

No.30 February 1935



# 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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*From the Officers past and present of*  
**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT,**  
*To the Officers of their allied Battalion*  
**THE 33<sup>RD</sup> AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.**  
*Christmas, 1934*

*From the Officers past and present of*  
**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT,**  
*To the Officers of their allied Regiment*  
**THE YORKTON REGIMENT.**  
*Christmas, 1934.*

# THE IRON DUKE

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## EDITORIAL.

THE 1st Battalion News is rather curtailed this time owing to the rush of work in connection with their move to Malta. We wish them "bon voyage" and a pleasant and prosperous tour in the island.

The 2nd Battalion's rugby team put up a very good fight in the All India Tournament at Calcutta, being beaten in the final by the Calcutta Football Club after a hard match. They were successful in winning the Bethell Cup for the second year in succession. We wish them the best of luck next season.

Owing to the move of the 1st Battalion to Malta shortly the Depot took over the entry of a team for the Army Rugby Cup, a very sporting effort. They were unfortunately beaten in the third round, but we hope they will go further next year.

We offer our congratulations to Brevet-Colonel R. Chambley on his being granted an extension of a year in the command of the 7th Battalion. He completed his normal period of command last October.

Opposite page 188 of our last number we reproduced a photograph of a group consisting of Colonel R. Chambley and some W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s of the 7th Battalion. This photograph was entitled "1914 Veterans, 7th Battalion" through an oversight. It should have read "1909 Veterans, 7th Battalion."

Our frontispiece on the opposite page is a reproduction of a portrait of the 1st Duke of Wellington. Two of these portraits have been purchased from Messrs. Thomas H. Parker Ltd., The Parker Gallery, 28 Berkeley Square, London, W.1., by past and present officers of the Regiment for presentation to our allied regiments, The 33rd Australian Infantry and The 1st Battalion The Yorkton Regiment. Facsimile tracings of the tablets attached to the two portraits are reproduced below the photograph. These portraits are both mezzotint engravings, the printed surfaces of which measure  $26\frac{1}{2}$  by  $16\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and are framed to an overall size of  $37\frac{1}{2}$  by  $25\frac{1}{4}$  inches. They are both engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A., after Sir Thomas Laurence, P.R.A., and published 15th June, 1848. The two portraits were despatched to Australia and Canada respectively early in January, 1935.

We offer our congratulations to the Dean of Westminster on being made a K.C.V.O. in the New Year's Honours. As Dean of York he had much to do with the Regimental Memorial Chapel, and has always taken a great interest in the Regiment.

We print under correspondence on page 72 a letter from the Hon. Secretary of the South Elmsall, South Kirkby and District Branch of The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry Regimental Association, in which he invites men of the Regiment on leave in the north to visit their club at The Green, South Kirkby. We hope that those who are able will take advantage of this kind invitation.

Since our last issue the Regiment has lost a number of past members, as the sadly long obituary column testifies. Brig.-General C. D. Bruce had a distinguished and varied career. Tall, handsome, a fine athlete and horseman, a sound soldier and an explorer of note, he had in addition to all these gifts a great talent for writing. The Regiment owes him a debt of gratitude for the History of the 1st and 2nd Battalions The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 1881-1923, and The IRON DUKE will feel the loss of a contributor of his

calibre. Only a short time before his last illness in November we had asked him to write an article, for this number, comparing polo in the 80's with the game as now played, and had he lived he might have given us an account of his experiences in the days when he was so distinguished a member of the 1st Battalion polo team. We greatly prize some letters from him in which he gave unstinted praise to the standard reached by the Regimental magazine.

Of other losses to the Regiment, Lt.-Colonel F. M. H. Marshall commanded the 2nd Battalion from 1903 to 1907. Lt.-Colonel L. Herapath had a distinguished staff career during the war. Capt. W. Harvey was an old Abyssinian veteran and reached the age of 94. Capt. D. W. P. Foster, another old soldier, was a valued contributor to THE IRON DUKE whom we shall miss. His series of stories entitled "Yarns by an Old Soldier" is continued in this issue, and another story from his pen will appear later. He had promised further instalments, which now, alas, will not be forthcoming.

We would draw our readers' attention to the notice on page 56 from which it will be seen that in future the regimental tie for officers and other ranks will be the same, and can be purchased from firms in London and Halifax.

## 1st BATTALION NEWS.

"A SOLDIER'S life is terribly hard," said Alice, when she took Christopher Robin to the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. So also said we, during our stay in the Bustard Camp. (The phrase is misleading; actually we spent most of our time at such places as Lavington Folly, or the D in Ditch.) The Plain seems very distant and unreal now. Life there is like life on board ship. While it lasts, you can hardly visualize any other existence; once you escape, it quickly becomes like the morning's memory of last night's unpleasant dream. So, we find it difficult to recapture the atmosphere, which is almost certainly a blessing. This year, there was less rain and more mist; there was less marching and more waiting. On the final scheme we were opposed to a Tank force. We left camp at 2 a.m., with *morale* impaired by visions of a messy death beneath the tracks of some mechanized monster. Actually, we marched four miles, sat under one hedge for two days, and neither saw nor heard a hostile tank, though the eyes and ears of the more imaginative detected enemy machines in every quarter. The weather was kind while we were there, but on the march back the rain began, and many of the Battalion had their first experience of a rum ration. Finally, on the last day but one, a bus column was improvised, which carried the Brigade in bedraggled relays back to Aldershot.

Shortly after our return, Brigadier Savile, commanding 2nd Infantry Brigade, carried out his annual inspection. He gave the Battalion an excellent report. Time was now short for all that had to be fitted in before our move and the departure of the Indian draft in December, so the first leave party was pushed off without delay, headed by the Adjutant.

The Wellington College O.T.C. Certificate "A" examination was again carried out by officers of this Battalion, who enjoyed an excellent lunch in the Masters' Common Room on that day. For the rest, there is not much to report; a little musketry, a little winter digging, a rapidly mounting pile of embarkation orders, and an increasing absorption in cubic capacity and excess baggage.

We would offer our deepest sympathy to Capt. Faithfull on his wife's death, and also to Lt. Dalrymple and Mrs. Faithfull's parents. It is quite a short time since Capt. and Mrs. Faithfull left Aldershot for Yorkshire, and Mrs. Faithfull had many friends in this Battalion to whom her death is a very sad loss.

It only remains to say good-bye to our friends in and about Aldershot, and to thank them for their great kindness to us during the last few years.

## OFFICERS' MESS.

During our absence on the Plain, the R.E.'s worked their will on the Mess, and we returned to a tasteful décor of cream and brown. Everything had been packed up for this operation and, in view of our near departure and the expense of knocking in nails at 3d. a head, most of it was left packed. The result was chaste but rather bare.

This strengthened the railway hotel atmosphere which permeated the Mess even more than usual at this season. All was change, if not decay. Strange faces appeared suddenly and, as soon as one had got used to them, were removed by their owners to Huddersfield or Hogsorton. Such is the leave season.

Some more permanent changes took place. In August, 2nd Lt. de Lone Lane decided that his particular talents required a clearer atmosphere, and left us to take up civilian flying. We were very sorry to lose him, and hope that we shall not be denied further accounts of his adventures in Cloud Cuckoo Land. In October, Capt. Lennon and Lt. Laing departed to the Depot, and in December, Capt. Wathen embarked on the longer journey to India. To balance these regrettable losses, Capts. Crommelin and Owen and Lts. Orr and Jones arrived from various sources, and are most welcome. Capt. Crommelin, unfortunately, will not be with us for very long, for when we sail, he returns to Halifax pending retirement. He will be accompanied by 2nd Lts. Marrett and MacLaren who are under orders for the East but have not yet been given a sailing date.

The well of matrimony has bubbled up again, not indeed that it was ever noticeably affected by drought. Lt. Jones was married in August, and Lt. Summers in December. Both weddings were too distant for many of us to attend, but we gather that those who did, made up for the rest. As noted in our last issue, Lt. Summers is now in the R.A.S.C., and we understand that Lt. Jones is trying to transfer to the R.A.O.C. We wish them both the best of luck, and hope that we shall not lose touch with them.

Then, out of a clear sky, came the announcement of Capt. Huffam's engagement. Some of us have now had the pleasure of meeting his fiancée, Miss Huffam, and we offer them both our warmest congratulations. We would, however, put on record for the future that there are less drastic ways of getting out of the job of P.M.C.

We congratulate Capt. and Mrs. Lawlor on the birth of a daughter on 10th September last.

A farewell lunch was held at the Officers' Club, Aldershot, on Thursday January 3rd. The Regimental Band, under Mr. F. Ashton Jones, played during lunch, which was served in the dance room.

A large number of retired officers and their wives and other friends of the Battalion were present, including the Colonel of the Regiment and Major-General Kennedy (Commanding 2nd Division). The C-in-C., the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne Hardy, was to have attended, but was unfortunately prevented by a serious illness. General Turner, proposing the health of Lt.-Colonel Rusbridger and the officers of the 1st Battalion, said that it spoke much for the good state of the Battalion that it had survived with such credit the extremely strenuous years, both in work and play, of its stay in Aldershot. He concluded by saying that the departure abroad of the Battalion from such a central station as Aldershot would be a great loss to the retired officers of the Regiment. Lt.-Col. Rusbridger, in replying, thanked General Turner for the nice things he had said about the Battalion, and the Battalion's many friends for their kindness during the last four years. He hoped that many of them would take advantage of the modern facilities for cruising and come and visit the Battalion in Malta.

Many messages of good wishes were received from ex-officers who were unable to attend the lunch.

In addition to the officers of the Battalion and their wives, the following were present:— Col. and Mrs. Bainbridge, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Beuttler, Major Bate, Lt.-Col. Boutflower, Major Carey, Capt. Chatterton, Col. and Mrs. Exham, Mr. and Mrs. Haslock, Col. and Mrs. Hayden, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Healing, Major Hetley, Miss Horsfall, Miss Ann Horsfall,



Brig.-General and Mrs. Humphrys, Major and Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Jenkins, Major-Gen. Kennedy (2nd Divisional Commander), Major Killick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. Laing, Major-General Sir F. and Lady Landon, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Liddell, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maffett, Major and Mrs. Naylor, Capt. Norman, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Officer, Capt. O'Kelly, Major Owen, Lt.-Col. Ozanne, Capt. and Mrs. Paton, Mrs. Pickering, Capt. R. A. Scott, Major and Mrs. Stawell, Mrs. and Miss Strafford, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Stewart Trench, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Turner, Miss Turner, Lt.-Col. Umfreville, Brig.-Gen. Watson, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wellesley.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

Our return from the Plain saw the commencement of the usual winter round. Whist drives are again being held and are always welcome. A dance held in the R.A.S.C. Theatre, although clashing with several others, was well attended and very much enjoyed.

The billiards team, although including several new members, gives a good account of itself and should hand over a respectable position in the league to our relief.

The chief topic of conversation is whether to "batten" or not to "batten." If to batten is to cause excess, then it appears likely that the treasurer will have to dip deep.

The majority (*i.e.* the single and those on the strength) are looking forward to the change in station, and hope that the favourable reports we have received of our new station will materialise.

To those leaving wife and family behind we offer our sympathy, but, somewhat ambiguously, would remind them of the old saying, "Look before you leap."

We hope our next report will consist of happenings on our Mediterranean cruise, and be of a better and brighter nature as a result of a little more sun.

Numerous changes have taken place through Depot and T.A. reliefs consequent upon the move, and we hope all will settle in their new locations and help on the good work.

### DRUMS.

At the request of the East and West Horsley Branch of the British Legion, we again played at the Armistice Day church parade at West Horsley. A letter of appreciation and thanks was received by the Commanding Officer from the President of the branch. The President mentioned the regret of all members of the branch that we should not be able to perform next year. On Armistice Day we also sent Drummers Brown, D., and Browne, H., to sound the Reveille and Last Post at the West Clandon British Legion parade, and Drummer Nobbs to Wellington College.

The annual bugle competition was contested with the usual keenness this year. We congratulate last year's winner on holding his place. The judging was carried out by our new Bandmaster, Mr. F. A. Jones, A.R.C.M., with the following result:—1st, Drummer Brown, D.; 2nd, Drummer Browne, H.; 3rd, Drummer Clark, C. Boys.—1st, Boy Berger; 2nd, Boy Mathews.

We look forward to Malta and to having more time for practices and performances than has been possible amidst the intensive training of Aldershot.

### SPORT.

There has been very little sporting activity of any sort. Owing to our move, we were unable to enter for the Army Rugby Cup; so, as we shall have few facilities for rugger in Malta, most of the Battalion 1st XV. players were posted to the Depot with a view to keeping Battalion rugger alive against our return to England.

A few friendly games were played during the early part of the season, but even for these we could not produce a really representative team. Among them were matches against Wellington College, whom we managed to defeat, and one against a Harlequin

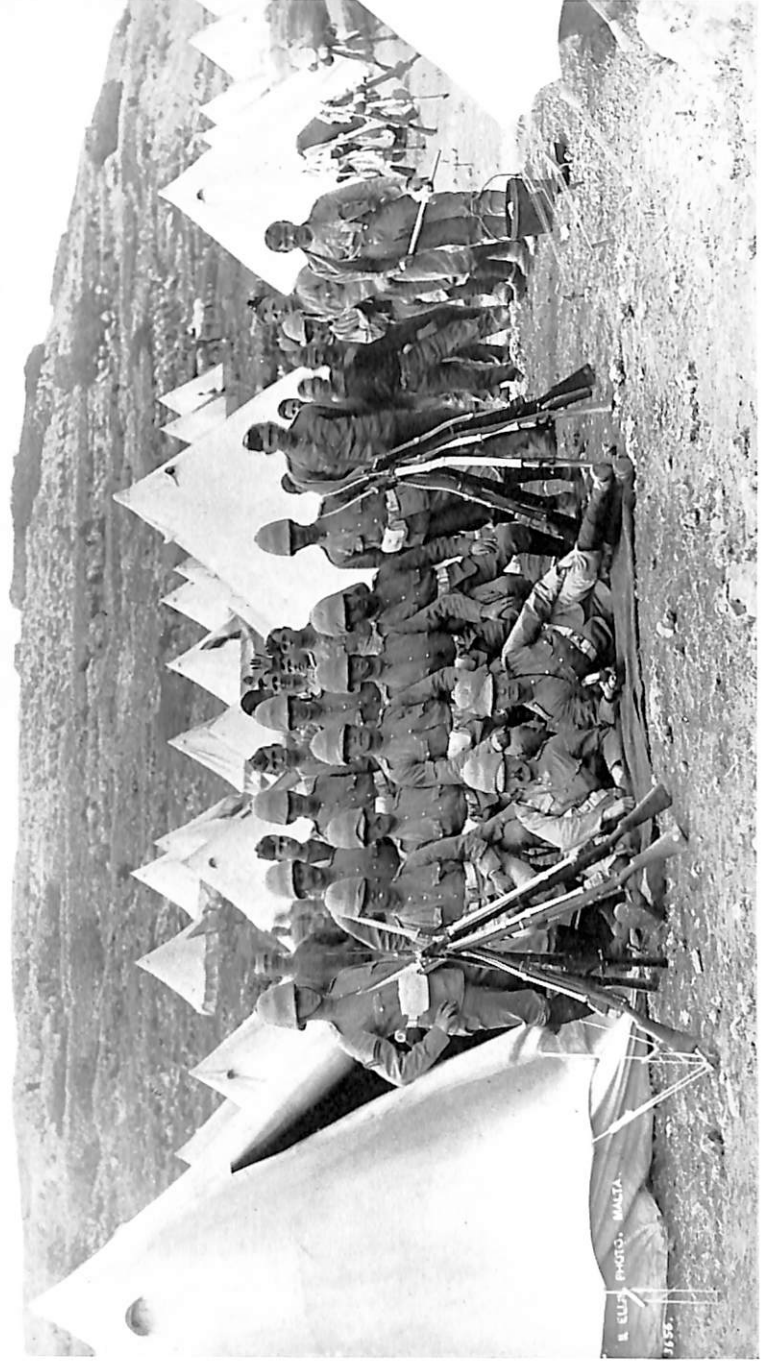


"C" (S.) Company, 1st Battalion, on the march through Odiham on the way to Salisbury Plain.



**Depot Army Cup XV., 1934-35.**

Back row.—Cpl. B. BOON, Cpl. J. STORK, L Cpl. G. BEATTY, Sgt. A. HOLT, Lieut. G. LAING, C/Sgt. E. ALEXANDER, Sgt. J. JOHNSON, Dmr. C. SMITH.  
 Front row.—Cpl. W. QUIRK, Dmr. A. COLES, Pte. F. TAYLOR, Pte. D. MITCHELL, Cpl. G. BENTLEY, L/Sgt. M. REED, Sgt. F. G. BROWN.



Camp Guard, 1st Battalion, Malta, 1898.

[Photo by Richard Ellis, Valletta, Malta.

"A" XV., by whom we were only beaten by three points. In November, we handed over our fixture list to The King's Own Regiment who had just arrived in the station. Since then there have been no Battalion matches.

It was the same with hockey. A few excellent friendly games were played, but we were seldom able to field anything like a full side. Hockey will come into more prominence in Malta, and then we hope to be able to produce a good side.

An inter-company novices' boxing competition was fitted in with some difficulty in October. Some keen boxing resulted in a win for "C" (S.) Company, with "B" Company second. The following individuals won their weights:—Bantam, Pte. Walls, "C" (S.) Company; feather, Pte. Redfern, "D" Company; light, Pte. Hull, "B" Company; welter, L/Cpl. Hobson, "B" Company; middle, Pte. Hall, "B" Company; light-heavy, L/Cpl. Lonsdale, "B" Company. Best loser, L/Cpl. Connolly, "A" Company.

In soccer we had hoped to be able to hand over good positions in the leagues to the 2nd Bn. The Norfolk Regiment who are relieving us in Aldershot. Unfortunately we have not done too well; our first team have lost all their matches, and the 2nd XI. have won one and drawn one match out of four. The spirit of the team, however, is good, and the standard of football is not so low as might appear. Most of the matches were only lost by the odd goal, and embarkation leave and duties have made the season difficult.

With more settled conditions in Malta, we should soon have a first class team, as there is plenty of young talent recently joined, and the few "Old Crocks" who remain are going strong and giving a good account of themselves. Pte. Hall is back with us, and we hope with his experience and our young players to be heading for great stuff. Among the promising recruits from the Depot are:—Pte Dawson—a sound player who should do well; Pte. Ford—small but useful; and Pte. Wrestle—good in combination but lacks sting in shooting as yet. We rely on R.S.M. Coates, whose interest in soccer is well known, to provide us with plenty of talent in future.

We are sorry to lose two good players in Pte. Bailey and L/Cpl. Bentley; we hope they will do well at the Depot. Sgt. Thorpe, who has retired to civil life, will also be a great loss to the team. His training was responsible for much of its success in past years.

## 2nd BATTALION NEWS.

AT the conclusion of our last notes we spoke with pleasure of our hopes of "a wonderful cold weather to come." That cold weather is now upon us, and most of us find it very pleasant; there are times of course when it has its drawbacks, when one is under canvas, in the early morning and at dead of night, but on the whole it is a most welcome change. Our ceremonial dress is now serge, and but for the fact that we have to keep up a hardening process for brigade training, it would be the everyday dress also.

The Battalion remained split up at Cherat and Nowshera until the middle of October when the last troops left the hills, and this made any concerted effort either in work or games very difficult. The A.W.T.C. and platoon training were carried out under varying difficulties; the rifle range at Cherat is not the best in India, being half way down a cliff side and liable to be enveloped in deep cloud at any moment. Companies did their company training in and around Nowshera, and though the results were perhaps not quite up to expectations, pressure of other duties and consequent shortage of men may in part be blamed for this.

In November the Battalion marched out to Walai for battalion training, and we spent ten days trying our hand at mountain warfare and other mysteries of this part

of the world. Training finished with a scheme set by the Brigade Commander who, together with the District Commander, remarked on the keenness and vigour shown by all ranks; our technical ability will doubtless increase with practice.

Despite difficulties we were able to send a team to Calcutta for the All India rugby tournament, and although they were beaten in the final they did very well indeed, winning the Bethell Cup for the second year in succession, and only losing to a very strong Calcutta side in the main tournament. The soccer team were not so successful in their one venture, but there is material in the Battalion for a good team given sufficient training and practice. Throughout the latter half of the hot weather, company and platoon teams have taken part in local tournaments of all sorts, and on the whole have done very well.

With the exception of the "Support" Company, who are doing their concentration at Akora, the Battalion is now "resting" in barracks until brigade training, which takes place in January.

Brigadier W. D. Croft has given up command of the Brigade, and we welcome in his place Colonel the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander.

Christmas will shortly be upon us, and we trust that no wars or scares will drag us from our turkeys, a thing that is not unknown to happen in Nowshera (the sub-editor puts down this wish touching wood with one hand and typing with the other, which in point of fact is his usual way of typing).

### OFFICERS' MESS.

The Psalmist lifted up his eyes to the hills for help, and surely a sub-editor should be able to do the same; but alas, from Cherat, our especial hill, there comes no help. Though the greater part of the Battalion was there for all the hot weather very little was done in the Mess that is worth putting on record. As a matter of fact it is very difficult to do anything in a space of about two by four (yards) surrounded by tribal country and boundary stones. Many stories are afloat of people who have disappeared completely through overstraying these boundaries, and some of us who spent five months there began to think that disappearance might be a better fate. However without doubt there are worse places than Cherat, and it would be a pity to malign it too much.

The Mess was not really active in the way of entertaining, but a few of our friends came to the Mess to listen to the Band and we had one or two small guests nights. Our guests for the most part were various detachments of the 2nd Battalion of The H.L.I. who were our neighbours. Of those left in Nowshera there is little to say except that they stayed put and roasted, and that they likewise were able to do very little.

In the middle of October we re-established our Mess in Nowshera when the whole Battalion was gathered in from the hills. Since then we have had two guest nights, at one of which we entertained Colonel Alexander, our new Brigade Commander.

Battalion training uprooted us again in November, but only for ten days. In the meantime the Mess has been refurnished in accordance with prevailing weather conditions; thick curtains, a club fender and fires being our protections against the icy blasts.

Capt. and Mrs. Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. Cumberlege have left us for England and Territorial adjutancies; we are very sorry to say good-bye to them and trust that life will treat them kindly at home. We have also said good-bye and good luck to 2nd Lts. Cranston, Ricketts and Meraj-ud-din who have gone to join their units of the Indian Army; we are very sorry that 2nd Lt. Wyndham has been invalided home, but we trust that he will soon be restored to health and to this country. In the room of these officers we welcome 2nd Lts. Moffatt, Dawes, Croft and Cane, U.L.I.A.

Our heartiest congratulations to Lt. and Mrs. Davie on the birth of their daughter; why such important events should always be relegated to the last place in these notes is not known, but our wishes are not less sincere for being so placed.

**SERGEANTS' MESS.**

Since writing the last notes we have had quite a busy time. In Cherat we had a number of games of hockey against the officers, who with the W.O.'s made up one team, the sergeants making the other. They were station games, the sides being made up from all those available in Cherat. They proved to be very hard games and the honours were probably about even.

We have now returned to the Plains after a strenuous time in the Hills; we are almost as wiry as mountain goats. Before leaving Cherat we had a "farewell" dinner and dance in honour of members leaving the Mess for the United Kingdom: C.Q.M.S. Butterworth, on completion of his service, and L/Sgt. Millor on being invalided home. We wish them both the best of luck and hope that Sgt. Millor will soon be well again. C.Q.M.S. Butterworth was a very active member of the Mess, he took part in most games and was an asset to any side.

Shortly after our return to Nowshera we held a dance in the Mess which was very well attended; it was the first time all our families had met at a function since the hot weather separation. In December we had a very enjoyable afternoon and evening when we were "at home" for tennis and indoor games to the 14/20th Hussars from Risalpur.

We congratulate Sgt. Holder on winning the individual billiards championship and C/Sgt. Smith on running him so close. We hate to say it but there was some dirty work towards the end of the game; somebody playing that awful shot, "pot white"; we will not say if a double baulk was left, but the game concluded by the loser giving a miss. The inter-company billiards and snooker competitions are now in progress; we will be able to report on them in the next issue.

We welcome to the Mess L/Sgts. Thornton, Wardle and Slater on their appointment.

Finally we must say a few words about the camp at Walai. The people who got most enjoyment out of it were those who stayed in barracks; however everyone is alive and telling the tale. We have seen pictures of cow-boys playing poker with their revolvers handy on the table, but it was very funny to see "Joe" shouting "Bundle" with his rifle chained to his belt. Our next period of training is in January when we hope to be able to collect some anecdotes for our next notes.

**COMPANY NOTES.**

**HEADQUARTER WING.**—During the past few months nothing of importance has happened in the "Wing." The last two months in Cherat were occupied by firing the annual course, which involved a good deal of khud climbing.

The Signallers won the station inter-platoon football tournament, and the Employed Group won the hockey tournament for the second time in succession in Cherat.

On our first look round the lines at the Battalion camp at Walai we found the R.S.M.'s tent, a very small one, which had to be moved every time to allow him to get in; up to finding his tent many of us had wondered what he had strapped to his water-bottle on the march out to camp.

Few changes have occurred in the "Wing" since our last notes, but shortly we lose rather a large number who are leaving us for the 1st Battalion or the Army Reserve.

We said good-bye at Cherat to C.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Butterworth. C.Q.M.S. Butterworth has served about 25 years with the Regiment and all his service has been with the 2nd Battalion. We sincerely hope that they prosper in their new sphere of life. We welcome to the "Wing" Major H. R. Kavanagh our new commander. Lt. A. H. P. Laurence is leaving us shortly for the Depot; we trust he will survive the cold winds, etc., that one has to face at the Depot barracks.

We almost forgot to mention that this year we again won the company cricket competition. Our team was vastly superior to the others and we won very easily.

"A" COMPANY.—Since our last notes we have learned by bitter experience what soldiering on this Imperial frontier means. The Company had the "honour" of being the first to march on that famous warrior-trodden track from Cherat to Nowshera. The usual company training followed, and this consisted chiefly of picketing; the same old hills which have been attacked and defended so often received much the same treatment from us, and doubtless they are the best umpires as to how we did it.

On the approach of battalion training we were worried by tales of the impending ordeal, but it is now a thing of the past, and when we think of it it was not at all too bad. We suffered severely from the cold, but considering that we had the "windy side" of the perimeter we can hardly be blamed for the numbers *hors de combat*.

The Company Commander's pet hobby, our gardens, are flourishing and are the envy of all and sundry.

We congratulate No. 2 Platoon on winning the Marshall Cup, a very good performance. Congratulations also to Pte. and Mrs. Giles on the birth of their child.

The quantity of rifle oil used by the Company recently quite surprised us, and we began to congratulate ourselves on an intensive cleaning campaign, but alas, our hopes have been dashed—our C.S.M. now possesses a motor car.

Shortly, a number will desert us for the Army Reserve and sunny Malta. We regret their departure but wish them the best of luck.

"B" COMPANY.—Since our last notes very little of importance has happened. We have completed our battalion training under ideal English weather conditions with the exception that we had no rain; if it had snowed it would have been just like Christmas.

We congratulate No. 7 Platoon on reaching the semi-final of the inter-platoon soccer competition.

We have said good-bye to 2nd Lts. Cranston and Ricketts, U.L.I.A., and hope that they enjoyed themselves whilst with us; we wish them success with their new units. We welcome to the Company 2nd Lts. Moffatt and Dawes of the U.L.I.A. and sincerely hope that they like our company during the time that they are with us.

"C" COMPANY.—When the time came for us to march back from Cherat to our station in the Plains no one seemed to be very sorry. We marched down by way of the Manki Pass, led by "Dougie's" platoon as advanced guard. The march was completed by 1 p.m., and after the dust of the last two miles the canteen did a good trade.

We have done quite well so far in the way of sports. We managed to get into the final of the Y.M.C.A. football challenge cup, the matches being played at Risalpur, but were then defeated by "I" Battery R.H.A. by 3 goals to 1.

The platoon football competition has just been completed; No. 9 Platoon were successful in winning this, beating No. 15 Platoon by 2 goals to 1 in a very good game. We regret to say that the worthy officer and sergeant of the winning platoon were practically speechless after the game, due to both surprise and shouting. We are now going all out for cross country running and anything else that turns up.

We hear that the Sergeants' Mess billiards team of the Company are also keeping their end up. They have already won the first match of the billiards and snooker competition, beating "D" Company in all eight games of the match; we hope that they will keep it up.

"D" (SUPPORT) COMPANY.—The Company spent the latter part of the hot weather in the heat of Nowshera, and our working hours out of doors were therefore much limited, but despite this, Part 2 of the A.M.G.O. was fired with very successful results. At the same time we were able to keep fit with plenty of football and hockey, and we congratulate the Company football team and the Platoon hockey teams on their good performances. The former won the second half of the Brigade tournament and then went on to defeat "C" Company, winners of the first half, in the final of the whole competition. No. 15 Platoon hockey team also won the second half of the Brigade

hockey tournament and eventually won the cup by beating a section of 12 Battery R.A. (first half winners).

Just before battalion training the Company football team had a very enjoyable trip to Malakand to play the 1/4th P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles, whom they defeated (3—0). We would thank the Ghurkhas for their hospitality to us on this occasion.

Latterly most of the time seems to have been taken up by collective training of one sort or another, and we are now off to concentration at Akora.

