most passionate man, I think, I ever knew.’ and he mentioned as an instance that in his own presence at Oporto his interpreter so irritated Sherbrooke that he could hardly keep his hands off him. A fortnight before Talavera, Wellesley wrote to Sherbrooke to impress upon him that he must not abuse commissariat officers, however much he might think they deserved it.

"Sherbrooke's health, never strong, now broke down, and he returned to England in May, 1810. He became lieutenant-general on 4 June, 1811, and on 19 August he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The declaration of war by the United States on 18 June, 1812, made it necessary for him to take measures for the defence of the colony, and he did this with so much vigour and judgment that, when peace had been concluded, £1,000 was voted to him for the purchase of plate. In September, 1814, he commanded the military portion of an expedition up the Penobscot, which was carried out most successfully in ten days, and he did something to counter-balance the British failure at Plattsburg. An American brigade capitulated, and the port of Maine, which lies between the Penobscot and New Brunswick, was for the time being made a British possession. A portrait of Sherbrooke was placed in the province building at Halifax at the end of his term of office, and a township still bears his name.

"On 29 Jan., 1816, he was appointed captain-general and Governor-in-Chief of Canada, but he was not sworn in at Quebec till 12 July. The struggle then going on between the dominant minority and the French Catholic majority made the post far from enviable; but he succeeded in winning the personal esteem of the colonists. The strain of the situation, however, told on his highly-strung temperament; on 6 Feb., 1818, he had a paralytic stroke, which caused him to send home his resignation, and he left Quebec on 12 August. He spent the rest of his life in retirement at Calverton, Nottinghamshire, and died there on 14 Feb., 1830. He was buried at Oxtou. He had been transferred from the colonelcy of the 68th to that of the 33rd Regiment on 1 Jan., 1813, received the G.C.B. on 2 Jan., 1815, and was promoted general on 27 May, 1825."

* * * * *

OCCURRENCES.

1796.

- | | |
|-------|--|
| April | 6th. The 33rd Regt. embarked on board <i>Indiamen</i> (lying at the Mother Bank) for India. |
| | 11th. The Fleet dropped down to St. Helen's. |
| | 12th. Sailed. |
| | 13th. Took our departure from the Lizard about six o'clock in the evening. |
| | 27th. Made the Islands of Porto Santo & Madeira. Passed the S.W. end of the latter at Sunset. N.B.—Steep Cliffs & remarkably high Land. |
| | 30th. At 8 o'clock this Mornng. the S.W. end of the Island of Palma (one of the Canaries) bore S.E. by S., distance 14 Leagues. |
| May | 6th. St. Anthony the north westernmost of the Cape de Verd Islands bore S.E. & B.S. at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 O'Clock this morning. Distance about 8 Leagues. The Land remarkably high. |
| | 7th. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 this Mornng. Drummer Glass of the Lt. Compy. died. His body was opened by the Surgeon. The Liver was much swelled and the Lungs stuck to his side. When they were disengaged a quantity of matter was discovered. He had only been afflicted a few days with this Complaint. His body with the usual solemnities was committed to the deep, at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 5 this Evng.
Lattd. obsd. at 12 today $14^{\circ} 52''$ N.
Longde. by Reckoning 25. 24 W. |
| June | 3rd. Crossed the Equator between 8 & 9 O'Clock this mornng. in upwards of 29° West. At 12 we were 18 miles South of the Line by observation. |
| | 4th. The <i>Lord Macartney</i> fired a Salute of 21 Guns in honor of the day. |
| | 12th. The <i>Taunton Castle</i> East Indiaman (on board of which Lt. Matthews & a Party of the Regt. sailed), left the Fleet this Evening. |

- July 14th. The Fleet was this day in the Meridian of London.
 21st. At 8 O'Clock. this Mornng. the Weather clearing up, We plainly saw the Cape of Good Hope, & at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in the Eveng. came to an anchor in Simon's Bay, False Bay.
- August 7th. The Regt. marched for Cape Town.
 8th. Arrived there.
 9th. The Flank Companies were detached.
 17th. The Dutch Fleet surrendered at Saldhannak¹ Bay.
- Octr. Col. Wesley* arrived from England.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on Sport.

"TACT, tact, take it for a fact!"—these words of an old comic song seem to fit the attitude of our cricket "governors," county captains and some daily and other papers! They all seem in the early days of 1934 to have made up their minds that the Australians must be treated like spoil children, and everything must give way to keeping them in a good temper and pleased with England. The Australians did not like the way Larwood bowled, therefore unless Larwood promised to be a good boy and not annoy the Australians, England must lose his services. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Jardine announced that he was not going to take part in test cricket this year; and so England was deprived of the two men who in the ordinary course of events would have been about the first two choices for her test team. Tact seems to have gone even further; Australia was known not to like fast bowling, therefore too many fast bowlers must not be included in England's team, anyway this happened in the earlier test matches. From the foregoing it will be seen that the writer has much sympathy with Jardine and Larwood, and little or none with the Australians or our cricket authorities in their management of this series of tests. Perhaps I am wrong in saying I have no sympathy with the Australians, I think I have, because it must make their recovery of the Ashes against a depleted English team leave a somewhat "ashy" taste in their metaphorical mouths! Mind you, I am not saying that the Australians would not have won even if England had played her full team, but I do say that no one can tell what the result would have been had these two (the one outstanding as a captain, the other as a fast bowler) been playing. I have many more thoughts on the subject but refrain from writing them down, in order to spare the Editor the necessity of using his blue pencil and the IRON DUKE readers from skipping!

Since the debacle of the last test match there have been a quantity of letters in the *Times* dealing with all sorts of sides of the much vexed question; the best and most amusing one that I have seen is by A. A. Milne, whose writings on other subjects have for years amused both young and old, but who I was unaware had such an intimate knowledge of cricket as his letter shows him to have. The letter was prompted by a leader in the *Times* in which occurred the query "What is cricket?" Mr. Milne starts by saying that doubtless an authoritative pronouncement will be made, but meanwhile asks leave to make a short unauthoritative consideration. He goes on to say:—"Cricket means different things to different people. It can be a religion, an art, a game, a business or a war. . . . Before then an authoritative pronouncement is made against fast leg theory, the authorities must be quite clear in their minds whether their object is to make cricket less dangerous (or more gentlemanly); to increase the excitement of test matches; or simply to encourage the off-drive." He then goes on to discuss how leg-theory came into being, and eventually states that it is impossible to legislate against fast leg-theory. ". . . . No law can discriminate between Hirst bowling naturally

* Afterwards the Duke of Wellington.

to a leg-side field and Bowes bowling deliberately to one, without giving an unfair advantage to left-handed cricket; no law can define the exact point at which an Armstrong becomes a Larwood." There is a good deal more written in the same semi-serious, semi-comic fashion.

Mr. A. H. Crosfield immediately wrote in answer:—"Sir.—In an important letter published in your issue of to-day Mr. Milne writes: 'It is impossible to legislate against fast leg theory.' Why impossible? What is to prevent lines being drawn across part of the pitch at either end of it and imposing a heavy penalty on every 'no-ball' pitched short of either line? Such a penalty would very soon put a stop to a method of attack by bumping bowling, which is not only contrary to the spirit of the game, but the very negation of the real artistry of cricket." This gentleman evidently takes Mr. Milne's letter as absolutely serious. So far as his idea of a feasible rule to stop the "danger" of fast leg-theory bowling, I would refer my readers to what "Old Stager" said on page 222 of last October issue:—

"It seems to me that fast short bowling might easily be stopped by no-balling deliveries pitching short of an agreed point; the umpires with the help of a white mark on the side of the pitch could well operate such a rule, and this should remove much of the 'danger.'"

Can Mr. Crosfield have been reading THE IRON DUKE, or is it only another example of great minds agreeing!!

Lastly comes a letter signed E. Lyttelton, which attacks an entirely new side of the question; he begs the *Times* as a guardian of good English and honest thinking never again to print the non-sensical compound "Leg-theory" and he proceeds to prove that it isn't a theory at all but a practice. This may be interesting but doesn't help very much to settle the matter, and as I'm afraid this article is equally useless, I shall stop it.

OLD STAGER.

Personalia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Colonel P. R. O. A. Simner on his being made a C.B. in the King's Birthday Honours of the 4th June, 1934. Colonel Simner served in the 9th Battalion in France and won the D.S.O. He was a keen Territorial officer after the War and commanded the 168th (2nd London) Infantry Brigade from 1927 to 1931. He is a Master of the Supreme Court and Vice-Chairman of the County of London T. A. Association.

We also offer our congratulations to Captain F. R. Armitage and Lts. J. E. Frankis and H. G. P. Miles on having qualified for the Staff College in the last examinations.

We were very sorry to hear from Major H. W. W. Wood in July last that he had been in hospital for two months, having been rather unwell since last October. He hopes to come home this winter, and we hope that a change of climate will restore him to health.

In an earlier letter to General Turner, Major Wood writes:—"Barbadoes is a great winter resort now, and the Engineer pier is now a bathing pavilion, which includes dancing floor, cocktail bar, etc., and there do not appear to be any sharks round there now. There is a nine-hole golf course beyond the Marine Hotel, and the guard room on the Savannah is a club, and our old quarters, mess, etc., are apartment houses." It will interest old members of the 2nd Battalion to hear how the place has changed, and General Turner comments on the reference to the Engineer pier, that in the days some 40 years ago now, when the 2nd Battalion were there, the pier was an unpretentious affair used for embarking and disembarking Government stores and passengers, and that they used to bathe from it in spite of sharks which occasionally showed up, there being many in the harbour. The golf course was a few holes round the Savannah, no bunkers, tees, etc.

Those of our readers who remember the late Lt. and Qr.-Mr. Yeoman will be pleased to hear that his son, 2nd Lt. W. H. L. Yeoman, passed out of Sandhurst last December and was gazetted to the unattached list of the Indian Army in February. He is serving his first year with the 2nd Battalion The Prince of Wales' Volunteers at Allahabad. Mrs. Yeoman, his mother, has recently moved to Newquay in Cornwall and writes that her son is very fit and is a keen rugger enthusiast.