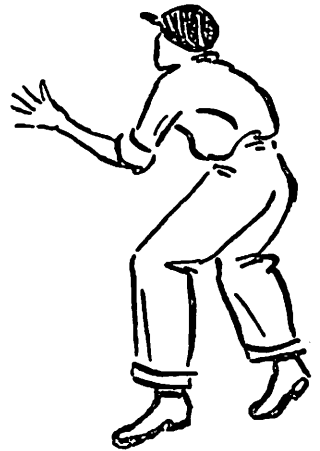
We were sorry to lose three old friends from the Company this autumn. Capt. Harvey has gone to a Territorial adjutancy in England, while C.Q.M.S. Browne and Sgt. Caulfield have deserted us for the "Wing." We welcome 2nd Lt. Lane who has just returned from Ahmednagar. Congratulations to Sgts. Wardle and Slater and L/Cpls. Sharpe, Caulfield and Hunt on their promotions; also to Sgt. Jones on the birth of a son.

### CRICKET.

The N.W.F.P. provides excellent opportunities for cricket. This year several matches have been arranged and the two fixtures in Peshawar produced some interesting cricket. We lost our matches against the H.L.I. and the Peshawar Club; perhaps we were unlucky to meet such good sides at the beginning of the season.

The arrival of Bandmaster Caldicutt and 2nd Lt. Moffatt, a batsman after the type of Jessop, has greatly strengthened our batting, but we are still short of bowlers, and as usual the brunt of the attack rests with C/Sgt. Smith, who usually bowls unchanged.

Our first match, against the Rawalpindi Club, ended in a draw, neither side gaining any advantage. We next met the Punjab Wanderers who beat us by an innings; in this match we were up against really good class bowling, one member of the team being an All India player. Our last match produced an exciting finish. The I.A.S.C. batting first piled up a huge total of 361; we made 191 in our first innings and just managed to force a draw by playing out time, making 188 for 9. These three matches were played in 'Pindi, where the team made a small tour.



### RUGBY.

This year the rugger team again did very well in Calcutta, and were unfortunate in meeting such a strong side as the Calcutta Football Club in the All India final.



We won the Bethell Cup for the second year in succession after a strenuous match against the East Yorks (score 13—8). The preliminary rounds gave us very easy victories, we beat the Calcutta Light Horse by 21 points to nil and the B.N.R. 18—6. These matches showed that we had strong three-quarters with plenty of scoring power, but our forwards were rather inexperienced; however they improved tremendously during the tour.

In the All India Tournament we were lucky to be in the opposite half of the draw to Calcutta. After a bye in the first round we proceeded to beat the Durham Light Infantry by 3 points to nil. Our team was definitely superior, but threw away numerous chances through over-eagerness and selfishness; our opponents played a sterling game.



We beat Bombay and Rangoon fairly easily, and the improvement shown by our pack in these two games was a good omen for the final. In the other half of the draw Calcutta had never been extended. The ground for the final was in excellent condition and the weather fine and hot. We started off at a terrific pace and penned Calcutta in their own half for the first ten minutes; a penalty goal then gave them the lead; Pratt however made the scores level with a grand kick. As a result of excellent understanding between the halves, Calcutta then scored two tries and had a lead of ten points at the interval. In the second half Calcutta were completely on top, and we were defending desperately, but only one unconverted try was scored. Calcutta thus won a splendid game and a great final by 16 points to 3.

It was with great difficulty that we were able to raise a side for the All India, as rugger is only played during the cold weather and then on the Air Force ground at Risalpur. The R.A.F. have been very generous in giving us fixtures.

Before finishing these notes mention must be made of the following who played consistently well during the season:—Mallinson (full back), Lawton (three-quarter), Pratt (half), Wright, Varley, Morley and Kenny (forwards). 2nd Lt. Moran put in most valuable work on and off the field as captain and coach, and to him no small measure of the success is due.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

During the last three months we have had plenty of opportunities of playing soccer. These, however, have mostly taken the form of tournaments for company or equivalent unit teams or of inter-platoon competitions, and we still have not had a real chance of forming a strong battalion side.

In Nowshera during August and September the second half of the Brigade inter-company hot weather league was played off. The two companies then in Nowshera, "A" and "D" (S.) Companies, entered teams. "D" Company won all their matches, thus finishing top of the league by a fairly easy margin. After the return of the Battalion from Cherat the final between the winners of the two halves of the league, "C" and "D" Companies, was played. After two hard-fought drawn games "D" (S.) Company won the third game by two goals to nil, and so win the Framji Cup.

At the same time in Cherat a second inter-platoon tournament was held. No. 17 Platoon (Signal Section), the winners of the first tournament, also won this. It was a very good performance on the part of the Signallers to win both these competitions, as strong platoons of the H.L.I. were taking part in them.

In the latter half of October all our companies entered teams for the Y.M.C.A. tournament at Risalpur, open to all companies and equivalent formations in the District. "C" Company reached the final in which they were defeated by a particularly strong team from "I" Battery R.H.A.



In August the Battalion team went to Murree to compete in the Murree Brewery Football Tournament. In the first round they defeated 20 Squadron R.A.F. by four goals to nil, but in the second round they were easily beaten by the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders "B" team. The form shown by our team in this match was not sufficiently good to warrant us sending a team to Simla for the Durand Cup, so the Battalion has not played in any other competition.

It seems a pity that while our company teams have been doing so well the Battalion team has not been able to show better form, but we hope to remedy the defect in the near future.

### BOXING.

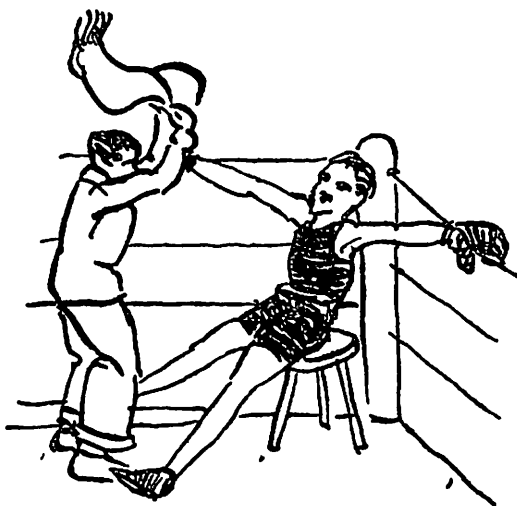
During the present season only one boxing competition has been held up to date. This was the Peshawar District individual championships. We had a good entry, but owing to short notice of the competition and to the fact that we were still split up in Cherat and Nowshera, the men were not anything like fit.

In the other ranks' weights we had thirteen entries. Of these Dyson, Barker and Cooper all showed promising form and were beaten more by unfitness than lack of skill. None of our entrants got as far as the finals.

In the boys' weights Howell was the only successful one of our four entries. He won his first fight but unfortunately broke his thumb in doing so.

In the officers' weights 2nd Lt. Collins won the light-heavy competition, after very hard fights against opponents who were both nearly a stone heavier than himself.

The form shown by our entrants was encouraging and their lack of success was in nearly every case due to insufficient training; we should do very well during the coming season.



### DEPOT NEWS.

SINCE the last issue of THE IRON DUKE several changes have taken place in the Depot staff. Capt. Crommelin and Lt. Orr left us at the end of October to rejoin the 1st Battalion, and have been relieved by Capt. Lennon and Lt. Laing. We wish the former all good luck in the future and extend a hearty welcome to the latter.

Owing to the impending move of the 1st Battalion to Malta early in the new year we have also said good-bye to many other ranks, all of whom carry our best wishes for the future.

2nd Lt. B. L. Franklin has been attached to us on being commissioned into the Regiment from Sandhurst, to enable him to complete his Hythe course before joining the 1st Battalion. During the period of the tour of the 1st Battalion in Malta the War Office policy is to attach all newly-commissioned officers to the Depot for this purpose, so we can look forward to a more numerous and lively Mess.

Our annual G.O.C.'s inspection took place on the afternoon of the 8th October. It was carried out by Major-Gen. G. H. N. Jackson, Commanding the West Riding Area.

The usual programme on such visits was departed from, as the ceremonial parade was dispensed with and the normal routine of work adhered to.

General Sir Alexander Wardrop, the G.O.C.-in-Chief, Northern Command, had intended combining his inspection with that of General Jackson, but unfortunately, through illness, he was unable to do so. We hope that we will have the pleasure of seeing him next year.

On the 20th October The Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, paid us a visit and inspected the Depot. Lt.-Col. G. S. W. Rusbridger paid us a similar honour on the previous day.

Major R. Staveley, who has lately taken over the duties of G.S.O.II. of the 49th West Riding Division, made his first acquaintance with Halifax on the 26th October under such unusually favourable weather conditions that he proposes to spend a few days with us next January.

The Armistice Day service held at the Cenotaph, Halifax, was attended by the Depot, and a wreath was laid by the C.O. on behalf of the "Past and Present Members of the Regiment."

Four officers from the Depot attended the Mayoral Sunday parade on the 18th November. The service in the Halifax Parish Church was most impressive, and ably conducted by Bishop Frodsham, who gave a very fitting address on the occasion of the appointment of Halifax's first Lady Mayor.

We regret losing Councillor F. A. Leach, the retiring Mayor, and welcome Mrs. Lightowler, J.P., and wish her a successful term of office.

### OFFICERS' MESS.

Although we have no gargantuan banquets nor bacchanalian revels to report yet, we have to record our first tea "At Home," given to our rigger friends on the occasion of the visit of the South Wales Borderers in the third round of the Army Rugby Cup on the 29th November. The bitterness of defeat was to a large extent sweetened by the loyal support of our local fair sex and other friends, who so ably helped us entertain our victors, the wearers of the leek.

We had the pleasure of entertaining Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner to luncheon on the day of the O.C.A. dinner, and were delighted to welcome several of the past and present members of the Regiment the same evening.

The Assistant Chaplain-General, Northern Command, the Rev. E. A. Fitch, stayed with us for two nights and took the parade service in the Gymnasium on the 28th October.

Among others who have come along to see if things are "What they used to be" are Major Sir Robert Henniker, Capt. R. A. Scott, A. Clegg Smith, Wathen and Carroll; Capt. Huffam, V.C., also stayed for a short rest cure after the announcement of his engagement, on which we offer him our congratulations; before his departure he bequeathed Halifax one "wild oat" (his last?) in the shape of a scarf—good luck!

Finally our good wishes to Capt. Kington and Owen in their new spheres of activity, and a hearty welcome to Capt. Harvey and Lt. Cumberlege from "furrin" parts.

### SERGEANTS' MESS.

We are now in the midst of the winter social season, and pleasantly if fairly actively engaged; whist drives and dances forming the backbone of the various amenities.

If you should see a conclave of Mess members with "do or die" expressions on their faces, think not of dark deeds or plots, 'tis just a strategical discussion as to how the corporals' "bogey" may best be laid low on the soccer field. With defeats of 9—2 and 10—1 haunting us, to "do nothing" is definitely to "do something wrong." The next game is to take place just prior to the issue of the Christmas leave "detail." This is not a threat.



"D" (S) Co. Football Team, Winners Nowshera Brigade Tournament.



No. 17 Platoon, Winners both Hot Weather Football Tournaments, Cherat, 1934.



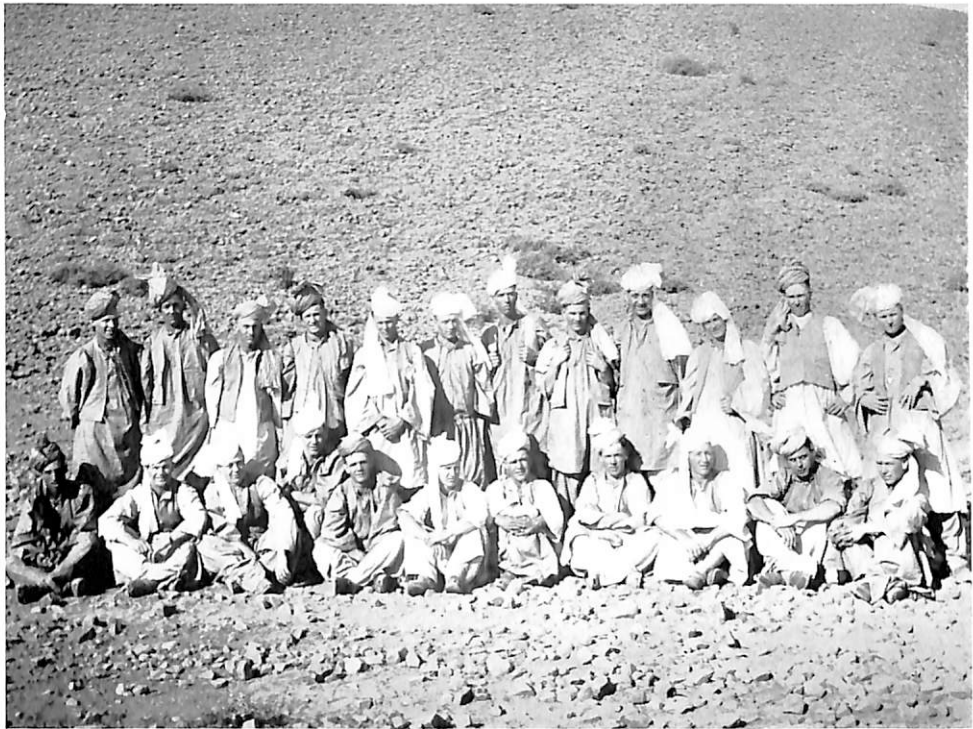
No. 2 Platoon, Winners of The Marshall Cup, Southern Command Rifle Association.



Eight-foot tiger shot by Lt. Fallon in Serchi State, Rajputana, August, 1934.



2nd Battalion, Perimeter Camp, Walai, November, 1934.



Signal Section (2nd Battalion) in "enemy" kit at Walai Camp.

A visit of the Manchester University Rifle Club to the miniature range resulted in our losing the match by 28 points. This was fairly satisfactory considering the fact that two of our members were called upon at short notice and had had no previous experience with "peep sights."

The Depot rifle meeting held on the 30 yards range resulted in Sgt. Townend having quite a busy time at the subsequent distribution of prizes. Congratulations, Sgt. Townend. Others to do well were Sgts. Machen, Ashmore, Brown and L/Sgts. Edley and Sullivan. It is a long time since the R.S.M. performed in a unit rifle meeting without affecting the credit side of his accounts. Sgt. Sharman consolidated his claim to the ownership of the wooden spoon. The sergeants were also successful in the officers v. sergeants match, the winning team being:—O.R. C/Sgt. Alexander, C.Q.M.S. Broadbent, Sgts. Brown, Harwell and Machen.

We have said good-bye to Sgts. Cubitt, Smith, Peacock, Varley and L/Sgts. Gill and Philp on rejoining the 1st Battalion. We wish them all they would wish themselves. A hearty welcome to Sgts. Townend and Pye, and L/Sgts. Edley, Sullivan and Woolaway, and a sincere hope that they will have a pleasant and successful tour of duty.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Reed on his appointment and to Sgt. Sharman on the award of the long service and good conduct medal.

## SPORT.

**RUGBY FOOTBALL.**—We hoped to have quite a useful rugger side here this season as some of the older hands, together with some of the promising youngsters, were posted to the Depot during the big turn-over prior to the 1st Battalion sailing for Malta. Unfortunately, owing to a certain rule in the Army Cup rules these players were not eligible to play until the 4th December; so that we were faced with the problem of finding a team in a short space of time. In our side were R.S.M. Jowett (7th Bn. T.A.) aged 39, Sgt. Brown aged 37, C/Sgt. Alexander aged 32, and Sgt. Holt (4th Bn. T.A.), Sgt. Johnson and Pte. Taylor, all over 30 years of age. To these people, especially, are we grateful for the magnificent spirit with which they turned out and played in the cup matches.

In the first round we received a walk-over, as the 1st Bn. The Manchester Regiment scratched to us. In the second round we drew the 2nd Bn. The K.S.L.I. at Lichfield. After a bus journey of nearly 100 miles we managed to draw, there being no score after extra time. In the re-play at Halifax we won by 10 points to 5 points. The game was memorable for two things: first, Dmr. Smith's magnificent drop-goal, and secondly the crowd of five to six hundred civilian spectators who turned up to watch the game.

In the third round we played the 2nd Bn. The South Wales Borderers at home, and lost after a very fine game by 10 points to 33 points. Forward, we just about held our own, but outside the scrum the S.W.B.'s were far too good for us.

Several members of the "cup" side should do well next year. Dmr. Smith, full-back, is an excellent kick and is a very good tackler. He must learn to keep cool under pressure and not to get flurried by the opposing forwards. L/Cpls. Beatty and Bentley are both promising wing three-quarters and should be useful with more experience. The half-backs, L/Sgt. Reed and Cpl. Quirk, are both very good indeed in attack, and kick well in defence, but their tackling and falling on the ball is definitely weak. Amongst the forwards Cpl. Bentley has hooked very well, and Dmr. Coles and Rct. Mitchell played well in the front row. Cpl. Boon played his usual plucky and fearless game.

A number of those who were not eligible to play in the Army Cup have played with the Halifax Club, namely, Sgt. Townend and Ptes. Bentley, Birch, Haigh and Milner, and are thus gaining valuable experience. L/Cpl. Frost (scrum-half), Pte. Bailey (fly-half or centre), Cpls. Annesley, Stork and Sheppard, L/Cpl. Spaven, L/Cpl. Trueman and Pte. Colbeck, all forwards, have been playing well and should do well next year.

2nd Lt. P. P. de la H. Moran (S.R.O.), brother of 2nd Lt. R. de la H. Moran (2nd Battalion), is doing an attachment. He is a very fine centre three-quarter, has a good knowledge of the game and is a very good coach. He has made a tremendous difference to our outsiders.

Mr. Harry Wilkinson, the old Halifax player and England international, has promised to bring a good team against us early in the new year. This should give our next season's cup side a good try-out.

We are out of the Cup for another season. Now, we are busy building another team for next season and hope for better results.

We take this opportunity of thanking Capt. W. J. F. Eassie, R.A.S.C., very much for his willing and efficient services as referee in both our home Cup matches.

**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.**—Since the beginning of the season there has been a fair amount of soccer activity. Numerous games have been played with the local departments, and to date the Bradford City Police alone have the distinction of lowering our colours.

Several of the recruits have been given the opportunity of playing with the Depot XI., with a view to enabling them to obtain that experience so necessary to the young player. Also several of the recent arrivals to the Depot family are able to give a quite useful account of themselves on the soccer field, although ostensibly rugger specialists.

The recruits put up a really gallant effort in the Command inter-depot cup competition, but it will be realised that with only two squads to pick from choice is naturally very restricted. Although we were not successful in winning any one of the games played, some extra keen football, if not of the ultra-scientific type, was seen and thoroughly enjoyed. Of the recruits, of whom we expect to hear later on as rendering good service to the Battalion, we may mention Ptes. Fidment, Thomas, Foster and McCombe.

Inter-squad games have been fairly numerous, and on several occasions the recruits have had the pleasure of beating the "old soldiers." The corporals have also given exhibitions to the sergeants (Sh! referred to elsewhere).

Although circumstances will not permit of a heavy fixture list, we have several games with local friends in the new year to look forward to.

**RIFLE CLUB.**—A team of eight was entered in the inter-depot cup competition held at Strensall, on Sunday, 23rd September, 1934. Practice for the competition was unfortunately much restricted by the weather and the location of the open range at Bradshaw, so that to run the winners (Depot West Yorks) to a margin of 3 points was a fairly creditable performance.

The team and scores were as follows:—Capt. H. A. Crommelin, 56; R.S.M. Coates, 74; C.S.M. Hemsworth, 46; Sgt. Brown, 59; L/Sgt. Reed, 58; Cpl. Bye, 52; Cpl. Boon, 36; L/Cpl. Padgett, 46; total, 427.

**DEPOT RIFLE MEETING.**—Owing to inclement weather the meeting was held on the 30 yards range on 29th and 30th October, 1934.

Results:—Match 1.—Individual championship—1, Cpl. Sheppard; 2, Sgt. Townend. Match 2.—Rapid fire—1, Sgt. Machen; 2, Sgt. Townend. Match 3.—L.A. pairs—1, Sgt. Townend and L/Sgt. Edley. Match 4.—Recruits' match—1, Pte. Rogers, 2, Pte. Race; 3, Pte. Morris. Match 5.—Officers v. Sergeants—1, Sergeants 339; 2, Officers 315.

The standard of firing throughout the meeting was very gratifying on the whole, particularly so, as it is proposed to be a little more ambitious next year with regard to the various rifle meetings which take place in the area.

At a friendly shoot held between the officers and sergeants a silver spoon was won by Sgt. Machen with a score of 66 out of a possible 75.

## REGIMENTAL MUSEUM.

Since the last publication of THE IRON DUKE we have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exhibits:—

Mme. Marthe McKenna (per Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench): Shoulder title, Duke of Wellington's Regiment (see page 197, No. 29, October, 1934, THE IRON DUKE).

Mr. W. Flather: History of D.W. Regiment, August, 1914—December, 1917.

A. W. Steele: Programme of "Waterloo" Troop, 17th June, 1905.

Sgt. H. Cubitt: Programme, presentation of Colours, 1925.

Mr. J. W. Paling: Order of service, dedication of War Memorial, May, 1923.

Lt.-Col. J. Spencer: Four officers' red tunics of different periods, German automatic pistol, various cartridges, riding crop made of wood taken from Kemmel Church, Belgian steel helmet.

Major E. M. Llewellyn: French bread ration tickets of Great War period, map of German water supplies, 1918.

R.S.M. E. Smith: Princess Mary's gift box as given to the troops at Christmas, 1914, complete with contents, Union Jack, hauled down on the evacuation of Turkey, Asia Minor, 1923.

R.S.M. H. Coates: Photo of handing over of barracks at Haida Pasha to the Turks, September, 1923.

Capt. J. Huffam, V.C.: Two cases of tropical butterflies and insects (Sierra Leone), two "Kissi" pennies.

There still remains ample room in the Museum for further exhibits, for which we shall be very grateful. Presentations and donations should be addressed to the Officer Commanding Depot The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, The Barracks, Halifax, Yorkshire, and these will be duly acknowledged.

## 4th BATTALION NEWS.

**S**INCE annual camp very little training has been carried out. The reduction in allowances for N.C.O.'s and men travelling to drills being mainly responsible for this state of affairs.

The Battalion as usual attended the Armistice Day memorial parades as follows:— "H.Q." Wing and "D" Company at Halifax, "B" and "C" Companies at Brighthouse and Cleckheaton respectively. The Drums had a particularly heavy day, buglers having to be sent to various towns and villages in the area, in addition to the parade at Halifax in the forenoon. In the afternoon, the Drums also attended the British Legion parade at Elland. The Commanding Officer and the R.S.M. laid wreaths on the Cenotaph at Halifax on behalf of officers and other ranks. On this day we were grieved to hear of the death of a very great friend, Alderman W. Crabtree, who during and after his term of office as Mayor of Halifax took a very keen interest in the work and welfare of the Battalion.

Our strength at the close of the training year was 13 officers and 501 other ranks. Every year we have expressed the hope that the Battalion would reach establishment, but so far our hopes have not been realised, and with a discharge list of 160 during 1935 it will be gratifying if our present strength is maintained.

At the time of writing our late Adjutant, Capt. S. B. Kington, is on his way to Nowshera. We wish him and Mrs. Kington a good voyage and a pleasant tour in India. We also sincerely trust that trunks Nos. 1 and 2 were safely hauled aboard, and that the suspicions of the C.I.D. were not aroused!!! We welcome Capt. C. R. T. Cumberlege, our new Adjutant, and Mrs. Cumberlege, and trust they will have a happy and enjoyable stay with us.



Since camp, Major G. H. Aykroyd has been transferred to the T.A. Reserve of Officers, and 2nd Lt. H. J. H. Gillam gazetted.

We extend hearty congratulations to our Commanding Officer on his being awarded the efficiency decoration, to Sgts. C. Scott and J. T. Boden on the award of the efficiency medal, to Major H. L. Grylls, Capt. L. E. A. Foster and Capt. R. Sugden on their promotion, and finally to Sgts. J. Bulmer and S. E. Code on obtaining their first class certificates of education during their tour of duty as permanent staff instructors. Sgt. Code has since rejoined the 1st Battalion on completion of his tour of duty, being relieved by Sgt. A. Holt.

**SERGEANTS' MESS.**—Our fortnightly whist drives continue to be much appreciated and well attended.

On 18th October we held a farewell smoking concert to Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning and Capt. S. B. Kington. This was very well attended and excellent items were given by members of the Mess. We were greatly honoured at this smoker by the attendance of the Colonel of the Regiment; we were also delighted to see the Depot Commander and Major C. W. G. Ince.

A fancy dress dance was held in the Mess on 24th November, about 80 members and friends being present; a feature of this affair was that every person was in fancy dress. It was a very enjoyable evening, but we have since wondered whether the gentleman who attended as Mephistopheles felt like H—1 the next morning, and why the representative "Mrs. May" was unable to work for three days the following week.

An innovation was made this year for the officers' and sergeants' shoot. These cups were fired for on Bradshaw range on 16th September, the sergeants being "At home" to the officers.

The officers' cup was won by Capt. R. Sugden, and the sergeants' cup by R.S.M. G. Lord and Sgt. A. James (tied); the wooden spoon was won by Sgt. A. Hardy.

## 5th BATTALION NEWS.

**I**T seems only yesterday we were sending the "News" and photographs for the "Territorial Number" to three separate addresses at once, and now the autumn contribution is due.

On the social side we must mention the officers' ball, held on the 16th November in our Drill Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Its popularity was evident by the large and enthusiastic attendance, the previous one having taken place just four years ago. The sergeants' annual dance was also, as usual, a great success.

On Armistice Sunday the Battalion paraded at the Huddersfield Parish Church. A guard of honour and the Colours were also paraded at the Great War Memorial in Greenhead Park. After the service the Battalion marched past the Mayor of Huddersfield (Alderman Albert Hirst), who took the salute. We were pleased to see such a large and smart parade of the Old Comrades' Association.

The Battalion prize distribution on 7th December was again one of our most successful and enjoyable functions. Gen. Sir Alexander E. Wardrop, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Northern Command, honoured us by presenting the prizes. The Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. K. Sykes, was supported on the platform by his sister, Mrs. W. A. Crowther, the Mayor and Mayoress of Huddersfield, the Brigade Commander, Col. J. C. Burnett and Mrs. Burnett, and the Member for the Borough, Mr. W. Mabane, M.P. We were also delighted to see Brig.-Gen. H. R. Headlam, who commanded the 1/5th Battalion in 1915-16 and is President of the Old Comrades' Association. The following is a list of the principal prize-winners:—

The "Mellor" Shield (for the most efficient all-round Company).—"H.Q." Wing, Huddersfield. The "Sykes" Cup (Inter-Company Team Physical Training Competition).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The "Hopkinson" Shield (for Tug-of-War).—"H.Q." Wing, Huddersfield. The "Bentley Shaw" Challenge Cup (for long range rifle fire).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The Officers' Cup (Rifle Competition).—Major R. C. Laurence. The "Chamber of Trades" Challenge Cup (marching and firing (rifle) combined).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The "Beaumont" Challenge Medal and "Zetland" Cup.—"Beaumont" Medal, Sgt. J. E. Waterhouse, "D" Company; "Zetland" Cup, "D" Company, Mirfield. The "Hirst" Challenge Bowl (for best Company at Drill).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The "Rippon" Cup (for best Company at Small Arms Training).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The "Carlile" Trophy (for Inter-Company Athletic Sports).—"B" Company, Holmfirth. The "Raynor" Cup (for most efficient Lewis Gun Team).—"B" Company, Holmfirth.

Certain interesting points were mentioned in the speeches. The Commanding Officer referred to the hardship on the really keen members of the Battalion entailed by the restricted bus fares, and also by the payment of marriage allowance being restricted to those over 26 years of age. Mr. Mabane said that only the previous day these two questions, amongst others, had been touched upon in the House of Commons, and from the answer we might reasonably expect some relief on these points next year.

On 24th November we dined Capt. H. B. Owen on the completion of his tour of duty as Adjutant of the Battalion; we are all very sorry to lose him, and he leaves many friends behind. We wish him and Mrs. Owen every success and happiness in the future. We also thank him for his gift to the Mess of two beautiful silver crested menu holders; incidentally this dinner opened our new dining room, of which we are very proud, even though the colour scheme has been a fruitful source of argument. The furniture is of light polished oak upholstered in green leather, the furnishings and hangings are buff and green. The heating of the room is thermostatically controlled and is of the new system of diffused electric radiation hidden in the ceiling. A dog-grate filled with electrically lighted logs, gives a realistic appearance of warmth and comfort; this grate is surmounted by the Regimental crest in stone.

This year we lose the services of Drum-Major H. T. Hanham after nearly 21 years' service with the Battalion. This N.C.O. has an almost unique record. He has been awarded the long service and good conduct medal for 18 years' service in the Regular Army, the Territorial efficiency medal for 12 years' service in the Territorial Army, and he has now been recommended for the efficiency medal (Territorial) for a further 12 years' service. He has actually served as a soldier for 45 years. His soldierly figure will be very much missed in the Battalion, and we wish him every success in the future.

The first distinguished conduct medal gained by the Battalion for gallantry in the field has been purchased by the Battalion. It was awarded to No. 2670. Cpl. H. Conroy, D.C.M., on 15th June, 1915, when he led out a party of stretcher bearers and a patrol into "no man's land" under heavy rifle fire, in order to bring in the body of an officer of the Battalion, who had been fatally wounded whilst on a patrol.

The Mess is indebted to Mrs. Demetriadi for the gift of a beautiful silver cigarette lighter in the shape of an ancient Roman lamp—in memory of her husband, the late Col. Demetriadi, Medical Officer to the Battalion from 1897 to 1914.

We welcome Capt. H. Harvey as our new Adjutant, and hope that he and Mrs. Harvey will be very happy with us. We also welcome 2nd Lt. D. S. C. Brierly, who has just joined us, more especially as he is the son of Col. S. C. Brierly, one of our past Commanding Officers. We congratulate Major J. W. Hirst, R.A.M.C. (T.), on his promotion to that rank.