Captain O. G. Williams, our contributor to this column from the Straits Settlements, sends us the following :—

Major H. G. Keet is now Controller of Government Monopolies at Malacca.

Capt. O. G. Williams is coming home on leave in August after a tour of duty as head of a Malacca school. He was in command of the Malacca Volunteer Corps for a year with the rank of major. Capt. Williams will travel home via China, Japan, Honolulu and America.

Capt. K. G. Exham has completed his tour of duty in Malaya, where he was adjutant of the Malacca Volunteer Corps and the first adjutant of the Malay Regiment at Port Dickson. Capt. Exham was very popular with the Malacca Volunteers and the Malays of the new regiment, of which he was the first British officer—in fact he might quite rightly be known as “The Father of the Malay Regiment.”

Lt. R. V. S. Wright is a well-known figure in Johore, Bahru, where he is the very successful bandmaster of the Sultan's Army.

Mr. Broadbent has returned to Singapore from leave, and resumed his activities at the Singapore Club and with the Singapore Volunteers.

Mr. C. R. Greville Acworth, son of the late Col. L. R. Acworth, has very kindly offered to continue the sending of news as local correspondent in Rhodesia, which his father used to contribute. He mentions that there is only one old member of the Regiment he has come across lately, a Mr. Aspinall, who served with him in the B.S.A. Police and who served in the Regiment for a time. Mr. Acworth was leaving for the Luangwa Valley, when he wrote in June, on a trip after elephant; we hope he will send an account of it later on. He also says: “I see that Capt. Bolton has joined the Police. He was an instructor at Sandhurst when I was there, and was the author of my greatest enemy, a text-book on “Organisation and Administration”!

Mr. Horsfield, our valued contributor under the pen-name of B. M. Gaunt, writes from Prince George, B.C., that he does a little prospecting when he needs outdoor exercise, and some little while ago managed to get in at the start of a gold rush, and staked a claim that seems promising. We wish him the best of luck in his venture.

Capt. Charles Oliver writes :—“Sunday, 10th June, 1934, will ever stand out in my mind as one of the best days in my life. It was the occasion of the annual parade of the Corps of Commissionaires, which on this occasion, the 75th anniversary of the founding of the corps, was being honoured by inspection by His Majesty King George V. The corps paraded 1,500 strong in the Royal Mews and marched to the Lawn at Buckingham Palace, where at 12 noon we were inspected by His Majesty. The King looked remarkably well and spoke to many of the men during the inspection; after inspection he presented first class orders of merit to several members. Officers were then presented, and I felt very proud indeed as an Old Duke of Wellington's to have had

that honour. After presentation we formed up and marched past His Majesty, and believe that he was much impressed by the show that the old hands put up.

"I was sorry that I had not been detailed to command the division that contained men of my own Regiment; I had men of the Royal Berks, K.O.Y.L.I., etc. I saw on parade Sgt.-Major James, Sgt. Coxon, and at other times I have met C/Sgt. Smith, Sgt.-Dmr. Gilbard and Sgt. Willis; the sergeant-drummer of the corps, Crouch, is also an old 1st Battalion drummer. There are 30 old Dukes members of the corps.

"After parade the Commandant entertained the officers and their wives to lunch at Rueben's Hotel, thus concluding a fine morning's work, and one long to be remembered." Capt. Oliver also sent a memento of this ceremony, in which there is a picture of the original eight members of the corps.

Capt. Oliver writes that he met an old member of the Regiment in Scarborough recently, ex-Sgt. Snowden, Regtl. No. 7691. He was a drummer and finally went on to A.H.Q., Simla. He was looking very fit and is doing duty as a temporary postman, a job he has done in the season for 14 years; unfortunately on account of his being under height he cannot be taken on as a permanent postman. He asked to be remembered to all old friends through the medium of THE IRON DUKE.

Capt. Oliver has also sent the following, taken from a newspaper:—"Two friends who had not seen each other for 42 years met by chance on the Palace Pier at Brighton. Johnny Higgins, a blinded ex-soldier, recognised the voice of his friend Lt. W. J. Dunn, musical director of the Royal Horse Guards, Knightsbridge, who had joined in the chorus of a sea-chanty while conducting his band. They had been band boys together in the Regiment and had not met since they parted at Dover when Lt. Dunn was bound for Bermuda. To celebrate the happy re-union Lt. Dunn arranged a special concert for the men of St. Dunstan's who, like his friend, had been blinded in the War."

Mr. W. J. Lloyd, late of the 5th Battalion, writing to Lt.-Col. K. Sykes from Arisha, East Africa, says:—"I am on a very lonely station by myself this tour, and at times become somewhat fed up. I am 240 miles away from the nearest white person. I see by the newspapers that you are somewhat suffering from a drought in England. It rather amuses me, for the people at home do not know the meaning of the word drought. We out here have now had two very, very dry years and in consequence are really suffering from drought in real earnest." Mr. Lloyd was a subaltern in the 5th Battalion and won the D.S.O. and M.C. in the Great War.

Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer writes:—"Many of those who served with the 1st Battalion at Ambala 25 years ago will remember Lt. M. R. Strover, R.A., who was then with No. 1 Mountain Battery, commanded by Major Drake. This officer, who was to be seen on occasions in the boxing ring at Ambala and Simla, had the distinction of attending a short musketry course under Lt. (now Col.) Wellesley, and he declares that he and his 12 sergeants 'learnt a lot and enjoyed the whole thing.'

"Col. Strover is now living at Farnham, Surrey, and occupies himself with service for the community."

We congratulate ex-L/Cpl. "Bobby" Byrne on obtaining his Irish international cap at hockey. Byrne, the Railway Union hockey team's centre forward, has been selected to play against Scotland. Byrne served with the 2nd Battalion for nine years as a drummer and a lance-corporal.

On Sunday, 26th August, 1934, there was a gathering of 500 members of the North-Eastern Area of the Old Contemptibles' Association at the Halifax Parish Church. The members, gathered from all parts of Yorkshire, marched through the streets of Halifax, led by the Band and Drums of the 4th Battalion. The Vicar of Halifax, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Frodsham, preached a spirited sermon, in which he spoke of the present situation in Europe. He said that future wars could not be prevented either by refusal to fight or by mechanical methods such as the "outlawing of armaments." The youth of to-day as a whole were not likely to be swayed by popular shibboleths, but were far more likely to listen with attention to men who spoke with experience of the conditions of war.

Yarns by an Old Soldier.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

During the 2nd Battalion's stay in Bermuda, "E" Company, under command of Capt. H. D. Thorold, was on detachment at Ireland's Island, which also was the Government Dockyard with the floating dock; the dockyard staff (mostly bluejackets) got up a first-rate concert party, and the Naval Commandant got them to put on a special performance and invited the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Duke's detachment, with their wives, to attend, and as the Fleet were in at the time they had plenty of talent to draw from and gave a splendid show. Capt. Thorold did not want to be outdone, so sent for me and wanted to know if we also could not give a show, going himself round the casemates of the fort to select a room for the performance, and as he wanted to put it on before the Fleet sailed again it was certain we had to get a hustle on. I was at the time, telegraph clerk for the Island of Boaz, which adjoined Ireland Island, and knowing that we had some large barrack rooms there unoccupied, I arranged to have the use of one of them from the R.E.'s for rehearsals, etc.; we made our stage props, etc., down there, including three pair of long dance boots for plantation dancing, of which the soles were about 2ft. 6ins. long, made of oak staves from barrels. Our rehearsals went on first class until we came to the dress rehearsal, and Capt. Thorold gave the troops leave until midnight so that we could get as near as possible perfect. We ran through our dialogues, etc., and then about 10 o'clock we had on the long boot dancers; either the dancers or the banjo players kept getting out of time, so we kept going on with the practice and, of course, the floors were made of hard wood and the dancers made a devil of a noise. We had forgotten that the next room was occupied by a detachment of ten men, a corporal and sergeant of the R.E.'s who had turned in by lights out. About 11.30 p.m. the sergeant put his head inside the door of the room (evidently being in his shirt) and shouted out, "Hi! are we going to get any damned sleep." Of course, we had to bring the rehearsal to a close.

We arranged the stage of barrack room tables and large flags from the signal station and things generally were going swimmingly. The opening chorus had finished, and our next best item was a stump speech by L/Sgt. Patrick Hughes dressed as a nigger minister, with extra tall hat, frock coat and an enormous collar, and the big ledger borrowed from the ordnance department and, being a man of large proportions, the get-up was great. The place was packed with naval officers and other ratings (and a part had been allotted for ladies), when in walked a lady of the Regiment with a baby in her arms. There were no seats available except one close to a pillar in the third officers' row, so I seated her there. It should be understood that this lady had a terrible cast in one eye and it stood out very prominently; she was exceptionally good at repartee and could usually be found very jolly. On came Paddy Hughes, put his Bible (the ledger) on the table, mopped his brow with his red handkerchief, put down his tall hat and surveyed his audience and yelled out, "Woman, lubley woman!" As he did so, the lady put the baby's head one side of the pillar and her own the other, fixing Paddy with her poorly eye. Paddy gave one yell and then burst out into a fit of boisterous laughter which it took some time

to subdue. Again Paddy said "Woman, lubley woman," with another fit of laughter. By this time it had got infectious and the audience were roaring, with the officers holding their sides, and the lady joined in until tears rolled down her cheeks; the place was in an uproar and me, not knowing what it all meant, as he kept repeating the sentence, "Woman, lubley woman!" and then holding his stomach and laughing so heartily with the accompaniment of the audience, and me yelling from the book of words and prompting him to get on with it; this lasted ten minutes or more. At the finish I called him off and he was still laughing and so were the audience; as he was leaving the stage I wanted to know why he did not carry on. He replied, "How the devil could I, when old Mother M. had fixed me with her eye?"

Here I must add, to put a finishing touch to it, that three teacans of water and a bowl for the troupe to wash in had been put alongside the barrack room table stage. Paddy stepped off the tables, put his foot into one of the teacans, knocked down the other two and fell amongst them and down the centre of the room rushed a stream of water. One of the officers came behind and asked (laughing very much) what he was supposed to do, and when I let him into the secret, he informed me the laugh had done him good, and I am sure the infection did the audience good too. As for Paddy, he was absent that night, and as far as my knowledge goes has never been seen since. (He died in 1932.)

D. W. P. F.

Reviews.

ENGLISH JOURNEY, by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann & Gollancz, 8/6).—One of the reasons for selecting this book for review is the fact that the author served during the early part of the War in the 10th Battalion, and in this book gives an account of the first reunion of the 10th Battalion, which he attended. But quite apart from this regimental association there is much in this book that should set the reader thinking; and after all in a serious book the chief aim of an author should be to make his readers think. *The Times* reviewer said of "English Journey" that it was not so much literature as journalism; but it is journalism of the very best sort. Mr. Priestley started his travels from Southampton, and worked west and then north, visiting not the beauty spots and holiday haunts generally associated with this type of book, but the places where humanity lives and works in crowds. The further north he goes the more terrible conditions appear. Though most people have some idea—if only from the newspapers—of the distress of unemployment and the horrible conditions in which a large number of people have to live, few, we imagine, will have realised how bad they are in some parts of the country. Mr. Priestley lightens much of his account of such tragic scenes by his sense of humour and his love of his countrymen, in whom he sees much of the "grin and bear it" stoicism reminiscent of the trenches in the War.

The account of the 10th Battalion gathering is as good as anything in the book, and gives a very vivid picture of the scene more prosaically reported in *THE IRON DUKE* of February last. But why on earth was the Regimental March played during the toast in memory of the dead?—an occasion surely when there should be complete silence. Mr. Priestley complains of the "tinny piano in a far corner of the room" which played what sounded to him like a very bad polka. The chairman complained of the pace it was played at, but he should have complained of its being played at all on such an occasion.

The account ends on a sad note when Mr. Priestley speaks of the old members of the Battalion who could not afford tickets, and even when offered free tickets had to refuse because they felt their clothes were not good enough. The author says: "They ought to have known that they would have been welcome in the sorriest rags; but their pride would not allow them to come. . . . They were with us, swinging along while the women and old men cheered, in that early battalion of Kitchener's New Army, were with us when Kings, statesmen, general officers, all reviewed us, when the crowd threw flowers, blessed us, cried over us; and then they stood in the mud and water, scrambled through the broken strands of barbed wire, saw the sky darken and the earth open with red-hot steel, and came back as official heroes and also as young-old workmen wanting to pick up their jobs and their ordinary life again; and now, in 1933, they could not even join us in a tavern because they had not decent coats to their backs. We could drink to the tragedy of the dead; but we could only stare at one another, in pitiful embarrassment, over this tragi-comedy of the living, who had fought for a world that did not want them, who had come back to exchange their uniform for rags. And who shall restore to them the years that the locust hath eaten?"

It is remarkable in an account of a ramble through England such as this that Mr. Priestley repeats himself so little. The one repetition that does occur pretty frequently, and it was a necessary one,

is the criticism of the average English hotel in most of the towns he visited. Let us hope this publicity will do something to make hotel proprietors amend their ways. It is too much, we fear, to hope that the author's criticism of the politicians' way of dealing with unemployment and slum conditions will make much difference; perhaps the whole problem is insoluble in our time.

EDITOR.

SPIES I KNEW, by Marthe McKenna (Jarrolds, 7/6).—The reader of this will certainly want to read Mme. McKenna's earlier book, "I was a Spy." She here relates the stories of some of her fellow-agents, and we only catch glimpses of her own adventures. They must be of thrilling interest, to judge by the little we hear of them, and by those related in this book.

She begins by exploding some of the popular notions about spying. "The beautiful vamp purloining the plans of the latest battleship from the good-looking naval attaché only exists in the imagination of the novelist. . . . Although there are instances of women accomplishing exceptionally fine work, men in the nature of things make infinitely the best espionage mediums. . . . In fairness however I must say that one of the cleverest spies it was my privilege to work with was a woman. But—in startling contradiction to the usual conception of these romantic figures—this was a battered-looking dame of sixty summers, mother of nine children, and a grandmother!"

Of her, "Canteen Ma," as she was nicknamed by the troops, we hear many stories. She led the Germans to believe that she could neither read or write—a sign of genius in a spy. Other memorable figures are Alphonse le Coutrier, the Alsatian ambulance driver, who desired to become a monk, and who lived to fulfil this aspiration; Stephan the Pole, with his tragic love affair; and the intrepid runner, Manton Devany.

The strongest impression left by the book, however, is made not by any individual, but by the character of a whole nation. We are given great insight into the mentality of the people of Belgium during the time of the German occupation. It is difficult for an Englishman to imagine what it means to live for years with a foreign invader in one's country; one, too, whose brutality and arrogance were enough to turn the most law-abiding citizens into bitter opponents, ready to risk their lives in order to collect or pass on information helpful to the Allied Cause. "We all became as hard as nails, and as active as panthers, with, I am afraid, that animal's cunning against the hated invaders. Persons I knew in 1914 shuffling along in blissful fatty contentment carrying 250lbs., became active citizens of 160lbs. in a few short months, eating their meagre rations and accomplishing their 20 to 30 miles per day." A German agent once told the author that the only Flemish person the German service could not suspect of espionage was a dead one. "I took this," says Mme. McKenna, "as a marvellous tribute to my compatriots." Chapter X., "The Phantom Battalion," is of especial interest to the Regiment, and with the author's permission it has been reprinted elsewhere in this issue.