Coming events cast their shadows before; on Saturday, 5th January, 1935, Col. the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood will open the new Drill Hall at Mirfield. This is a magnificent building and has filled a very great need, and it is hoped that it will be the means of keeping the Mirfield Company up to strength.

## 6th BATTALION NEWS.

IT is with deepest regret that we refer to the greivous loss sustained by our Adjutant, Capt. C. K. T. Faithfull. All ranks of the Battalion and their families feel deeply for Capt. Faithfull, and we are unanimous in expressing the fact that we are glad that Capt. Faithfull has decided to remain with the Battalion. Almost it seemed before the welcome of Capt. and Mrs. Faithfull to the Craven district had had time to develop into personal friendship this sad event occurred, and in the circumstances came with a greater shock. The memory of a most cheerful and happy disposition will always remain with us.

During the winter months very little is seen of the troops in uniform, but Armistice Week is annually the exception. This year it was decided to hold a Battalion parade at Headquarters, Skipton, on 11th Nov. Each company sent a detachment of 30 strong, and with the Colours on parade, led by the Band and Drums, the Battalion marched to church, followed by a splendid turn-out of ex-service men. The service, impressive in its solemnity, took place in the ancient Parish Church, and was conducted by the Rev. Canon R. S. Stoney, Rector and Rural Dean of Skipton, who received the Colours from Lt. R. M. Bateman and 2nd Lt. K. W. McHarg.

After the service, a hollow square was formed around the War Memorial. It was formed by the 6th Battalion ex-service men and women, the local Council and public officials, headed by the Chairman, Capt. J. Churchman, St. John Ambulance, Scouts and Guides, the Fire Brigade, Ladies' Nursing Division, representatives of the Friendly Society movement, and others. Wreaths were laid at the foot of the War Memorial and included those from All Ranks 6th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer), Ex-Officers' Association (Major T. P. Brighthouse), 2nd/6th O.C. Association, British Legion and others. After the Last Post, Silence and Reveille, the parade, under the command of Lt.-Col. J. S. Spencer, marched to the Cattle Market for dispersal. All officers attended this parade. A meal was arranged for the troops, and the officers entertained, among others, Col. F. Longden-Smith (late commanding) to lunch in the Mess.

During the afternoon additional parades were held at Bingley, Keighley and Barnoldswick. With detachments scattered over a large area, it is impossible in the circumstances to show the Colours in all parts of the district on the same day. The Band and Drums, however, paraded at Keighley with "D" Company, and with a large turn-out of ex-service men and a detachment of The Legion of Frontiersmen marched to Keighley Parish Church in charge of Lt. J. T. Bairstow. The service was ably and most appropriately conducted by the Padre, the Rev. Canon C. F. Hood, S.C.F., 49th (W.R.) Division.

The Headquarters and "C" (S.) Company ball was held at the Town Hall, Skipton, on 6th Dec. ; it proved to be a most enjoyable function and much credit is due to Capt. Pawson, R.S.M. Hardisty and the Committee for an excellent programme. It was gratifying to see so many friends of the 6th Battalion on parade, including Col. and Mrs. Chaffers, Col. F. Longden-Smith, Major Cass and many others too numerous to mention. One however was missing—Capt. John Churchman, and when it is stated that he would have been present if at all possible, it will be realised that he was, and still is, suffering much ill-health ; he is improving wonderfully, and all his many acquaintances of the Dukes will join with us and wish him full restoration to complete health to enable him to perform his numerous official and un-official activities in 1935.

Official intimation has just come to hand to the effect that the Battalion will camp at Scarborough in 1935. How time flies ! It seems but a short week-end since our camp at Redcar, in fact the sunburn has not yet worn off. A 6th man can be recognised by that V-shaped brown patch on his chest caused by sea air stencilled through the shirts, khaki, purchased by the unit and much appreciated by all. Having catered for the heat and fine weather, our C.O. is just wondering if it would not be as well to provide goatskins for Scarborough in case of snow. At any rate, a Happy New Year to everyone.

## 7th BATTALION NEWS.

AS we write these notes the event uppermost in our memory is a most enjoyable dinner and dance held at the George Hotel, Huddersfield, on 14th December. We will not attempt to separate the elements that go to make a successful evening, but when we dispersed at 3 a.m. or so everyone was unanimous in saying it was one of the most enjoyable dances they had ever attended.

It is worth recording, too, that we had the unusual experience of having to refuse applications for tickets as long as ten days before the date of the dance.

Our formal farewells to Col. Chambley, recorded in our last issue, were premature. We heard shortly after camp that his tenure of command was extended for another twelve months.

The year's musketry reached its climax in September and October in the visit of our teams to Strensall and in the Battalion rifle meeting. Unfortunately our good shots produce their best form at the wrong time. At Strensall both the rifle and machine gun teams occupied a more humble position than usual in the list of results; at Deerhill, on the other hand, there was some amazingly good shooting. In spite of a very strong cross wind, Sgt. Hirst, of "B" Company, won the Crossley Cup with a score of 115 out of a possible 130. The officers' cups did not change hands, Lt. Bridge and Capt. Tykiff repeating last year's successes. C.S.M. Thompson won the permanent staff cup and a newly instituted recruits' competition was won by Pte. Jones of "C" Company.

Since the rifle meeting there has been a complete cessation of activity except for the officers; for them classes and lectures have been held ranging over a wide diversity of subjects from the correct pronounciation of the word "halt" to the methodical giving out of battalion orders. We are looking forward to more of these interesting evenings.

On 18th November the Mossley detachment paraded with the Band to escort once again Sgt. Laming to church as Mayor of Mossley. Sgt. Laming appears, if that is possible, to grow more and more popular in Mossley, and we wish him every success in this, his second year, as Mayor.

We have to record, with our thanks, the receipt from Mrs. J. Taylor, of Greenfield, of a bridle with the badges of the 34th West Yorks Rifle Volunteers and an album of photographs of a camp held by that unit in Saddleworth in 1871. Both formerly belonged to her father-in-law, the late Lt.-Col. J. E. Taylor, who commanded the Battalion from 1875 till his death in 1879. We value very highly these records of our predecessors in voluntary military service.

## 1st Bn. THE YORKTON REGIMENT NEWS.

Yorkton, Sask.

THE year has been a very successful one from all viewpoints. The standard of training was high, and the Regiment won second place in the Saskatchewan Infantry Association cup, and first place in the Provincial Signals competition. Lt. W. R. Pickering and his signallers are congratulated by all ranks for their splendid showing.

The summer camp of 1934 proved to be the best of recent years. The various regiments of Military District No. 12, although brigaded in camp, maintained their identity for administration and training, and it was felt by all ranks that great benefit was derived. An interesting bivouac scheme was directed by our G.S.O., Major M. H. S. Penhale, and although the writer was not in at the "kill," the smiles of the G.S.O. at a subsequent social function told the story of a successful "stunt." The narrative of the scheme was a masterpiece in itself, and worthy of inclusion in forthcoming District publications.

Congratulations are extended to our O.C., Major S. L. Waterman, who has obtained the qualification of the rank of Lt.-Colonel, and whose gazette will doubtless have appeared

by the time these notes are read ; also to Capt. E. A. Crosthwaite, on his obtaining qualification as Major. We welcome Hon. Lt. and Q.M. E. H. Carter to our unit. A provisional school of instruction is slated for us early in the year, and already a nominal roll of thirty-eight has been returned. As Part 2 may be taken at school in camp, this will materially assist company commanders, and will make the fight for the regimental efficiency cup even keener.

For the year 1934, " C " Company were the winners of the efficiency cup, and " B " Company won the cross country cup.

The Band is going strong, and is now equipped in their new scarlet uniforms. Activities have been numerous during the past year, and there is a demand for their services for various functions from time to time. Many concerts have also been staged with great success. Word is just to hand that the following officers have passed their equitation course :—Lt. H. L. King, Lt. and Adj. J. D. Ruddy and Lt. E. C. Watson. C.S.M. Milburn also won high marks in the small arms course at Sarcee Camp, and is to be congratulated. Major H. M. Lovell and Capt. I. E. Berner are busy at Regina on their Militia staff course, and we wish them luck.

Winter activities are well under way, and both from a social and training point of view, all ranks will be kept busy.

A banquet has been arranged for the officers of the Garrison, and a social and dance for all ranks will follow the provisional school. Officers from Military District 12, Regina, have promised to attend both these functions, as well as Reserve and ex-officers from Yorkton and outside points, so good times are anticipated.

[We feel our readers would like to know how much our allied Regiment values their link with us, and we print below a letter from Major I. A. N. Beadle who is sub-editor for THE IRON DUKE.—ED.]

Yorkton, Sask., 9th November, 1934.

My dear Colonel,

Please find attached some notes from this unit. I have been very remiss in the immediate past, but the changes in our Regiment have been somewhat overpowering in their rapidity and difficult to keep pace with. However, we are somewhat more settled now, and activities are under way ; as is administration.

May I take this opportunity of wishing you a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year. Although I have not had the pleasure of meeting you, THE IRON DUKE is a fine link, and invaluable to us out here. We feel we know what is going on and are not a little proud of our association with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and all that it means ; especially to an old Imperial.

My old regiment is The Royal West Kent Regiment, and I am fully aware of the keen attachment and friendly feeling between the Regular and Territorial units of that regiment. I quite often make a point of telling the men here just how " big " a regiment really is in its tradition and far-reaching association : something which is quite new to them, and never fully realised. THE IRON DUKE goes a long way to help us reach that condition of " prideful discipline " so necessary to a good regiment.

Again all best wishes for the festive season,

Yours sincerely,

I. A. N. BEADLE.

## 33rd BATTALION AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY NEWS.

WE print below extracts from a letter received by Lt.-Col. G. S. W. Rusbridger, commanding 1st Battalion, from Lt.-Col. W. S. Forsyth, commanding 33rd Battalion Australian Infantry. The letter was written from Armidale, New South Wales, towards the end of last August, soon after Colonel Forsyth's return to Australia from England, where he spent a few weeks last spring, during which, it will be remembered, he visited the 1st Battalion at Aldershot :—

" First of all, having arrived chez moi, I want to express the great pleasure I had in meeting you and your officers, and to thank you and Mrs. Rusbridger for your personal

hospitality to me during my much too short visit to Aldershot. Among many pleasant days during our absence from Australia, I place the Aldershot visit in the first flight.

"Perhaps, some day we may meet again; my voyaging ambitions are by no means satisfied yet; and you will surely come to this country some day.

"Our return voyage on the *Maloja* was very comfortable and gave us further opportunities for exploration at various ports of call. We found our large family well, and had a boisterous welcome when we got back to Armidale.

"The 33rd Battalion grew during my absence and ever since there has been a steady flow of volunteers of the right type; while we have now practically completed the selection of officers up to present establishment.

"The Regimental officers welcomed me back at a dinner party at Tamworth (part of our training area), and we had a week-end exercise on the same occasion.

"There will be another two days' exercise on 1st and 2nd September, and we join the 1st Infantry Brigade on 23rd September for seven days' continuous training at Rutherford, which is the Brigade mobilization area.

"So, after being disbanded for 4½ years, the Battalion is now on duty again, and we are hoping to make a good show. So far no other provincial battalion has been re-formed, but I note that the Commonwealth Defence Vote for the year 1934-35 has been considerably increased, mostly for coast defence, naval and air service departments."

## H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

Portsmouth,  
December, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Little of interest has occurred in the last few months. Since last writing our time has been fully occupied with our normal service training routine—gunnery school firings, torpedo trials, air bombing trials, etc.

Someone has a brain wave and invents a new gadget, the Admiralty then think where they will try it out, the answer is invariably H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, so along it comes. However, it is all very interesting and keeps life from becoming too monotonous.

Except for a fortnight at Portland, our time has been spent at Portsmouth.

Our first commission in our present state is drawing to a close, as on 20th February the ship is being paid off after a two years' and four months' commission as a gunnery firing ship. She is to be re-commissioned on that date for further service in the same capacity.

Capt. H. C. Allen is leaving us early in January to take up the appointment of "Senior Officer, Reserve Fleet, the Nore." He is being relieved by Capt. F. H. G. Walker, who comes to us from an appointment at Bermuda.

Unfortunately not having spent much time at Portland we were unable to take part in the Portland football league in which we distinguished ourselves so well last year.

A ship's inter-part football league has been started, and we hope to have it completed by the end of January.

We are now commencing Christmas leave, and on 14th January we sail for Plymouth, where we are to carry out rough weather gyro trials. For these trials it is essential that we should get the ship to roll, and, if the Atlantic provides its January weather, this should be too easy.

Wishing the Regiment the very best of luck in 1935,

We are, yours sincerely,

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*.

## THE OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

### THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

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

**D**URING the period of the year 1st July to 14th December, 1934, we have again to record that fewer applications for assistance were received than in the corresponding period of last year : 139 applications for 1934 against 157 for 1933 and 176 for 1932. The decrease for two consecutive years may be due, in a measure, to better prospects of employment, and also to the efforts of the job finders of the Regular Forces Employment Association and of the British Legion.

Eighty-seven applications have been received from those who formerly served with the 1st and 2nd Battalions, 48 of whom were assisted by grants (£82 19s. 5d.), three by loans (£15) and four with clothing only. Four were not recommended or were not members, eleven did not reply to queries, seven served with either Territorial Battalions or other Battalions of the Regiment for whom no funds are held, and nine cases are still awaiting the result of investigations. 3rd Battalion : Sixteen applications have been received, of which ten have been assisted (£2 13s. 0d.) and six were not assisted for various reasons. 9th Battalion. : Ten applications, nine of which have been assisted (£23 0s. 0d.), and one was not recommended. 10th Battalion : Twelve applications, six of which have been assisted (£14 0s. 0d.), two refused for different reasons and four are still in course of investigation.

At the last general meeting of the Association, held at the Depot on the 15th October last, it was proposed that a proportion of the outstanding cash balance should be invested. The Trustees have accordingly purchased £600 3 per cent. War Loan at a cost of £636 9s. 6d.

Gifts of clothing have been received from the following during the past four months :— Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley, Capt. T. St. G. Carrol, Major R. O'D. Carey, Mr. E. M. Ward and C.S.M. Hensworth.

Donations have been received from the Northern Command Trust Fund (£10) and from the Aldershot Command Trust (£25) out of the profits of the respective Command Tattoos.

The annual general meeting of the Association took place in the Depot Corporals' Mess on Saturday, 20th October, 1934, about 61 members being present. Our President, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, took the chair. A summary of the proceedings appears in the Annual Report for 1933-1934.

After the meeting the annual dinner took place at the Alexandra Café, King Edward Street, Halifax, Brig.-Gen. P. A. Turner, The Colonel of The Regiment, presiding. The following were present :—

Col. J. C. Burnett, Lt.-Col. G. S. W. Rusbridger, Majors R. O'D. Carey, T. H. Gillam, Sir Robert Henniker, C. W. G. Ince, H. Kelly, V.C., Capts. J. Chatterton, J. Churchman, W. J. Clarke, H. A. Crommelin, C. K. T. Faithfull, D. W. Foster, J. V. Gibson, S. B. Kington, C. Oliver, H. B. Owen, J. W. Scott, R. A. Scott, R. Booth Scott, R. Wood, Lts. W. Callaghan, H. Evans, G. Foster, T. V. Laverack, C. W. B. Orr, E. J. Readings, W. Shorthouse, H. C. Harker Taylor. Depot.—R.S.M. H. Coates, R.Q.M.S. O. Ramsbottom, C.S.M. F. Hensworth, C/Sgt. (O.R.S.) E. Alexander, Sgt. T. Sharman. 1st Battalion.—R.S.M. E. Smith, R.Q.M.S. E. Hawley, Q.M.S. (O.R.S.) T. Norman, C.S.M.'s H. Clinch, J. Glasby, T. McMahon, C.Q.M.S. A. Fitter, Sgts. E. R. Ashmore, G. Burgoyne, D. Daykin, B. Hearsom, A. James, A. E. Maltby, T. Myatt, G. Townsend, L/Sgts. M. Foy, S. Gill, J. W. Green, S. Cadwallender, L. Sullivan, Cpls. P. Blake, A. England, W. Stead, O. Teale, L/Cpls. J. A. Ellis, A. Norris, W. Robson, G. Shires, Pte. C. Birch, R.S.M. H. Hardisty, C.S.M. F. Jowett of the 6th and 7th Battalions respectively. Messrs. J. R. Ackroyd, A. E. Armitage, A. Bailey, B. Bennett, B. Booth, J. Bravery, W. H. Brook, T. W. Burrell, E. Carney, G. Carney, T. Chambers, H. Crawford, J. W. Crossley, C. L. Dickson, F. Dockar, T. Duckett, M. Dunn, A. J. East, A. K. Fillans, A. Gill, W. D. Gleave, J. M. Graham, G. Hall, W. Harris, W. R. Hartley, J. Jagger, N. Jarman, J. T. Kennedy, J. Kerwin, W. Lambert, H. W. Marshall, A. Marsland, W. H. Mears, T. Melville, M. W. Norman, R. Norris, F. A. O'Kelly, J. W. Paling, J. Partridge, A. C. Payne, H. C. Pearson, E. Pogson, T. Power,

J. Rollinson, J. Rushton, G. F. Schofield, C. Shea, T. Shorrocks, A. Simpson, D. Smith, G. Storey, A. E. Tanner, W. Taylor, F. W. Thomas, A. Thompson, E. M. Ward, C. L. Waterhouse, F. Wootton, J. Yaxley and H. W. Harwood.

The reporter for the *Yorkshire Observer & Halifax Courier & Guardian* also attended the dinner. He was present at our first dinner in October, 1913, as representative of the *Halifax Courier*, and has attended every dinner of the O.C.A. held in the North since.

After the toast of "The Regiment" had been honoured, General Turner made the only speech of the evening. Since their last dinner, he said, General Sir Herbert Belfield, who had been Colonel of the Regiment for nearly 25 years, had died. Only those who had worked with him knew how hard he had striven for the Regiment. His passing had, indeed, been a great loss.

They had also lost their patron, the old Duke of Wellington. The last time he saw the Duke was at the funeral of Sir Herbert Belfield. He attended that service in a charmingly quiet way, just slipping into his seat, entirely unaccompanied by any A.D.C. Not only had they lost those two, but some 30 members whom they now remembered. For a moment the company stood silently in memory of them.

General Turner read messages from the Editor of THE IRON DUKE, a letter from "Tiger" Westbrook, and from Benjamin Haigh, "who was certainly up in the first Matabele War," and now wrote, "I could not now do one of Freddie Powell's early morning doubles." (Laughter.) He had written to the new Duke of Wellington asking him to be patron of the Regiment, and the Duke had readily accepted the invitation. (Applause.)

It was now just 21 years since the Association held its first meeting, in the adjoining part of the building, then known as the Café Royale. At their general meeting that day they had passed a special vote of thanks to their secretary, Mr. J. W. Paling, a resolution all would receive with pleasure.

They had set up—and the first meeting had just been held—a local committee to look after their memorial chapel in York Minster, the committee being Col. J. C. Burnett, Capt. A. G. Smith and Lt. W. J. Clarke. As these three lived in the North, they could do the work best, and as Lt. Clarke had been their representative for six years, his experience would be very useful.

An interesting fact was that the commanding officer of our Allied Regiment, the 33rd Australian Infantry, had paid a visit to this country. Unfortunately his illness had prevented many of them from meeting him, but Col. Rusbridger and officers 1st Battalion had had the pleasure of entertaining him. Since returning to Australia, the commander had written that after only having been a skeleton force the Regiment was now putting on flesh and was really becoming a live unit.

There had been so many successes in the 1st and 2nd Battalions that he could not recount them all. The 1st Battalion had done very well in the transport competition at Aldershot, and had won the Aldershot Command rigger cup. The 2nd Battalion had won the Assam rigger cup, and also got into the final of the All India cup at Calcutta, but could not overcome their opponents who had no less than five or six internationals in their team.

He was present at the Territorial camp at Redcar, where they put up an excellent show. Before camp the Brigade had had two outstanding successes, the 4th Battalion were the first infantry unit in the Territorial Army signalling competition, and the 7th Battalion had had their fifth success in the cross country competition.

An amusing incident occurred over a telegram sent by Colonel C. J. Pickering on the day of the O.C.A. dinner. The telegram read:—

Dukewells Alexandra Café, Halifax. Colonel Pickering sends heartiest greetings, and regrets inability to be with you this evening.



The telegram was not received in time to be read out at the dinner by the Chairman, and the explanation which follows is contained in a letter from the Manager of the Alexandra Café :—

22nd October, 1934.

Dear Sir,

I enclose herewith a telegram which was received by us just after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening last, and which unfortunately was handed to the best man at Miss Duckwell's wedding. The bride and groom had already left, and the telegram was returned to me by the bride's mother this afternoon.

I trust you will accept my apologies for the error that has occurred, and which is due to the fact that the telegram was handed to the commissionaire on attendance at Miss Duckwell's wedding, and he, of course, did not connect the name "Dukewells" with your Regiment.

#### 4th BATTALION.

Although the number of unemployed is smaller in Halifax than it has been for years, the Association still functions and its usefulness is not yet ended.

Applications for help cover a wide field. Men who were not "locals" finding themselves in difficulties apply to their old Regimental Comrades' Association, and their appeals receive a sympathetic hearing and often a ready response. Recent applications have been received from London, Edinburgh, Durham, Sheffield and Hull.

The help given this year has made a severe drain upon the funds of the Association, and it has been found necessary to sell some stock in order to clear the bank overdraft. The serious position of the finances of the Association has caused the Committee to issue an appeal locally for further support, and it is hoped that a sum of at least £200 will be raised.

The service at the Halifax Parish Church on Sunday, 28th October, for ex-service men was largely attended, and a good number of old 4ths paraded under the charge of Major E. P. Learoyd.

The Armistice service at the Cenotaph gathered the largest crowd for many years. The Old Comrades under Major Learoyd, paraded, and made a fine show; it is questionable whether the parade has ever been larger.

The new year will soon be upon us, and it means for the Association preparation for the annual dinner and re-union. The guest this year is the Secretary, Lt.-Col. A. L. Mowat; nothing could be more fitting than that the Association should honour one who has been the life and soul of the organisation. There is sure to be a monster crowd.

The Association is exceedingly proud to record the honour paid to our co-Secretary, Lt.-Col. W. F. Denning, by his elevation to the Bench.

#### 9th BATTALION.

The 9th Battalion re-union dinner will be held at the Rawson Hotel, Darley Street, Bradford, on Saturday, 23rd February, 1935, at 6 p.m. Tickets, 2/6 each, can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. Fletcher, 5 Water Lane, Halifax. The Rawson Hotel is managed by Major Kelly, V.C., late of the 10th Battalion.

Old comrades of the 9th Battalion may be interested to hear news of Major L. C. Swanston, who in a letter to Lt.-Col. M. V. le P. Trench, says :—"It is 17 years since we were at Arras together and a lot of things have happened since then. I left the 9th Battalion in November, 1917, when we were at Paschendale, and arrived in India in February, 1918, and was posted to the 1st Kumaon Rifles, a hill regiment composed entirely of Kumaonis, whose country joins with Nepal on the east and Garhwal on the north. They are a fine lot of men. I went to Palestine with them and was in the final push through at the Battle of Sharon on 19th September, 1918, where I was commanding a company and got the M.C. From December, 1918, to April, 1919, we were stationed at Sidi-Bish, Alexandria, and were in the Egyptian riots, being split up, guarding the railway between Tanto and Cairo. After that bit of excitement we were stationed at

Cairo, and I was made staff captain to the 31st Infantry Brigade and held the job till the brigade was broken up. My battalion went on to Constantinople with the Army of Occupation and I joined them there in February, 1920, but was appointed staff captain to the D.A.A.G. Army H.Q. in Constantinople. I returned with my regiment to India in June, 1922, and in 1924 we went up to Chitral for two years. We went to Waziristan in 1930, and came back to India in 1932, and are now stationed in Delhi doing Viceroy's guard. . . . I have not come across the 2nd Battalion of the Dukes, but don't think I should know anybody in them. Although I was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion, I never served with them."

Lt. (as he was then) Swanston was wounded by a shell which burst at the entrance of Battalion H.Q. dugout in the line near Gavrelle in May, 1917, while he was acting adjutant, Capt. G. P. Bennett, the adjutant, having been left in reserve for that trip. He was invalided to England, but rejoined the 9th Battalion after a short spell at home. Major Swanston is now married.

### 10th BATTALION.

Although there were undoubtedly one or two directions in which improvement might have been made, all those who participated in the second annual re-union dinner and memorial parade of the 10th (S.) Battalion O.C.A. in Bradford on Saturday and Sunday, 27th and 28th October, 1934, were agreed that the functions were highly successful.

There can be little doubt that the main contributories to the success were Lt.-Gen. Sir James M. Babington, formerly commanding the 23rd Division and later the XIVth Corps, and Lt.-Col. S. S. Hayne—affectionately known as "Slasher"—who commanded the 10th Battalion on the Somme and left the unit soon after its arrival in the Ypres Salient in 1916. It was considered to be a great achievement to have secured their attendance; but the thanks of the O.C.A. were equally due to them because General Babington—now 80 years of age—travelled all the way from Kelso in Scotland and Col. Hayne "came up" from far-off Eastbourne. Their enthusiasm in undertaking such long journeys will long be remembered by those who welcomed them in Bradford.

Major C. Bathurst, too, now home from the East, was a welcome guest. He had the distinction—at least the rank and file of the Battalion call it that!—of taking the original "mob" from Halifax to Frensham in 1914. At various times—including the Messines Battle in 1917—he commanded the unit and was always a most popular officer. The years have dealt very kindly with him. Indeed, the only change in him one could notice was that he now sports a monocle! Others present included Majors J. C. Bull, W. N. Town and H. Kelly, V.C., Capt. the Rev. H. W. Todd (formerly the Battalion's "Padre" overseas), Capt. the Rev. T. J. Williams (Hon. Chaplain), Capt. R. S. S. Ingram, R. Bolton, D. W. P. Foster (whose last re-union this was destined to be), F. H. Baume, W. Oldfield and F. L. D. Barker, Lts. S. R. Wilson, E. L. M. Lumb, Fred Dyson, S. B. Airey, A. A. Jackson, W. G. Wade, W. J. Simpson and J. R. Dickinson. It was also gratifying to have the presence, as guests, of Major R. O'D. Carey (commanding the Depot) and Lt. H. C. H. Taylor (the Depot Adjutant) who so lavishly entertained the O.C.A. during the summer. Over all presided the genial Chairman of the O.C.A., Major R. Harwar Gill.

On this occasion the gathering—comprising 221 men—was held in the new Co-operative Society Café in Southgate. This enabled the whole company to sit down together and the only regrettable feature was that there was a terrific clatter of dishes in the kitchen at one end of the café whilst speeches were being delivered at the other end! However, that apart, the move to the café was decidedly popular.

The speeches were commendably brief. Indeed, they were almost too short, for the proceedings were entirely over soon after 9 p.m. and, in view of the previous year's experience, the Committee had deemed it inadvisable to arrange any entertainment—other

than liquid refreshment of course! However, the men found it quite easy to occupy themselves yarning over old times and exchanging anecdotes concerning incidents in which they and their pals were once engaged. Incidentally, the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer—who were on the orderly room staff—found the solution of a “row” concerning a missing chit which occurred at Gambellara (Italy) when Lt. C. E. Agar was acting as adjutant in the temporary absence of Capt. L. N. Phillips.

His Majesty the King sent an acknowledgment of the O.C.A.’s message of loyalty, and waiting at the Café were three letters from Lt.-Col. F. W. Lethbridge, who now lives in the South of France, but who commanded the 10th Battalion in France and Italy. It is possible his thoughtfulness in writing to his former Divisional commander, Major Gill, and the Hon. Secretary produced the profoundest impression of anything that happened during the evening. It was splendid to hear how this popular officer regarded his General and his men, and how, despite the distance which separated them, he wished to take what part he could in their re-union. Everybody hopes that one day Col. Lethbridge will be able to attend a re-union in person. What an “attraction” he would be with his burly figure and beaming smile; and how popular.

General Babington, in proposing “The O.C.A.,” spoke of the fine fighting material always to be found in the Battalion, and said the men had “a spirit that nothing on earth could discourage.” He addressed the gathering as “comrades of the Great War”—a gesture which was not lost upon the men—and finally said, “I can assure you from the bottom of my heart that the goodwill of those I served with during the War is a possession which I would not exchange for anything that this world can give or take away.”

The response came from Colonel Hayne, after musical honours had been accorded General Babington. He addressed his men as “boys” and recalled the occasion upon which he left the Battalion “in that delightful and salubrious village called Ypres.” He slyly suggested that there was more in his habit of carrying a hunting crop in the line than perhaps his “boys” realised. They nicknamed him “Slasher,” but he knew General Babington was a cavalry officer and a rider to hounds and thought that he might appreciate the usefulness of such “an excellent little weapon.” He admitted that he was “proud to have commanded such a magnificent lot of fellows and to feel that one has so many friends amongst you after all these years.”

The health of the Chairman was admirably proposed by Major Bull, and Major Gill responded in equally felicitous vein, whilst as soon as he sat down there were calls for Major Bathurst, “Padre” Todd, the Hon. Secretary and “Padre” Williams.