"MIDDLEBROW."

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

BLACK.—On 29th August, 1934, at Newlyn, Beech Avenue, Dalton, Huddersfield, Major Adolphus Black, late the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Major Black was born on 14th June, 1859, and enlisted in the 24th Foot, afterwards the South Wales Borderers, in 1876. By the death of Major Black, another of the few remaining links with the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift in the Zulu War has been severed. He served in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, and as a young soldier under 20 was in the column which took the field against Cetewayo, and knew Lts. Melville and Coghill who died trying to save the Colours of their regiment. His company could see the battle of Rorke's Drift in the light from the blaze of the burning hospital as they marched to relieve the small garrison. Major Black also served in India and Gibraltar. He received his first commission in 1899, and on 19th February, 1911, took up duty as quartermaster and hon. captain of the 5th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment T.A. He served with the 5th Battalion in France and Flanders in the Great War, and was promoted to hon. major on 9th January, 1916.

Major Black, by his wide experience, his shrewd common sense and his kindly thought for others, had endeared himself to all ranks of the 5th Battalion, and his work on behalf of that Battalion was keenly appreciated by all. Major Black's mobilised service was from 5th August, 1914, to 30th June, 1919. He held the Kaffir and Zulu War medal and clasp 1877-8-9, 1914 and 1915 Star, General Service Medal, Victory Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and King George V. Coronation Medal. He leaves a widow, six sons and a daughter.

DYSON.—On 16th August, 1934, in a London nursing home, suddenly, following an operation, Captain George Dyson, the second son of the late Hiram Dyson, Esq., of Huddersfield. Captain Dyson served in the 2/5th Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment during the War, and served with the Battalion in France during 1917 and 1918. After the war he rejoined the 5th Battalion Royal Defence Force, serving for the period of the General Strike. Captain Dyson lived in retirement at Buttermilk, Barford St. Michael, Oxford, and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

JUBB.—On 10th June, 1934, aged 47, Captain M. Jubb, late 5th Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late Alfred Jubb, Esq., of Huddersfield. At the outbreak of the Great War Captain Jubb enlisted as a private in the 5th Battalion and was later granted a commission in the same Battalion. While in France he was severely wounded. He rejoined the Battalion after the war and retired through ill-health in 1925. For the past few years he suffered chronic ill-health. Captain Jubb was Chairman and Managing Director of Messrs. Alfred Jubb & Sons, Ltd., Albany Printing Works, Huddersfield. He leaves a widow and a young son who is at Haileybury College.

MOORE.—On 11th June, 1934, at the General Hospital, Singapore, Mr. Robert Unsworth Moore, late Bandsman of the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 31. Mr. Moore joined the 2nd Battalion in Cairo and went on with them to Singapore, where he secured a post in the local branch of Messrs. Kodak, Ltd. He was a keen member of the Singapore Volunteer Corps, being a sergeant in "B" Company, and was very popular with all who knew him. He was given a military funeral by his comrades. He married in 1927 and leaves a widow and two children.

PEARCE.—On 29th May, 1934, at Belleville, C.P., South Africa, John Benjamin Pearce, aged 62 years. Mr. Pearce joined the 1st Battalion at Bradford in 1892 and in the following year proceeded to Wynberg, Cape Colony, to join the 2nd Battalion. He served with the latter in Natal, India, and Burma. He was on active service with the Mounted Company in Rhodesia in 1896, and afterwards with the West Riding Company of the Burma Mounted Infantry during the Boer War. He was transferred to the Army Reserve in August, 1902, and settled in South Africa. He was afterwards blinded as the result of an accident, and during the last twelve years also suffered from paralysis. He was in receipt of a pension from the Regimental War Memorial Fund.

REYNOLDS.—On 19th August, 1934, Lt. Bernard Wells Reynolds, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Captain and Mrs. Wells Reynolds, Tudor House, Aldington, Ashford, Kent, aged 27. Lt. Reynolds was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and showed his skill at rugby football, playing in the school XV. in 1925 and 1926, and captaining the team in 1927. He passed into Sandhurst in the spring of 1928, and got his cap there in the XV. He joined the 1st Battalion in September, 1929, and quickly took his part in regimental games. He played in the Battalion rugby XV., 1929—1931, and gained his Army cap the latter year, when he played for the Army against the Navy and R.A.F. at Twickenham and against the French Army. He also got his cricket colours in the 1st Battalion. In June, 1931, he was posted to the 2nd Battalion and joined them in India, where he also received his cap in their rugby XV. He came home towards the end of last year on posting to the Depot.