On the following day between 170 and 180 officers and men paraded under General Babington and marched to the Bradford Cenotaph for a memorial service conducted by Capts. Todd and Williams. The column was headed by the full Band and Drums of the 4th Battalion—by kind permission of Lt.-Col. H. H. Aykroyd (officer commanding), who also undertook to defray half the cost of engaging the men (a gesture highly appreciated by the O.C.A.)—and the route was right through the centre of the city. A fine crowd collected around the War Memorial, where Capt. Todd delivered the address. Finally, the drums and bugles sounded “The Last Post” and “Reveille.” Then General Babington laid a wreath on behalf of the 23rd Division to the memory of all ranks of the Division who lost their lives during the War, and Colonel Hayne laid a similar tribute to the memory of the men of the Battalion. Another brisk march back to the motor park in Bank Street and dismissal by General Babington—after he had spoken a few words of farewell in so feeling a manner that some eyes became a little misty—and another year’s celebrations concluded.

It ought to be mentioned, perhaps, that the annual meeting was held before the re-union dinner and that Major Gill was re-elected chairman, whilst the hon. treasurer (Mr. Harold Bray) reported that the O.C.A. had finished its first year with a balance in hand of £15 18s. 9d.

It was with profound regret that the O.C.A. heard of the death of Capt. D. W. P. Foster, their old Quartermaster and a member of the Committee of the Association since its inception, on 23rd November. Few of those present at the 1934 re-union dinner and memorial parade realised that those would prove to be the last occasions upon which Capt. Foster would be amongst them, although some members commented that their former Quartermaster did not look at all well at either function. Probably, he would have been better advised to have stayed at home, but his keen enthusiasm for the O.C.A. induced him to join his Divisional Commander and the officers and men of his old Battalion in their celebrations. Now that he is gone, we realise and appreciate that it must have been something of a trial for him. At the funeral at Mirfield Parish Church on 27th November the O.C.A. were represented by Major R. Harwar Gill, Mr. D. R. Auty (formerly C.Q.M.S. of "B" Company), Mr. E. Dracup and Mr. George R. Goodchild (Hon. Secretary). Amongst the floral tributes, too, was a wreath from the general membership of the O.C.A.

The Association took part officially—though only fractionally in a numerical sense—in the parade of Bradford ex-service men on Armistice Day. Major H. Kelly, V.C., was in command of our contingent.

On 8th December Lt. E. L. M. Lumb represented the Association at the re-union dinner of the 5th Battalion at Huddersfield, and representatives of the O.C.A. were present at the annual ball of the warrant officers, staff sergeants and sergeants of the 6th Battalion The West Yorkshire Regiment, at Belle Vue Barracks, Bradford, on 14th December. The invitations to these functions were very highly appreciated—not only because of the comradely spirit they showed but on account of the indication they gave that the 10th Battalion O.C.A. is becoming widely known and recognised throughout the West Riding.

## Nowshera, Fifty Years Ago.

[At our request, Colonel A. A. Curran has very kindly written the following account of Nowshera as he remembers it fifty years ago, when the 1st Battalion was stationed there.—Ed.]

I was only there for a short time, as I went home to the Depot. Fifty years is a long time to look back, and I think the general opinion in those days was that if you had been to Nowshera the best thing to do was to try and forget it.

It was a small, unpopular station lying close to the line to Peshawar, and the railway station had not even been completed, for I can remember tickets being issued from a tent. It was not safe to go many miles away without an escort and the place was surrounded by the most expert rifle thieves in the world. The men's rifles were chained together and secured at night. Yet, on one occasion the thieves got a whole stand of arms as far as the barrack room door when one of the men fortunately woke up and raised the alarm.

The garrison was small—a battalion of British infantry (less a detachment at Attock and details at Cherat), a native cavalry regiment and a native infantry regiment. There was little to occupy the men after the daily parade—for field and battalion training were unknown in those days—and it was deadly dull for them, especially in the terrific heat, enduring for some five months.

There were no rains to speak of save a few showers about Christmas time, but dust storms cooled the air occasionally and earthquakes were not unknown. One such brought us all out of our quarters, and I remember the quarter-master, as he watched a swaying tree, saying, "Law, this is the finest earthquake I ever saw." The said quarter-master was Bill Ames. Alas! how few there are who now remember him and his stories, though as to the latter, well, perhaps it's as well they have passed into oblivion—anyhow, they wouldn't pass the Editor's blue pencil.



**10th BATTALION OLD COMRADES AT THE BRADFORD CENOTAPH.**

Right to left (front rank).—Lt.-Gen. SIR J. M. BABINGTON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (formerly G.O.C.-in-C. the 23rd Division), Major H. KELLY, V.C., Major J. C. BULL, M.C., the late Capt. D. W. P. FOSTER, Lt.-Col. S. S. HAYNE, D.S.O., Capt. R. BOLTON, M.C., Lt. S. R. WILSON, Major W. N. TOWN, Mr. G. R. GOODCHILD (Hon. Sec.).  
 Rear rank.—Major R. HARWAR GILL, D.S.O., Lt. E. L. M. LUMB, Capt. R. S. S. INGRAM, Lt. J. R. DICKINSON (between Major Kelly and Major Bull).  
 Before the microphone.—Capt. the Rev. T. J. WILLIAMS, M.C. T.D., C.F., (T.A.).



Pte. Marron, 1st Battalion.



C Sgt. R. A. Smith (O.R.S.), 2nd Battalion.



GENERAL SIR HUGH ROWLANDS, V.C., K.C.B.

Regarding this earthquake, a few nights afterwards there was a terrific thunderstorm and a certain senior married officer, waking up, seized the bedclothes, said, "Come along, Loo, here's another one worse than the last." and was making for the open spaces. Loo said, "Don't be a fool, Fred." Then he grasped the situation, but released the bedclothes, and so to bed again.

To return to more serious matters, Nowshera was not perhaps, for the officers, an exciting place, but, notwithstanding its reputation, I really think we were quite happy there. We were a very united family and our association with the 18th Bengal Lancers was a most happy one. I think it was under their tuition that the foundation was laid of the polo team which afterwards became famous. Also working together, "The Dukes" and the 18th Bengal Lancers made a cricket ground and planned a racecourse, which I fancy exists to this day.

That crack corps, "The Guides," used to ask us out hawking, but to me it seemed a poor sport compared with hunting the boar or the fox.

A. A. C.

## Our Celebrities.

PTE. T. W. MARRON, 1ST BATTALION.

With eighteen years' service, of which eleven were served abroad, Marron is well known in both Battalions as "Busty." In his time he has done yeoman service in various branches of Battalion sport, especially with the 2nd Battalion rugger team, whom he assisted in many lands, including Egypt, Malaya and Borneo.

After his years of travel, he has now given up the strenuous life of an N.C.O. and has accepted a more congenial post in the Q.M. stores. Here he exercises his brain in counting necessaries, and his body in chasing moths. He has not yet, however, succeeded in fitting himself into any of his own stock sizes of clothing.

He has recently married a wife, but in spite of avoirdupois and matrimony can still be seen giving a good account of himself on the sports field either as player or referee. Occasionally he turns masseur, and many have cause to remember Busty and his rubbing. He continues to serve with the Battalion, and is looking forward to a tour in the island of "yells, bells, smells and Hells" (Byron).

Taken all round, he may be described as a really "stout fellow."

C/SGT. R. A. SMITH (O.R.S.), 2ND BATTALION.

There was once a story called "Leave it to Psmith," and Psmith, if we remember rightly, was a man of infinite resource and many accomplishments. We have a Smith just like that; you can safely leave most things to him (we suspect that a small barrel of beer left to him in your will would be quite acceptable).

C/Sgt. Smith joined the Battalion as a boy at Sheffield in 1920 and was posted (?) to the tailors' shop; however he soon deserted this for the safety of the orderly room, where he has remained ever since; he was promoted corporal in 1927, sergeant in 1930, and colour-sergeant in December, 1933.

It must not be supposed that C/Sgt. Smith has spent the whole of his service sitting in an office chair refusing applications to keep dogs and helping misguided officers on the straight and narrow path; that would be quite an erroneous idea. He has represented the Battalion at cricket, hockey and football and also on occasions run, boxed and thrown various heavy instruments in the sports. Although lately he has put on just a little weight, he has by no means ceased to be a mainstay of Battalion sides.

There is not the space to tell of all his social activities, but it is enough to say that no concert or entertainment is complete without his songs and monologues.

One word more: "Tiny" Smith, weight umpteen stone and height something over six foot, owns Peter, the smallest dog in barracks; a very good pair.

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

PART II. (continued from p. 203, No. 29, October, 1934.)

OUR REGIMENTAL V.C.S.

**Numb.** 21971.

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S U P P L E M E N T

TO

**The London Gazette.**

*Of TUESDAY, the 24th of FEBRUARY, 1857.*

**Published by Authority.**

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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.
41st Regiment.	Brevet-Major Hugh Rowlands	For rescuing Colonel Haly, of the 47th Regiment, from Russian soldiers, Colonel Haly having been wounded and surrounded by them, and for gallant exertions in holding the ground occupied by his advanced picquet against the enemy, at the commencement of the Battle of Inkerman.



General Sir Hugh Rowlands, as will be seen from the extract of the *London Gazette* on the preceding page, gained his V.C. whilst an officer of the 41st Regiment, now the 1st Battalion of The Welch Regiment. He did not become connected with The Duke of Wellington's Regiment till after he had retired, when in 1897 he was appointed Colonel of the Regiment, which post he held until his death in 1909.

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

"ROWLANDS, HUGH, Brevet Major; born in 1829, son of John Rowlands, Esq., J.P., D.L. (Carnarvonshire), and Elizabeth Hartwell. He obtained his first commission at the age of 20 as Ensign in the 41st Foot, becoming Captain in August, 1854. In the latter year, he proceeded with his regiment to the Crimea and was present at the Battle of Alma, the repulse of the Russian sortie of 26 Oct., and for his gallantry at the Battle of Inkerman—where he was severely wounded—was awarded the Victoria Cross (*London Gazette*, 24 Feb., 1857): 'Hugh Rowlands, Brevet Major, 41st Regt. For having rescued Col. Haly, of the 47th Regt., from Russian soldiers, Col. Haly having being wounded and surrounded by them, and for gallant exertions in holding the ground occupied by his advance picquet against the enemy at the commencement of the Battle of Inkerman.' His name appeared in the first list of recipients of the new decoration. On recovery from his wounds he rejoined his regiment and took part in the work of the Siege of Sebastopol, including the attack on the Quarries, 7 June, two attacks on the Rifle Pits, and also the two attacks on the Redan on 18 June and 8 Sept., being again wounded. In addition to the Victoria Cross, he received the Medal with three clasps, was promoted Major by brevet, appointed a Knight of the Legion of Honour, awarded the 5th Class of the Medjidie and the Turkish Medal, and nominated a Companion of the Bath (1875). In 1866 he succeeded to the command of his regiment, and from May, 1875, to 1878 he also commanded the 34th Regt., attaining in the meantime the rank of Colonel. In 1867 he married Isabella Jane, the daughter of T. J. R. Barrow, Esq., R.N., of Ryelands, Gloucestershire. In 1878 he was employed on special service at Luneberg, South Africa, and commanded the troops in action with the Kaffirs at Tolako Mountain, for which service he was mentioned in Despatches and received the Medal and clasp. He was promoted Major-General in 1881, Lieut.-General in 1890, and General in 1894, and filled in succession various appointments both at home and in India, the more important being the command of a 1st Class District in Madras from 1884 to 1889, the office for a few months of Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and the command of the Scottish district from 1894 to 1896, when he retired from the active list. In 1897 he was appointed Colonel of the West Riding Regt., and the following year created a K.C.B. General Sir Hugh Rowlands died on Sunday, 1 August, 1909, at Plas Tirion, his birthplace, near Carnarvon, in his 82 year."

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Our thanks are due to Capt. A. T. N. Evans, Chief Constable of Pembrokeshire, who served in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment during the Great War, for the very considerable help that he has given the compiler of this article and for being instrumental in obtaining the photograph from which the illustration opposite page 33 was reproduced. This was lent by Mr. J. Trevor Roberts, of Carnarvon, to whom our thanks are also due.

Capt. Evans also sent *Rural Welsh Parishes*, in which the following account of Brevet Major Hugh Rowlands' reception on his return home after the end of the Crimean War appears :—

"He was received with great rejoicings on his arrival at Carnarvon on the 18th August. The late Mr. James Rees of the *Herald* Office, who was at the time Mayor of the

town, together with the members of the Corporation, the late Mr. W. Bulkley Hughes, the Member for the Boroughs, the leading county gentry and the members of Friendly Societies met him at the Railway Station and presented him with an address. The horses were taken out of his carriage and from Carnarvon to Plas Tirion the enthusiastic populace dragged the carriage with ropes, and the reception given him by the quarrymen on his arrival at the village was most hearty.

"Not content with this, the country gentry decided to give him a more permanent token of their appreciation of his services, and on the 9th September he was entertained to a banquet at the Sportsman Hotel and presented in the Castle with the Sword of Honour and some magnificent silver plate. The Hon. Colonel Douglas Pennant, M.P. (afterwards the late Lord Penrhyn), presided at the Banquet, and all the nobility and gentry of the district attended to do honour to the young Welsh hero."

Since the last of these articles was published another V.C. gained by an officer, whose first commission was in our Militia Battalion, has been pointed out to me, so this will not close the series. The officer is Lt. John Norwood.

(To be concluded.)

P. A. T.

## CONSCRIPT JOE.

(A RECITATION.)

In the year of One Thousand an' Sixty Six,  
When William the Conqueror started 'is tricks,  
A feller called Joe, somewhere Yorkshire way,  
Was 'angin' about in the fields one day,  
When all of a sudden, over the moors,  
Came King 'Arold's Army in column o' fours.  
They'd bin 'avin' a do up at Stamford Brig,  
With a chap from Norway, an' young Tostig.  
They'd bin fightin' like blazes, an' were still  
out o' breath,  
With pausin'\* them fellers from Norway to  
death.

Joe stopped to watch 'em ; 'e 'adn't much sense,  
When a Sergeant spotted 'im leanin' on t' fence.  
" 'Ere, you ! " 'e calls out, loud an' ferocious,  
" Such conduc' as yours is simply atrocious.  
When Englan's a-fightin' so 'ard to be free  
We don't want no slackers. You come on wi'  
me ! "

But Joe said 'e couldn't, because of 'is wife ;  
If she found out, she'd lead 'im a 'ell of a life.  
She'd never believe, 'e knew, if 'e told 'er  
'E'd gorn an' joined up as a blinkin' soldier.  
But the Sergeant was fierce, an' 'e made 'im go ;  
'E was a bad-tempered chap an' bigger than Joe.

They gave 'im a 'elmet, a sword, and a spear,  
An' a kick in 'is pants, an' a clip on the ear.  
Joe took a dislike to a soldiering life,  
'E said they treated 'im wuss than 'is wife.  
The Sergeant's bad langwidge fair made 'im  
blush,  
An' 'e nearly bust when Joe told 'im to 'ush.  
" You keep them ruddy side arms clean ! "  
Yells the Sergeant, who always was strict an'  
keen.  
" That spear must be treated the same as yer  
wife,  
" An' per'aps some day it'll save yer life."

Joe thought : " Just you wait till I'm out o' the  
Army,  
" If I don't knife that swab, you can call me  
barmy."

But it wasn't no good, an' they took 'im along,  
An' made 'im join in with their marchin' song ;  
About a young lady from Armenteurs,  
Wot'd come off the shelf arter forty long years.  
An' Joe wondered wotever 'is missis'd say,  
When 'e didn't turn up at the end of the day.  
Per'aps, as 'e 'oped, she'd go 'ome to 'er Ma.  
'E didn't care much, but 'e 'oped she'd go far.

They stopped at Doncaster an' 'ad a 'igh tea  
Off some cows wot was 'igher than dead cows  
should be.

An' when they fell in to set off once more,  
Pore Joe was the cause of another uproar.  
" Form fours ! " ses the Sergeant ; Joe didn't  
know 'ow,  
An' when 'e explained there was 'ell of a row.  
" Blarst yer ! " ses the Sergeant, 'arf mad wi'  
rage.

" It's fellers like you wot brings on old age.  
Thank Gawd for the Navy in ol' Lunnon Town ;  
" It's all we can 'ope for to save 'Arold's crown."

But off they went at last, marchin' along at ease,  
Fifteen thousand sweatin' men, an' fifteen  
million fleas.

Joe 'eard that they was goin' to fight a foreigner  
called Bill,  
Who'd come from France to England to plunder  
an' to kill.

'E'd landed at Pevensey wi' a mob of armoured  
Knights,  
An' offered to take the English on in a series o'  
title fights.

\* Anglice " cloutin'."

Ses Joe: "Wot's all the 'urry abart if the feller's already 'ere?"

Ain't we a-goin' to stop at a pub an' 'ave a pint o' beer?"

Me pore feet's swole till I can't 'ardly stand, never mention walkin'."

But the Sergeant shouted: "Shut up there, an' stop that ruddy talkin'!"

On they went by Roman roads an' 'ard an' flinty 'ighways,  
Through woods an' fields an' rivers, an' shady country byways.

Ses Joe: "I've got corns like eggs on me pore ol' sufferin' feet."

Ses a chap on a 'orse: "You oughter be 'ere, an' 'ave 'em on yer seat!"

The Sergeant come up, an' ses to Joe: "That's enough from you.

Any more, an' I'll serve you up fer supper as Irish stew."

"Kiss me, Sergeant," ses Joe, "an' let me die in peace;

I've 'ad too much of Army life. Death'll be 'appy release."

But they drove 'im on wi' kicks an' blows; they wanted 'im for t' battle,

An' every time they kicked 'is seat, they 'eard 'is pore teeth rattle.

Ses Joe: "I'm fed up wi' all this rush, an' marchin' on to strife;

But I want to see that Sergeant agen, when I'm back in civvy life!"

They reached the Sussex Downs at last, a' 'altd for a rest,

While 'Arold asked 'is Brass 'Ats wot 'e oughter do for t' best.

A few of 'em was for pushin' on, but most of 'em wanted to stop,

They could fight the battle to-morrer, an' they 'ated talkin' shop.

So they 'eld a kind o' sing-song, but at fust it fell quite flat,

Till Joe stood up an' sung 'em "On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At."

That started the ball a-rollin', an' they all got canned to the wide,

An' the Sergeant even shook 'ands wi' Joe, an' called 'im England's pride.

They all woke up with 'eadaches, an' fell in feelin' bad,

An' when Joe dropped 'is blinkin' spear, the Sergeant went 'arf mad.

"You may 'ave broke yer mother's 'eart, you thievin' Yorkshire Tyke,

But you won't break mine," 'e ses, ses 'e, wi' sneerin', cold dislike.

"Righto," ses Joe, "but look out fer yerself as soon as t' battle begins,

Or I'll land you one on top o' t'ead as'll shift them double chins."

They reached the fields o' Senlac, an' found Bill's mob all ready;

Most of 'em dressed in nice tin soots, an' standin' very steady.

"At the 'alt, on the left, form columes o' lumps," ses 'Arold, wi' kingly grace,

"An' get them arrers ready, an' Joe pass me me mace!"

Then the foreigners madly rushed up the 'ill wi' yells an' 'owls an' 'oots,

Swingin' their swords, an' gnashin' their teeth an' usin' their blinkin' boots.

An' Joe ses: "This ain't fair, me lads. It isn't even sportin'.

It seems to me to be 'arder than work, an' as dangerous as courtin'."

But 'Arold's lot, 'avin' been on the booze, Slowly but surely began to lose;

An' Bill was gettin' the upper 'and, When: "Rally round 'Arold, an' make a last stand!"

Shouts the Sergeant, fierce an' reprovin', As 'e caught sight o' Joe, Yorkshirewards movin'.

"Stand blazes!" ses Joe, as 'e set off for 'ome. 'I've a nasty split lip, an' a lump on me dome.

I've done more than enough to stop the foe, An' now I'm a-goin' to do summat for Joe.

So good-bye, Sergeant, if you come round my way,

Pass right on at once. I won't ask yer to stay."

So Joe set off on 'is long walk back, An' 'bein' a fool 'e took the wrong track.

'E stopped at the pubs to ask 'em the way, An' drank pints o' beer, which made 'im feel gay,

An' when 'e passed through the old town o' Grantham,

'E was singin' like 'ell "Ye Frothblowers Anthem."

When at last 'e reached 'ome, 'e was blotto as sin,

An' frightened to death 'cause 'is missis was in. "Where've you bin?" she asks 'im, 'arsh an' severe.

"Wipe yer feet! Wash them pots up! You fair stink o' beer!"

"I bin fightin' for England at the Battle o' Senlac,"

Ses Joe with an 'iccup. "Don't answer me back!"

Ses 'is wife, cold an' 'aughty, an' knockin' 'im down.

"You was alwis a liar, when you wasn't a clown."

"It's true," ses pore Joe, a-dodgin' a clout. "It's as true as I'm 'ere. Dont' 'it me for nowt!"

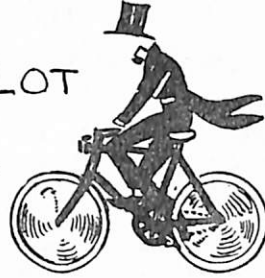
"I bin fightin' a Frenchman. A feller called Bill,

At a place called 'Astings, on top of a 'ill."

"Who's Bill?" snorts 'is missis, "an' why should you fight 'un?"

I know where you've bin. You've spent t' week-end at Brighton!"

WE HAVE HEARD QUITE A LOT  
ABOUT  
THE INVISIBLE MAN.



WHY NOT —

THE INAUDIBLE  
CROONER,



THE INSENSITIVE  
SCHOOLBOY



AND THE  
INODOROUS ONION

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

(Continued from page 130, No. 28, June, 1934.)

In order to bring the record of the M.I. during the campaign into line, it is necessary to resume the story of the 1st M.I. from the Relief of Kimberley where we left off, and carry it on to the crossing of the Vaal River where we left the 1st Battalion and Burma M.I.

The Relief of Kimberley was effected in the latter half of February, 1900; the immediate result of this success, as far as the 1st M.I. were concerned, was a much needed but very short rest, lasting for three full days. Days of rest during this war were "full" in more than one sense, especially for mounted troops. Horses required much attention, saddlery and transport needed overhauling, and personal cleanliness as far as possible had to be taken into account.

On the 21st February active operations were resumed and the M.I. marched to Koodoo's Drift, a trek of 25 miles. A night in bivouac, and at 7 a.m. orders came to go to the assistance of the 9th Lancers who were hard pressed holding a farm on the right bank of the river. It appears that the Boers, under cover of the darkness, had crept up close to the farm. Cover abounded: rocks, bushes and the water storage fosse, usual in most South African farms. The relief was effected only just in time, as the 9th Lancers were surrounded and short of ammunition. The Boers' pom-pom put one shell fairly in the centre of the Company. Luckily, beyond killing one horse, it did no further damage, and after some desultory firing the Boers drew off.

All being quiet, a return was made to Koodoo's Drift, where conditions were most unpleasing. The weather had broken, rain was incessant and rations were conspicuous by their absence. There was little to be had in the country round as the Boers had made a clean sweep, and it was with the greatest relief that news of Cronje's surrender arrived on the 27th.

The story of Paardeburg belongs to another chronicle, but it was on this occasion, immediately after the battle that Bainbridge met the 1st Battalion and heard of its losses, which were comparatively heavy.

At this time—*i.e.*, the end of February, 1900—the strength of the Company was three officers and 83 other ranks. They were fully horsed, which speaks well for their horsemastership—most units were by this time in difficulties about remounts—and it is well to remember that we held the freedom of the seas, so conditions were eminently different from those prevailing in the World War.

After the surrender of Cronje at Paardeburg the Boers' transport and horses—those belonging to the captured burghers—came in most useful. Bainbridge mentions that there were a large number of mares and foals, these used to accompany the laagers to prevent them falling into British hands, and were herded by Kaffir boys. The Boer would never ride a mare if he could help it, but I often saw them riding mares in action, with the foal following behind. A lot of nonsense has been written about the horsemanship of the Boer. He was, as a rule, a poor horseman and a worse horsemaster, utterly neglecting his mount, which he rode regardless of sore backs and wrung withers, until it dropped under him.

At this time Bainbridge met his brother, Guy Bainbridge (The Buffs), who was commanding the 7th M.I., and until the 3rd March conditions were very quiet. Orders were then received to make a demonstration"! (This seems to have been rather in the nature of our present P.M.'s "making a gesture," and was about as effective.) In this particular operation positions were taken up partly surrounding farms in enemy occupation. Strict orders not to attack were issued, but unfortunately the Boers behaved most unfairly and opened a heavy fire. The troops were ordered to return, and did so, one at a time. There was only one casualty, Pte. Bates, missing. Search parties were sub-

sequently sent out to look for him, but he was never heard of again. Two days later it was decided to turn the Boers out of their positions, and this was successfully performed after some fairly warm fighting in which the Company were lucky to sustain only three casualties (all wounded only).

Two days later the Company, in conjunction with the Scots Greys, took part in a reconnaissance at Abraham's Kraal. Boer artillery was very active, but did little damage. Desultory fighting occurred during the next few days, and Bloemfontein, the O.F.S. capital, was entered on the 12th March. Alderson's M.I. with Broadwood's column passed on their way to Sannah's Post. The Burma M.I. were with this column, but apparently Bainbridge did not know this, as no mention is made of them. On the 31st occurred the disastrous action at the Waterworks (Korn Spruit) which has been described elsewhere, but it might interest our readers to quote Bainbridge's notes on the subject.

In order to make the situation clear at this period of the campaign, it must be explained that the politicians at home appear to have hoped that Cronje's surrender and the capture of Bloemfontein would cause the Free State burghers to throw in their hand, and to a certain extent their hopes were temporarily justified. A number of burghers did return to their homes, particularly in the Ladybrand district. It was decided to send a strong mounted column with artillery to this area to test the accuracy of the reports received, and to impress the population with the futility of further resistance. The results of this decision, most unfortunately, were diametrically opposite in their effect and only stirred up a "hornet's nest." Bainbridge's account runs as follows:—

"Company patrols were sent out on the 31st March from Bushman's Kop, east and west to Bloemfontein and the Waterworks. The patrols came in and reported all clear, but were sent out again and the Waterworks patrol (Amphlett's) reported that they had heard rumours of Boers being seen in the locality.

As I had only a small detachment I sent into Springfield for reinforcements and despatched another patrol to strengthen Amphlett at the Waterworks. This patrol never reached its objective. An action on a large scale commenced which ended disastrously for the British."

Heavy casualties in killed, wounded and missing and the loss of several guns ensued, and what was more serious still the fighting spirit of the Boers was re-aroused and there was no prospect of "laying down arms" for many a long day.

It may be of interest to know that the reports of the patrols were absolutely correct. The action at Sannah's Post was started by some two or three score only of Boers under the redoubtable de Wet; some scattered detachments of other commandoes joined after the fight had begun, but had a certain General appreciated the situation and acted promptly the result would have been reversed. I speak with full knowledge of the facts, as I was patrolling with my Company (the 1st Bn. M.I.) just to the north of Kornspruit, in which the Boers lay in ambush for the column, and was prevented from rolling up their flank as I wished to do by a personal order delivered on the spot. This was all the more maddening at the time as we knew our 2nd Battalion M.I.—Burma M.I.—were engaged. They fought with the greatest coolness, where confusion reigned supreme, and were very handsomely mentioned in despatches for their services.

Troops were rushed to the spot directly the disaster was known, and Bainbridge's M.I. were relieved by the 1st Battalion. Up to the end of the month there was nearly ceaseless patrolling and a succession of small encounters. The country was seething with scattered parties of hostile Boers, and the advance to Kronstadt commenced on the 1st May.

Details of this part of the operations have been dealt with in previous articles, so it only remains to state that the 1st M.I. record fighting at Brakpan—Brandfort (fairly severe), Constantin, and Vet River during each day of the advance; on 6th May Small Deal, and 7th May Zand River. This latter was a general action—heavy shelling and tremendous rifle and machine gun fire—but the casualties were not heavy. This I

ascribe to the nature of the ground, the wide area over which the fight took place, and distinctly poor tactics on both sides. There was a brief halt after this fight and it appears that the 1st M.I. joined Hutton's (Curly) on the 10th in his endeavour to surround the Boer forces in Kroonstadt. This abortive effort has been already given in detail, the 1st Bn. M.I. having also taken part in it.

On 25th May the crossing of the Vaal River was effected, and this brings our three M.I. detachments chronologically into line.

H. K. U.

(To be continued)

## The Infantry Polo Cup in India.

WE very much regret that in the article entitled "Fifty Years Ago," which appeared on page 218 of the last issue of THE IRON DUKE, we made several statements that are incorrect; and we are indebted to Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson and Lt.-Col. F. B. Buist for putting us right in the matter.

In the first instance we stated that the 1st Battalion polo team won the Infantry polo cup in 1884, 1885 and 1886. This was incorrect, as the dates should be 1886, 1887 and 1888. We also stated that the cup was won outright, but as Gen. Watson points out, this was not so; and the cup which is now in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion is not the original cup, but is, he presumes, a memento of the first win in 1886, bought by the Mess. A photograph of this cup appears opposite page 41, and as will be seen, it is quite different from the original cup which appears in the three illustrations of the winning teams, reproduced through the kindness of Colonel E. G. Harrison, who has very kindly lent the photographs for the purpose.

With regard to the matches referred to in the article "Fifty Years Ago" and quoted from the *Statesman* of 1884, these were undoubtedly preliminary games in the tournament; and as General Watson mentioned in another letter, it was customary in those days to play the early rounds in the morning and afternoon, and these two matches were thus played, *vide* the *Statesman* of 3rd March.

Lt.-Col. F. B. Buist (then Lt. Sparks), who was a member of the 1884 team, writes as follows regarding these matches:—

"Prior to 1884 the polo cup was open to all regiments in India, with the result that the infantry never won. The cavalry (and especially the 10th Hussars) were far better mounted. In 1884 the polo authorities decided to give a cup open to infantry regiments only. The tournament was held in Umballa, and Saunders, Bruce, Wrench and myself, represented the 33rd, and were only beaten in the final by the 25th K.O.S.B.'s. I left the Regiment that year for Quetta when the so-called "Penj'deh incident" occurred, and several of us were sent up there on special duty connected with transport, etc. I don't think there was any polo tournament in 1885 owing to this semi-mobilisation; but in 1886 the next tournament was held, when the 33rd team won the cup, Anderson taking my place."

The following is an account of the winning matches very kindly supplied by Brig.-Gen. Watson:—

"In regard to the correspondence on p. 218, October number, of THE IRON DUKE, the correct dates of the three consecutive years in which the 1st Battalion won the infantry polo tournament in India are 1886, 1887, 1888.

"The team in 1886 was Cpts. Saunders and Wrench, Lts. Bruce and Anderson. I believe they played in these places: Saunders back, Anderson 3, Bruce 2, Wrench 1. 1887 team: Anderson back, Harrison 3, Bruce 2, Godfrey 1. In 1888 Harrison went down with enteric about two months before the tournament. The team was reconstituted: Anderson back, Godfrey 3, Bruce 2, Watson 1. The 1887 and 1888 teams were entirely composed of subalterns.

INFANTRY POLO CUP IN INDIA  
1886



Team.—Lt. C. D. BRUCE, Capt. H. R. SAUNDERS, Capt. A. J. C. WRENCH, Lt. W. J. ANDERSON.

1887



Team.—Lt. C. D. BRUCE, Lt. A. I. S. GODFREY, Lt. E. G. HARRISON, Lt. W. J. ANDERSON.



INFANTRY POLO CUP IN INDIA  
1888



Team.—Lt. A. I. S. GODFREY, Lt. W. M. WATSON, Lt. E. G. HARRISON (did not play owing to illness),  
Lt. W. J. ANDERSON, Lt. C. D. BRUCE.



INFANTRY POLO TOURNAMENT

Won by

33rd Duke of Wellington's Regiment

UMBALLA

March, 1886.

Players :—

Capt. H. R. SAUNDERS, "Captain,"

Capt. A. J. C. WRENCH,

Lt. C. D. BRUCE,

Lt. W. J. ANDERSON

"The other regiment in the final in 1888 was our old and very friendly rival at polo, The 88th Connaught Rangers. We won fairly comfortably, but had a very hard match in the semi-final with The 18th Royal Irish, also old friends. All these tournaments were played at Umballa:

"At the usual meeting, held after the tournament, of infantry regiments interested in polo, the Regiment inquired if it would be possible to keep the cup and replace it with a replica. This, however, could not be done, as it was stated that Lord Airlie, the donor, wished it to be a permanent challenge cup. So far as I remember, however, the Regiment bought a small piece of plate as a memento.

"At the time of the 1887 tournament, Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Rawal Pindi, where the 1st Battalion was stationed. On the evening of the final he was dining with the Regiment. During dinner the telegram, announcing our victory, arrived; Lord Roberts at once got up, glass in hand, and proposed the health of the team.

"The 1st Battalion left India in the latter part of 1888 and did not compete again for 21 years."

We are indebted to Brig.-Gen. Watson and Colonel Harrison for supplying or supplementing the following details of service of the members of the teams who are no longer alive:—

**SAUNDERS.**—Capt. Herbert Richard Saunders was born on 3rd Oct., 1853. He joined the 33rd Foot as lieutenant on 21st August, 1878, from the 32nd Foot. He played in the 1886 team only, as he went to the Depot that year, and returned to the 1st Battalion at Mian Mir (now known as Lahore Cantonment) early in 1888, having got married while at home. He died of cholera at Murree on 4th August, 1888, leaving a widow, but no children.

**WRENCH.**—Major Alfred John Chamberlain Wrench was born on 7th May, 1853, and joined the 76th Foot on 13th June, 1874, later being posted to the 1st Battalion. He played No. 1 in the 1886 team. In December, 1891, he transferred to the Royal Welch Fusiliers as a major, retiring soon after. He died in 1910 (?).

**ANDERSON.**—Major William James Anderson was born on 22nd May, 1861, and joined the 1st Battalion on 10th Jan., 1883, from the Lincolnshire Regiment. He played in all the three winning teams. He passed the Staff College and held the appointment of Vice-Consul at Sivas, Asia Minor, from 1899 to 1903. He also served as D.A.A.G., Bombay, from 1906—1909, retiring as a major on 12th June, 1909. After his retirement he settled in British Columbia; he was recalled on the outbreak of the Great War and held a staff appointment with the 9th Army Corps H.Q., serving with them at Gallipoli, where he was killed in action on 19th Oct., 1915.

**GODFREY.**—Capt. Arthur Ingram Stewart Godfrey was born on 5th Oct., 1863, and joined the 1st Battalion on 6th Feb., 1884. He played No. 1 in the teams of 1887 and 1888. He was adjutant of the 1st Battalion from October, 1890, to December, 1891, and A.D.C. to the Major-General, Aldershot, 1894—1896. In February, 1899, he joined the East African Rifles (later called the King's African Rifles), and after a few months' service was killed in Kenya by a lion in December, 1899.

At the time these notes were written Brig.-Gen. C. D. Bruce was in hospital, having undergone an operation, from which, we very much regret to say, he has since died. An obituary notice appears on page 67. Colonel Harrison, writing of him, says, "He was a brilliant No. 2, and a fine horseman between the flags."

Of the remaining members of the team, General Watson and Colonels Harrison and Buist who have greatly contributed to these notes, are all well, we are glad to say.

## Thoughts on Sport.

The football season is well advanced and the date when *The IRON DUKE* is due to be issued looms in the near future, and "T. on S." refuse to take shape; my readers will naturally say, then why bother to put what isn't there on paper? You must ask the Editor this question, it is his wish that these thoughts should continue to take up his valuable space instead of being allowed to fade gracefully out of sight, his is therefore the responsibility for the appearance of the ensuing drivel!

The 'Varsity match is over and this time Cambridge did not disappoint their backers, but went near to the making of a new record in the way of the score, at the end of a gruelling hour and twenty minutes, of which the first half was even and the second half most uneven. I, personally, always regard the Oxford and Cambridge match as one of the pleasantest ones to look on at; one is always assured of a clean hard match, and never having been at either of these two seats of learning, I am not a rabid partisan of either side, but am content to applaud pieces of play because of their intrinsic value and not on account of the amount of ground gained or points scored. Certainly, when one is an unbiassed spectator and not a whole-hearted supporter-spectator the match may not be such a thriller, but it is a great deal less of a nerve strain. I have been present at matches as one of the supporter-spectator class and have felt that I must have shortened my life by years. The Regiment has been responsible for this said shortening of my life on more than one occasion.

This year the move of the 1st Battalion to Malta prevented them from entering for the Army Cup, but the Depot gallantly stepped into the breach, and a team bearing our name appeared amongst the entries for the Cup, and what is more they got through two rounds (certainly one of the defeated teams scratched), and might have even gone further if it hadn't been for a slight misunderstanding as to the length of service at the Depot necessary to qualify players in the Army Cup. I am told they are already training for next year and hope to get through more rounds in the 1935-6 competition, even if they don't manage to become finalists!!

There have been a few changes in the rules, or I should say in the laws, of Rugby football. The first one we come to is the change in the law as to the kick-off after a try has been gained; a place kick from the half-way line after a goal has been kicked from a try, and a drop kick from the same place after an unsuccessful kick at goal. A small change but a good one. Doubtless many will remember the case in an international at Twickenham when the scorers thought the kick had been successful, whereas it really had not, and for quite a long time the board showed the wrong score. Under the new law this could not happen. The law-makers have been having another try to produce a satisfactory rule governing the putting of the ball into the scrum. I would not say that they have been entirely successful, it may be a slight improvement but it is still far from perfect, and has certainly not done away with the use of the referee's whistle in this respect. You have only got to look at the length of the rule governing scrummages and the putting in of the ball to realise that it would be an extraordinary thing if it was entirely satisfactory—not only is it very lengthy but it is also very complicated. Mind, I quite realise that it is a dreadfully hard nut to crack. There are one or two other slight alterations, but none of any importance.

To turn for just a moment to our old friend "body-line bowling," the M.C.C. have tried to settle the matter, but whether they have done it in the best way is still doubtful. A rule that leaves so much to the opinion of the individual umpire is not likely to be one that will work well. My idea of a good rule is something definite like a commandment "thou shalt" or "thou shalt not"; the average umpires are quite up to enforcing this sort of thing, but can they deal in a convincing manner with the problem set them by the M.C.C.? I sincerely hope they will, but I have my doubts. The pity of it to my mind is that the M.C.C. and other people have ever thought it necessary to make rules on the subject at all. Another experiment in first and second-class county cricket that the

M.C.C. are making is the change of the l.b.w. rule in so far as balls pitched on the off-side of the striker's wicket are concerned, and this may worry some umpires for a bit, but I see no reason why they should not grapple successfully with it.

The 2nd Battalion are I gather in their cricket season, and their team has been touring and taking on some pretty strong teams, as is recorded in another part of this issue.

Since I wrote my last article we have lost the best all-round man at games that the Regiment has known since I have had anything to do with it ; I refer to Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce. No ball game came amiss to him, and though polo was his great game, he played cricket, football, racquets, lawn-tennis, etc., and played them all better than most of us. Many of us, mostly now qualified for the order of the O.S., will remember with pleasure the games we have played with him.

OLD STAGER.

## SONGS OF A SUB-SAHIB.

### I HAVE YODELLED WITH YAKS.

I have weltered with wolves in Wallachian Wilds,  
I have yodelled with yaks in Yarkand,  
I have languished with llamas in lilac pyjamas,  
I have suffered from shrimps in the Strand.

I have slumbered with sloths in the silence of  
Swat,  
I have battled with baps in the Bight,  
And the blood-curdling laughs of offended  
giraffes  
Leave me cold and reserved, but polite.

Not the burliest bison, the surliest shrew,  
But yields to my wit and my charm,  
And I once shared my bunk with a sabre-toothed  
skunk,  
To wake slightly smelly, but calm.

The hairy-rumped wart-hog, the bottle-nosed  
shark  
Were the friends of my earliest youth,  
And I often take snuff with the hammer-toed  
chough,  
A sociable fowl, if uncouth.

I have tickled for tadpoles in Tadcaster Tarn,  
I have floundered with flounders in Florence ;  
Once I spent several years in Berne with two  
bears,  
Who regarded bath buns with abhorrence.

As the sole Swiss conception of food for a bear  
Is buns on the end of a broolly,  
It caused me a heap of trouble to keep  
The house-party hearty and jolly.

But in spite of all this, I am far from content,  
As I said to the pie-faced opossum ;

Though on visiting terms with hundreds of  
worms,  
I am cut by the odontoglossum.

The pardoneum, too, for whose friendship I  
yearn,  
Up to date has proved shy and unclubbable,  
Though I have to admit it would sour one a bit  
To be christened, as he was, Zerubbabel.

I sought them in Sandhurst, I sought them in  
vain,  
I pursued them to Pennal and Pinner ;  
I expected to see them both at the tea,  
Or at least at the O.C.A. dinner.

So I am giving a party next year at Cherat,  
A titanic, gargantuan blow-out,  
And I'm asking you all to bring to the ball  
Your friends, who don't usually go out.

The editor kindly has promised to come  
With a couple of huns from Machynlleth,  
And our sporting confrère is going to be there  
And will welcome all comers to punt with.

There'll be crumbs for the cautious and stew  
for the stout,  
There'll be T.E.W.T.'s in a bran-tub and toys,  
With raspberry flaps for the casual chaps,  
And plums for the azure-eyed boys.

And if I can't enlarge my circle of friends  
With some strange, unimagined addition,  
Something wistful and weird, with six chins and  
a beard,  
I shall write to the Stanhope Commission.

O.P.

## The Re-union Battalion Dinner.

By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

[Through the kindness of Mr. J. B. Priestley and his publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd., we are able to reprint a portion of Chapter Six, "To the West Riding," from his book "English Journey."]

The re-union battalion dinner, which had brought me here when I ought to have been continuing my journey elsewhere, was held at a tavern on Saturday night. The battalion was the 10th Duke of Wellington's, of the 23rd Division, which did good work in France and then in the later stage of the war did equally good work on the Italian Front. It was not specifically a Bradford battalion. Most of the fellows I had known as a boy had not belonged to it, but had joined a Bradford "Pals" battalion that had been formed rather later. There were a number of these "Pals" battalions, and as a rule the young men in them were well above the average in intelligence, physique and enthusiasm. They were all sent to the attack on the Somme on July 1st, 1916, when they were butchered with remarkable efficiency. I spent my boyhood in a rapidly growing suburb of Bradford, and there was a gang of us there, lads who played football together, went "chumping" (*i.e.* collecting—frequently stealing—wood for the bonfires) just before the Fifth of November, played "tin-can squat" and "rally-ho" round the half-built houses, climbed and larked about on the builders' timber stacks, exchanged penny dreadfuls, and sometimes made plans for an adventurous future. If those plans had been more sensible, they would still have been futile; for out of this group there are, I think, only two of us left alive. There are great gaps in my acquaintance now; and I find it difficult to swop reminiscences of boyhood. "The men who were boys when I was a boy," the poet chants; but the men who were boys when I was a boy are dead. Indeed, they never even grew to be men. They were slaughtered in youth; and the parents of them have gone lonely, the girls they would have married have grown grey in spinsterhood, and the work they would have done has remained undone. It is an old worn topic: the choicer spirits begin to yawn at the sight of it; those of us who are left of that generation are, it seems, rapidly becoming mumbling old bores. It is, however, a subject that has strange ramifications; probably I should not be writing this book now if thousands of better men had not been killed; and if they had been alive still, it is certain that I should have been writing, if at all, about another and better England. I have had playmates, I have had companions, but all, all are gone; and they were killed by greed and muddle and monstrous cross-purposes, by old men gobbling and roaring in clubs, by diplomats working underground like monocled moles, by journalists wanting a good story, by hysterical women waving flags, by grumbling debenture-holders, by strong silent be-ribboned asses, by fear or apathy or downright lack of imagination. I saw a certain War Memorial not long ago; and it was a fine obelisk, carefully flood-lit after dark. On one side it said *Their Name Liveth For Evermore*, and on the other side it said *Lest We Forget*. The same old muddle, you see: reaching down to the very grave, the mouldering bones.

I was with this battalion when it was first formed, when I was a private just turned twenty; but I left it, as a casualty, in the summer of 1916 and never saw it again, being afterwards transferred to another regiment. The very secretary who wrote asking me to attend this dinner was unknown to me, having joined the battalion after I had left it. So I did not expect to see many there who had belonged to the old original lot, because I knew only too well that a large number of them, some of them my friends, had been killed. But the thought of meeting again the few I would remember, the men who had shared with me those training camps in 1914 and the first half of 1915 and those trenches in the autumn and winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916, was very exciting. There were bound to be a few there from my old platoon, Number Eight. It was a platoon with a character of its own. Though there were some of us in it young and tender enough,

the majority of the Number Eighters were rather older and grimmer than the run of men in the battalion ; tough factory hands, some of them of Irish descent, not without previous military service, generally in the old militia. When the battalion was swaggering along, you could not get Eight Platoon to sing : it marched in grim, disapproving silence. But there came a famous occasion when the rest of the battalion, exhausted and blindly limping along, had not a note left in it ; gone now were the boasts about returning to Tipperary, the loud enquiries about the Lady Friend ; the battalion was whacked and dumb. It was then that a strange sound was heard from the stumbling ranks of B Company, a sound never caught before ; not very melodious perhaps nor light-hearted, but miraculous : *Number Eight Platoon was singing.* Well, that was my old platoon, and I was eagerly looking forward to seeing a few old remaining members of it. But I knew that I should not see the very ones who had been closest to me in friendship, for they had been killed ; though there was a moment, I think, when I told myself simply that I was going to see the old platoon, and, forgetting the cruelty of life, innocently hoped they would all be there, the dead as well as the living. After all, there was every excuse that I should dream so wildly for a moment, because all these fellows had vanished from my sight for years and years and in memory I had seen the dead more often than the living. And I think that if, when I climbed the stairs of the tavern, I had seen my friends Irving Ellis and Herbert Waddington and Charlie Burns waiting at the top, grinning at me over their glasses of ale, I would not have been shocked nor even surprised, would not have remembered that they had returned from distant graves. Sometimes I feel like a very old man and find it hard to remember who still walk the earth and who have left it : I have many vivid dreams, and the dead move casually through them : *they pass and smile, the children of the sword.*

Never have I seen a tavern stairs or a tavern upstairs so crowded, so tremendously alive with roaring masculinity, as I did that night. Most of the faces were strange to me, but here and there, miraculously, was a face that was not only instantly familiar but that at once succeeded in recalling a whole vanished epoch, as if I had spent long years with its owner in some earlier incarnation. We sat down, jammed together, in a dining-room that can never have held more people in all its existence. It was not full, it was bursting. We could hardly lift the roast beef and apple tart to our mouths. Under the coloured-paper decorations, we sweated like bulls. The ale went down sizzling. But we were happy, no doubt about that. We roared at one another across the narrow tables. The waiters, squeezing past these lines of feasting warriors, looked terrified and about half life-size. The very bunting steamed. I was between two majors, one of whom was the chairman and (no cool man at any time, except no doubt at a crisis in the front line) now quite red-hot. With him I exchanged reminiscences that seemed almost antediluvian, so far away were those training camps and the figures that roared commands in them. The other major, unlike most of us there, was not a West Riding man at all but a South Country schoolmaster, known to all his men as "Daddy," and whose character and reputation were such that through him the whole affected tittering South Country was forgiven everything. In short, he was amazingly and deservedly popular. Rarely have I observed such waves of affectionate esteem rolling towards a man as I did that night. Those rough chaps, brought up in an altogether alien tradition, adored him ; and his heart went out to them. I caught a glimpse then—and I am not likely to forget it—of what leadership can mean in men's lives. I had seen it, of course, in the war itself ; but long years of a snarling peace, in which everybody tended to suspect everybody else, had made me forget almost its very existence. And I do not suppose that in all the years that had passed since the war any of those men had found themselves moved by the emotion that compelled them that night to rush forward, at the earliest opportunity, and bring themselves to the notice of "good old Daddy." In other words, they had known this endearing quality of affectionate leadership in war but not in peace. It is more than sentimentality that asks, urgently and bewilderedly, if they could not have

been given an outlet for this deep feeling just as easily in a united effort to help England as in a similar effort to frustrate Germany. Are such emotions impossible except when we are slaughtering one another? It is the men—and good men too—who answer *Yes* to this who grow sentimental about war. They do not seem to see that it is not war that is right, for it is impossible to defend such stupid long-range butchery, but that it is peace that is wrong, the civilian life to which they returned, a condition of things in which they found their manhood stunted, their generous impulses baffled, their double instinct for leadership and loyalty completely checked. Men are much better than their ordinary life allows them to be.

The toast in memory of the dead, which we drank at the end of the dinner, would have been very moving only unfortunately when we were all standing up, raising our glasses and silent, there came from a very tinny piano in the far corner of the room what sounded to me like a polka very badly played. I tried to think, solemnly, tenderly, about my dead comrades, but this atrocious polka was terribly in the way. I sat down, bewildered. "Damn fool played it all wrong," growled the major, our chairman, in my ear. "Should have been much slower. Regimental march, y'know." That little episode was just like life; and I suppose that is why I am at heart a comic writer. You stand up to toast your dead comrades; the moment is solemn and grand; and then the pianist must turn the regimental march into something idiotically frivolous, and ruin the occasion. I am certain that if my friends ever want to drink to my memory, something equally daft will happen; and I shall murmur "What did I tell you?" from the great darkness. Now more men came in; the temperature rose another fifteen degrees; the waiters shrank another six inches; and there were songs and speeches. The chairman made a good speech, and in the course of it told the lads that the last battle in which the battalion had been engaged, on the Italian Front, was the greatest pitched battle in the whole history of the world. As he talked about this battle and its momentous consequences, I stared at the rows of flushed faces in front of me, and thought how queer it was that these chaps from Bradford and Halifax and Keighley, woolcombers' and dyers' labourers, warehousemen and woolsorters', clerks and tram-conductors, should have gone out and helped to destroy for ever the power of the Hapsburgs, closing a gigantic chapter of European history. What were the wildest prophecies of old Mother Shipton compared with this!

I had arranged to meet, in a little ante-room, the survivors of my original platoon, and as soon as I decently could, I escaped from the press of warriors in the big room, to revisit my own past. There were about eight of us present, and we ordered in some drinks and settled down to remember aloud. I had not seen any of these fellows for seventeen years. I knew them all, of course, and they seemed little older. The difference was that before they had all been soldiers, whereas now their respective status in civilian life set its mark upon them, and now one was a clerk, another a tram-conductor, another a mill-hand, and so forth. Nearly all of them remembered more than I did, although I have an exceptionally good memory. Details that had vanished for ever from my mind were easily present to theirs. Why? Was it because a defensive mechanism in my mind had obliterated as much as it could from my memory; or was it because much more had happened to me since the war than had happened to them and, unlike them, I had not gone back over and over again to those war years? (A third explanation, of course, is that, living in the same district and often running across one another, they had talked over those years far more than I had.) As figure after figure, comic and tragic, came looming up through the fog of years, as place after place we had been in caught the light again, our talk became more and more eager and louder, until we shouted and laughed in triumph, as one always does when Time seems to be suffering a temporary defeat. Frensham, Aldershot, Folkestone, Maidstone, Bully Grenay, Neuve Chapelle, Souchez—how they returned to us! Once again the water was rising round our gum

boots. We remembered the fantastic places : that trench which ran in front of a graveyard, where the machine-gun bullets used to ricochet off the tombstones ; that first sight of Vimy Ridge in the snow, like a mountain of despair. We recalled to one another the strange coincidences and dark premonitions : poor melancholy B. who muttered, " I'll be lying out there to-night," and was, a dead man that very night ; grim Sergeant W. who said to the draft, " This is where you can expect to have your head blown off," and had his own head shattered by a rifle-grenade within three hours. And little Paddy O., who had always seemed such a wisp of a chap, with everything about him drooping, who looked the same as ever, ready to drop at any moment, though he never had dropped and the Central Powers must have spent hundreds of thousands of marks trying to kill him, little Paddy, I say, came close to me, finished his beer, and asked me, stammeringly as ever, if I remembered sending him from the front line for some water for the platoon, on a summer morning in 1916. " Nay," he stammered, " I wasn't gone more than t-ten minutes, and when I c-come back, where you'd been, Jack lad, there was n-nobbut a bloody big hole and I n-never set eyes on you again till to-night." And it was true. I had sent him away on a ten minutes' errand ; immediately afterwards a giant trench mortar had exploded in the very entrance to the little dug-out where I was dividing up the platoon rations ; I had been rushed away, and was gone before he returned ; and it had taken us more than seventeen years to find one another again.

Several of us had arranged with the secretary to see that original members of the battalion to whom the price of the dinner was prohibitive were provided with free tickets. But this, he told me, had not worked very well ; and my old platoon comrades confirmed this, too, when I asked about one or two men. They were so poor, these fellows, that they said they could not attend the dinner even if provided with free tickets because they felt that their clothes were not good enough. They ought to have known that they would have been welcome in the sorriest rags ; but their pride would not allow them to come. (It was not a question of evening clothes ; this dinner was largely for ordinary working men.) I did not like to think then how bad their clothes, their whole circumstances, were : it is not, indeed, a pleasant subject. 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 crowds 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 uniforms for rags. And who shall restore to them the years that the locust hath eaten ?

## Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals :—*The Covenanter* (Sept., Nov.) ; *The Tiger & Sphinx* (Sept., Dec.) ; *The Dragon* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Snapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Bugle* (Sept., Dec.) ; *The London Scottish Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Hampshire Regimental Journal* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The St. George's Gazette* (August, Sept., Oct., Nov.) ; *The Tiger & Rose* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Light Bob* (Oct.) ; *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Dec.) ; *The Britannia* (Oct.) ; *Ca-Ira* (Sept., Dec.) ; *The Lion & The Rose* (Sept., Nov.) ; *The K.S.L.I. Regimental Gazette* (Dec.) ; *The East Lancashire Regimental Gazette* (Sept., Dec.) ; *Royal Fusiliers' Chronicle* (Dec.) ; *The Sapper* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Wire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Military Musician* (Oct.) ; *Our Empire* (Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.) ; *The Imperial Club Magazine* (Christmas, 1934) ; *Owl Pie* (Christmas, 1934) ; *Aldershot Command News* (weekly).



## THE IRON DUKE PURE NONSENSE.

The wind blew in at the back of my tent,  
 The frost crept up from the ground,  
 My blanket slipped and my bed was bent,  
 My big toe caught where the sheet was rent,  
 My sleep was far from sound.  
 But nevertheless I had a dream  
 Of a mythical training day  
 When everyone wore the maddest kit  
 And behaved in the strangest way.

I saw whole sections of Brigadiers  
 Climbing up hills like mountaineers  
 Clad in tights and black plush hats  
 Pursued by hordes of snow-white cats.  
 There were Major-Generals of fourscore years  
 With picketing screens behind their ears,  
 The screens were canvas, and worked thereon  
 Were lovely scenes by Augustus John.  
 All private soldiers wore captains' stars  
 And gave their orders from sumptuous cars.  
 The pickets were drawn from the gilded staff  
 And each one rode on a half-bred calf.  
 The Colonel carried the spare gun parts,  
 His horse was drawing six A.T. carts.  
 I saw Majors in column of fours  
 Distributing gifts from the local stores.  
 The C.-in-C. rode the medical mule  
 And said he'd bathed in the C.O.'s pool.  
 There were stretchers borne by full Lieutenants  
 And every man had a case of Tennents.  
 So it all went on till the "No parade"  
 Was blown by me on the company spade.  
 But it does seem a pity it WAS a dream  
 For that's my idea of the perfect scheme.

A. L.

### "It Happened Like This."

Tigers have been bagged in strange and various ways and perhaps the following adventure may have been repeated elsewhere, but nevertheless I think it is worth recording, not for the sake of those crusty old shikaris who only deign to shoot tigers from elephants, but for the great majority who are compelled by circumstances to make their own bundobust and who always seem to have a much more thrilling time by so doing.

He was in the midst of lunch when he was informed by the bearer that a villager had arrived with khaber (news). To the fellow very keen in shikari there is no word that conveys the same thrill as the word khaber, so you must not be surprised when he left his lunch and immediately interviewed the villager. It did not take him long to discover what the villager had to say, which was to the effect that a panther had early that morning visited the village nine miles away and killed no less than three bullocks. The villager was certain it was a panther, and he having been many a time in pursuit of "spots" lost no time in getting ready. Putting a half dozen rounds of "buckshot" in

the pocket of his shorts and taking his double-barrelled gun, of very doubtful origin, he was ready. A groundsheet to keep the rain off and a packet of toffees completed the equipment. Being certain to have to sit up, an electric torch, complete for clipping on to the gun, was also carried. In spite of heavy rain which fell the whole time, the nine miles' journey in the hilly track was completed in two and a half hours, thus establishing a record for the place. He arrived at the village, which was nothing more than a collection of mud huts inhabited by a very primitive race called Bhils. They possessed large herds of inferior cattle, but how they existed otherwise is a mystery. He was met on arrival by a deputation who beseeched him to rid the village of this nocturnal visitor, and naturally he had all the help he asked for.

He was then shown one of the three "kills." This happened to be a fully-grown cow. It was practically lying up against somebody's back door and certainly not twenty yards from the nearest inhabitant's hut, which gives an idea of the daring of this marauder. Examination of the pugmarks on the ground, which was difficult owing to the long grass, seemed to convince him that it was the work of a panther. The marks of the fangs on the cow went to prove that also. On being assured that this animal was a constant nightly caller on the village, he decided to sit near this kill. That presented many difficulties, the main one being the absence of a suitable tree for the machan within range, so it was decided to sit on the ground inside a barricade of bushes. Just as he got to work to make this, another excited villager came running up to say that on his return with his cattle he heard the panther growling on one of the other kills. So he decided to go and investigate, and loading his disreputable gun he went off. The spot where this second kill, which was a bullock, had taken place was about 100 yards from the village among some very high grass, and it had been dragged about 60 yards into very dense tall grass and bushes. On approaching this kill a great "wooff" was heard and the animal was heard going off. To form a conclusion from the pugmarks was impossible, but the way the kill had been tackled and killed led him to believe it was definitely a panther. He did not bother about the third kill as it had been devoured almost completely; and as he expected the culprit to leave the first kill alone owing to its proximity to the village, he decided to sit up near this kill. Then the difficulties arose. First there was no tree for a machan and he decided to sit on the ground hidden by some bushes and close to the kill. This decision did not meet the approval of the six or seven villagers, and they "downed tools" and refused to co-operate till he began to get things ready himself.

In due course a circular barricade of bushes, with a hole for the gun, was constructed about five yards from the kill. Then he betook himself in and started his long vigil. The villagers departed, leaving one of their number similarly concealed about thirty yards to the rear. It was then about 6 p.m. The torch fitted and it worked satisfactorily. Beyond the usual jungle noises made by peacocks and jungle fowl and the monotonous roll of the nearby stream, all was silent. At about 7.20 p.m. a terrifying growl in close proximity shook the ground and from then till 8.15 p.m., when there was another similar growl, which seemed somewhat nearer, all was silent. Darkness had fallen and so had a certain amount of rain, and his best friend at the moment, to wit, his gun, became waterlogged. At 10.25 p.m. another terrifying growl was heard, and the animal, snorting and snarling, was heard leaping on the kill. Its approach had been absolutely silent. It was pitch dark and it was impossible to see through the bushes what had arrived. Having sent back his heart, which had made strenuous efforts to escape via his mouth, to its rightful abode, he pushed the gun through the hole, and when all was ready pressed the switch in the torch, but alas! it would not light—probably due to rain getting in. In doing this it made a "click," but it could not be helped and it had to be drawn back and tried again. Three times it failed and each time made a "click." The animal had by this time noticed something and ceased eating and began to draw backwards away from the kill. On the fourth attempt the torch lighted and there, practically looking in the hole with its mouth wide open, was an enormous head, which he still mistook for a panther.