SANDERSON.—On 15th July, 1934, at the Infirmary, Halifax, Mr. John Sanderson, aged 61 years. Mr. Sanderson enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 31st October, 1892, and, after a short period of service with the 1st Battalion, was posted to the 2nd, then stationed at Wynberg, C.P., South Africa. He served with "F" Company of the Battalion during the Mashonaland Expedition of 1896, and with the West Riding Company of the Burmah Mounted Infantry during the South African War, 1900-02. He was transferred to the Reserve on 2nd August, 1902. He re-enlisted in 1915, during the Great War, in the 21st (Pioneer) Battalion, The West Yorkshire Regiment, and was discharged wounded.

SHAW.—On 22nd April, 1934, at his residence, 206 St. Margaret's Road, Bradford, Yorks, Mr. Frank Shaw, aged 59 years. Mr. Shaw enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1893, and after a short period with the 1st Battalion, joined the 2nd, then stationed at Pietermaritzburg, Natal. He served with "F" Company of that Battalion during the expedition to Mashonaland in 1896, afterwards serving with them in India and Burmah. On the departure of the Battalion for home in October, 1905, he was posted to the 1st Battalion, serving with them in India for a further five years. He was discharged to pension in 1914. During the Great War he enlisted in the 21st (Pioneer) Battalion, The West Yorkshire Regiment, and served with that battalion till discharged wounded.

SIMPSON.—On 13th August, 1934, at Portland Lodge, Austen Road, Guildford, Eliza Sophia Hamilton Simpson, widow of the late Lt.-Col. Robert Hamilton Simpson. Colonel Simpson joined the 2nd (Queen's Regiment) Foot in 1857 as paymaster, and after service with them and the 65th Foot, transferred to the 33rd Foot in 1870. In 1875 he was transferred to the staff as paymaster, and retired in 1882. He died in 1911. Mrs. Simpson interested herself in the wounded at Clandon during the War, and entertained many of the troops at her house. She also gave lessons in French to men of the R.G.A. at Clandon.

WELLESLEY.—On 17th July, 1934, Kathleen Helen Valerie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, Colmer, Modbury, S. Devon. Valerie was born at Ambala on 29th December, 1910, and spent the greater part of her life in the Regiment. She came home from India with her parents in 1916 when the submarine menace was at its height, and the Mediterranean was a very "unhealthy place." She was educated at Oxford High School, won prizes for swimming and diving, and did very well in work and games. Mrs. Wellesley writes:—"She took a tremendous interest in the Regiment, and was most enthusiastic about the rigger, and was terribly upset when "Horsey" died. She always looked upon some pearls he brought her from Paris, when he had been playing there, as her most treasured possession."

WOOD.—On 26th April, 1934, at Wolsingham Sanatorium, Co. Durham, Mr. Harold Wood, late C.S.M. 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. H. Wood joined the 2nd Battalion in 1919 and served with the Battalion in Egypt, Malaya and India. He was for many years one of the best rugby forwards in the Battalion and an all-round sportsman. He proceeded home on leave from Ahmednagar in 1931 as a company sergeant-major, and shortly after his arrival in England he was taken ill, and on 26th April, 1931, was discharged from the service as an invalid. All ranks of the 2nd Battalion deeply regret the passing of a good comrade.

Our Friends, The Advertisers.

It is time we again reminded our readers of these very good friends of theirs, without whom THE IRON DUKE would cost us considerably more than it does at present. We cannot expect these friends to remain friendly unless we reciprocate this feeling, and the only way to do this is to deal with them. Firms advertise in order that they may increase the number of their customers, and they continue to do so in order to keep the custom they have got through their advertisements; but unless they get new custom they are liable to find themselves unable to continue the friendly action of advertising in our pages. You cannot expect them to be pure and simple philanthropists, therefore support those that support THE IRON DUKE!

In this respect the special attention of the 1st Battalion is called to a number of Malta firms who appear in THE IRON DUKE for the first time. Give them a trial; and

when you do, just mention that you first heard of them through their advertisement in THE IRON DUKE.

In this issue a new departure has been taken by utilising the cover for advertising purposes ; it uses space that up to date has been wasted, and is also good for the finances of the magazine, and so benefits its readers.

Therefore, if only from self-interest, see that *Our Friends the Advertisers* have reason to continue to be our friends.

Notices.

NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE INSTITUTES.

BRITISH AND EMPIRE DISPLAYS.

It has been decided to hold special displays of British and Empire goods in all the Corporation's grocery shops at home during the week commencing Monday, 5th November, 1934.

These displays will follow the general lines of previous displays, and will be confined to those British and Empire goods normally stocked.

ROYAL SCHOOL FOR DAUGHTERS OF OFFICERS OF THE ARMY, BATH.

Offices : Panton House, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Secretary : Miss M. M. Bayly.

CANDIDATE FOR THE ELECTION HELD IN DECEMBER, 1934.

Your votes and interests are earnestly solicited on behalf of DOROTHY SHIRLEY WAYMAN, born 20th October, 1925, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Henry Holdsworth Wayman, O.B.E., D.L., The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who died on 7.1.1933 from the effects of his war service, leaving a widow (date of marriage 25.1.1922) and two children, a boy William, born on 18.11.22, and the girl referred to above.