Only the head could be seen, the rest of the body being covered by a bush on the left. Deciding instantaneously, he guessed where the shoulder was and, swinging his gun, let go one round of "buckshot" through the bush.

The animal did not wait for another, but made off, making a noise like the Frontier Mail. He was certain of a complete miss and felt anything but pleased with himself. Then the animal began to growl and kept it up all night; and at intervals, when there was a flash of lightning, it looked as if he leaped in the air and growled more fiercely than ever—association of ideas, probably. As dawn broke all was quiet, and at about 5.30 a.m. it was sufficiently light to send the villager, who was sitting close by, to examine the ground near the kill for traces of blood. Pure fright naturally prevented the villager from seeing any, so our hunter decided to sleep till 6.30 and then walk home. At 6 a.m. he was awakened by the talking of half a dozen villagers who had come, and one of these being braver than the others went to look for any signs of blood. This was soon found about 15 yards from the kill, and it was obvious that whatever it was, it had been hit. Then reloading with buckshot he decided to follow up this blood trail. Owing to the enormous grass it was impossible to see any more than a foot or two ahead, and the animal had made a sort of tunnel through the grass. Then he decided to have three or four men on either side of him and go forward in that manner, but again fear overcame the villagers and they refused to co-operate. Eventually, throwing discretion to the wind and forgetting what danger was, he set off alone, and with one hand holding the gun and the other pushing aside the long grass, he followed the trail of blood. He proceeded thus about 70 yards, and before he realised it, had his foot touching a fully grown tigress of about eight feet. Fortunately it had died, but only just, as it was then quite warm. The buckshot had entered her right side immediately behind the ribs and had travelled diagonally across through the lungs and had come to rest under her near fore paw.

She had obviously died from loss of blood. It is a fine trophy, and although he had done everything that should not be done in Shikari circles, the thrill given by that tigress lying at his feet is almost incomprehensible and is one that will never fade.

BAHRAM-I-GOR.

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

*(Continued from page 215, No. 29, October, 1934.)*

[To Lady Bunbury.]

14th February, 1850.—We have just come in this morning from Kohat, to which place we have had, as I predicted, a little expedition.

We started on the 9th with about 2,300 men of all sorts, including six companies of British infantry and six guns. For twenty miles along the plain all was right and quiet, but we then entered the hills near a village called Akholi. There the people set us at defiance and commenced firing at us from their rocky hills. We captured and destroyed their village and proceeded up the narrow valley on the way to Kohat with enemies firing at us from every rocky point and crag on both sides. We halted that night, the 10th, in a small plain surrounded by steep rocky hills from whence the enemy annoyed us a good deal and killed a few men who went for water. On the 11th we proceeded to the head of the valley with the same indefatigable foes on either side. The pass itself was in the hands of Pollock's irregular troops, so we crossed over and visited Kohat on the 12th, leaving our camp at the foot of the pass.

This day our picquets on the hills suffered much loss, as the enemy were in force above us and killed many men with stones and bullets. Poor young Sitwell, of the 31st N.I., was killed and nearly cut to pieces by the hill men, and Hilliard, of the 23rd, is, it is feared, mortally wounded. Yesterday we commenced our return and fought our way down the valley into the open country with but little loss, but altogether we have suffered considerably, two officers and 106 men having been killed or wounded.

Yesterday you were very near losing some of your friends, as, early in the day, Sir Charles, with his staff, was with the rear guard and we were all collected close together, most of us off our horses, watching our advance guard clearing a rocky hill overhanging our road, with shrapnell shells, when a party of about a dozen of the enemy crept down behind a rock overlooking our position and suddenly gave us a volley, without our having been in the least aware that any of them were near us, as none had shown themselves until then. Strange to say, nobody was hit. It was really wonderful, considering the distance and that the rascals had a large fixed mark to aim at, and ample time for preparations. The Afridis are beautiful skirmishers in mountains; they climb like goats and, taking advantage of every bit of rock for shelter, they can approach us quite unperceived, and the moment they have fired they shift their ground. We do not know what loss they suffered, but it is believed to be considerable, as the practice with the guns was beautiful and the shrapnell shells told with great effect wherever any number collected together. We only know positively of about twenty being killed, but they have probably lost a good many more and the destruction of their villages will punish them severely, as there is no timber in the valley and every stick must be brought from a great distance. The women and children with all their livestock had been sent away into the mountains. Certainly the fighting men who remained not only showed a great deal of courage, but perfect knowledge of mountain warfare and a most inveterate hostility towards us. They followed quite out of the hills shouting and firing at us to the very last, so that, although of course we effected our purpose of visiting Kohat, we have done that and nothing more. We have not subdued the enemy in the least, but, on the contrary, have rendered them more inveterate than ever against us, and we have effectually closed our communications with Kohat, as no one can now go up the valley without a considerable force to protect him.

We shall, however, be able to bring these Afridis to terms before long by sending a force into their valleys to destroy their crops when nearly ripe, as each valley appears to produce barely enough for its inhabitants, so that they can be starved into submission. Ranjit Singh failed to subdue them—he sent a large force into the valley and was in the end obliged to retire leaving 1,000 dead behind him. He only kept up his communications with Kohat by paying the mountaineers to allow his troops to pass and re-pass. It remains to be seen how we shall manage; as yet we have gained nothing by fighting and I think that our leaving the valley so soon without coming to terms will make the Afridis more confident, as they look upon our return as their victory.

[To his Father.]

Peshawar, 14th February, 1850.—The Afridis use very long rifles, some flint and some matchlocks, carrying a small ball to a great distance, but it is marvellous how badly they aim considering they use rests and, being always behind rocks, have great advantages in firing down on us. Had they aimed well yesterday, the Headquarter Staff would have lost many of its members. Considering Sir Charles's position as C.-in-C., it was a pity he exposed his life so much in such petty ignoble warfare. He was in the extreme rear all day yesterday with the enemy pressing close on us and firing from every rock at us as we retired. However, thank God, he is back all safe and no harm is done, but I was very anxious about his safety several times.

We have lost a good many men and have done no good, beyond showing the Afridis that we can and will go to Kohat whenever we please, but no one can do so without a good force to back him.

The actual pass is about four and half miles from Kohat and is impassable for any but very small guns, but now we have strengthened that post by two regiments the road will be continued in spite of the opposition of the mountain men. Pollock had seized and held the pass for us with his irregular troops, the remains of Edwardes' Mooltan "heroes," but they are certainly very irregular troops, without drill or discipline of any sort, and no match for the hardy Afridis in the mountains. These fellows fight well

after their own fashion, skirmishing among the rocks and hardly ever showing themselves, but they might have fired at us with deadly effect at much closer range if they had really much pluck, even then they could have always beaten our British and Sepoy troops at climbing. We had, however, one corps quite a match for them, Coke's 1st Punjab Infantry. They are one of the newly raised regiments composed of men from this upper country, from Hazara, Euzufzai, Peshawar, etc., and the hills around, including several Khyberis and Afridis. It is one of the best native corps I have seen though so lately raised; the men full of zeal and *esprit*, fierce and ever ready for a fight, not only willing to follow their officers but leading the way wherever an enemy was to be found. Their only fault is that of young troops, they throw away a great deal of ammunition by random firing and are so keen at the sport that they are hard to stop on a mountain side. One great advantage they have over the Hindoo Sepoy is that they have no caste and will eat anything; a hasty meal finished, they are ready for work, whereas the cooking, eating and washing of a high-caste Hindoo, a Brahman, takes *six hours* and your regiments are not ready to turn out if wanted during all that time. If you do not give them all that time they do not cook at all and get nothing but a handful of parched gram, if procurable. Then the wild firing of these Sepoys is disgraceful to any troops professing to be drilled. The moment an enemy fires, the Sepoys commence without any orders and blaze away in all directions. Luckily most of their shots are fired in the air, so none of their friends are hurt, but their enemies are equally fortunate.

We had two companies of the 60th, two of the 61st and two of the 98th, all in high order. The 60th do their work in first rate style as riflemen, but Sir Charles saved his British troops as much as possible and gave Coke most of the skirmishing to do, and right well he did it. We left him at Kohat together with Daly's Horse, to hold that post for us and yesterday we fought our way out of the valley with much less loss than we expected. The Afridis look upon our return to Peshawar as a victory for them and shouted defiance at us as we left the pass, but they are great fools for their pains; we can starve them into submission on any terms we like before the year is out.

The neighbourhood of Peshawar is in rather an uncomfortable state, swarming with thieves every night, who carry off horses principally, but are not particular. Two valuable horses were stolen out of the 98th camp while we were away at Kohat. Two thieves were shot and the tribe they belonged to assembled to revenge their death by an attack on Peshawar with some 7,000 troops in it! Discretion, however, came in time to smooth down their valour and they stayed away. We are now about to return towards Simla, which we reach about the middle of April.

The 66th N.I. have mutinied at Umritsa, but luckily a good officer, Col. Bradford, was there with his cavalry regiment and the mutineers were disarmed and are under surveillance on the glacis of the fort—*i.e.*, they are encamped close in front of our guns loaded with grape. This will be a hanging matter for many. Those rascally Brahmans are at the bottom of this, as of every row; not one of them ought to be taken into our service. If the mutineers had seized the Fort, as they were on the point of doing, and that at such a holy place as Umritsa, we should have had another outbreak in the Punjab. The peace of a great country depended here upon Col. Bradford's promptness in seizing the gate of the Fort before the mutineers could close it against him.

It is all right now, but that is not the only discontented regiment by very many. They have not justice on their side now, though they often have, and martial law against mutiny will be very rigidly enforced. We have a very dangerous native army to command and the higher the caste the more dangerous and disaffected they seem to be. Give me the low-caste men to command.

Camp, Pukka Serai, 2nd March, 1850.—With regard to the Kohat affair, we have intelligence that the Afridis have held a great meeting to decide whether they should come in and make submission or continue their hostility against us. They have, as I expected, decided on the latter course, unless we agree to their absurdly extravagant

terms. The consequence is that they now declare unceasing war against us (in their country that is, they will not leave their hills), and in future all communication with Kohat must be carried on by an army with artillery. I admire the pluck of the hill rascals very much, but we can easily starve them into submission if it be worth while. Sir Charles thinks the loss of life would be greater than the prize is worth, as we must make up our minds to lose some hundred men each time we force the pass. The Afridis now demand 450,000 bushels of grain as compensation for that which was destroyed! There was not half that amount in the whole valley and only a very small portion was destroyed.

The mismanagement of the Afridis is the cause of the late outbreak and will be the cause of the loss of several hundred lives more before the matter is settled. Our Government was paying 6,000 rupees yearly as blackmail to insure the safe passage of the pass. The wise young political on the spot paid the money to the wrong people, to some who had no concern in the matter, and in consequence the villages in the pass flared up. But so it is on all sides—the politicals make little wars without even consulting the C.-in-C. You will have heard of the imprisonment of Drs. Campbell and Hooker by the Rajah of Sikkim. Well, the Governor-General wrote a threatening letter to the Rajah, promising to pay him off with fire and sword. An expedition is ordered by the Deputy Governor of Bengal and his Council (without any reference to Sir Charles), consisting of 700 men, of whom only 100 were Europeans. Luckily a sensible Brigadier was sent to command and he found out that though the country looks small on the map (which is all the Council looked to), it is prodigiously strong, a mountain country covered with dense forest, through which there are no roads wider than will admit men to move in single file! The Rajah's force is insignificant, but he is backed up by Nepal and Chinese Tartary. The cautious brigadier reported his difficulty and that he must make his roads and establish posts before he advanced too far. He asked for many more men, and very right he was. His Honour the Deputy Governor in Council is greatly surprised that there should be any difficulty in taking such a little country as Sikkim, sneers at the brigadier for making difficulties, and counter-orders the whole expedition. The Rajah of Sikkim will consequently laugh at the Governor-General's threats and, backed by his allies, will become more impertinent and troublesome.

You may depend upon it there is trouble brewing on our eastern frontier; from Assam to Cabul we have enemies ready to pour down on us when the intrigues are ripe. I think Sir Charles's reputation has much effect in keeping things quiet at present, but stay he will not, as long as civilians are allowed to order his troops about and make little wars on their own account without even making any report to him. I am confident he will very shortly send in his resignation and request that a successor may be sent out to relieve him in the autumn. I am not in the least surprised at it, neither would you be if you saw the way the country is governed and what a perfect cypher the C.-in-C. is. The Military Board sits like an incubus upon this army and the Court of Directors is but little better. Just imagine that after authorising the raising of five infantry regiments, called the Punjab Infantry, they refuse to allow them any arms except the worthless rubbish given up to us by the Sikh villages. Scarcely any will go off and many have not even locks.

[NOTE.—Sir Charles Napier gives the following account of his inspection of these regiments:—“I had the curiosity to review these two regiments; they are well commanded and in good order, but the infantry had old Sikh muskets of different calibres; fortunately very few of them would go off, or they would have burst and wounded half the regiment! . . . One soldier had a musket without a lock, another a lock without a musket; here was a bayonet that could not be fixed, there one that could not be unfixed. One man had a weapon with a lock that would not go down, then one that would not stand up. A fine handsome soldier, six feet high, brawny and bronzed, a model grenadier, his brilliant eye sparkling with a malicious twinkle, pretended to hold over his shoulder between his finger and thumb, a flint—his only arm! . . . Luckily I was there. I took spare arms from other regiments, armed the Punjab Infantry well, and took them to Kohat with troops drawn from the garrison of Peshawar; and most gallantly did these men behave.”]

Had the orders of the Lahore Board been carried out and Coke's and Daly's corps been sent to Kohat without protection, very few, if any, would have got through the pass alive. It was only by supporting our skirmishers with shrapnel shells from the nine-pounders that we got through the pass as well as we did. Had a cavalry corps and one of infantry, with useless arms, tried to get through, the enemy would have come down close upon them and slaughtered them like sheep.

Then, the introduction of the Bengal Regulations into a newly-conquered country is manifestly absurd. We try to rule a wild and savage people, accustomed to despotic rule, by a most complicated code of Civil Regulations, productive, even in the old Provinces, of no end of chicanery and fraud. The Punjabis would infinitely prefer military rule; they could understand being governed by an able general, but now they are controlled by rules of which they are utterly ignorant. There *must* be another rising ere long. There are ominous forebodings of it, although, to outward appearance, the Punjab is perfectly quiet—too quiet.

Matters are in a bad way just now—as the Governor-General is at sea for his health and the Government of Calcutta—*i.e.*, Major-General Littler (of the Company's service) in Council sends orders to Sir Charles, whereat he fumes and frets, and no wonder either. I am now convinced he will go home next cold season, unless another outbreak occurs previously. And then when he gets home his friends in the Court of Directors may look out for squalls! His publication of the way things are mismanaged in India and of his reasons for giving up such a splendid command (where in fact he does not command) would go far to damage the Court's chance of another charter.

[NOTE.—They were published in a posthumous work, "Indian Misgovernment."]

(*To be continued.*)

## Sourdough Yarns.

Slim, my half-breed guide, spat in the direction of our camp-fire with a precision born of long practice and then he reached for my tobacco tin.

"Did I ever tell you," he said, "about the first gramophone that came into the north country?"

"No," I replied, "spin the yarn while the bannock cooks."

"Sure. You know Fort George? Well, it had just been founded at the junction of the Nechako and the Fraser rivers. The steel was coming in fast from the other side of the Rockies. Fine place for a saloon, and old Black Jack Campbell opens up a bar with thirteen bar-tenders always on duty. Great beer it was, too! Then he imports one o' them expensive gramophones to amuse the chaps. It was one o' them enormous affairs with a tin horn darned near as big as a church, and wax cylinders, and the horn thing was held off of the floor by a tripod arrangement. After a few days the novelty of the thing wore off. The boys stayed with their drinking instead of losing time winding the thing up.

"Then one day in there came a bunch of Indians from Fort Fraser on a visit to the Hudson's Bay factor. He got tired of having 'em hanging around his place, so he tells them about the canned music and sends them over to the bar.

"A friendly surveyor puts a record on for them and then left them listening fairly spellbound.

"Now across the road from the bar 'Three-shell Dyson' had a card game going, and just as the Indians began their concert Bob Conlon from Montana caught Dyson with one ace more than any respectable card shark should have had. He lets a whoop out of him that would have scared a Blackfoot Indian and, diving into a tent next door, returns with a gun loaded with buckshot. Dyson saw him coming and dashes across the street, thinking that he could find shelter amongst the crowd in Campbell's bar. He

disappeared through the door with Bob a close second and Bob, afraid that he was about to lose the chance of squaring things up, took a pot shot at Dyson before the crowd swallowed him up.

"Bob must not have been a very good shot, for the full charge entered the mouth of the gramophone horn with a roar like thunder just as the unfortunate Indians were listening entranced to "Good-bye, Dolly Grey." I guess I might have been a bit scared myself under the same circumstances, but scared is a mild word in describing the condition those Indians were in. Being fully convinced that the devil in the box had gone mad and escaped, they departed in haste and most of 'em through the window. Not one of them ever showed up in Fort George again as long as I was there."

"Exciting times, eh Slim?" I encouraged him.

"Pretty much so, but we hadn't the roughnecks Hazelton had when she started up."

"You were at Hazelton when it was founded?"

"You bet! I remember the day Parson McClean fought it out with the bandits."

I pointed to the tobacco tin. "Help yourself, Slim. Keep the tin, I have another one. What was this about the bandits?"

"When Hazelton was first built it enjoyed a great boom owing to the discovery of gold and silver on Fallen Stone Mountain about ten miles north of the town. A gold rush set in and wore itself out mighty quickly when it was found that what mineral there was happened to be concentrated pretty well in one place. Most of the miners went back south except a few who managed to get jobs with the Fallen Stone mining outfit. Amongst these were seven or eight Russians who kept themselves pretty much to themselves and who turned out afterwards to belong to some kind of secret society.

"When the rush had settled down and things had quietened out a bit something darned funny happened.

"Hazelton is about the last place on earth where one would think a bank hold-up would take place, for the simple reason there's no way out of the town except by train. It is not often bandits operate where there is not more than one way of escape open.

"One afternoon, just as the bank was about to close, in walked six men, all of them masked, and the leader carrying a revolver and a gunny-sack.

"'This is a stick-up,' he said, in gutteral English. 'Get your hands up in the air.'

"The teller behind the counter reached for his gun, which lay in an open drawer beside him. The leader of the bandits saw the move and, without hesitation, fired. The unfortunate teller fell to the floor with a bullet in his head and, strangely enough, his falling down must have scared the bandits, for they all ran out of the building and cleared off into the bush.

"The brave but unlucky teller was rushed to the hospital, where it was found that the bullet had entered his temple and had lodged between his eyes. An emergency operation was performed and, though his life was saved, the poor lad was blinded in both eyes.

"You can imagine the indignation and surprise of the people in the settlement when the news spread. Poses were organised and were sent out to comb the district in all directions, but they were quite unsuccessful in their efforts. Gradually the affair was forgotten and the place settled down to its normal round.

"Then one afternoon Ah Soo, the Chinese baker and pastrycook, had occasion to go upstairs into his attic for something or other. He lived exactly opposite the bank and from his window above the shop he could see everything that went on in there. Well, he glanced idly out of the window and almost froze in his tracks for he could see six masked men behind the bank's counter and the manager and the teller were being herded into a back room by two men with guns. The other four bandits were busily engaged either scooping up cash or guarding the door.

"Like most Chinamen, Ah Soo was brave, so he grabbed his little .22 rifle, the only weapon he possessed, and ran down his back stairs into the street. Then he stopped,



for he remembered there was scarcely an able-bodied man in town. They were all either working in the mine or off prospecting. The only man Ah Soo could think of was the Presbyterian parson. 'Well,' thought Ah Soo, 'he might be able to do something, even if his job isn't a fighting one.'

"Off he ran to the parson's door and hammered on the panels like mad.

"The mild-looking face of the Rev. McClean appeared at the door.

"What's the matter, Ah Soo?" he asked.

"The bank. She bein' held up again!" gasped the Chinaman.

"McClean was a man of God, but he was also a man of action as befitted a frontier preacher. He reached for his '303 and was out in the street with a pocketful of cartridges almost as quick as it takes to tell it. Now fifty yards from the bank an enormous quartz boulder had been left in the centre of the street as an advertisement of what the country held in the way of mineralisation. The parson made for it with a rush and flung himself down behind it.

"Plucky Ah Soo had disappeared in the direction of his bakery and in less than a minute his little weapon backed by his yellow face was stuck out of his upstairs window.

"A bandit appeared at the door of the bank. The robbers were evidently ready for their getaway.

"'Ping!' went Ah Soo's peashooter and 'Crack' went the parson's '303. The bandit fell full length on the broad sidewalk with a shattered shoulder.

"Then the battle of Hazelton was on. The bandits poured volley after volley at the rock behind which the parson was sheltering. The dust flew up from the road and chips of quartz hurtled through the air with every fusilade. It seemed impossible that the intrepid McClean could live through it, but every time the volleys died down, the parson's head would bob around the side and crack would go his weapon and down would go another bandit. How many hits Ah Soo scored no one ever knew, but McClean got five men out of the six, which was mighty good shooting under such circumstances.

"Of course the racket brought in men from the mine on the mountain-side and when the bandits ceased firing they rushed the bank.

"And here's the funny part of the story: though the five badly-wounded men were captured without difficulty, yet the sixth, and he had the money, ten thousand dollars I think it was, had pulled some boards off the back wall of the bank and had got clear away.

"The captured bandits were all sent to gaol for long terms and sentenced to be deported at the expiration of them. They were all Russians who had been laid off work at the mine. I've heard of fighting parsons often enough, but McClean was the only example I ever met in the flesh. You can bet he rates mighty high amongst the men of the north country."

"Brave man!" I said.

"Yes," agreed Slim, "and lucky too, I guess."

"I suppose he was."

M. B. G.

*(To be continued.)*

## Regimental Tie.

At a meeting held after the lunch given by the 1st Battalion on 3rd January it was unanimously decided that the Regimental tie, worn for some years by officers, past and present, should be the Regimental tie for all ranks of all battalions of the Regiment whether still in existence or not. These ties can be obtained from Charles Norman, 42a Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2., in silk at 2s. 6d., and from R. Hume, Corn Market, Halifax, Yorkshire, in silk at 3s. 6d., and in a mixture of silk and cotton at 2s. 6d. Both firms will send orders postage free.

## Personalia.

The marriage between Major Charles Hawker Brune Pridham, late of the 2nd Battalion, eldest son of the late E. P. Brune Pridham of Torquay, and Miss Margaret Oliver Springer Orr, younger daughter of the late William Frew Orr of Edinburgh, took place at the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, London, on 27th October, 1934. We offer our felicitations to Major and Mrs. Pridham.

The engagement is announced between Capt. J. P. Huffam, V.C., of the 1st Battalion, youngest son of Mr. E. V. Huffam, of Berwick-on-Tweed, and Miss Marian Huffam, only daughter of Capt. L. W. Huffam, of Clughton, Scarborough, formerly of Malton.

Through a regrettable oversight, we omitted to record in our last issue the success of Miss June Rusbridger in the Aldershot Command Horse Show last summer. Miss Rusbridger gained second place in a class for children's ponies, and we offer her our congratulations, and apologies for the omission. Great credit is due to L/Cpl. Dyble, the Commanding Officer's groom, for getting the pony into such good condition.

The Colonel of the Regiment had a letter from Capt. H. G. P. Miles last October from St. Anne's Fort, Barbados, in which he says that he had recently had a few weeks local, and visited some of the other islands in that part of the world. "It was a most interesting trip," he writes, "and I promise to write an account of it for THE IRON DUKE." We hope he will keep his word, though up to date we have not received the account. Mrs. Miles was in England during last summer, but was, we understand, rejoining her husband in October last. Capt. Miles seems to be kept very busy, but says that he still likes the place very much.

Another letter from abroad received by General Turner came from Mr. W. T. Wilkinson, from the Drill Hall, Toowoomba, Queensland. He writes:—"On the 22nd November, 1934, I complete my 40 years as a soldier, having enlisted at Leeds on the 22nd November, 1894. I have still two years to serve before I am retired, and I have held every rank in the Army from private to major, and had the pleasure of commanding a battalion of 1,250 strong for six months and was O.C. Troops H.M.T. *Indarra* from London to Australia from July to September, 1919, a planter and island trader from December, 1919, to June, 1923, a press photographer from 23rd June until 24th June, then 'back to the Army, Sergeant.' Not a bad record for one of the Iron Dukes. Give my kindest regards to Col. M. V. le P. Trench and all other of my old comrades."

The *Morning Post* of 5th December reports that Capt. V. C. Farrell, who is one of the eight British officers in the International Police Force being formed for service in connection with the Saar plebiscite, came back from Saarbruchen recently to recruit men to serve as constables and N.C.O.'s. Capt. Farrell served for eight years in the Regiment, retiring in 1928, after having been adjutant of the 7th Battalion. He was a good athlete, having won the public schools light-weight boxing championship, and also played tennis for Yorkshire. He passed into Sandhurst first, and was recommended for the Sword of Honour.

Miss M. L. Trench, who has had pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy for the past few years, exhibited a number of her pictures at the Arlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, last November. Four other artists' works were also shown there. Four of Miss Trench's pictures were sold, a tribute to her work in these days when buyers are not very numerous.

Mr. W. H. Stocker, who so kindly lent the photograph of the members of the Sergeants' Mess of the 33rd Foot at Kamptee 1875 (which was reproduced opposite page 129 of No. 28, February, 1934, issue of THE IRON DUKE), paid a visit to the Sergeants' Mess of the 1st Battalion last summer. Mr. Stocker left the Regiment as a youngster in 1884, having been born in it in 1879, his father being a colour-sergeant at that time. He thought the records kept in the Mess were splendid.

In connection with this photograph, we have had a letter from Mr. C. J. Puplett, from Ingramport, Nova Scotia, in which he says:—"I sent my last copy of THE IRON DUKE to my mother, who was with the 33rd from 1870 to 1879, to see if she could give me the names of any of the 33rd sergeants in the group. But owing to the length of time, and perhaps eyesight, she was only able to point out my father, who is the third from the right, sitting down, wearing a marksman's badge and whiskers."—This is the only reply we have had to our request for names of the sergeants in the photograph.

Newspaper cuttings from Yorkshire papers sent us by various correspondents give records of old members of the Regiment. The first records the recent celebration of his 80th birthday by Mr. Sutcliffe Maude, of 7 Luton Street, Queen's Road, Halifax. Mr. Sutcliffe joined the 33rd in March, 1873, while they were stationed at Colchester. He saw service with them in Ireland and India, coming home in 1879 on completion of six years' Colour service. In 1880 he entered Messrs. Hartley & Sugden, Ltd., boiler works in Halifax, and completed 53 years' service when he retired two years ago. He is still in excellent health. May he continue so for many years to come.

The next record concerns Mr. Charles Patrick Shea, of 11 Spring Grove, Newstead. Mr. Shea joined the 1st Battalion at the age of 14, as a drummer boy, and served at Malta, through the South African War and in York and India, completing 21 years' service with the Regiment. He then became a postman and served the Post Office for 21 further years. He has now retired at the age of 60. It is computed that for 20 years as postman he walked at least 16 miles a day, and some 100,000 miles during that time.

The third record tells of what is believed to be the oldest and lowest rented dwelling-house in Yorkshire, where lives Mr. Elijah Mitchell, sexton of Maltby Parish Church. Mr. Mitchell served in the 2nd Battalion, and was in "G" Company. He was one of the 50 from the Battalion who was up with the '93 expedition in South Africa, Mr. Paling tells us. Mr. Mitchell's rent is £6 8s. 0d. a year, barely 2s. 6d. a week; and early records show that his house was built at the same time as the church, which is of Saxon origin. We also learn from the news cutting that Mr. Mitchell's grandfather was, to use his own words, "in business as a hangman," about 60 or 70 years ago.

He obtained his first "commission" when he was languishing in a debtors' gaol at York. The regular executioner was taken ill on the eve of a hanging and Askern was given a chance of freedom in return for his services as a deputy.

His first hanging over, he returned to Maltby, obtained work as a shepherd, and continued his business as a hangman whenever opportunity arose. He hanged his own dayboy for a murder in the Roche Abbey woods. He missed what would have been the most sensational job of his career, dying in his bed a few days before Charles Peace paid the penalty.

Capt. Charles Oliver sent us some news of old members of the Regiment, now abroad, last September, just too late for inclusion in the last number of THE IRON DUKE. He writes:—"I have just had a letter from A. V. Field, who was signalling sergeant, and transferred to the Signal Service with a commission and after was appointed to command The Kerman Brigade Signal School, and promoted temporary captain. He retired in 1920 and is at present employed at the Quetta Arsenal. He is doing very well and

enquires what chance he stands in civil life should he come to England, as he fears he may lose his job through the Indianisation now going on.

He mentions C/Sgt. Ogden, who was provost sergeant 1st Battalion, who is doing very well and has a good job in Lahore. Also Sgt. Coates, who left us in Ambala, going to the Indian Army Ordnance Corps, and is now one of the senior conductors. Cpl. Lancashire is also with the same department and stationed in Rangoon. Longbottom, who left us about 1908 or 1909, is with the S. & T. Corps in Quetta and due for retirement very soon. He has been troubled with war wounds which he received in South Africa, and which have been giving him a lot of trouble of late.