The late Lt.-Col. Wayman was commissioned in the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) in 1895, and was mobilised and served in the South African War from 27th Feb., 1900, to 20th April, 1902. He was mobilised again on 4th August, 1914, and was in command of the 3rd Battalion of his Regiment from 4th August, 1914, until 30th Sept., 1916, when he proceeded to B.E.F. France. He was invalided home in January, 1917, and was invalided from the Service on 21st April, 1917. He was "mentioned in despatches," 29th July, 1902, and 6th August, 1917.

At the time of his death he was in receipt of a disability pension of £240 per annum (on account of aortic aneurism) from the Ministry of Pensions, but owing to the date of his marriage the widow is not entitled to a widow's pension. Mrs. Wayman's income at the present time is £200 per annum.

The case is strongly recommended by Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Landon, K.C.M.G., C.B., 46 Pall Mall, S.W.1 ; Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, C.M.G., Kilsyth, Storeys Way, Cambridge ; Major C. W. G. Ince, M.C., Littlecroft, West Clandon, Surrey ; Capt. Hope Crisp, 18 Gt. Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals :—*The Covenanter* (May, July) ; *The Tiger & Sphinx* (June) ; *The Dragon* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Snapper* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Bugle* (June) ; *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (May, June, July, August) ; *The St. George's Gazette* (April, May, June, July) ; *The Tiger & Rose* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Light Bob* (July) ; *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (April, June) ; *Ca-Ira* (June) ; *The Lion & The Rose* (May, August) ; *The K.S.L.I. Regimental Gazette* (June, August) ; *The East Lancashire Regimental Gazette* (June) ; *The Sapper* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Wire* (May, June, July, August) ; *Our Empire* (May, June, July, August) ; *The Imperial Club Magazine* (Summer, 1934).

ARMY LIST, 1934.

RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

REGULAR ARMY.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

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

Majors.

§Bennett, J. 1/8/19
§Rowland, C. 18/1/32

Captains.

§Scott, J. W. 23/3/29
§White, C. G. E. 4/12/29
§Rhodes, J. F. 24/11/31
§Pullan, J. 13/8/32
§Norman, L. P. 21/1/33
§Scott, R. B. 28/2/33

Lieutenant.

Haslock, C. I. E. 24/12/22

Class II.

Lt.-Colonels.

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

Majors.

§Gillam, T. H. J. 8/11/19
§Keet, H. G., D.S.O., M.C. 4/12/26
§Owen, R. H. W. 23/2/29

Captains.

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

Lieutenants.

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

2nd Lieutenants.

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

Quarter-Master.

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

Class III.

Majors.

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

Captains.

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

Lieutenants.

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

2nd Lieutenant.

Turner, A. 11/9/18

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

4th Battalion.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

§Mowat, A. L., D.S.O., M.C. 31/8/20

Majors.

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

Captains.

§Tetlow, J. L., M.C. 31/8/20
§Kenyon, W. 20/12/21
§Park, L. 23/7/24
§Whillans, D. 26/9/24
§Slater, J. McD. 7/3/23

Lieutenants.

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

Class II.

Captains.

§Benson, G. W. 27/6/16
§Blakey, E. V., M.C. 1/5/20
§Taylor, J. 1/9/20
§Bales, P. G., M.C. 4/8/20
§Pepperell, W. 1/6/25
Learoyd, P. M. 7/10/29

Lieutenants.

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

Quarter-Masters.

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

5th Battalion.

Class I.

Lt. Colonel.

§Rippon, R., T.D. 17/2/28
bt. col. 17/2/32

Major.

§Sharpe, G. L., D.S.O. 15/1/21

Captains.

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

Lieutenant.

Walker, E. N. 2/7/27

Class II.

Lt.-Colonel.

§Brierly, S. C., D.S.O., T.D. 17/2/24
bt. col. 17/2/28

Captain.

§Liddell, J. L. 1/12/17

Lieutenants.

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

6th Battalion.

Class I.

Lt.-Colonel.

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

Major.

§Dixon, H. 3/7/20

Captains.

§Baldick, G. S. 24/8/21
§Naylor, K. W. 16/2/25
Hield, R. H. 12/2/27

Lieutenants.

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

Class II.

Major.

§Wright, T. K., M.B.E., T.D. 1/6/16

Captains.

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

Lieutenants.

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

7th Battalion.

Class I.

Captains.

§Pogson, W. C. 26/9/17
§Lawton, J. H. 2/9/20
§Netherwood, H. S., M.C. 12/7/21
§Blakeley, R. 25/2/25

Lieutenants.

§Swann, T. H. 23/9/23
§Crossely, W. D. 14/5/25

Class II.

Captains.

§Lockwood, C. H. 11/1/16
§Ramsden, J. W. A. 1/6/16
§MacKenzie, K. B., M.C. 20/11/17

Lieutenants.

§Barber, H. 1/1/18
§Lawton, C., M.C. 2/9/20
§Sykes, N. 22/3/21
§Hayes, F. 18/11/21
§Taylor, E. W. 26/7/24

Lieutenants.

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

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