Mr. Harry Jennings, who contributed the article No. West Riding/1190 (which appeared on page 204 of No. 26, October, 1933, of THE IRON DUKE), recently sent a cutting from a Canadian newspaper concerning the finding of regimental relics at Butler's Barracks, Niagara Camp. Some falling plaster revealed some of the articles, which consisted of coins, regimental buttons, helmet facings, etc.; and Engineer Sgt.-Major Jennings, who was in charge of the barracks, which are used as a store-room by the Ordnance Corps, had the rest of the plaster pulled down and so saved the remainder of the relics. Among the buttons were some of the 76th Regiment, as well as those of 15th, 37th, 66th, 68th and 70th Foot and The King's Dragoon Guards. The barracks had not been used for troops since 1865, when the Queen's Regiment were the last to be quartered there. In commenting on the cutting, Mr. Jennings, in a letter to the Colonel of the Regiment, writes:—

In regard to the enclosed cutting, I forward it for whatever historical or traditional value it may be considered to possess. I might explain that the camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake is used in summer as a training ground for the "permanent" and "non-permanent" militia of Canada (the "permanent" militia corresponds to our "Regulars") and for a period the General Officer Commanding the District flies his flag there. In parenthesis I might add that I was there this summer with three sons—all in uniform—but as this year will mark my fiftieth in military service, I think it is a fitting time to terminate it once and for all. But, to continue: the engineer sergeant-major spoken of is my eldest son (incidentally one of the first hundred thousand)\* who is engineer in charge of the camp. There are many historical associations connected with this camp; in the early days of the Republic it was one of the prominent points of contact with the military forces hostile to British supremacy. The camp stands at the mouth of the mighty Niagara river—at this point flowing silently, but with such a dangerous current that no man can with safety bathe in it; this would be perhaps ten miles down from the Falls; away on the opposite bank the Stars and Stripes fly over the garrison of the United States. In the old days, forts dotted with guns frowned from each side; to-day the only contact is of a ceremonial or convivial nature. Next month (September) there is to be a ceremony connected with the traditions of the locality, and there will be present representatives of four nations: Britain, the United States, France and Canada; should anything worth recording transpire, I will send it on.

Since writing the above, the camp has closed and my son, on his way to headquarters at Toronto, called here and handed me two large and two small buttons: in the centre an elephant, beneath the figures "76" and circumscribed with the words "Hindoostan Peninsula"; also a metal badge 2½ inches long with the same wording and which might have been the front piece of a shako or other head-dress. As may be expected, these relics are not in first-class condition, but if anyone connected with the Regiment would like to have them, I would be glad to send them on; otherwise the local museum would like to have them.† In this museum (Niagara) are two large coat buttons of the 76th Hindoostan Regiment, donated by Major Hiscott, 76th Hindoostan Regiment, a wooden plaque on the wall inscribed "76 Hindoostan 1827-34," and their records show that the Regiment took part in the Revolutionary War; the Regimental history no doubt will bear record as to the last-named circumstance. Thus am I happy in having placed my feet on the same ground and perhaps trodden in the very footsteps of the soldiers of the 76th who assisted in making history a century and more ago!

Adverting to the first portion of my letter, I cannot find adequate expression of the pleasure it gives me to think that there are some who still remember No. West Riding/1190, Sgt. Harry Jennings, and should you see fit to publish this letter, or any portion thereof, and should it meet the eye of any old comrade contemporary with me, let me say that a lonely exile on the shores of Lake Ontario resting in, and sustained by, the reward that sweetens labour in assisting in a small way to carry the Flag from Tipperary to Jamaica, from Aldershot to Khartoum, from Cape Town to Pretoria, from Halifax to Vancouver, etc., etc. would be glad to hear from him or them. And, in closing, I would say to them that since leaving the 76th in 1890 I have formed many associations with different corps, but

that such associations have never sufficed to fill the gap in my life caused by the severing of the tie of that strengthening and sustaining sentiment felt when one is a member of a regimental "family."

Recently I had some correspondence with R.S.M. W. Cain, who resides in British Columbia and not so very far from our R.S.M. of old times—Major C. Hyde.

With happy memories of past days and with kind regards,  
I remain, yours most sincerely,

HARRY JENNINGS.

We are indebted to Lt.-Col. W. G. Officer for the following:—"All who remember Schoolmaster S. R. Yeabsley will regret his death from pneumonia last August at the early age of 44. He joined the 1st Battalion at Lahore cantonment in March, 1914, and, with Mrs. Yeabsley, who was schoolmistress, served with the Battalion till 1919. In 1921 Mr. Yeabsley received a commission in the Army Educational Corps and in 1931 was promoted captain. At the time of his death he was Education Officer, Home Counties Area. Capt. Yeabsley was buried at Brookwood with full military honours."

\* In a later letter Mr. Jennings says that his son actually went out to France in August, 1914, with the VI. Division.

† Mr. Jennings has now sent the buttons and badge to General Turner to be put in the Regimental Museum.

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

(Continued from page 222, No. 29, October, 1934.)

- Novr. 7th. The last 5 Companies of the Regt. embarked on board the *Lion* for Bengal.  
10th. The Fleet sailed for India.  
13th. Serjt. Spencer of the Lt. Col's Compy. died.  
18th. Peter Hughes Private in Macdowal's Compy. died.  
29th. The *Malabar* and *Good Hope* parted company from the Fleet for Bombay.  
N.B.—Sent the letters entrusted to my care for Mr. Beecher by the Captain of the former.
- Decr. 6th. Josh. Harrison Pte. in Macdowal's Compy. died.  
19th. Thos. Luke do. in do. do. died.  
28th. The Fleet crossed the Line with a very fine Breeze at better than 6 Knots in Longitude 91°.45' by the Capt'n. Reckoning & in 91:18 by the Time Keeper on board the *Fox*.  
29th. The Madrass Fleet (under convoy of the *Trident* of 64 Guns) parted company this afternoon.  
31st. Land seen this morning (at 12 Leagues distance or upwards) on our Lee Beam supposed to be Hog Island. A strong current from the Southward & Westward. At 12 O'Clock saw six ships to Leeward of us, which we conceived to be the Fleet that parted company for Madrass the day before yesterday.
1797.  
Jany. 1st. At Daylight this morn'g. our Fleet was close in with the Island of Sumatra. The Shore appeared sandy & the Land high.  
5th. Made the Southernmost of the Nicobar Islands at daybreak. It is finely wooded.  
14th. Peter Henery (Private in the Col's Compy.) & John Henshall (Private in the Lt. Col's) both died this day. By desire of the Surgeon Their Bodies were thrown overboard immediately.

- 23rd. Norcundam Island Bore E.N.E. distance about 3 Leagues at 8 o'clock this morning.
- 24th. The Fleet came out of the inward passage (into the Bay again) Between the Cocos Islands & the North end of the Great Andaman.
- 25th. At 8 o'clock. last night died James Ellis of the Colonel's Company, & at eleven Joseph Goldsbury of Captn. Anderson's. Both Bodies were with the usual solemnities committed to the Deep at Daylight this Morning.
- 29th. At Ten O'clock. last night died Edwd. Buck (of the Lt. Col's Compy). & his Body was committed to the deep at daylight this Mornng.
- Feby. 1st. At Eleven last Night died Stephen Brewer (of the Col's Compy.) & his Body was this Mornng. committed to the Deep.
- 2nd. At Three this Mornng. James McNelis (of Captn. McPherson's Compy.) died, & at day-light His Remains were Committed to the Deep.
- 6th. John Allen (of the Col's Compy.) died, and His Remains were Committed to the deep.
- 9th. The Fleet came to an anchor in the South Channel (by Signal) about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 o'clock. this Evening.
- 10th. Got our Pilot on board about Eleven this Mornng. And came to at Diamond Harbour at 12 o'clock. at night.
- 11th. The *Lion* moored.  
Died John Cook (of the Lt. Col's Compy.) & Wm. Dixon (of Captn. Anderson's). Their Remains were committed to the Deep at Sunset.
- 14th. Wm. Sugar (of Captn. Deverell's Compy.) died. The detachment disembarked from the *Lion* (all but 2 Serjts. & R. & F. 63 left sick on Board) and went into small craft for Calcutta. Lost Three Men Overboard fm. the *Collipersand* Sloop—Viz.—Corpl. Wright, Hugh McGill, & Wm. Allen of the Major's Compy.—All Drowned.
- 15th. Arrived off Fort William.
- 16th. Disembarked & went into Barracks.
- August 1st. The 33rd went on board small craft to go down to the following Indiaman, viz., *Lord Macartney*, *Lord Camden*, *Lord Hawkesbury*, *Lushington*, *Phoenix* & *Genl. Goddard*.
- 5th. The Division of the Regt. I commanded embarked on board the *Lord Camden* at Kedgiree.  
N.B.—The Ships were ordered to rendezvous at Prince of Wales's Island.
- 9th. The *Heroine*, & several other of the Ships (among which the *Camden* was one) got under weigh, & went a few miles below Saugor, where on acct. of the weather they anchored in the Evening. Came on to blow and a most violent Gale at Night.
- 10th. The *Heroine* Frigate & one or two other Sail which had anchored near us last night were missing at daylight this Mornng. Supposed them to have parted & run into Ballisore Roads. Saw Two Ships near us wrecked upon the Sands, and Two others with Signals of distress flying. But we were unable to afford any relief from the violence of the Wind & the roughness of the Sea. Lost Our best Bower Anchor this night.
- 11th. Ran back to Saugor Roads. Our Pilot Schooner picked up 17 Natives who had escaped from one of the Wrecks upon a Raft.
- 12th. The *Lord Camden* was detained to set her Rigging up, the remainder of the Fleet sailed without her.
- 13th. Got under weigh, & came to when the Tide had done.

- 14th. On trying to get up Our Anchor the Stock broke, and we lost the Two Flues of Our Small Bower. The Pilot left us about Noon. It came on to blow again in the Evening, And at Midnight we carried away Our Fore Top Mast, & Main Top Gallant Mast.
- 27th. Made the Island of Sumatra (having come between the Andamans and the Eastern Shore). Very high Land supposed to be Diamond Point.
- Septr. 2nd. Mark Whitacre (of the Lt. Col's Compy.) fell overboard & was drowned near the entrance of the Harbour of Pulopinang. A Seaman of the name of Thomson lost his life in attempting to save him.
- 3rd. The *Lord Camden* got ashore in coming round the Point into the Harbour. She was by the assistance of the Boats of the Fleet (which we found here) got off, and she moored in the Eveng. below the Fort.
- 8th. The Men of the 33rd were by Order of Major. Genl. St. Leger removed from the *Lord Camden* & *Genl. Goddard*. The Officers & Soldiers from the former were sent on board the *Lord Macartney* & *Ld. Hawkesbury*. Those from the latter went to the *Lushington* & *Phoenix*.
- 9th. *La Sybelle* & *Fox* Frigates, with the *Lord Macartney*, *Lushington*, & *Phoenix* Arm'd Ships, together with the Indiamen & Country Ships for China, sailed. At sunset came to an anchor at the North end of the Island. (Saw a strange Sail standing in which Ansd. the Private Signal.)
- 10th. The Strange Sail seen last night proved to be the *Hobard* sloop of War, with dispatches from Madrass. In consequence of which Captn. Cook of *La Sybelle* was ordered to put back with his Convoy into Pulopinang. On our return we found that the Expedition (which was intended against Manilla) was at an end, and that the Troops assembled at Prince of Wales's Island from Bengal & Madrass, were to return forthwith to the Presidencies from which they came.
- 15th. Last night & this mornng. the Officers & Men who had been removed fm. the *Ld. Camden* to the *Ld. Macartney* & *Lord Hawkesbury* were sent back to that Ship.
- 24th. The *Phoenix* being ordered to Madrass, the Officers & Men of the 33rd on board of her were distributed among the following 5 Indiamen Viz. *Lord Macartney*, *Lord Camden*, *Lord Hawkesbury*, *Lushington* & *Genl. Goddard* which sailed for Bengal this day.
- Octr. 21st. Wm. Gamble (of the Lt. Col's Compy.) died.  
25th. Took the Pilot on board.  
31st. Arrived at Diamond Harbour.
- Novr. 1st. Died James Martin of the Lt. Col's and Wm. Goldsbury of Captn. Anderson's Compy.  
2nd. The *Lord Camden* being ordered to Calcutta to repair, the Troops proceeded in Her up the River.
- Novr. 4th. The *Lord Camden* saluted Fort William this day, and the Detachment landed & marched into Barracks in the Evening.
- Decr. 1st. Elliott, Trevor, West & I went a Trip up the River.  
12th. Arrived at Moorshedabad.  
13th. We were presented to the Nawab C & to the Bussah Begum. The Former gave us a supper & a Nautch after it.  
N.B.—I mounted an Elephant for the first time in my Life this day.  
15th. Left Berhampore (on Our Return).  
20th. Arrived at Fort William again.

(To be continued.)



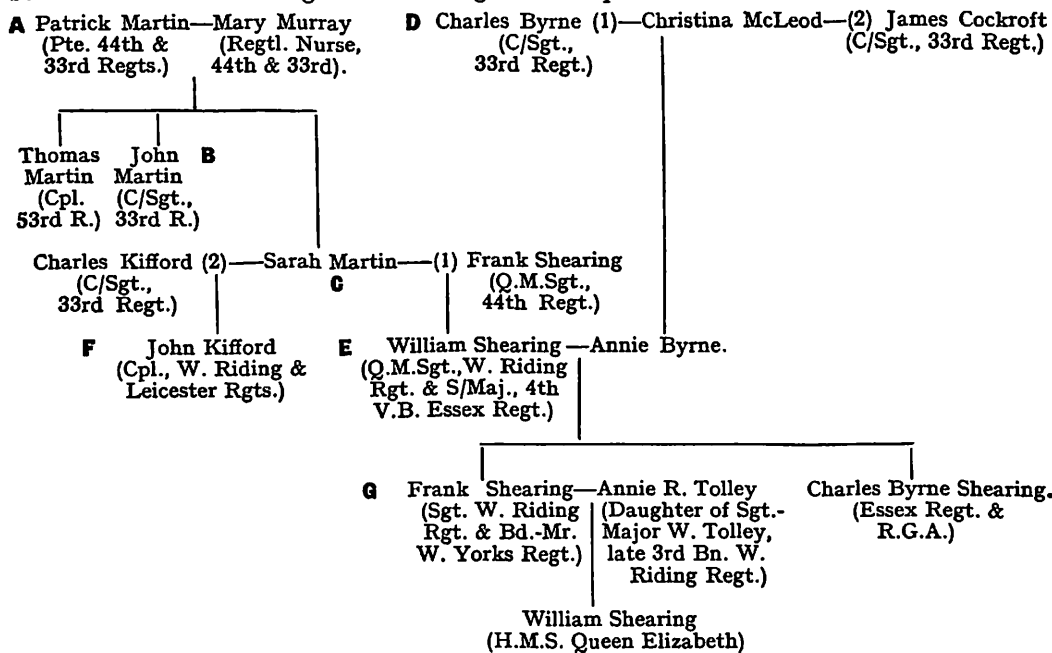


## Notable Family Records in the Regiment.

### No. 7.—SHEARING (and forbears MARTIN and BYRNE).

WE are indebted to Mr. William Shearing for compiling this record of his family, and for the accompanying portraits. In a covering letter he remarks :—" After perusing the statement it strikes me as more of a record of the 33rd with a very slight strain of the Shearing Family." Even admitting a small element of truth in this, it is none the less a most interesting record, and as will be seen from the family tree below, all the individuals in it, though bearing other names than Shearing, are directly related, and the same strain of blood runs throughout the record of service. Mr. Shearing has omitted details of relationship between the various individuals in the record, as being too complicated, but he has provided separately a family tree which makes it perfectly clear.

Mr. Shearing has modestly omitted to refer to all his prowess in shooting in his own record of service, and we should like to record here that during his Army career he won many medals and jewels, amongst which are three Army jewels for rifle and revolver eights, and the N.R.A. silver medal for shooting in the Army Sixty in 1898. A photograph of these trophies appears opposite page 65. Mr. Shearing has been a life member of the N.R.A. since 1898; he was elected to the Council of the Army Rifle Association in 1899, and was rifle champion of the North London Rifle Club in 1900 and 1902. He was reserve for the Mother Country team in the National challenge trophy 1906, and was selected for a team to visit and shoot against American and Colonial teams in 1907, but had to decline owing to his having taken a post in Malta.



**A—Patrick Martin.**—Enlisted 44th Regiment June, 1844. Served in Crimea, Indian Mutiny and Taku Forts, 1860. Volunteered to 33rd Regiment 1864 and served in India and Abyssinia 1867. Discharged to pension 1872. Mrs. Martin was Regimental Nurse to both 44th and 33rd Regiments.

**B—John Martin.**—Enlisted 33rd Regiment January, 1865, at Poona. Served in India and on Permanent Staff at Halifax. Discharged as colour-sergeant 1894.

THE SHEARING FAMILY  
(and forebears Martins and Byrnes.)



C/Sgt. C. Kifford.  
D.C.M.



Sarah Martin.  
(later Mrs. F. Shearing and  
Mrs. C. Kifford.)



Patrick and Mrs Martin and  
grandson W. Shearing.



C. Sgt. James Cockroft.



Christina McLeod  
(later Mrs. C. Byrne and  
Mrs. J. Cockroft.)

**THE SHEARING FAMILY.**  
(and forebears Martins and Byrnes.)



Sgt. Major W. Shearing.



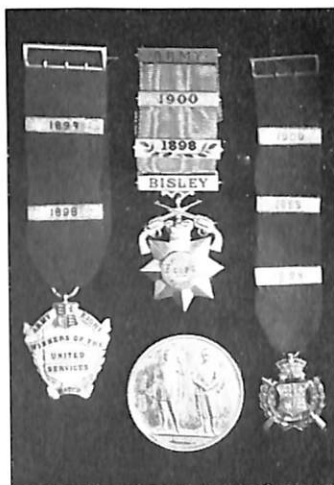
Patrick Martin with his son  
C/Sgt. John Martin and  
grandson Sgt. W. Shearing.



Mrs. W. Shearing.



Corpl. J. Kifford  
and Boy F. Shearing.



Sgt. Major W. Shearing's  
Shooting Medals and Jewels.



Bandmaster  
F. Shearing.

C—**Sarah Martin**.—Daughter of Patrick Martin. Married (1) Frank Shearing, Q.M.S. 44th Regiment. Served Indian Mutiny and Taku Forts. Died of cholera at Neemuch 1864. (2) Charles Kifford, C/Sgt. 33rd Regiment and P.S. 6th West York Militia. Enlisted March, 1856. Served Indian Mutiny and Abyssinia 1867. Awarded D.C.M. in assault on Magdala. Died Halifax, March, 1886, while still serving.

D—**Charles Byrne**.—Enlisted 33rd Regiment Dublin 1839. Served at Gibraltar, New Brunswick, North America and West Indies. Embarked with Regiment for the Crimea in March, 1854. and was killed at the Alma in September whilst colour-sergeant escorting the Queen's Colour. His wife accompanied the Regiment to the Crimea and was present at Varna and Scutari with Florence Nightingale. Afterwards married James Cockroft, C/Sgt. 33rd Regiment, and served in India with the Regiment. Died 1912 at Halifax, aged 83.

E—**William Shearing**.—Born Belgaum, October, 1864. Enlisted Halifax 1877 for the 9th Brigade. No. 1148. Joined 76th at Aldershot, February, 1878. Transferred to P.S. 3rd and 4th Bns. West Riding May, 1886. Promoted colour-sergeant 1889, quartermaster-sergeant 1894. Was acting schoolmaster at Halifax for several years. Transferred to Essex Regiment as sergeant-major, 4th V.B., April, 1896, at which time the Adjutant of that battalion was Capt. (the late Brig.-Gen.) C. D. Bruce, Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Was a member of the Army Eight and Revolver Eight for several years. Discharged to pension 1.11.1904 and re-enrolled as a Volunteer 2.11.04. Served as brigade sergeant-major at annual training until 1907. Chief Steward of Malta Union Club from 1907 to 1928. Married only daughter of C/Sgt. C. Byrne, 33rd Regiment, February, 1888.

F—**John Kifford**.—Enlisted 1st Battalion Bradford 1892 and served with 1st and 2nd Battalions, including South African War (S.E. Coy. M.I.), until 1907. Rejoined Leicester Regiment in 1914 and was killed in action Loos 1915.

G—**Frank Shearing**.—Born January, 1889. Enrolled in 4th V.B. Essex Regiment in March, 1901. Enlisted 1st W. Riding Regiment at York 7.11.1902, and served with the 1st Battalion at home and in India until February, 1912, on being posted to Kneller Hall for band-master's course. Appointed band-master West Yorkshire Regiment 23.3.1914, and served with the 2nd Battalion W. Yorks Regiment at home, Malta, India, Irak and the Sudan, until discharged to pension 7.10.1930. Married Annie, the elder daughter of Sgt.-Major W. Tolley, late 3rd Bn. West Riding Regiment (Sgt.-Major Tolley had also four sons serving in the Regiment during the Great War, two being killed in action and one having died since as the result of gas poisoning). Their only son is at present serving in H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* in Malta.

(Next Number : **The Harte and Harper Families.**)

## Extracts from **The Havercake Lad.**

No. 1.—Malta, 15th March, 1897.

### EDITORIAL.

"It is now some years since a regimental paper of the 'Dukes' was published. It was then known by the title of the 'Duke of Wellington's Journal' but died a natural death when the Battalion was serving in the 'Shiny' . . . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

### RESUME.

"Sixteen months have passed since we of the regiment left the chalky cliffs of Dover behind us. After a pleasant and uneventful voyage on the good ship 'Pavonia' we landed at Malta on 6th October, 1895, and took up our quarters at Verdala where we remained until July last . . . . ."

" On the departure of the 2nd King's Royal Rifles for South Africa in the middle of July, we exchanged Verdala for Floriana, and the writer of this article has a vivid recollection of the day, it being one of the hottest of a hot summer. The general health of the Regiment has been good, for, though there have been many men in hospital we have escaped with two casualties, one of which was the result of an accident."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### OUR 2ND VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

" A recent issue of the cycling weekly '*The Hub*' contained a reproduction of an excellent Photograph of the cyclist section of one of our Volunteer Battalion, with the following complimentary reference:—

'The Cyclist Section of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) was formed on September 18th, 1889, and was one of the earliest in a movement which has since spread so largely, not only among Volunteers, but every arm of the service. Colonel Freeman, who had command of the Huddersfield Rifles, was the original promoter of the movement. During the winter months classes were held and well attended, for signalling, cycling drill, and topography, and in this latter feature the section have been highly complimented on several occasions by Gen. Wilkinson, C.B., Col. Fenn, and Brigadier Wilson. In 1894 the section sent a team to compete in the 'Volunteers Infantry Cyclist Long-distance Contest,' better known as the 'Savile Cup' at Blackwater. The day was a frightful one, the rain coming down literally in torrents for a greater part of the journey. The 2nd West Riding finished second out of the twelve teams that started.'

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LEISURE MOMENTS ON GUARD.

##### THE GOAT.

" Buffon not being a part of a soldiers kit, I must perforce sit on my haunches and cull from my treacherous memory something descriptive of this animal of which on this island we see and smell so much. It is of the Maltese breed that I write. Go where you will, you will see straggling herds of these shaggy, stupid-looking quadrupeds. One of the staple trades of Malta is the collection and sale of goat's milk. As far as you can judge they are milked and fed at all times—if fed at all. They seem to relish any refuse, bits of stale bread, cigarette and cigar ends, etc., and they appear to have no resting place, but particularly hug the outside of barrack-guard-rooms, doubtless because the herdsman (if so he can be called) generally get a bit of 'rooty' and the hardest-hearted Tommy cannot resist the appeal for 'mungy for de goat,' and has he not immortalized it in song, which is taken up with great gusto on the march—'Gibla mungy for de goat'? If there is one soft spot in the heart of a Maltese it is for his goat. I once saw a goat just grazed by a passing cart in Strada Reale, and the scene of gesticulating, frenzied Maltese defies description. Had the French again landed, a greater commotion could not have occurred. Apart from the lacteal qualities of the Maltese goat it has yet another and that is the powerfulness of its smell. They are also very inquisitive, and a good story is told by Cpl. Ananias of the landing here of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. When they got to Verdala, outside the cook-house was the customary herd waiting to be milked for the regimental supply. They were struck with amazement at such a clean, bejewelled dandy, got up regardless of expense, and crowded round him like bumboats around a trooper, either with a view to exchanging fleas or knocking him out, but Billy drew back, and putting all the corn and beer he daily consumes into one fell rush, disembowelled one on the spot. He was clinked and crimed with 'tampering with the regimental milk,' but got a washout. I have another goat story—a true one. A few years ago, at a large seaport town in Wales there was a European consul, whose wife was consumptive. She was ordered goat's milk by her medical attendant. The consul was no agriculturist,

and had never in all probability seen a goat except in Zoological gardens. He advertised and was soon fitted up with a handsome specimen. It was to arrive at a certain time at his chateau, and he had an admiring group of friends, who knew as much about the business as he did and many were the conjectures as to the amount of milk per diem which could be extracted. It arrived and was at once handed over to the gardener with many instructions. The gardener couldn't look at the goat for laughter, much to the annoyance of his master. It took a lot of explaining, but it finally dawned on the consul that he had bought a Billy—a he-goat. He will not even wear kid gloves now lest they remind him of the painful occurrence."

"GAUCHO."

[NOTE.—Capt. Charles Oliver informs us that Sgt. Williams, now in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, wrote the above article over the pen-name of "Gaucho."—ED.]

\* \* \* \* \*

#### "REGIMENTAL NEWS.

"On February 9th Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Bainbridge won the Golf Challenge Cup, beating the H.L.I. team. Captain Taylor also won the Singles handicap Class I (handicap under 12,) and Lieut. Bainbridge that in Class II (handicap over 12)."

"On February 2nd a draft was embarked for England under 2nd Lieutenant Bray, who is relieving Lieutenant Acworth at the Provisional Battalion. The draft included the veteran footballer Sergeant Duell whose time is up. Sergt. Duell has done yeoman's service in our Rugby XV. and in fact may almost be termed the father of it."

### Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths:—

**BRENNAN.**—On the 26th September, 1934, at the Halifax Infirmary, John Gordon Brennan, M.C., aged 57 years. Mr. Brennan enlisted as a boy on the 21st January, 1893, in the 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In the same year he, with another boy, saved No. 2703 Bandsman J. Kelly from drowning at Dover, for which act he was awarded the Royal Humane Society bronze medal. He afterwards served with the Battalion in Malta, the South African War, 1900-1902, and in India.

In 1913 he was posted to the permanent staff of the 5th Battalion, and shortly afterwards was promoted warrant officer and posted to the 3rd Battalion as sergeant-major. On the 8th August, 1914, he proceeded with the Battalion to Sunderland, and afterwards to North Shields. On the 28th March, 1918, he proceeded to France and was posted as R.S.M. to the 15th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment. He was awarded the Military Cross, in addition to which he held the Queen's and King's South African Medals, the General Service and Victory Medals for the Great War, the Good Conduct Medal and King George's Delhi Durbar Medal.

On his discharge in 1919 he was appointed Mace Bearer of Halifax and served in that appointment till his death. As mace bearer he was a well-known figure in Halifax, and he combined the dignity of the position with a keen sense of the humorous, while his invariable courtesy made him popular with all who came in contact with him. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

**BRUCE.**—On 22nd December, 1934, Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce, C.B.E., F.R.G.S., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Clarence Dalrymple Bruce was born at North Berwick on July 8th, 1862, the second son of Colonel E. J. Bruce, Royal Artillery. He was educated at Haileybury (where he was in both the Cricket XI. and the XV. in 1879) and at Sandhurst, passing into the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1882. He took up polo with enthusiasm, and as No. 2 he was the mainstay of the Regimental team which reached the final of the Infantry Tournament in 1884 and won the cup in the years 1886, '87 and '88.

From 1885 to 1889 Bruce was A.D.C. to General David McFarlan, of the Sirhind Division, but he travelled up from Ambala to Mian Mir or Rawalpindi to join his team whenever possible. In 1889 he was promoted Captain and joined the 2nd Battalion at Halifax, Nova Scotia, early in 1890, and later went on to Barbados with them. While at Halifax, N.S., he won two gold medals playing lawn tennis in the Maritime Provinces tournament, in the singles, beating Lt. (now Brig.-General) P. A. Turner, and in the doubles winning with the latter player as his partner. He also played for the regimental cricket team and for the rugby fifteen, and though he had not played rugby for eight years was a very useful threequarter and an equally good back. He also played polo in the West Indies and was above the average as a racket player; in fact he excelled at all ball games, as he did in almost everything he undertook.

Bruce returned to England in 1892 to take up the Adjutancy of a London Volunteer Regiment, and the same year married Miss Ethel Leatham, daughter of Mr. E. H. Leatham, of Miserden Park, Gloucestershire, M.P. for Huddersfield. Captain and Mrs. Bruce took up residence near Harlow, and so began the connection with Essex and with fox-hunting which lasted throughout his life.

In 1897 he went to Cairo and served on the Staff of Sir Francis Grenfell (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell) during the Atbara Campaign. On his return to England he was offered, and accepted, the post of second-in-command to Colonel (later General Sir Hamilton) Bower, who was proceeding to Wei Hai Wei to raise the Chinese Regiment. (The story of this Regiment has already been told in *THE IRON DUKE*.)

Major Bruce was severely wounded during the relief operations outside Tientsin in 1900 and was invalided home, returning very shortly afterwards to take command of the Chinese Regiment until its gradual reduction in numbers ended in its extinction in 1906.

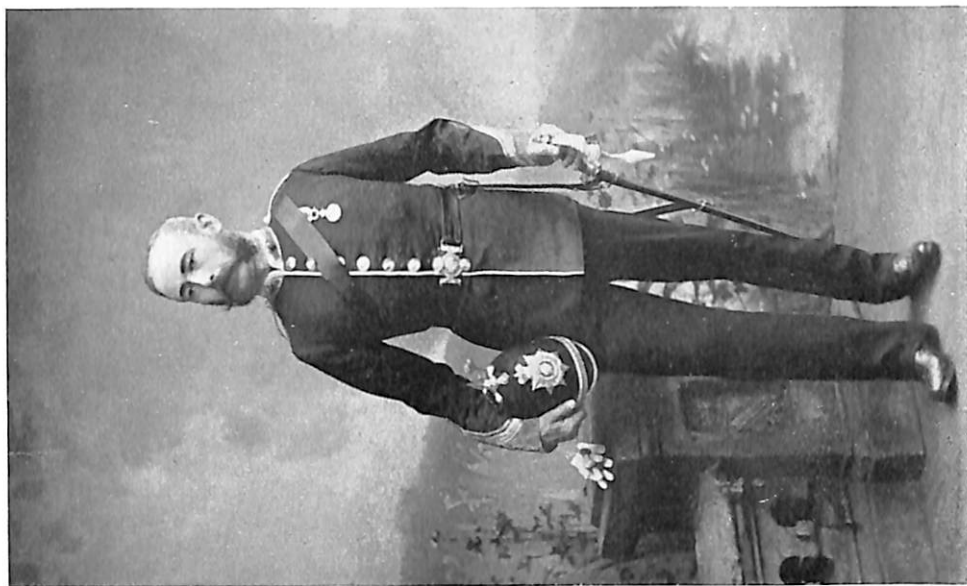
In 1901 Colonel Bruce, acting on his maxim "never travel by the same route if there is an alternative," proceeded home on leave via the Gobi Desert. He described this journey in a magazine article entitled "A thousand Mile ride in China," and also in the *Times*. His observations were of considerable importance, both geographically and politically. Early in 1905 Bruce was again on leave making arrangements for a journey from Kashmir to Peking; he left England in May, spent a short time at Simla obtaining official sanction to his plans, and, with Captain Layard (also of the Chinese Regiment) and a Sikh surveyor, left Srinagar on July 29th with supplies for his party for nine months. A long delay at Leh obtaining ponies, and a further stay at Tank-se searching for the thirty yak which were necessary to carry the pony fodder, left the time short in which he could expect to cross the many passes and the uninhabited tableland of North-Western Tibet before the winter set in. The story of this remarkable journey is written in his book "In the Footsteps of Marco Polo," published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1907. It is sufficient here to say that the route was carefully surveyed, meteorological records taken and valuable information obtained, before Peking was reached on May 8th, 1906. Only one pony survived the hardships which were shared by men and beasts, and this animal had so won General Bruce's affection that he brought it back to Wynter's Grange, his home in Essex, where it lived a life of ease and plenty.

The Chinese Regiment had been gradually reduced and now numbered only some hundred men who were shortly absorbed into the police force. Bruce then returned to England, retired from the Army, and settled down to write the book already mentioned. A few months later, in the Autumn of 1907, the Municipal Government of the Treaty Port of Shanghai pressed him to accept the post of Commissioner of International Police. So valuable did they consider Bruce's services that they considerably increased the usual salary in order to tempt him east. Bruce returned to China, held this post till 1913, and in 1911 commanded the Shanghai Defence Force during a brief revolution. In 1913 the Chinese Government appointed him Adviser in Political Affairs, but on the outbreak of the Great War he returned to Europe to command the 27th Brigade, 9th



THE LATE BRIG.-GENERAL C. D. BRUCE C.B.E., F.R.G.S.





The late Capt. William Harvey.



The late Lt.-Col. Lionel Herapath, C.B.E.

(Scottish) Division at Lord Kitchener's personal request. This Brigade he trained and took to France, where he was taken prisoner at the Battle of Loos in 1915.

Bruce's health, already undermined by the severities of his Chinese journeys, was seriously affected by his two years' imprisonment in Germany. He was transferred to Holland in 1917, where, ever anxious to be at work, he obtained a War Office mission under General Belfield at the Hague. This work, lasting until 1919, took him to various parts of Europe. He then returned to his work in China, the Chinese Government having kept his post open for him and decorated him with the Order of Chia Hou, but he became seriously ill, and on his return home underwent a series of painful facial operations. Mrs. Bruce had died in 1916, and General Bruce settled in a small house near his old home, where he wrote "A History of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 1st and 2nd Battalions, 1881-1923," "The Essex Foxhounds and Adjacent Hunts, 1895-1926," as well as many articles for reviews, periodicals and journals. He reviewed most of the important works on China published since the war, and his letters to the *Times* on far eastern questions attracted wide attention.

He was Assistant Commissioner for Boy Scouts in Essex until failing health prevented him making any physical exertion. He died on December 22nd after a few weeks acute illness, leaving one daughter (Mrs. Williams) and a son.

The funeral was attended by The Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-General P. A. Turner and also by Brig.-General W. M. Watson.

*We are indebted to Brig.-Gen. W. M. Watson and Col. E. G. Harrison for the matter from which the above notes are compiled; both were friends of General Bruce's since boyhood and in spite of the exigencies of the Service they never lost touch with him. "A friend" writes:—"Bruce had been ill for many years, but his courage and his interest in life never waned. He had a very remarkable gift of friendship of that rare kind which survives even long separation. His interest in young people and his charming manner added to the attraction of a very vivid personality. He took an active part in the Scout movement so long as his strength allowed, and in that subject, as well as in all matters connected with horses and hunting, with shooting and dogs, his advice was frequently sought and readily given. He wrote for many journals and reviewed most of the important books published about the Far East, maintaining his sane outlook and clearmindedness even when his strength was very low. There was always something in his writings more than the bare facts or the opinions of a well-informed mind. He kept his youthful elasticity of spirit and sympathy with changing ideas without losing any of the idealism which inspired his life. Those of us who are left will miss him sadly; our lives were the richer for knowing him."* A portrait of General Bruce appears opposite page 68.

**CROSBY.**—On October 28th, 1934, at Montreal, Canada, James Crosby. Mr. Crosby enlisted in the 76th Regiment on March 7th, 1878, at Brentwood, and joined the Regiment at Shorncliffe. He served with them in Ireland, Bermuda, Halifax (Nova Scotia) and Barbadoes, being employed in the regimental tailor's shop the whole of his service. He was discharged in Barbadoes on November 20th, 1891, and returned to Halifax, N.S., where he settled down to civilian life.

**EARNSHAW.**—On the 26th October, 1934, at Rose Cottage, Highburton, Kirkburton, Huddersfield, Tom Earnshaw, aged 57 years. Mr. Earnshaw enlisted in the 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1894, and the following year proceeded to join the 2nd Battalion, then stationed in Natal. He afterwards served with that Battalion in India and Burma. In January, 1902, he proceeded to join the 1st Battalion in South Africa, and was afterwards transferred to the Army Reserve on the cessation of hostilities in that country.

**FAITHFULL.**—On November 4th, 1934, at Bradley, near Skipton-in-Craven, Airlie Beatrice, wife of Capt. C. K. T. Faithfull, Adjutant, 6th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mrs. Faithfull was the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman

Dalrymple, of 39 Preston Park Avenue, Brighton, and sister of Lt. J. H. Dalrymple, of the 1st Battalion. She was a very good tennis and squash racquets player, and will be much missed by her friends in the 1st Battalion. Captain and Mrs. Faithfull were married in 1931.

FOSTER.—On the 23rd November, 1934, at 61 Ashwell Road, Toller Lane, Bradford, Captain Daniel William Paris Foster in his 68th year. Captain Foster enlisted in the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the 8th March, 1885, serving with that battalion in the Bermudas, Halifax, N.S., Barbadoes, Cape Colony, Natal and India. In 1899 he was posted to the 1st Battalion at Dover, and in the same year to the Depot at Halifax. Two years later he was posted to the 5th Battalion at Huddersfield, serving as instructor on the P.S. at Mirfield till his discharge in 1909.

On the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, Captain Foster volunteered for service at the Depot, and for a short period was on the Recruiting Staff. As soon as possible he re-enlisted and was posted to the 10th Battalion, then in course of formation, shortly afterwards being gazetted Lt. and Quartermaster. He served overseas with that Battalion in France and Belgium till November, 1917, when he was invalided home, and joined the 3rd Battalion, North Shields, subsequently being appointed adjutant of the Prisoners' of War Camps at Winchester and Banbury. In February, 1919, he was employed by the Bradford Dyers' Association, Ltd., as manager and organiser of their canteen system, from which he was retired in 1929 on attaining the prescribed age limit.

On page 33 of No. 24 (February, 1933) of *THE IRON DUKE*, we published an account of Captain Foster's family, in the first of the series of notable Family Records in the Regiment, and a full account of his own service appeared in this record. As mentioned in the Editorial, Captain Foster's death deprives *THE IRON DUKE* of a valued contributor. Mention is also made of him in The 10th Battalion's O.C.A. notes on page 30.

GALE.—On the 15th November, 1934, at the Halifax Infirmary, William Gale in his 70th year. Mr. Gale enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the 5th March, 1885, and after a few months with the Depot and 2nd Battalion he proceeded to join the 1st Battalion, then in India; serving afterwards with that Battalion in Aden, from which station he came home in December, 1889. The following October he was posted to the Depot, Halifax, and served there till his transfer to the Army Reserve in 1892. For over 40 years he was employed by the Halifax Corporation, and had only retired a short time before his death.

HARVEY.—On 12th December, 1934, at his residence, 411 Stoney Bank, Utley, Keighley, Captain William Harvey, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 94. We have been unable to obtain the date on which Captain Harvey enlisted in The 33rd Foot, but he served with them in the Abyssinian Campaign in 1868. On the embarkation of the Regiment for India in August, 1875, he was left behind as Colour-Sergeant of the Depot, and afterwards accompanied it from Ireland to Chatham. On the formation of the 9th Brigade Depot at Halifax in 1877 he accompanied the detachment of The 33rd there, and was later promoted Sergeant-Major of the Depot. On 5th November, 1879, he was promoted to Lt. and Quartermaster of the 1st Battalion the 6th West York Militia, which, in 1881, became the 3rd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, and he held this appointment until 1894 when he retired, after some 33 years' service in the Regiment. He was a keen angler and gardener, the latter hobby he continued until shortly before his death, his health and vigour having been remarkably good in spite of his advanced age. Captain Harvey held the Abyssinian and Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. A portrait of Captain Harvey appears opposite page 69.

HERAPATH.—On November 16th, 1934, Lt.-Colonel Lionel Herapath, C.B.E., late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 54. Colonel Herapath was born on 7th December, 1880, and was educated at Cheltenham College and Cambridge. He joined the 3rd (Militia) Battalion on 3rd December, 1898, and went out with them to the South

African War in February, 1900. He served in the operations in Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, including the actions of Biddulphsberg, Lindley, Rhenoster River, Bethlehem, Witteberg and Witfoort, receiving the Queen's Medal and three clasps. He served as Staff Lieutenant with the transport from May to October, 1900. He had meanwhile been given a regular commission, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion on 18th April, 1900, going out to Burmah to join them towards the end of the year. He served with that Battalion during the remainder of their foreign service and came home with them to Lichfield in November, 1905, serving with them in England until posted to the Depot, Halifax, in 1912. Early in 1915 he rejoined the 2nd Battalion in France, taking part in the heavy fighting of those early months until invalided to England. On his return to duty he was appointed adjutant of the Northern Command Depot at Ripon, which he helped to raise and train. From January to August, 1917, he was Brigade Major of the 9th Reserve Infantry Brigade at Stirling. He then went out to East Africa and served as D.A.A.G. to the East African Force under General Van Deventer. In October, 1918, he was appointed A.A.G. at G.H.Q. East African Force, holding the post until May, 1919, when he returned to England. Almost immediately after his arrival he accompanied the British Military Mission to Finland as A.A. and Q.M.G., holding that post until January, 1920. On his return home he rejoined the 2nd Battalion in Ireland, serving with it during the rebellion there. He commanded the Battalion for a short time during the absence of the late Colonel R. N. Bray. He retired in 1922. Colonel Herapath was mentioned in despatches of 3rd February, 1920, was made C.B.E., and given a Brevet Lt.-Colonelcy. In addition to the 1914-15 Star and British War and Victory Medals, he received the Legion of Honour, 5th Class.

Colonel Herapath married, while serving with the 2nd Battalion in Rangoon as a subaltern, Elsie Ellen, daughter of Mr. H. Hoyne Fox, chief architect of Burmah, and Mrs. Herapath accompanied him during the whole of his service abroad and at home. They had one daughter and one son, the latter is serving with the 1st Battalion The Middlesex Regiment in Cairo.

During his service in Finland, Colonel Herapath did much to help Estonia in gaining her independence, and his widow received a telegram of sympathy from the Government of that country on receipt of the news of his death. Colonel Herapath's cheerful disposition and keen sense of humour made him popular with all ranks. A portrait of Colonel Herapath appears opposite page 69.

**HUGHES.**—On the 28th October, 1934, at the Halifax Infirmary, Joseph Hughes in his 77th year. Mr. Hughes was the civilian master tailor of the Depot, Halifax, from 1893 till 1913. He enlisted in the 3rd Battalion in 1907, and was discharged in 1913. He re-enlisted in September, 1914, and served as master tailor of the 9th Battalion till its embarkation for France, when he was posted to the home establishment and, on the formation of the Garrison Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers, at Halifax, he was transferred to that Battalion and proceeded with it to Malta, where he served till his discharge in 1919. After his discharge he again, for a short period, served as master tailor of the Depot and, till a short period before his death, performed like duties with the 4th Battalion.

**MARSHALL.**—On September 16th, 1934, at Yateley Hospital, Hants., Lt.-Colonel Francis Macleod Hastings Marshall, late The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 76. Colonel Marshall was born on 31st July, 1858. He joined the 64th Foot on 11th May, 1878; and served in the operations against Sekukuni in the South African War of that year, receiving the medal and clasp. He transferred to the 80th Foot as Lieutenant on 12th January, 1881, and on 30th March of the same year to The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He served with both the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and was adjutant of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion from 1892 to 1895. In May, 1900, he brought a draft out to the 1st Battalion at Bloemfontein during the South African War. He was present at the action of Rhenoster Kop on 29th November, 1900, an account of which he contributed

to the October, 1933 number of THE IRON DUKE (No. 26). He assumed temporary command of the 1st Battalion on the death of Colonel Lloyd in that action, and held it until January, 1901, when Colonel Rivett-Carnac was appointed to the command. Later that year he went out to Rangoon and joined the 2nd Battalion as second-in-command. On 18th December, 1903, he succeeded the late Colonel S. J. Trench in the command of the Battalion. He brought the Battalion home to Lichfield in 1906, and was put on half-pay on 5th January, 1907, retiring on 25th May, 1907.

MILLS.—On the 3rd September, 1934, at Roadside Cottage, Buscot, Lechlade, Glos., Charles Archibald Mills in his 57th year. Mr. Mills enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the 28th August, 1893, and after a few months' service with the 1st Battalion proceeded to South Africa to join the 2nd, with which battalion he served in Natal, India and Burma, being discharged invalided in January, 1905. He was unfit for service during the Great War.

RILEY.—On the 29th August, 1934, at 61 Leeds Road, Keighley, John Riley, aged 37 years. Mr. Riley enlisted in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the 9th April, 1919, serving with the 2nd Battalion in Ireland, Egypt, Singapore and India till 1930. He was then posted to the 1st Battalion, serving with that Battalion and the Depot till his discharge, at his own request, on the 14th December, 1933. He previously served from 9th April, 1915, to 8th April, 1919, and was awarded the British War and Victory Medals.

## Correspondence.

### THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

SOUTH ELMSALL, SOUTH KIRKBY AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

Headquarters: K.O.Y.L.I. Club and Institute, The Green, South Kirkby.  
To the Editor THE IRON DUKE.

10.12.34.

Sir,—It has been noticed lately that quite a number of men of our sister County Regiment, The Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, have been and are on leave in this district. Several of our members have sons in the Dukes also. We have a well-built club and institute at the Green, South Kirkby, and we cordially invite any of the Dukes to visit our club. It is better than walking about in the rain. We have every indoor game except billiards, but we hope to have that in the new year.

There is always a welcome from us old "Koylis" to men of other regiments whilst they are on leave in our district.

Wishing your Regimental magazine, your O.C.A. and your Regiment the best of luck,  
Yours faithfully,

J. HULME, Hon. Sec.

### 1ST BATTALION ON MANŒUVRES IN 1909.

66 Coldcotes Avenue, Leeds,  
29th October, 1934.

Sir,—I have recently met several men who served with the 1st Battalion in India, and who were most interested in the Battalion's happenings of those days. I will therefore give my impressions of the 1909 manœuvres in the hope that many of our readers who took part in those manœuvres may be interested and bring back recollections of strenuous but pleasant bygone days.

The Battalion marched from Solon to Ambala early in November, 1909, and then carried on to take part in Brigade, Divisional and inter-Divisional manœuvres. The march was:—Ambala to Mughal-Ki-Sarai, 8th Nov.; Ughana, 9th Nov.; Bara, 10th Nov.; Khanna, 11th Nov.; Doraha, 12th Nov.; Ludhiana, 13th Nov.

At Ludhiana the Battalion took part in Brigade and Divisional manœuvres and after camping at Ludhiana for two weeks marched to:—Phillour, 26th Nov.; Phagwar, 27th Nov.; Jullunder, 28th Nov.; Katapur, 29th Nov.; Bhagpur, 30th Nov.; and arrived at Desuya on 1st Dec., 1909. Here inter-Divisional manœuvres took place for four days and the Battalion experienced very rough times.

I recollect the first night, after a full days' hard marching, orders were received for the troops to stay the night just where they were, and conditions were such that the officers of the Battalion gave their help readily by carrying water from the wells to the cooks in Pakhals.

The bread for the troops during the whole period was baked under regimental arrangements at each camp, the N.C.O. in charge of the bakery being Cpl. W. Shorthouse, and never once did he fail to issue bread at the appointed hour.

The return march to Ambala should have commenced on 9th Dec., and we were due to arrive at Ambala on 22nd Dec., after nearly 150 miles in 12 stages.

Suggestions were made, and eventually the Battalion railed back to Ambala, except the transport, which returned by road. Each man had volunteered to pay his rail fare, but if I recollect rightly, no charge was ever made by the authorities against the Battalion.

Yours truly,

A. W. STEELE.

## Laying the Army's Ghosts.

As a natural consequence of the confusion of the Great War and the subsequent reduction of the Regular Forces, the flow of promotion among officers in all but a few fortunate regiments of the Army has been reduced to a mere trickle. The block had become most discouraging among the junior ranks of the infantry of the Line. These at a recent date included no fewer than sixty-two subalterns with over fifteen years' service and sixty who had served for between fourteen and fifteen years. In the ordinary course such a state of affairs must mean a similar block in a few years' time in the list of captains and ultimately in the higher ranks, where in the Indian Army, with its time scale of promotion, it is already threatened. Palliatives such as the more rapid advancement of selected officers have done something to relieve the congestion at home; but the Army Council, appreciating that more drastic measures would be required, entrusted their consideration to a special committee. Lord Stanhope, then Under-Secretary of State for War, was appointed Chairman, and with the aid of some half dozen distinguished soldiers and experts from the War Office, he has reviewed the whole position. The Committee's report has not been published, but its main recommendations have been adopted by the Army Council. The action which it is proposed to take as a result was announced in the House of Commons on Monday. The most important step, since every vacancy at the top creates others in increasing numbers down the scale, is the abolition of the so-called "ghost system" in the generals' list. Briefly this system, instituted for reasons of economy, meant that a general officer who retired prematurely did not create a vacancy, but was retained on the list until his retirement would have become due in the normal course. The Army will now be brought into line with the Navy, where the retirement of a flag officer at his own request at once opens up a flow of promotion.

Having thus cleared the head of the stream, the Committee recommend the creation of a "spillway" half way down. Majors who are not selected for promotion to command will be retired after serving three years in the rank unless they are under forty-five years of age. In this and junior ranks immediate vacancies are to be created by special temporary measures. In each Line regiment a limited number of officers of the rank of major or below will be given the opportunity of retiring during the next few months on special terms. The chief inducement offered is an addition of £60 to the annual pension of their rank. It is thought that this will produce 150 or more volunteers, and that by this means the War block may be practically cleared by next April. The added inducement to early retirement will no doubt result in the loss of a few valuable officers who would have filled high rank with distinction, as well as of those who could not hope to do so; but it would be manifestly unfair to penalise the best men by retaining them against their will and so to cast a stigma on those who were allowed to retire. For years past the Army has been losing under the age limit first-class officers with distinguished war records and with Staff College and other qualifications, who have been faced with the task of finding civil employment in early middle age or existing on a small pension at a time when their domestic commitments—for the education of children, for example—were at their highest.

Even though some of the minor recommendations of the Stanhope Committee may not be adopted, it is to be hoped that their report may be published. Their proposals for the attaching of real value to a brevet and for breaking the monotony of barrack life by more extra-regimental employment—to mention only two points which are believed to have met with approval—can hardly be appreciated from the bleak terms of an Army order. The infantry subaltern and those dependent upon him, or upon whom in emergency he is dependent, have had an uphill journey since the War. It would mean much to them to know that his case has been sympathetically considered, that there is good ground for hope that his profession may once more provide a career, and that he has at least a major-general's badges, if not a field-marshal's baton, in his haversack.

[Leading article from the *Times* of 25th July, 1934, reproduced through the courtesy of the Editor of the *Times*.]

## Reviews.

THE BOOK OF SPEED, with a coloured frontispiece and 150 superb plates in photogravure, published by Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., price 5/-.—We are indebted to Messrs. B. T. Batsford for a complimentary copy of this remarkable record of speed by land, sea and air. As might be expected of this firm, the printing, illustrations and paper are all of the first quality. In an editor's note they write :— "As will be realised by those familiar with the publications of the House of Batsford, the production of this volume has led its editors into, for them, an unexplored country, where they might often have lost their way without the generous and timely aid of friends and advisers in various spheres within the book's scope." They then go on to thank the many contributors of articles and illustrations that make the book so comprehensive and unique.

Even those, and they must be few, who are not interested in the subject of speed cannot fail to be struck by the wonderful photographic plates. For us those depicting cloud effects have the greatest attraction : notably page 5, which shows a British destroyer in a heavy sea with in the background a most wonderful skyscape across which an aeroplane is passing, and page 38, entitled "Homing wings against a sunset sky." But there are so many entrancing scenes that it is impossible to make a selection without giving a long list.

The articles are written by those in the first rank of their profession or hobby, as the case may be, in the attainment of speed : for instance Capt. Geoffrey de Haviland, Flight Lt. G. H. Stainforth and Sir Malcolm Campbell. The two latter give their feelings while making their speed records : Stainforth in the Schneider Trophy in 1931, when he put up a record of over 400 miles an hour in a seaplane, and Sir Malcolm Campbell when with his "Blue Bird" he covered the measured mile at 273 miles per hour. But apart from such spectacular and well-known records there are many interesting articles on slower methods of transport. Capt. Sir Arthur Rostron, late commodore of the Cunard Fleet, writes on "Speed on the Ocean Routes," and Engine-Driver C. Peachy of the "Flying Scotsman" describes "The Non-Stop Run to Scotland." "Speed in Modern Warfare" is dealt with by Major-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller, the well-known Tank leader in the Great War.

It is a remarkable production for such a modest price, and we wish it the bumper sales that it deserves.  
EDITOR.

BRITISH REGIMENTS. By Sir John Fortescue (The Times Publishing Co., 1/-).—These articles were written for *The Times* by the historian of the British Army twenty years ago and in response to a demand from the British Expeditionary Force. They have recently been collected and republished in the conviction that they were far too good to remain in the files of a newspaper, and should be preserved in an accessible form. Covering such a large field, they are necessarily somewhat cursory, but they are inspiring reading, and full of the author's well-known knowledge and love of the honourable traditions of the British regiments. The first article is on The Coldstream Guards, and the second is devoted to The Yorkshire Regiments. From this we may quote a characteristic paragraph :—

"When all is said and done, though the record of Welsh, Scottish and Irish corps is most brilliant, the brunt of the work of building up the British Empire has fallen upon the quiet, steady old regiments of the Line. They bear no prefix of Royal or Loyal ; they boast no exalted patrons or patronesses ; they are adorned by no fanciful titles ; but their record of service is great, and their regimental pride, though unostentatious, is intense."

The volume contains fifty pages and a portrait of the author and at the modest price of 1/- is remarkably good value.

MIDDLEBROW.

## Notices.

### MILITARY MEMORIAL TO THE LATE KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM.

Sir,—The recent tragic death of King Albert has revived many memories of one of the truly heroic figures of the Great War. Surely there could be no more fitting tribute to his work for the allied cause than a memorial in the historic town of Ypres erected by those who served with the British Army in Flanders.

With this object in view, a small committee has been formed, of which I am chairman. Fortunately a very fitting opportunity has presented itself to us—namely, that of filling the great rose window at the main south entrance of the restored Cathedral of Ypres with stained glass of British design and make.

The artist selected by the committee is Miss Geddes, whose work in Canada and Ireland is well known.

His Majesty The King has approved of the scheme, and I am glad to say that His Majesty King Leopold has also expressed his approval of our proposal and considers that it would form a most acceptable memorial to his illustrious father.

The sum required is two thousand pounds (£2,000), and I make this appeal to all ranks of those who served in the Great War, and to the Regular and Territorial Armies of to-day to assist me in raising this comparatively modest sum.

The work will be put in hand immediately the committee feel justified in doing so, and should be finished during next year. The window will be shown to the public in this country before being handed over as a gift from British soldiers to Belgium.

Any surplus funds will be handed over to the Anglo-Belgian Union to be used for providing beds for ex-soldiers in St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill; if feasible, to build a "King Albert Ward."

All cheques should be made payable to "The King Albert Army Memorial" and sent to:—The Organising Secretary, King Albert Memorial Fund, Ypres League Headquarters, 20 Orchard Street, London, W.1, or to:—Lloyds Bank, Ltd. (City Office), 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C. Postal orders or stamps will be gladly received at either of these addresses.

Acknowledgments and records of donations will in all cases be sent by Capt. Guy Cassie, c/o Ypres League Headquarters, 20 Orchard Street, London, W.1.

(Signed) ATHLONE, Chairman.

#### KING EDWARD VII. CONVALESCENT HOME FOR OFFICERS AT OSBORNE.

Osborne House, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, formerly the island home of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, was given to the Nation by H.M. King Edward VII. as a convalescent home for officers.

The house, which is situated on the Solent, in an exceptionally beautiful park of 450 acres, was duly converted into a most delightful and comfortable convalescent home for the reception of convalescent officers, both serving and retired, of the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Army, Royal Air Force, Royal Indian Navy and Indian Army; cadets of the aforementioned services, and, under certain conditions, both serving and retired Civil servants who, owing to the nature of their duties, have to serve abroad.

A staff of fully-qualified nursing sisters, masseurs, etc., is employed and special facilities are available for dietary, massage and electrical and light treatment. Medical attendance is free, but in case of special nursing or other special measures or special drugs, a charge is made to cover the cost.

Massage, diathermy, ionisation, radiant heat, ultra-violet rays and all electro-therapeutical treatments are provided at a charge normally of 2/6 per week.

The organisation of the home, however, is such as to eliminate, as far as practicable, the atmosphere of service discipline and it combines all the advantages of a first-class convalescent home with those of a country club for those patients who, in the later stages of convalescence, are able to take full advantage of the recreational facilities provided.

Osborne has its own private golf links within the grounds about three minutes' walk of the house and the club, which is second to none in the island, has its own resident professional. There are also hard and grass tennis courts, a croquet lawn, bowling green, badminton court, miniature rifle range, and also a private bathing beach on the estate. During the season the 4½ ton sloop *Osborne* is available daily for yachtsmen and, during the winter months, the Isle of Wight Foxhounds meet four days a week and the foot beagles on two days. Officers may hunt with the latter pack free of charge.

Frequent entertainments, theatricals and dances are held throughout the year in the recreation room, which is provided with a piano, radio-gramophone and cinema. A silence room is provided for those who desire quietude.

Osborne also has its own motor car which conveys patients free of charge to and from the railway station. The car is available for long and short runs at a small charge. Garage accommodation is available for patients bringing their own cars.

The charges payable are very reasonable and are as follows:—(a) Cadets and certain subordinate officers and officers on half-pay, 4/6 per day; (b) all other officers, 6/- per day; (c) Civil servants, 10/- per day.

For further particulars and booklet apply to the House Governor, Osborne House, East Cowes, Isle of Wight. Telegraphic address, "Convalescent Cowes"; telephone No., Cowes 251.

#### THE MAPLE LEAF TOUR TO CANADA.

Under the auspices of the High Commissioner for Canada and organised by the Director of Canadian Trade Publicity in Great Britain the Maple Leaf tour to Canada (10th August to 6th September) proved to be an outstanding success. The experiment of bringing nearly seventy-five representatives of the food distributive trades in Great Britain to Canada to study at first hand the methods of production of foods in Canada and how they are grown, processed, packed and graded for both home and export markets under the rigid pure food regulations of the Canadian Government has already resulted in a better understanding between Canadian exporters and British buyers. This mutual understanding has been backed tangibly by the placing of some large orders for various Canadian food commodities.

Some idea of the outstanding importance of the tour can be gleaned from the fact that the visitors represent British firms which annually buy more than thirty million pounds worth of Canadian food products—canned meats, fish, fruits, vegetables and fruits, meats, poultry, hams, bacon, flour, breakfast cereals, jellies, confectionery and many other food products too numerous to mention here.





DEKKO!

DEKKO!


# THE IRON DUKE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S  
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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